The Library
of the
University of North Carolina

Collection of North Caroliniana

C364
S88u
v. 31
1943

UNIVERSITY OF N.C. AT CHAPEL HILL
00043182787

FOR USE ONLY IN

THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLECTION

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

http://archive.org/details/upliftserial31152ston

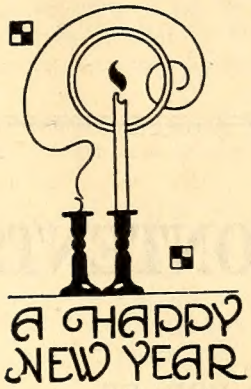
JAN 5 1943
U. N. C.
CAROLINA RO

(c) Dr. Frank P. Graham
University of North Carolina

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 2, 1943 NO. 1

Library



A NEW YEAR WISH

A little tenderer each day to all who hold me dear;
A little sweeter in my home may I become this year.
Oh, may my eyes, that plainly see my neighbor's faults, grow clear
To sin and errors in myself, as fades the passing year!
As the chill winter frosts give way to sunshine's sweet appeal,
May the winter of my heart love's gentle radiance steal!
And thus upon life's barrenness shall flowers and fruit appear,
Each season bringing heaven's gifts to bless my happy year.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
WITH THE U. S. ARMED FORCES		8
CHRISTMAS AT THE SCHOOL	By Leon Godown	11
PAUL REVERE	By Esther Forbes	18
STOCK FARM WORKERS TO BE DEFERRED	(Selected)	21
RED CROSS CLUB OPERATES IN ENGLAND	(Selected)	22
YEARS BRING SLOW ADVANCEMENT	(Morganton News-Herald)	23
INSTITUTION NOTES		24
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THOUGHTS OF THE NEW YEAR

Let us walk softly, friend;
For strange paths lie before us, all untrod;
The new year spotless from the hand of God
Is thine and mine, O, friend!

Let us walk straightly, friend;
Forget the crooked paths behind us now.
Press on with steadier purpose on our brow
To better deeds, O friend!

Let us walk gladly, friend;
Perchance some greater good than we have known
Is waiting for us, or some fair hope flown
Shall yet return, O friend!

Let us walk kindly, friend!
We cannot tell how long this life shall last,
How soon these precious years be over past;
Let love walk with us, friend.

Let us walk quickly, friend;
Work with our might while lasts our little stay,
And help some halting comrade on the way;
And may God guide us, friend!

—Author Unknown.

———:———

THE OBSERVANCE OF THE NEW YEAR

The activities of the year 1942, despite the fact that many were the atrocities committed on the far-flung battlefields of the world, are recorded, and the future genarations will accept the horrible details with an inexpressible feeling of suppressed horror. In fact, if the acts of this World War II were inscribed with a pen dipped in

398963

human blood spilled on the battle fronts of the Eastern Hemisphere, the deeds of cruelty could not be truly depicted. We, the people of the United States, a freedom-loving nation, know from experience of the suffering of the war-torn countries of Europe, Africa and Asia, and cannot evaluate the blessings we are privileged to enjoy. If the stories of the conquered countries of Europe wherein starvation made living skeletons of both old and young, were experienced here, then we would not be satisfied to contribute just material production, but we would gladly give of ourselves without flinching. There is quite a difference between knowing and experiencing the cruelties of war. We have simply scratched the surface in revealing the horrors of the past year, and at the same time, have been oblivious to the blessings realized on the home front—locally and in far removed localities of the nation. We are a proud people from a national viewpoint, having used our natural resources without the handicap of a self-imposed dictator.

Permit us to state that this community is a small part of the state, but within the walls of this institution happiness, contentment and the joy of being has reigned supreme. The success of last year's work here is due to the democratic spirit that prevailed—favoritism to no one, but equal rights for all. The achievements in all departments measured up satisfactorily. The success of the old year will inspire the superintendent and his co-workers to greater things in 1943. Nothing succeeds like success, and success is the watchword for the Stonewall Jackson Training School for all time. The friends of the institution have been legion and their kindly interest gives greater assurance for the future. We desire their continued support. The experiences of the past year have been a real joy, and the future, a blessed hope.

* * * * * * * *

CHRISTMAS PROPERLY OBSERVED

There was a marked difference in the way Christmas was observed this year and that of the past. There was not a wholesale slaughter of evergreens, therefore, there were fewer Christmas trees and wreaths to decorate the homes. Moreover, the usual explosion of fireworks was curtailed, and this was as it should be every

Christmas, as it is our opinion that the custom of celebrating the birth of the Blessed Savior by using explosives is all wrong. The program suitable for the observance of Christmas is the one given in the Gospel and rendered by the angelic chorus; the wise men who followed the Star of Bethlehem and placed their gifts at His feet. It was gratifying to note that all local churches had appropriate exercises in song and pageantry, telling the story of the birth of the Christ Child. From general observation, it was pleasing to see a considerable increase in church attendance during the holiday season.

* * * * * * * *

A MIRACLE

The name, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, will be passed on to future generations as a man of great courage and supreme faith in prayer. His experience with seven comrades and their marvelous rescue was nothing short of a miracle. Every incident from the moment their plane crashed up to their hour of rescue was told by Eddie Rickenbacker in a tone of voice that reflected a most hazardous experience. The feeding of the men for several days on a few oranges, the manner in which they secured their supply of drinking water from the clouds, and the mysterious appearance of the sea gull used for bait to catch fish, is a story, or sermon, recorded while drifting upon the waters of the Pacific. For twenty-one long and dreary days man power was not available, but these brave aviators "looked up and not down," feeling the presence of God, with the understanding of His mercy in time of trouble. From a tattered Bible they read the Scriptures, and sent up their petitions to Him without ceasing.

It is seldom one sees the combined elements, such as love for fellow man, sympathy when death claims loved ones, loyalty to duty when handicaps seem insurmountable, endurance when chilled to the bone, and faith when the way seems hard, in one person; but truly, the Master was with this storm-tossed craft just as he was with the disciples on the Sea of Galilee. There is but one thought when discussing the miraculous rescue of Eddie Rickenbacker and

his comrades, and that is "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."

* * * * * * * *

PAUL REVERE

Paul Revere, great American patriot and hero of colonial days, was born on January 1, 1735. He is a hero to all Americans because of the part he played in the events which ushered in the Revolutionary War. He was a man of varied talents. Born the son of a goldsmith, he learned that trade, and was also an expert engraver of copperplate, having had the honor of engraving the plates for the first paper currency of Massachusetts. In addition to these accomplishments, he was a fine locksmith, and furthermore, had the reputation of being one of this country's first mechanical dentists. Whether true or not, the story is told that he made a set of ivory teeth for George Washington.

Revere was one of the leaders of the famous "Boston Tea Party," and became a member of the Boston League, which pledged itself to watch every British move. To circumvent the British General Gage in his attempt to destroy American military stores at Lexington and Concord, Revere made a famous ride from Boston to those towns. This ride has been immortalized by Longfellow, in his stirring poem, "Paul Revere's Ride." During the war Revere became a lieutenant-colonel of artillery. He died in Boston in 1818. In that city his home still stands, and is visited by thousands of tourists each year.

* * * * * * * *

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS FOR OUR BOYS

In response to the question asked at random among the boys of Stonewall Jackson Training School, as to the kind of time they had during the holiday season, the response was, "Swell!" In fact, the entire personnel of the institution echoed this description. The Boys' Christmas Fund is always made possible by interested friends throughout the state. This year, the response to the appeal, in

both money, fruits, nuts, and candy, equalled, if not excelled, that of any Christmas season during the past ten years.

For the kind and thoughtful consideration of those good friends we are deeply grateful, and wish at this time to express for both the boys and officials of the School, deepest appreciation. Contributions to the Boys' Christmas Fund for 1942, were as follows:

"7-8-8," Concord,	$ 25.00
Rowan County Welfare Dept., Mrs. Mary O. Linton, Supt.,	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Odell, Concord,	10.00
Durham County Welfare Dept., W. E. Stanley, Supt.,	10.00
The Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Fund,	218.40
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin,	10.00
Mrs. Walter H. Davidson, Charlotte,	5.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro,	25.00
G. G. Klemme, High Point,	5.00
Judge William M. York, Greensboro,	5.00
Davidson County Welfare Dept., E. Clyde Hunt, Supt.,	5.00
Board of Commissioners, New Hanover County,	20.00
Dept. Public Welfare, Forsyth County, A. W. Cline, Supt.,	10.00
Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte,	50.00
E. B. Grady, Concord,	5.00
Outdoor Study Club, Charlotte,	5.00
John W. Wallace, Statesville,	5.00
Caldwell County, Mrs. W. T. Carpenter, S. P. W., Lenoir,	15.00
Anson County, Miss Mary Robinson, S. P. W., Wadesboro,	5.00
Bernard M. Cone, Greensboro,	10.00
Group of friends, sponsored by Judge F. M. Redd, Charlotte,	100.00
Buncombe County, W. T. Wells, Probation Officer, Asheville,	10.00
Juvenile Commission, City of Greensboro,	2.00
	$560.40

Woman's Club, Greenville: One year's subscription each to Boys' Life Magazine and Look Magazine.

Citizens of Charlotte, sponsored by A. C. Sheldon: 4 boxes apples, 3 boxes oranges.

Group of friends, sponsored by Judge F. M. Redd, Charlotte: 4 boxes candy, 12 boxes grapes, 15 boxes oranges, 24 baskets apples, 2 bags pecans, 2 bags English walnuts.

Dr. and Mrs. R. M. King, Concord: one year's subscription to Boys' Life Magazine, for the Infirmary.

Maury Richmond, Concord: one year's subscription to Look Magazine, for the Infirmary.

WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES

The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that two employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

Staff Members

Patterson, James L. (Army)
Query, James L. (Army)

Former Staff Members

Barrier, Captain George L. (Army)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G. (Navy)
Parker, Major Samuel I. (Army)
Poole, William E. (Army Air Corps)
Wingate, Wm. J. (Army Air Corps)

Former Students

Adams, Clyde (Navy)
Adams, Felix (Army)
Alexander, J. Mack (Army)
Alexander, Robert (Army)
Almond, Odell H. (Navy)
Allen, Julian Herschel (Navy)
Allen, Grady C. (Navy)
Allred, James R. (Army Air Corps)
Andrews, Julian (Marine Corps)
Ashley, Arthur (Army)
Atkins, Richard (Army)
Atwell, Robert (Navy)
Atwood, Earl (Army)

Barber, Winfred V. (Army)
Batson, Jack (Navy)
Barkley, Joel (Army)
Barrett, Allen (Army)
Branch, Glatley (Army)
Baynes, Howard (Army Air Corps)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)

Beach, Ernest (Army)
Beaver, Albert (Army)
Beaver, Walter (Army)
Bell, William G. (Navy)
Benson, John (Navy)
Bordeaux, Junior (Army)
Bowman, Charles (Army)
Branch, Horace (Army)
Brantley, Elmond A. (Marine Corps)
Britt, Jennings (Navy)
Brogden, Norman (Navy)
Broome, Jack (Army)
Broome, Paul (Marine Corps)
Broome, Shannon (Army Air Corps)
Brothers, William (Naval Air Corps)
Brown Aldene (Army)
Brown, Harold (Army)
Burke, Ensign William H. (Navy)
Burkhead, Dermont (Navy)
Burrow, John B. (Navy)
Butner, Roy (Marine Corps)

Capps, John T. (Army Air Corps)
Carter, Douglas (Army)
Carter, Fred (Army)
Causey, Floyd (Army)
Chapman, Edward (Army)
Chattin, Ben (Army)
Cherry, Herman (Army)
Cobb, Frank E. (Army)
Coffer, Robert (Army)
Collins, Glenn L. (Army)
Connell, Harry (Army)
Connell, James (Navy)
Cook, George (Army)
Cooper, Walter (Army)
Cox, J. C. (Marine Corps)
Craft, Arthur (Army)
Crawford, Frank (Army Air Corps)
Crawford, Louis (Army)
Cunningham, David C. (Army)

Dalton, James (Army)
Daubenmyer, Nelson (Army)
Davis, Duke (Army)
Davis, James (Army)
Dodd, Carroll (Army)
Donaldson, Harold (Marine Corps)
Dorsey, W. Wilson (Army)
Driver, Malcom (Army Air Corps)
Dyson, Fred (Navy)

Earnhardt, Donald P. (Navy)
Efird, N. A., Jr. (Army)
Elders, James R. (Marine Corps)
Elmore, A. C. (Marine Corps)
Evans, John H. (Army)

Faggart, John (Marine Corps)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)
Ferris, Russell (Army)
Fisher, Edward (Army)
Fisher, John H. (Army)
Freeman, Richard (Army)
French, Ian (Army)
Furches, William (Marine Corps)

Gaddy, William (Navy)
Gardner, Horace T. (Army)
Gatlin, Britt C. (Army)
Glasgow, Norwood (Navy)
Glasgow, Ramsey (Army Air Corps)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)
Glover, Henry (Marine Corps)
Godfrey, Warren (Army)
Godwin, John T. (Navy)
Goodman, Albert (Army)
Goodman, George (Army)
Greene, Giles E. (Army)

Griffin, James H. (Marine Corps)
Grooms, J. B. (Army Air Corps)

Hall, Joseph (Army)
Harris, Edgar (Army)
Hawkins, William T. (Navy)
Head, Elbert (Army)
Hefner, Charles (Army)
Hefner, Eugene (Navy)
Hendren, Isaac (Navy)
Hendrix, John (Army)
Henry, Charlton (Navy)
Hicks, Garland (Army)
Hill, William (Army)
Hodge, Dallas (Army Air Corps)
Holland, Burman (Army)
Holland, Donald (Army)
Holmes, John (Army)
Hulan, Norman (Navy)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)

Irvin, Raymond (Army)

Jackson, Edgar (Marine Corps)
Jackson, William (Navy)
Johnson, Hugh (Navy)
Jones, Mark Twain (Navy)
Jordan, James E. (Army)

Keen, Clinton (Army)
Keith, Monroe (Army)
Keith, Robert (Navy)
Kelly, Jesse (Army)
King, Cleo (Army Air Corps)
King, Frank L. (Army)
Kinley, Robert (Marine Corps)
Knight, Thomas (Army Air Corps)
Koontz, J. Milton (Army)
Kye, George (Army)

Lamar, A. C. (Army)
Land, Ruben (Army)
Land, Wilfred (Marine Corps)
Landrum, Luther H. (Army)
Lane, Floyd C. (Marine Air Corps)
Langley, William (Army)
Lawrence, Robert (Marine Corps)
Leagon, Harry (Army)
Ledford, Harvey L. (Army)
Lett, Frank (Army)
Lewallan, Paul R. (Army)
Long, Loyce (Army)
Long, Stacey L. (Army)

Martin, Willie H. (Army Air Corps)
Matthews, Douglas (Army)
May, George O. (Army)
Medlin, Ervin J. (Army)

Merritt, Edgar (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Miller, Latha (Navy)
Montgomery, Samuel (Navy)
Moose, Claude L. (Marine Corps)
Morrow, Chas. W. (Army Air Corps)
Morrozoff, Ivan (Army Air Corps)
Morgan, William S. (Navy)
Murphy, Lemuel (Army)

McBride, Irvin (Army Air Corps)
McCain, Edward G. (Navy)
McColl, Vollie O. (Navy)
McCoy, Hubert (Army)
McEntire, Forrest (Marine Corps)
McGee, Norman (Army)
McIver, Jordan T. (Navy)
McKay, John C. (Marine Corps)
McKee, Thomas R. (Army)
(Enlisted 1937)
McLemore, Clarence R. (Navy)
McNeely, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1933)
McPherson, Arthur (Navy)

Owen, Fred, Jr. (Marine Corps)
Oxendine, Earl (Navy)

Padrick, William (Navy)
Page, James (Army)
Patterson, James (Navy)
Peak, Harry (Marine Corps)
Pennington, Grady (Army)
Plemmons, Hubert (Army)
Pope, H. C. (Army)
Pyatt, Jack (Marine Corps)

Quick, James (Navy)
Quick, Simon (Navy)

Ramsey, Amos (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Rivenbark William W. (Army)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)
Rhodes, Paul (Army)
Roberts, Lonnie (Navy)
Robinson, Perry (Army Air Corps)
Rochester, Nicholas (Navy)
Russ, James P. (Army)

Sands, Thomas (Navy)

Seibert, Fred (Army)
Scott, Archie (Army)
Shannon, William L. (Navy)
Shaver, George H. (Navy)
Shropshire, Hassell (Army)
Sloan, Lonnie (Army)
Small, Clyde E. (Army)
Snuggs, Charles L. (Navy)
Springer, Jack (Army)
Stack, Porter (Army)
Stanley, Brown (Coast Artillery)
Stepp, James H. (Navy)
Strickland, Robert W. (Army)

Tessneer, Calvin C. (Navy)
Threatt, Sidi (Army Air Corps)
Tucker, Joseph (Army)

Waldrop, Ned (Army)
Walker, Glenn (Army)
Walker, Oakley (Army)
Walsh, Harold (Army)
Walters, Melvin (Army)
Ward, Eldridge (Army)
Ward, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1928)
Watkins, Floyd A. (Army)
Watson, Lieut. Lemuel (Army)
Watts, Boyce (Army)
Webb, Charles R. (Army)
Whitaker, William E. (Army)
White, Marshall (Coast Artillery)
Whitener, Richard M. (Army)
Whitlock, Winfred (Army)
Wilhite, James (Army)
Williams, Everett L. (Army)
Williams, Samuel R. (Navy)
Williams, William R. (Navy)
Williamson, Everett (Navy)
Wiles, Fred (Army)
(Enlisted 1927. Now a Recruiting Officer)
Wilson, John C. (Army)
Wilson, W. J. (Army)
Winn, J. Harvard (Navy)
Wood, Leonard (Army)
Wrenn, Lloyd (Army)

Young, Brooks (Army)
Young, R. L. (Marine Corps)

Ziegler, Henry F. (Navy)

LET'S GIVE THE WATCH ON THE RHINE THE WORKS!

CHRISTMAS AT THE SCHOOL

By Leon Godown

While it is true that war has reached deep into our lives, affecting practically every person in this country, we are glad to have had an opportunity to put aside the shadow of gloom for a time, and bask in the radiance of the Star of Bethlehem. There were those who said there could be no "Merry Christmas" this year, but we do not agree with them. That everything did not go on "as usual" was quite true, yet there came the realization that Christmas, and the spirit and meaning behind it, were too big and vital to be "blacked-out" by a man-made war, no matter how great or vicious that war might be. At Christmas time we pay homage to Him who came to save the world, and His coming assured mankind that whatever might happen, there is still hope. Christmas and what it represents, is still a bright spot in this modern world, and should make happy the heart which has been saddened by war.

As in former years, the Christmas celebration at Jackson Training School was the high spot of the year. It really began many days before Christmas. As we went about the campus we saw the bakery boys working hard, preparing good things for the dinner on Christmas Day; down at the school building, the entire student body was practicing singing carols, while another group of boys was rehearsing for the play to be given on Christmas Eve; evergreens and other materials were being collected for decorating the auditorium and the cottages; members of the official staff and many of the boys could be seen wrapping mysterious-looking packages; the mail man would bring out loads of greeting cards and packages for the boys from the folks at home. In fact, there was evidence everywhere that Christmas, 1942, was to be a most happy occasion for the lads at the School. No one minded being called upon to do a little more than his or her share toward making this a happy holiday season, and all worked in a fine, cooperative spirit, which is always bound to bring success.

Promptly at seven o'clock on Christmas Eve, the boys and members of the staff, together with a number of visitors, assembled in the auditorium. While outdoor lighting had been restricted, due to war regulations, here we saw a beautifully lighted scene. The walls and windows were appropriately decorated; the stage was lighted by bright footlights; and a huge Christmas tree nearby, adorned with shining decorations and a myriad of colored lights, was really a picture of rare beauty.

The exericises were opened by the entire assemblage joining in singing "Joy to the World." Led by Homer Bass, of Cottage No. 8, the student body then recited the story of the first Christmas, as recorded in the second chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, after which young Bass made a Christmas Prayer.

The familiar old carol, "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem," was next on the program. This was followed by recitations by William Ussery, William Lane and Richard Kye, each lad ren-

dering his respective contribution to the evening's entertainment in a fine manner. Following the recitations, all present joined in singing "Oh, Come, All Ye Faithful."

Rev. Frank Jordan, pastor of Central Methodist Church, Concord, then addressed the boys. He announced that instead of preaching a sermon, he was going to tell them a Christmas story, "The True Tale of the Innkeeper," written by John Haynes Holmes. It was here that Rev. Mr. Jordan demonstrated his ability as a story-teller, for he held the boys' attention from the first word to the last. The story is as follows:

Mary never tired of telling the story of that birthnight in Bethlehem, when her first-born son, Jesus, had come into the world. She had other children—James, and Joseph, and Simon, and Judas, four splendid boys; and there were sisters, too. But no one of them was quite like Jesus; and certainly none of them had appeared under such wondrous circumstances. The brothers and sisters had all been born in the little home in Nazareth, but Jesus had been born in Bethlehem, far away to the south —and not in a house, but in a stable.

Mary and Joseph had not been married so many months when there came a decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed. It was a cruel decree, since the people had little money; and then each one was required to go to his birthplace to be enrolled. It was awkward for Joseph to make such a long journey with Mary, who was expecting the birth of her first child.

For many days Joseph walked along the road, with his wife, Mary, riding upon a donkey. The highway was crowded, and after a most tiresome trip, they reached Bethlehem at nightfall. They first went to the town's largest inn, but received no answer to their knock. The place was filled. Going to another inn, they tried to gain admission, but the landlord told them he had no room. Joseph then remembered a small inn, near the synagogue, where he used to go as a boy. Here, also, they were told the same story—no room. The kindly innkeeper, seeing Mary's condition, told them he had room for the donkey in the stable, and that there was also an empty stall, with clean straw, where Mary might rest. The good man laid Mary upon the straw, and then ran and got lanterns, and food and drink, and warm water, and soft linen. Then came Sarah, his wife, a sweet and gentle woman, and they ministered to Mary. At midnight a child was born, and Sarah took the babe, wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in the manger. And Mary said that his name should be called Jesus.

A great star shone through the stable window. Shepherds saw the star, and heard an angel say that there was born in the city of David a Savior which was Christ the Lord; and they came to the stable, saw the babe, and returned to their flocks, glorifying and praising God.

On the second day, the innkeeper told Joseph and Mary there was room at the inn, the people having gone back to their homes after the enrollment. Sarah took the baby, and Joseph lifted up Mary in his arms, and mother and child were placed in a comfortable bed. Some days later, before they started back to Nazareth, there came three wise men from the

East, saying they had seen the star, and knew that a Savior had been born, for thus it was written by the prophets. Mary received them into the house, and when they saw the child, they fell down and worshipped him, and presented him with gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. Mary took those gifts, and when she returned to her house, put them away in a little casket Joseph made out of fragrant cedar wood. Once each year, when Jesus' birthday came, and she told the tale, she would take down the casket and show the gifts in token of all the wondrous things that had happened.

About twelve years passed. Mary and Joseph and the boy, Jesus, went to Jerusalem to attend the feast of the Passover. They stayed there several days. On the homeward journey, in the great crowd, they missed Jesus. Returning to the city, they searched for three days, but failed to find him. Thinking the great doctors might help them, they went to the temple, where they found him, both hearing the learned men and asking them questions.

As they went along the way back to Nazareth, Mary asked the boy where he had been. He replieed that he had seen a man going south with a caravan, and had gone with him to Bethlehem, because he wanted to see his birthplace. He told how he went to the inn, of which he had heard her speak so often. There he met the innkeeper and his wife, who showed him the stable in which he had been born, and Sarah told him about the shepherds coming in from the hills. The good innkeeper and his wife, knowing that Jesus' parents would be looking for him, gave him some cakes and wine, bade him good-bye, and told him to hurry back to Mary and Joseph. Reaching the city, he went to the inn where he and his parents had stayed, but found they were gone. He then went to the temple, because he knew God would be there. The great doctors had been kind, and had talked with him about the law and the prophets, until his parents came. And now they were all going back home. Jesus was happy because he had seen the innkeeper and the stable where he had been born.

Years passed, and the report went through the land that a mighty prophet named Jesus, a man from Galilee, who blessed the poor, healed the sick, and spake as never man had spoken before. Some said he was the son of Joseph and Mary; some said he was Elias; and others, Jeremiah, or another of the prophets; while some called him Christ, the Son of the Living God. Many were jealous of his great following, and called him a blasphemer, a preacher of sedition, and one who stirred up the people against the government. In the week of the Passover there ran the story of Jesus' triumphal entry into Jerusalem, with all the people shouting "Hosanna," as though he were a king. Later, the city was in a tumult, and it was reported that Jesus and his disciples were in peril of their lives.

All these tales reached the ears of the old Bethlehem innkeeper and his wife, and they knew not what to believe. They decided to go to Jerusalem, where they found the streets strangely quiet and empty. Afar off they heard shouts, and, followed the uproar, they came to the street leading to Golgotha. Coming down from Pilate's palace was a huge crowd, in

the midst of which was a man bearing a cross. On his head was a crown of thorns, and his face was streaked with sweat and blood. And Roman soldiers were on either side of him, prodding him with their spears and lashing him with whips. The innkeeper and his wife followed the mad crowd to the top of the hill, where they saw Jesus nailed to the cross. At the foot of the cross was a woman weeping. The old man recognized her as he had seen her that night in the stable, crying with pain. He whispered, "Mary," and she turned and looked at him, and clung to him as one who had come to her in the hour of great need, and to Sarah, his wife. The three knelt together at the foot of the cross. The old man comforted Mary, saying: "Weep not. Your son is born again. The angels are now singing, as yesternight, Glory to God in the highest. For Jesus is the Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And his kingdom shall be forever and forever." And as Mary looked at her friend, she saw the stable; as she touched the cross, she felt the manger; and as she listened, she heard the angels; and in the east she saw a star.

The aged innkeeper and his good wife slowly returned to Bethlehem. There were many pilgrims in the way, and there was much talk of that dreadful Passover day. The old man said little. He thought only of Mary and her long journey back to Nazareth. He was not sad, nor frightened. There was a great calm in his heart. He was old now, and would not go to Jerusalem again. But what he had heard and seen was enough. He was content. Returning to the inn, he and Sarah went to the manger where years ago Mary had laid her babe, and saw it flooded as though by an unearthly light. The old man and his wife kneeled, and as he took her hand into his own, he said: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word. For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all geople; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel."

A Christmas play, "Oh, You Boots!" by a group of six boys, under the direction of Mr. Mullinax, was next in order. It was a one-act comedy, and the manner in which the boys played their respective parts was highly pleasing. Following is the cast of characters and the names of the boys playing same: Mrs Allen — Sterald Cline; Mr. Allen—James Bell; Ellen—James Cantrell; Tommy—Fred Grimstead; Eliza—Paul Whitley; Harry—Lawrence Hord. While each of these lads is to be commended for his ability in playing his particular role, special praise is due those who portrayed faminine parts for their fine performance.

Next in order was the singing of "There's a Song in the Air," and then followed one if the features of the evening—selections by our newly organized band. For the past month, Mr. Ralph Brausa, director of music in the city schools of Concord, has been making daily visits to the school, teaching a group of thirty-one boys the art of handling various band instruments. The rehearsals have consisted of just one hour each day, with no other time for practicing yet arranged. These boys took their places on the stage, and under the direction of Mr. Brausa, played three simple selections. Considering the fact that

thirty days ago, the boys knew absolutely nothing about playing the instruments, we feel that they are to be complimented for the tbility they have thus far attained, and our hats are off to Mr. Brausa for the way he has succeeded in getting such an amount of music into their systems in such a short time. We are looking forward to hearing greater things from them later.

Superintendent Hawfield then spoke to the boys briefly. He stated that this was his first Christmas Eve at the School, and one of the happiest of his life. He announced that while the boys had been in the auditorium, he had been informed that old Santa Claus had visited the cottages, leaving for each boy a fine necktie and handkerchief, together with a large bag, filled with good things to eat. This was made possible, said Mr. Hawfield, by interested friends from all sections of the state, who had contributed most generously to the Boys' Christmas Fund. For many years these folks have been doing this, he added, and the only thing they wish in return is that every boy at the School do his level best to make of himself an upright citizen of this great state. He assured the youngsters that these people were their friends, and would continue to be so just so long as every boy here tried to take advantage of the opportunities offered, and strive to make his life worthwhile.

Christmas would not be complete without the singing of that lovely old carol, "Silent Night," and the entire group reverently sang the strains of that beautiful, age-old song, after which Wade Fisher brought the program to a close with a good-night recitation, and all the lads hastened to the cottages to see what Santa had brought.

The boys spent the greater part of Christmas morning in their respective cottages, playing games, enjoying the good things found in the bags given them the night before, opening packages from the folks at home, and listening to radio programs. On all sides were smiling faces, and it seemed that everyone was well-satisfied with Christmas so far. Then came the big event of the day—the Christmas dinner. Despite the fact that the boys had been eating good things all the morning, we did not hear of a single one failing to respond to the call, "Come and get it," and we might add right here that none of the older folks were inclined to hold back the least bit when the dinner bell sounded. The menu was as follows:

Baked Chicken
Noodles Dressing
Rice String Beans
Cole Slaw Pickles
Boiled Ham
Candied Yams
Ice Cream Cake
Milk

As in former years, the regular activities at the School were suspended for several days, save the performance of necessary chores. While the weather was rainy most of the time, making outdoor play almost impossible, there were no complaints registered. This was Christmas, when any kind of weather is good weather. Durthis time the boys made good use of the cottage libraries, played games, and otherwise amused themselves during the morning of the holiday period, and in the afternoons had the oppor-

tunity of seeing motion picture shows in the auditorium. Right here, we would like to pause and extend our thanks to the various film distribution agencies in Charlotte for making this treat possible for our boys. Not only do they do this at Christmas time, but their kindly interest in the lads here is shown throughout the year, as they furnish films for the shows given here each week. That part of the holiday schedule was as follows: Christmas Day—"A Yank in the R. A. F.," a Twentieth-Century-Fox production; Saturday — "Tarzan's Secret Treasure" and a comedy, "The Prospecting Bear," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Monday—"Puddin' Head," Republic; Tuesday — "San Francisco Docks" and "High Spots in America," Universal; Wednesday—"Ye Olde Minstrel Show" Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Thursday — "Knute Rockne," Warner Brothers. These motion picture attractions were most enjoyable features of the holiday season.

On Sunday, December 27th, our old friend, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the afternoon service. Following the Scripture recitation and the singing of the opening hymn, he presented Mr. E. B. Vosburgh, prominent churchman of that city as speaker of the afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson, he read part of the 13th chapter of I Corinthians. He stated that it was the second time he had had the privilege of speaking to the Training School boys, and just to hear them sing was well worth making the trip up here. The message he brought them was the important part reading the Bible and praying play in the life of the world.

The speaker called particular attention to the story of the rescue of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker and his seven companions after the plane in which they had been traveling crashed in the Southern Pacific area. For twenty-one days, these men were adrift in rubber life boats, without food and drink, and their chances of being found seemed impossible. One of the men had a Bible, and each day these fellows listened to the reading of God's Word, and had prayer services. The story goes that after the first prayer service, a sea gull lighted upon Rickenbacker's shoulder. He caught the bird, and he and his companions ate the greater part of it, saving a small portion to use as bait for catching fish. They caught some fish and ate them; their drinking water came from heavy dews and rain. Thus by praying and reading the Bible they kept up their spirits until rescued—twenty-one days after their accident. This proves, said the speaker, that God is with those who put their trust in him.

In conclusion, Mr. Vosburgh urged the boys to study the Bible at every opportunity, and to acquire the habit of daily prayer, adding that they would derive great benefits all through life, as have millions of others who charted their lives according to the teachings of the Word of God.

Mr. Sheldon then announced that, following a custom of more than 20 years, he had contacted a number of good people of Charlotte who were interested in the boys at the School, soliciting donations whereby they might receive a little more Christmas cheer. The people responded as usual, and as a result he stated that he would give each boy present a fine big apple and an orange. Mr. Sheldon further stated that it was a pleasant duty for him to

do this each year, and that it gave him more pleasure than most anything he did during the year. The boys filed past the stage, where our good friend, assisted by members of the staff, handed each lad his share of fruit.

It has been said that wealthy is he who has real friends, and if this be true, our boys should consider themselves in the millionaire class. Their many friends throughout the state; relatives and friends back home; and Superintendent Hawfield and his staff of workers at the institution, saw to it that there were no "forgotten boys" in our midst during the Christmas season. To all who in any way contributed to the joys of this season, we desire to take this opportunity to tender our deepest appreciation, and at the same time extend best wishes for health, happiness and prosperity throughout the new year.

THE BUSINESS OF FRIENDSHIP

The happpiest business in the world
  Is that of making friends.
And no "investment" on "the street"
  Pays larger dividends.
For life is more than stocks and bonds
  And love, than rate per cent;
And he who gives in friendship's name
  Shall reap as he has spent.

Life is the great investment,
  And no man lives in vain
Who guards a hundred friendships
  As a miser guards his gain.
Then give the world a welcome
  Each day, whate'er it sends,
And may no mortgage e'er forclose
  The friendship of our friends.

—Hebert Sinclair.

PAUL REVERE

By Esther Forbes.

The voice in the dark crying the alarm, the man on the horse always galloping through a moonlit night of long ago—galloping into poetry, folklire, art, legend, advertising, editorials—hardly a real man on an actual horse, more a symbol of preparedness, awareness of danger.

Although that is what Paul Revere seems to us today, it was not what he seemed to himself or to his contemporaries. To those who knew him he was one of those men who always get things done. They were impressed with the way he could learn a new trade as fast as other men could turn around, for he was the typical "ingenious Yankee" of the period. And they called him "cool in thought, ardent in action." But he was not so cool as to be thinking quietly when the time had come for quick action, nor so ardent as to jump heedlessly into difficulties and by his carelessness get himself and everybody else into trouble.

It is as "bold Revere" he was sung in a song of that day in the ale houses, taverns, shops along the wharves of Boston. So, to the men who knew him best, he was bold and ardent, but also cool and ingenious. Such men are not only ready to do things, but can do them well.

In many ways he was a typical American. His father was not born over here, but came as a child refugee from Europe and could not even speak English when he arrived. He was 13 and penniless, but like many older people he had come to find a different way of life and greater freedom than was possible in France during the religious persecutions of the period. His son was ready to risk everything for that way of life and that freedom.

No one around Boston cared whether or not Paul Revere's father was a foreigner. They knew that being an American is nit a matter of blood or race, but point of view. Then, too, Paul Revere's industry and versatility make him seem a typical American. He was an artisan and worked with his hands all his life.

As his father was a silversmith, Paul first learned this trade, beginning to work when he was 13 or 14—and people then worked from sunup to sundown—sometimes for 12 hours every day except Sunday. He was still a boy when his father died and, as oldest son, it was up to him to support his mother, sisters, and younger brothers. Soon people were saying there was not a better silversmith in all Boston (now they say in all America).

It was obvious that if he continued to work so hard and well and said nothing to offend his wealthy patrons, he could be sure of a good living. But first there was a war with the French and Indians. He joined that. And he evidently liked to say what he thought. He sided with the men who believed England had no right to tax the colonies unless they had some say in the matter. This offended some of his wealthiest patrons, but still he did very well until in 1764 there was a terrible depression in Boston. Being an ingenious man, he taught himself a new trade. During hard times there might be more people who could pay

a few pennies for a print than a few pounds for a piece of silver.

His prints are mostly political cartoons—British ships landing troops in Boston, political enemies hanging by the neck from Liberty Tree, the famous view of the Boston Massacre. His silver work he loved, and in that medium he is a great artist, but his copper-plate engravings seem to have been tossed off by a man more interested in the political situation and in supporting his family than in art.

There was another trade in which his training as a silversmith would be of help to him. This was setting false teeth. He did not at first advertise that you could chew with these teeth—only talk and smile. Paul Revere did not do this work for very long. His false teeth seem to have been a stop-gap both for his patients and his purse.

Other things interested him more. In 1773, there was that Boston Tea Party. He was one of the known leaders. Boys and men worked all night, saying little except in Indian grunts, breaking open chests of tea and throwing it in the harbor. Before Paul Revere had time to go home and get some sleep, he was asked to ride to New York and Philadelphia to carry word of the destruction of the tea.

At that time, the round trip must have been nearly 800 miles. Paul Reyere made it in 11 days. To ride some 70 miles a day is a fair test of a man's endurance. During the next year, he took the same hard ride at least four more times and a number of shorter ones.

Then Parliament sent troops and warships to close the port of Boston to all shipping until the tea was paid for. Revere and some other Boston mechanics organized a spy system. They knew that at some time General Gage would move his troops out of Boston and attempt to capture the war materials the colonists were collecting in inland towns. They watched and listened and interested the small boys of Boston in watching and listening.

A boy working in a stable overheard the British plans to march next day to Concord and Lexington. The child ran to tell Paul Revere. The Patriots were expecting some such sortie. Their plans were carefully made. Lanterns were to be hung in the steeple of Old North Church—one lantern if the British left Boston by land and two if by sea. And Paul Revere had promised to get out of town with a more detailed account of what the British were up to if he could slip past their guards. Billy Dawes also rode that night, but as Revere was the first to reach Lextington and had the more exciting trip, it is about him that Longfellow wrote the poem and he is the messenger who is best remembered today.

All through the eight years of the Revolution, Paul Revere did whatever seemed most necessary for carrying on the war. When paper money was needed, he printed that. When powder was short (as it usually was), he made plans for a powder mill, and he worked on cannon. Much of the time he was a lieutenant colonel of the Boston Artillery train. But it was not as a soldier, but as a civilian and artisan, that he made his greatest reputation and served his country best.

After the war was over, he found out how to manufacture a great many things which before had been imported from Europe. It was then he cast

those beautiful church bells which still ring in New England steeples—to the glory of God—and Paul Revere. But perhaps the greatest service Paul Revere did for his young country was the prosaic, unsung setting up of a copper mill to roll sheet copper. Until Revere set up his rolling mill, we could not build a single warship without importing the sheet copper for sheathing the bottom of the ship from Europe. The old gentleman (for he was 65 when he went into this new venture) experimented until he found out. He risked every cent he had or could borrow—and succeeded.

When he died, in 1818, all the newspapers wrote of his enterprise, industry, generosity, ingenuity. But none of them mentioned the one thing we know best about him—that ride on the 19th of April. They, who had so recently seen the stocky, benevolent old colonel walking the streets of Boston, never gussed that he was destined forever to ride a foaming charger through the dark of a famous night until in time he hardly seemed a real man at all—only a hurry of hoofs, a knock on a door, a voice crying the alarm.

———:———

STAND STEADY

Daniel Webster once was giving one of his stirring and eloquent addresses in a large hall on the second floor of an old building. The room was packed with people, crowded close together . . . many of them standing. As Webster talked the crowd began to sway in rhythm with his words. There was imminent danger that the vibration would cause the building to collapse. Sensing the danger, Webster stepped to the front of the platform, held his hand, and, in a voice of command, shouted: "Stand steady!"

Stand steady! A nation swaying to the rhythm of war-hysteria needs that message today. We need to firmly plant both feet on the good earth and brace ourselves for the days ahead.

Stand steady! Bad news, rumors, disappointments, fear will try to topple over our spirits. Against it all, we must stand as firm and steady as a giant oak in a gale. We must root deep in the faith of our fathers . . . faith in God and in each other.

Stand steady! As Atlas supports the world upon his shoulders, America must stand steady, supporting and upholding the world of freedom, justice and goodwill.

Stand Steady! We must face limitations and sacrifices with high courage. We must take them all, not lying down, but standing up, in the full stature of our manhood.

Stand steady! Let us keep our feet on the ground-of-reality and our heads in the clouds-of-hope. While we meet, battle with, and subdue the problems of each day, let us hang on to the ideals of the American Way of Life with a firm resolve to win the peeace as well as the war.

Stand steady!—Wilferd A. Peterson.

STOCK FARM WORKERS TO BE DEFERRED

Selected

The War Manpower Commission is preparing to put into effect a program to maintain and increase production of livestock, poultry and dairy farms by stabilizing employment.

Main points of the program are:

Selective Service recommendation for deferment of farmers and workers on such farms; Army and Navy agreement not to accept enlistment by such individuals; Government directives to war contractors not to hire them; assistance in increasing production and in putting additional farm land to such production. The following questions and answers explain some details of the program:

Q. To what men does this program apply?

A. Those who work most of the time the year round at dairy, and poultry or livestock production.

Q. Does the farm size matter?

A. Yes. For deferment of one skilled operator, it must have at least 12 dairy cows with minimum annual production of 45,000 pounds of milk, or the livestock or poultry equivalent. Equivalents for one cow are: 8.5 hogs (raised), 3.2 beef cows, 4.8 yearlings, 3.9 two-year old steers. 3.5 feedlot cattle, 16.5 ewes, 80 feedlot lambs, 74 hens, 250 chickens (raised), 500 broilers or 40 turkeys (raised). Or a combination of these animals may total enough to qualify the farm as an essential one.

Q. Can a farm with less stock qualify?

A. Yes. A farm with eight dairy cows producing at least 30,000 pounds of milk a year, or with the equivalent in other animal units, can qualify if the operator takes steps to increase the number. He will have three months to increase by two cows, or the equivalent, and three more months to increase the total to 12 cows, or the equivalent.

Q. Just what will draft boards do?

A. The Selective Service System has told them to consider occupational deferment for such workers on such farms, to reclassify as III-B those now in III-A on grounds of dependency, and to give skilled workers on farms which do not qualify as essential by the foregoing yardstick a chance to locate on essential farms. Local boards will not automatically defer all workers on essential farms, but will consider whether their leaving would hurt production on the farms to a material degree.

———:———

When you are tempted to declare the other fellow a failure, just apply this test to him and to yourself, i.e., is he honestly trying to do what he feels he should do or is he merely failing to do what you think he should do?

AMERICAN RED CROSS CLUB NOW OPERATES IN ENGLAND

(Selected)

The biggest American Red Cross club in England, appropriately, has the biggest chef in England.

The club, in a southern district, will be able to serve 1,800 diners at once, a total of 8,000 meals a day.

The chef, Samuel W. Everett, is a smiling 322-pounder; he hails from Hatfield in Hertfordshire, and has cooked ashore and afloat in a wide experience, including service on crack ocean liners.

In this new club, which is emblematic of the big way the American Red Cross is doing things for the U. S. troops stationed in Britain, Everett presides ever kitchens equipped with everthing modern for delivering the goods on time and in volume.

There are two-decker gas and electric ovens, grills, scores of boilers. Washing is done on the grand scale by a mechanical domestic servant, which washes and dries 6,000 pieces an hour.

There are whisks, mincers, choppers, and slicing machines, all electrical. A potato preparing machine peels 56 pounds of potatoes at one go in a few minutes.

Batter goes in at one end of another machine and comes out as the doughboy's delight—doughnuts—at the rate of 14 a minute.

Service is on the cafeteria system. Three-course dinners are served for 20 cents. A sample meal is oxtail soup, fried chicken or other meat, pumpkin pie, and coffee.

"The boys are trying to take to tea," said Everett, "but don't quite like it yet. Coffee is their favorite, and even now we are using 80 pounds a week. Our biggest day for meals so far ran to 3,700."

"Bill" Stephens, former New York stockbroker, is the club director. His assistant is Mrs. Agnes Broughton from Massachusetts. Dick Gardiner, from Virginia is the entertainment director.

The club accommodation includes a large lounge, recreation hall for dancing and stage shows, reading and writing rooms, phone booths, shower bath, barber's shop, and a first-aid room.

Quite near the club are two dormitories with sleeping accommodations for 500 a night.

---:---

It is no achievement to be beautiful when young; nature and heredity attend to that. But to be beautiful when old is a definite accomplishment, and only possible to those who have lived a life of truth and beauty.

YEARS BRING SLOW ADVANCEMENT

Morganton News-Herald

Apparently medical science has made but slow advancement in the conquest of infantile paralysis. Not yet has the cause of this dreaded and crippling disease been found. The search for the germ, or whatever causes the paralysis, has been mainly by trial and error.

About thirty years ago, Elizabeth Kenny, a nurse in the backwoods of Australia, was compelled to treat several cases of infantile paralysis without the benefit of expert medical training. Without going into the details of her treatment, it is sufficient to state that the world today recognizes that the Australian woman has perfected a superior method of combatting some forms of infantile paralysis.

Only ten years ago, a "Royal commission" of Australian doctors failed to approve her method of treatment although it was securing twice as many recoveries as the accepted methods.

A few years after Miss Kenny came to the United States where, after many disappointments, she managed to secure $5,000 for a hospital, and went to work to demonstrate the efficacy of her method of treatment.

The experience of this woman illustrates the difficulty that confronts us in the search for truth. New ideas are accepted very slowly, not in the medical profession but in all social groups.

Gradually, however, the truth will make its way if served confidently and courageously by individuals who have found it.

Local interest in the Kenny method for treatment of infantile paralysis victims will no doubt be increased by the fact that Miss Irene Rust, popular head of the staff of nurses at Grace Hospital, will go to the University of Minnesota this month for study and observation of the method with the idea of using her observations in teaching other nurses and applying her knowledge to the treatment of any local cases which may occur. Anything is worth knowing and trying when a child, as is usually the case, or an adult becomes a victim of infantile paralysis.

———:———

THE OTHER FELLOW

It doesn't pay to say too much when you're mad enough to choke,
For the word that stings the deepest is the word that's never spoke;
Let the other fellow wrangle till the storm has blown away,
Then he'll do a heap of thinking 'bout the things you didn't say.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Donald McFee, a former member of our printing class, spent a few days at the School during the holiday season. For some time he has been working in a ship yard at Portsmouth, Virginia, and reports that he is getting along nicely.

—:—

Some time ago we noticed in the Charlotte Observer that John B. Burrow, of Hemp, had been recruited for service in the United States Navy. This lad came to the School, February 2, 1933, from Seagrove, just a short distance from Hemp. He was allowed to return to his home, July 2, 1936. While here he was a house boy in Cottage No. 8. John is now about twenty-two years old.

—:—

Horace Branch, formerly of Cottage No. 15 and a member of the dairy force, called at The Uplift office a short time ago. This lad left the School, March 26, 1940, returning to his home near Fairmont. He was employed in a saw-mill at that place until he enlisted in the United States Army, February 4, 1942. Horace was first stationed at Fort Bragg, and later spent some time at Camp Grant, Illinois, but is now located at Camp Robeson, Little Rock, Arkansas. He is now nineteen years old, and has developed into a young fellow of nice appearance and pleasing manner.

—:—

George A. Bristow, a former member of our printing class, who left the School about ten years ago, called on us about two weeks ago. He is now twenty-six years old, has been married six years, and has three children—a daughter, aged five years, a boy, four years old; and a nine-months-old daughter. For the past six months, George has been working as a painter at the North Carolina Shipbuilding Company's plant in Wilmongton. While he stated he liked his place of employment very well, he was going to try to get transferred to some other defense plant as a steel-worker, a trade with which he was more familiar. Since George's visit, we had a letter from him stating that he had found such employment, and was working at Newport News, Virginia.

—:—

Wallace Pendergraft, formerly of Cottage No. 8, who left the School, July 31, 1935, called at The Uplift office a short time ago. Upon leaving the institution, he went to live with a brother on a farm near Apex, staying there about two years. He then became an enrollee in a CCC camp, located near Lenoir, where he stayed two years. Wallace enlisted in the United States Army Air Corps, January 2, 1940, and was sent to Panama. Some months later, he was injured in a crack-up, received an honorable medical discharge, and returned to the United States in February, 1941. For several months thereafter he worked with his brother as carpenter's helper, and about five months ago, he secured employment with the North Carolina Shipbuilding Company, Wilmington, where he is now working as a welder. He stated that he liked his work very much and was getting along well.

—:—

Joseph Louis Crawford, who left

the institution, January 13, 1936, was a visitor here a short time ago. When this lad left the School, he went to Gaffney, South Carolina, to live with an uncle. For about four years he worked as loom fixer for the Gaffney Manufacturing Company. On December 10, 1940, he enlisted in the United States Army, and was sent to Fort Jackson. For some time before his recent visit, he was with his outfit, Co. D, First Tank Corps, at a point of embarkation, but was fortunate enough to get a ten days' furlough, giving him an oportunity to visit his home folks before leaving the country. Louis stated that he had been married about five years. He is probably in the fighting area by this time, for he gave us his address, in care of Postmaster, New York, N. Y. He seemed delighted to see old friends among the members of the School's staff of workers, and promised to keep in touch with us wherever he might be placed on duty.

—:—

Many former employees of the School, some of whom have been away quite a number of years, sent Christmas greetings. Their kindly remembrance of friends here is deeply appreciated. Among those sending greetings were: Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Boger, Concord, the former our beloved superintendent until poor health made it neccessary for him to resign a few months ago; Mrs. Elizabeth Baldwin, Albemarle; S. S. Carpenter, Wilmington; F. S. Clark, Dillon, S. C.; Mrs. Emma J. Eagle, Concord; Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Groover, Rome, Ga.; Mr. and Mrs. J. Guy Hudson, Rockingham; William E. Poole, U. S. A., Tucson, Arizona; James L. Query, U. S. A., Fort Bragg; Miss Myrtle Thomas, DeLand, Florida; Miss Mary P. Lattimer, Bishopville, S. C.; Mrs. Mattie Fitzgerald, Wadesboro; Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Wood, Troy; Miss Virginia Smoot, High Point; Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Beam, Key West, Florida; Miss Vernie Goodman, Mooresville; L. S. Presson, Jr. U. S. M. C.; George Groves, Hickory; F. M. Russell, Iva, S. C.; Harry J. Bost, Harrisburg; Mrs. G. F. Conley and Miss Eva Greelee, Marrion.

—:—

Harold Walsh, a former member of Cottage No. 15 groop, recently wrote Mr. Barber. While at the School, Harold was employed at the dairy, where he got along fine, and continued to make a good record after leaving us. He is now in the United States Army, a member of the Detached Medical Department, Barracks No. 7, Moore General Hospital, Swannanoa, N. C. It is rather unusual that he was fortunate enough to be located so close to his home county, he being a native of Wilkes County. Harold's letter reads in part, as follows:

"Dear Mr. Barber: I am getting along fine and hope you are doing the same. Have been in the army for one week and two days. I first went to Fort Bragg, and then they sent me up here. It is close to Asheville. So far, I like army life very much. It is a good place to be, and I'm going to do my very best. I have a good place for my wife to stay. Since I am in limited service, she can live near the camp, and I can be with her when off duty. Give my regards to Mr. Boger and all the officers and boys, and please write soon. Your friend, Harold Walsh."

Wilbur Hardin, of Cottage No. 9, received a Christmas greeting card from Charles W. Morrow. He is in the Army Air Corps, and his address is Private Charles W. Morrow, Area 2, Guard Detachment, Box 500, Scott Field, Illinois. Wilbur tells us that while this boy had left the School before he came here, he knew him several years ago at Forest City, and that he had been hearing from him regularly since he has been in the service.

Morrow came to the School, November 18, 1930 and remained here until February 3, 1932, when conditionally released to return to his home in Forest City. He made a very good record while here. He was member of the Cottage No. 9 group, and worked in the laundry. Charles was allowed to go sooner than he ordinarlly would have gone home on account of his very good record. Progress reports received on this young fellow during the first twenty-eight months he was away from the institution showed that he kept up the good record back in his home community. Charles in now 25 years old.

—:—

We recently learned that J. Harvard Winn, one of our old boys, is now in the United States Navy, stationed at the Naval Air Station, Norfolk, Virginia. Our source of information was a Christmas card, mailed to Mr. Talbert. The card was mailed from his home at Altamahaw, and the return address on it was: J. H. Winn, Seaman Second Class, TTSA, ACC Division, Naval Air Station Norfolk, Virginia. This was the first word received from Harvard in quite some time, so we do not know how long he has been in the service.

Harvard came to the School from Greensboro, January 19, 1931. He was placed in Cottage No. 1, and worked in the printing department during part of his stay at the institution. Upon admission he entered the third grade and was in the seventh when he left us. After staying at the School five years and five days, he was permitted to return to his home, January 14, 1936. Having made a fine record after leaving us, Harvard was given an honorable discharge, November 15, 1937. He spent some time in CCC camps. He was in camp in March, 1938, and was still there in March, 1939, when T. L. Grier wrote us that he had seen him in a camp near Madison, and that he was doing well. While he did not correspond with friends and acquaintances at the School very frequently, Harvard never failed to send Christmas greetings each year since leaving us.

—:—

Another letter recently came to the School from A, C. Elmore, formerly of Cottage No. 5. Elmore has been a member of the United States Marine Corps for quite a while, and for several months has been on active duty in the Southern Pacific battle area. In his letter, Elmore stated that another of our old boys, Elmond Allard Brantley, is also a member of the Marine Corps, and is in the same unit. He added that it was a very happy reunion for both lads.

Allard Brantley was in Cottage No. 12 during his stay at the School. He came to us from Nash County, September 16, 1937, remaining here until February 10, 1940, when he was conditionally released for placement by the welfare department in that county.

During twenty-two months of his stay at the School, he worked in the library. He was placed in the sixth grade when admitted, and had been in the seventh grade fourteen months when he left. Upon receiving very good reports during the first six months under supervision, he was given an honorable discharge, August 19, 1940. We had heard nothing further from him until this word came from Elmore.

We feel sure Allard would like to hear from old friends at the School, and for the benefit of those who care to write him, we give his present address as follows: Pvt. Elmond A. Brantley, United States Marine Corps, Unit 720, % Postmaster, San Francisco, California.

—:—

Mr. Barber recently received a letter from J. Milton Koontz, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who went directly from the campus to the United States Army, about two months ago. Milton is now stationed at Camp White, Oregon. His letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Barber: I got your letter and The Uplift, and was glad to get them. I thought some of the older boys had gone home or I would have written them. I wrote one boy the other night.

"Mr. Barber, it is still muddy out here and the sun shines a little bit. Am glad that you and all the boys had such a good Thanksgiving. We had one, too. Let me tell you, the drilling I got up there came in handy in the Army, and I want you to tell the boys to get all the drilling they can, for it will help them some day. Wish I could have gotten into all the drilling at the School. Also be sure to tell the boys that they are having a good time there, but half of them do not know it.

"I have not seen David Cunningham since we have been up here. Was glad to hear that there are some boys who like the Navy, but my choice is the Army. well, I hope the boys are well, and may God let his face shine on them, and may God bless them. The light is going out, so I will have to close now. Your friend, John M. Koontz."

For the benefit of those who would like to write "Koontzie," we will give his present address, as follows: Private John M. Koontz 34436370, Company E, 363rd Infantry, A. P. O. 91, Camp White, Oregon.

—:—

Jay Lambert, better known around here as "Jimmy Trigger," formerly of Cottage No. 6, called on us last Monday. This young fellow, now thirty-two years old, left the School in 1925. For the past fifteen years he has been in the United States Maritime Service, and while employed on merchant vessels has been in practically every country in the world. Jimmy has been promoted from time to time, and now has the rank of commissary steward. He informed us that he hopes to attain the rank of chief petty officer soon.

Since the entiry of the United States into the war, vessels on which he has been stationed have been doing their share of shipping supplies to our armed forces and those of our allies. Military regulations forbid the publication of the names of vessels engaged in such work or naming the ports which they have visited. Jimmy did tell us, however, that while on convoy duty some time ago, the vessel on which he was sailing was torpedoed

by submarines and attacked by enemy aircraft. He received sharpnel wounds, necessitating a two months' stay in a foreign hospital, but recovered sufficently to return to this country on December 9th, and was given enough time off to spend the Christmas holidays with relatives and friends in North Carolina.

For a number of years, during his travel around the world, this young man has kept in touch with old friends at the School, writing from time to time, and sending interesting pictures snapped in various foreign countries. We were delighted to see Jimmy, and his many friends here wish him the best of luck as he again embarks upon the hazardous task of transporting supplies through the various ocean shipping lanes.

—:—

We recently received a very nice letter from Joseph Tucker, who has been away from the School about two and one-half years. Joe came to us from Goldsboro, and was admitted to the institution, May 1, 1937. He remained here until July 11, 1940, when he was released to return to his mother in Goldsboro. While at the School, Joe was a house boy at Cottage No. 6. He entered the fourth grade when admitted to the institution, and at the time he left, he had been in the seventh grade about nine months. Upon the recommendation of the superintendent of public welfare of Wayne County, he was given an honorable discharge, May 3, 1941, at which time we learned that he had enlisted in the United States Army. His appreciation of the training received while here is expressed in his letter from "somewhere overseas," which reads as follows:

"You will probably have forgotten that you formerly had a student at the School by the name of Joe Tucker, but Joe Tucker will never forget that he was once a student at the School. I am writing to you and to all of the personnel of the school, because now I fully realize all of the benefits derived from my stay there. The many kindnesses and comforts that were extended to me will never be forgotten. Now that I have been in the Army for two years, I realize the many responsibilities that lie before us all, and being on overseas duty, the realization of what you people instilled in me has made me a better man for it, and a finer soldier.

"While at the school, I received training in cooking, and when I left you folks, all I possessed was the knowledge that you had given me. Now that I look back over the years since leaving, you can fully appreciate how I feel toward those who had given me a chance to make good—and to be a cook in the Army, you have to be good. So you can see how your training has stood me in good stead.

"I am going to close now, but I wanted to let you know that I fully appreciated all that you had done for me in the past, and in such times as these, a good word can mean so much. I also want to extend to you and to all at the school, a Merry Christmas and a Happiest of New Years. Sincerely yours, Joe Tucker."

—:—

During the holidays, quite a number of former students visited the School, while many others sent greetings to friends here. We were glad to see those calling on us, and appreciate the Christmas cards received

from others. Among those sending greetings, as reported to this office, are the following:

Paul Abernethy, China Grove; James R. Allred, USA, Macon, Georgia; William Beard, Chester, Penna.; William G. Bell, USN, Norfolk, Virginia; James Brewer, High Point; Clyde A. Bristow, Winston-Salem; George A. Bristow, Newport News, Virginia; Jark Bright, Wilkesboro; Lary Burleson, Thomasville; John T. Capps, USA, Bainbridge, Georgia; Frank E. Cobb, USA, Fort Benning, Georgia; Henry Cowan, Belmont; J. W. Crawford, Laurinburg; Martin L. Crump, Charlotte; Arthur Edmondson, USA, Camp Edwards, Mass.; James R. Elders, USMC, New River; A. C. Elmore, USMC; Joseph Farlow, Randleman; William L. Furches, USMC; Ramsey Glasgow, USA, Winston-Salem; Delma C. Gray, Albemarle; Cicil Gray, Wilmington; John T. Godwin, USN, Piney Point, Maryland; George Goodman, USA; Doy Hagwood, New York City; J. Carl Henry, Lincoln Park, Michigan; John Holmes, USA, Camp Livington, Louisiana; C. Keith Hunt, Cleveland, Ohio; Oscar M. Hunt, Trona, Califorina; Neal Huntley, Wadesboro; James Johnson, Charlotte; John M. Koontz, USA, Camp White, Oregon; Robert D. Lawrence, USMC, San Diego, California; R. L. Lefler, Salisbury; Jack Mathis, Sylva; William G. Miller, Wilkinsburg, Penna.; William S. Morgan, USN, Great Lakes, Illinois; Ivan A. Morrozoff, USA, Keesler Field, Mississippi; Irving McBride, USA, Nova Scotia, Canada; J. Lee McBride, Alexandria, Virginia; Horace N. McCall, Chicago, Illinois; Donald McFee, Suffolk, Virginia; Edwin Newell, New York City; Earl Oxendine, USN, Norfolk, Virginia; Ernest Overcash, Kannapolis; Fred Owens, USMC; Craven Pait, Lumberton; Jack W. Page, Biscoe; Richard Patton, Morganton; Harold Queen, Baltimore, Maryland; John H. Robbins, South Norfolk, Virginia; James Ruff, Richfield; Harry Simms, Charlotte; Edward Stutts, Portsmouth, Virginia; Troy Thompson, Rockingham; Sidi Threatt, USA, Savannah, Georgia; Dewey and Torrence Ware, Charlotte; Hubert Walker, Morganton; Mark Whitty, Greensboro; Allen Wilson, Newport News, Virginia; J. Harvard Winn, USN, Altamahaw; David York, Lumberton, Eugene Hefner, USN, San Diego, California.

———:———

OUT WHERE THE BIG SHIPS ARE

I'm tired of sailing my little boat
Far inside of the harbor bar;
I want to be out where the big ships float—
Out on the deep, where the great ones are!
And should my frail craft prove too slight
For the storms that sweep the wide seas o'er,
'Tis better to go down in the striving flight
Than drouse to death by the sheltered shore.

—Daisy Rinehardt.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending December 27, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

James Jolly
Ira Montgomery
Charles Pearson
Weaver Ruff
Paul Smith
Lee St. Clair
Paul Whitley
John Watts

COTTAGE NO. 1

Thomas Barnes
N. A. Bennett
William Butler
Oscar Carter
Stearld Cline
Jack Harmon
Leonard Lovelace
Durwood Martin
Jack Ray
Jack Reeves
Leonard Robinson
James Shell
Kenneth Tipton
Luther Vaughn
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Dewey Bunn
Hurley Bell
Robert Coleman
Dewey Lanning
Ralph Powell
Sam Pritchett
Earl Smith

COTTAGE NO. 4

Leroy Childers
William Davis
Marvin Howard
Douglas Holt
Robert Muse

COTTAGE NO. 5

Charles Brookshire
John Gardner
John Lipscomb
Allen Morris
Kenneth Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Douglas Daniels
Marvin Fowler
Ralph Gibson
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
Gerald Kermon
Marvin Lipscomb
Rufus Massingill
Jacob Myers
John Rhodes

COTTAGE NO. 7

Arthur Beal
James Brigman
Fred Bostian
John Linville
Amos Myers
Jerry Ray
Milton Talley
John Tolley
Marion Todd
Egar Shell
W. C. Whitehurst

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Bennett
Thomas Brannon
Reid Beheler
Bernice Hoke
Wilbur Russ
Vernon Rinehardt
Charles Tate
James C. Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 9

Gerald Amos
Cecil Caldwell
Leonard Church
Riley Denny
James Hale
Wilbur Hardin
William Hart
Morris Johnson
Marvin Matheson
Robert Owens
Troy Parris
Milford Ward
Glenn Wilcox
Fred Grimstead

COTTAGE NO. 10

James Bell
C. W. Cline
Amon Dryman
Jerome Harris
Joseph Willis
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Marvin Bradley
Noah Brown
Eugene Cline
Everett Morris
T. B. Nowell
Fred Stewart
Ray Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Dewell Cooper
Thurman Daniels
Paul Green
Vernon Green
Ray Harris
Donald Hobbs
Luther McIntyre
William O'Brien

COTTAGE NO. 14

Wilton Barfield
Robert Caudle
Aubrey Fargis
Vernon Harding
William Harding
Robert Holbert
Lawrence Hord
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William E. Lanford
Roy Mumford
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pitman
Robert Travis
Alvis Watkins
Peter Tuttle
John Pritchard
Thedore Young

COTTAGE NO. 15

James Cantrell
Howard Combs
Woodrow Ewing
Fred Fox
William Griffin
Orin Helms
Charles Lanford
Ennis Miller
Lawton McDowell
James Roberson
Hugh Roberts
James Willis
Evans Watson
Samuel Willamson

INDIAN COTTAGE

Roland Brooks
Robert Brady
Frank Chavis
Peter Chavis
Floyd Fields
James E. Hall
R. C. Hoyle
Leroy Lowry

INFIRMARY

Newman Tate
Robert Padgett

———:———

It was a pitiful mistake, an error sad and grim. I waited for the railway train; the light was low and dim. It came at last and from the car there stepped a dainty dame, and looking up and down the place, she straight unto me came.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried. "Oh, dear old Jack!" and kissed me as she spake; then looked again and frightened, cried: "Oh, what a sad mistake!"

I said, "Forgive me, maiden fair, for I am Bill, not Jack; and as regards the kiss you gave, I'll straight-away give it back."

And since that night I've often stood upon that platform dim; but only once in a man's whole life do such gifts come to him.

(Orange County)
(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 9, 1943 NO. 2

MY DESIRE

I wish to be simple, honest, frank, natural, clean in mind and body, unaffected,—ready to say, "I do not know," if so it be, to meet all men on an absolute equality—to face any obstacle and meet every difficulty unabashed and unafraid. I wish others to live their lives too, up to their highest, fullest, and best. To that end I pray that I may never meddle, interfere, dictate, give advice that is not wanted, or assist when my services are not needed. If I can help people, I'll do it by giving them a chance to help themselves; and if I can uplift or inspire, let it be by example, influence, and suggestion, rather than by injunction and dictation.—Elbert Hubbard.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
THE FATHER OF OUR PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM	By Gerald Coburn	8
HOMES WITHOUT HOUSEWORK	By D. J. Wilkie	12
MOSTLY ABSURDITIES	By A. T. Abernethy	14
SHE WON A PLANE	By Robert A. Erwin	17
THE OLD IS GOOD	By John C. Wingett	19
RAILROAD MAN'S PRAYER	(Selected)	21
INSTITUTION NOTES		22
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

A PLANNED PATTERN

One of the main arguments as to tie existence of God is that of design, as seen throughout the universe. The snowflake or the spider as viewed in detail through the magnifying glass or the greatest orb in the heavens as seen through the telescope each bespeaks the existence of the Creator as an intelligent and therefore a personal Being. The wise adaptation of means to an end and the harmonious working of natural law throughout the universe predicate an all-wise and all-mighty Ruler.

The tiniest organism and its atomic structure are divinely designed and engage His paternal care. Each has its special place in the universe; and all lend to the infinite variety of the Creator's handiwork. God's loom weaves new forms, new designs, continually into the fabric of His creations.

Included in God's design are your life and mine. Each of us is in the loom of the Weaver. With infinite precision His natural laws work unceasingly as they shuttle to and fro in the mechanisms of body, mind, and spirit; with minutest care His providence and grace intervene daily in our behalf.

We may not know the meaning of each shift in life's shuttling, each thread in the weaving; but 'tis well since in love as well as in wisdom He weaves. Some threads are dark and sombre, some bright and colorful. It takes all to make the pattern beautiful. And herein is the human element: We are too apt to complain or rebel, too loath to submit patiently and trustingly to the unseen Hands that weave for our ultimate good. It is hard to receive the dark threads with the gold, to accept each play of the loom as a blessing. In learning the lessons from the weavings in the shuttling days of another year, may we accept graciously the pattern as re-designed by the Master and submit trustingly to Him Who doeth all things well. For:

"Not until each loom is silent,
And the shuttles cease to fly,
Will God unroll the pattern
And explain the reason why.

"The dark threads are as needful
In the Weaver's skilful hand,
As the threads of gold and silver
For the pattern which He planned."

—J. William McCauley,

ONE OF OUR BOYS MAKES THE SUPREME SACRIFICE

The records of the First World War revealed the fact that one of the first men to fall on the battlefield was one of the Jackson Training School boys. Sad, but true, history has repeated itself, and we give here a brief story of William Edward Whitaker, of Concord, a former student of this institution, who has given his life for his country. This young man, twenty-one years old, was killed in action in North Africa, November 9, 1942. A brief sketch of William's life while here, and covering some of the time after leaving us, taken from our records, reads as follows:

"William Edward Whitaker was admitted to the School, February 15, 1937, coming from Concord. During his stay at the institution he was a member of the Cottage No. 8 group, and worked on the farm and in the shoe shop, where he made a very good record. He stayed at the School for seventeen months, at the end of which time he was released to his brother, July 14, 1938, returning to Concord, where his excellent record continued. This lad enlisted in the United States Army approximately two years ago. He visited the School during the Christmas holiday period in 1941, at which time he informed us that he had just completed a course in radio operation at Fort Dix, New Jersey, and was a member of the signal corps. Apparently he had made good in the Army since he had attained the rank of First Class Private."

So far as is known, William is the first Concord boy to have lost his life in the North African campaign. His many friends among both boys and officials of the School join in tendering their deepest sympathy to mourning relatives in their sad hour of breavement.

* * * * * * * *

A LOVELY GIFT

There are times during this horrible war when we feel people have forgotten to do nice things for the uplift of the unfortunate. The spirit of giving aid to this class of people gives assurance that there still lives in our midst those who are imbued with a fine Christian spirit. The following, taken from the Concord Daily Tribune, tells a sweet story:

"Several days ago, the Charlotte News carried a story of the gift of John Coe, a contractor of that city, of his beautiful home, valued at $20,000 to be used as a home for that class of unfortunates for which little provision is made by the state or other agencies—namely, children who are born with feeble or clouded minds.

"Mr. Coe's wife, who shared with him in making the gift, is a former Concord woman, Miss Ila Sears, daughter of Mrs. C. R. Sears and the late Mr. Sears. Mr. Mrs. Coe have long been interested in doing something to alleviate the plight of those children often called 'those whom God forgot'. It was this interest and sympathy that prompted them to give the home on Sharon Road, along with thirteen acres of land, as the beginning of an institution comparable with the Caswell Training School, in Eastern Carolina. The Coe home is more familiarly known as 'the Summerville place', The residence has nine rooms and sufficient acreage for considerable expansion."

* * * * * * * *

THE SOUL'S LANGUAGE

Words are peculiar things. Audibly, they are distinctive sounds produced by the vocal cords as the impact of the latter upon the surrounding atmosphere causes varying vibrations. These "sound waves," striking with drumlike precision upon the tympanum of the ear, are received by the sensory nerves of the listener and carried to the transforming brain, where they are translated into reactions corresponding to the creative impulses of the sender as sensations, ideas, thoughts.

Iintriguing, too, is the method of thought transfer through written words. Each line, each dot, of the inscribing pen or chisel signifies a mark in the making of words and sentences which express visibly what one mind would transmit to another. Words, whether carried audibly or visibly, are vehicles of thought. Marvelous though they be as means of conveyance, they are worthless save as they express in part the mind of their author. Words live only as they are freighted with mental concepts and breathed through with spiritual content.

There is a language other than that of spoken or written words.

The waving of the flag or even a handkerchief, the warning of the fog horn, or the signaling of the semaphore, smoke column or light beam, each speaks its forceful message. The "universal language" of music is mightier than words.—The Lutheran.

* * * * * * * *

Strange but happy news for fuel oil users has just come out of England. Contrary to previous conclusions of geologists, "rich, thick, highest grade Pennsylvania-type crude oil is gushing out of the ground" somewhere in England. Production in thousands of barrels, indicating an oil field and not an oil pocket, is vouched for by accredited authorities. Oil technicians and workers have already been carried over to England to develop and extend the oil operations as much as possible. British refineries, long in use to refine crude oil tanked in, are amply able to handle this unexpected trick of nature. At the same time Canada is pushing extensive operations to mine the heretofore untapped tar sands of Northern Alberta. These sands are estimated to contain at least 100,000,000,000 barrels of oil and to have an oil content of 25 per cent by weight. Their existence has been known by white men since 1788, when adventurers discovered oil bubbling out of the sands; but the Indians had, from time immemorial, been using pockets of pitch to caulk their canoes. Oil wells have been in existence around Fort Norman since 1921, but distance from markets, a scanty population, lack of refining facilities, and the bitter winter weather have up till now obstructed the proper development of the industry. The new Alaska Highway and pressing military needs will now open the way. These two developments should eventually relieve the present demand for tankers, and the users of oil heaters will not complain about that.—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

DOING GOOD WITH A LITTLE

Much is said, and more is thought, when a church or worthy organization puts on a campaign to obtain funds. And many are the secret misgivings that "our little will do no good." Here is Ben-

jamin Franklin's answer to that problem, as he rendered aid to a Frenchman in need of help:

> "I send you herewith a bill for ten louis do'ors. I do not pretend to "give" such a sum; I only "lend" it to you.
>
> "When you return to your country with a good character, you cannot fail of getting into some business, that will in time enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet with another honest man in similar distress, you must pay me by lending the sum to him, enjoining him to discharge the debt by a like operation, when he shall be able, and shall meet with such another opportunity. I hope it may thus go through many hands, before it meets with a knave that will stop its progress.
>
> "This is a trick of mine for doing a deal of good with a little money. I am not rich enough to afford "much" in good works, and am so obliged to be cunning and make the most of a little."
>
> —Mecklenburg Times.

* * * * * * * *

The following story from the Dare County Times illustrates the fact that the man who is mindful of little things, will be the one to accomplish great things:

If General AacArthur proves as thorough in warfare is in personal matters, then he will be a continued success. That is the opinion of Capt. Paul Midgett of Nags Head Coast Guard Station who this week received a five pound box of candy, a regular Christmas gift for several years past, from General Douglas MacArthur.

Some years ago while General MacArthur was on a visit to Nags Head, a friendship developed between him and Paul Midgett, the ever-plesant and obliging Coast Guardsman. And never since then at Christmas time has the box of candy failed to come. Evidently the General, although in the far off Pacific Ocean battle zone, doesn't overlook any of his personal affairs, and arranged as usual for the gift to a man in Dare County to be promptly sent.

THE FATHER OF NORTH CAROLINA'S PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM

By Gerald Coburn

Calvin H. Wiley should occupy a large niche in the hearts of all North Carolinians, for he was the father of our pubilc school system. As early as 1817 Archibald D. Murphey had presented a plan for public schools to the Legislature of the State, and in 1825 a "Literary Fund" had been established for the support of the common schools, but the work of Wiley himself, as the first State Superintendent of Schools (1853-1865), started public education on its upward road to success in North Carolina.

Wiley was born in 1819, the same year that Wilmington, North Carolina, was so severely damaged by fire, but where the latter destroyed 300 or more buildings, Wiley was to possess a fire for universal education that would blaze through the State. Having obtained an excellent background in Caldwell Institute, a celebrated Presbyterian preparatory school in Guilford County, he attended the University of North Carolina and graduated with highest honors. A year later he settled in Oxford to practice law, but, having few clients, he served as editor of the Oxford Mercury (1841-1843) and also wrote and published two novels, Alamance and Roanoke.

Destined for more serious things than writing works of fiction, however, Wiley soon found his calling and devoted his energies to educating the people of the Old North State to their many opportunities and resources. Up until this time the State had been a popular mart for poor literature from Northern publishers, and too the people were emigrating by the thousands with the expectation of finding better opportunities elsewhere. Wiley viewed these two evils with contempt and determined to do what he could to promote universal education. His task was a difficult one, for many had no conception of the meaning of public schools and thought of them merely as charity schools. Also teachers were very inefficient, school-houses were little better than log huts, and the money that was to provide for the upkeep of schools was being squandered. Wiley toured the State from east to west and from north to south informing the people of the purpose of the common schools, and in letters, newspapers, and speeches he fought for their cause. He prepared textbooks, taught teachers how to teach, established a Teachers' Library Association in order to provide professional literature in each of the school districts, began the publication of a teachers' magazine called the North Carolina School Journal, and organized the State Teachers' Association.

During the Civil War, when the State needed almost limitless funds for arms, ammunition, food, and clothing for its soldiers, many advocated closing the schools and using the "Literary Fund" for the war efforts, but Wiley, seeing the danger, cried, "No people can, or ought to be free, who are not willing to educate their children." The doors of knowledge, therefore, remained open until the war

came to a close, when the distressing conditions and depreciated currency made it impossible to continue. Wiley's work, however, was not in vain, and when the new public school system was established it was laid upon the foundation set by him.

The nation recognized Wiley's school system as one of the best in the Union. At the National Convention of Educators in Cincinnati in 1858 he appeared on the program, as an outstanding educator, along with Horace Mann of Massachusetts. Even in the critical years of the Civil War his reports for 1863 showed that 50,000 children were attending the common schools in North Carolina.

Wiley died January 11, 1887, (six years after his alma mater conferred upon him the degree of doctor of divinity), but he will long be remembered for his contributions to the State's educational progress. Today a school building in Raleigh bears his name, and a large bust in the Hall of History (State historical museum) glorifies his fame.

———:———

The force of an ideal is greater than the ideal of force.
—Josephus Daniels.

———:———

TRUTHS AND TRADITIONS

By Jenny Wrenn

The sudden cold that has swooped down upon us has found us hurrying to do many necessary things before we go in for the winter and our going in this year will not smack of the old joy. A great nostalgia shakes my spirit when I think of the old happy winter days when the world was at peace and we could snugly bask in the warmth of an open fire and quietly read our favorite book. Those days are gone—not forever—but for a season in which we must take ourselves to task and judge as to whether we are measuring up to our part.

Something like two years ago I was talking with a friend about the great conflict in Europe and wondering whether or not our country would beally be involved. He made this statement: "If we enter the war, we are lost. The present day youth have not the strength of character to fight a war. That fine old strain passed on from the Pilgrim Fathers has deteriorated—we are a spineless generation," and so many thought.

What are we thinking today? This morning I read in my newspaper about the sinking of the United States ship off North Africa. As I noted the heriosm of those boys—their unselfish devotion to the cause, their innate fineness in prefering others before themselves, their giving of life freely, cheerfully that others might live, a wave of humility swept my spirit such as I had never known be-

fore. What can we at home do to deserve such sacrifice? That is indeed a question, but a greater one is what are we going to do?

In another column of the paper today I read "lean years coming." Our way of eating, stated this writer, will probably be revolutionized. We must share our food with the Allies and with the peoples on subjugated soil. Our government will see that we share, but how many of us will share willingly and gladly—How many will store away selfishly like the squirrel, being sure that our own loved ones fare well regardless of consequences to others?

In another column several days ago a writer said, "The soldiers must have carrots and other fresh vegetables, but who is going to hoe the carrots?" What is wrong with the women hoeing the carrots and milking the cows and if need be making the hay. At the rate women have driven automobiles for the past 25 years why can they not drive tractors over the fields today and hasten the time when our youth may return to safety and the happiness of their peaceful homes. If the boys still have the full flavor of their pioneer forefathers (and they do) why can the women not measure up to their part?

It is tradtional for American women to keep pace with their men. Field work in moderation is not too hard for healthy women.

Our high school and college girls as well as their teachers measured up proudly during the cotton picking season. It's a lot more fun to hoe a crop than gather one.

The finest way in the world to spend a peaceful hour and rest a tired spirit is to hoe in the field on a bright May morning. It sweeps the cobwebs from the brain and brings an upward surge that smacks of the full vigor of youth.

When I read of the coming food shortage I hasten to my victory garden to see how things are doing there. Our winter turnips are not doing so well but the cabbage and onions are daily putting on new growth and we are planning to mulch our strawberries at an early date. The oyster plant looks fine and makes an excellent stew. Our border of fig trees which froze to the ground last winter put out long tender shoots during the summer and even bore a few figs in the early autumn. We had a man come today and bind them up in a warm covering of pine tops. They well be snug for the winter and will probably repay us by bearing a full crop next summer —with earnest effort and good seasons we probably will raise enough food for ourselves and some to spare. That will be our bit along the food line.

Another thing we can do this winter is help with the sewing and knitting for the Red Cross and the bandage making. Still another thing is the thing we all must not neglect, we can write the boys a letter. Somehow we who are snug and soft are careless about writing letters. From our own nieghborhoods we can pick out boys who will get little mail. How it would cheer them up to get a really unexpected letter. They deserve every thought we can give them and every sacrifice we can make for them is not enough.

I saw the show, "Mrs. Miniver," last week and in its wake I read the book, "Shelters," an English novel about the war. Both brought me nearer to the shadow of real war than I have ever been before. One can

finally appreciate the position of those who keep up a brave front while their souls quake with inward terror. Yet unless we should fiinally realize it we can never really imagine the horror of a falling bomb.

This is one of the many incidents from "Shelter":

A father decided to take his little girl from the city to a place of safety. She was five. He carried her in his arms to the garage and set her down until he could start the car. Suddenly there was a long whine from the skies then "there was no car, no garage—only a child in a white frock that had suddenly acquired a scarlet skirt: a child lying in the gutter—'Daddy, Daddy, where are my legs?"

No, we in America do not yet know war. If we did we would cheerfully till the soil, milk the cows and hoe the carrots—we would count it a privilege to be able to do so. We still have the feeling that "it can't happen to us," and yet daily it does. Every town and city, every countryside has its casualties. Stalwart sons go forth, magnificent in the full bloom of youth. Too many will not return. One young soldier said to me "We know that many of us will be sacrificed. Our superior officers tell us that," and yet there was nothing of fear in his glance, only a deepening in the grey of his eyes until they shone like polished steel. Our American boys are not cowards, certainly! And while they go we thank God that they go proudly—that they go with spirits uplifted to the stars, their manly stride keeping pace with all soldiers who have gone before in every clime, in every age. The deeds that they do will not shame their forebears but rather they will uphold the traditions of the past and add to them a new sheen of brilliance.

The Pilgrims who landed on Plymouth more than two centuries ago had no more mettle in their make up than the boys of 1942.

There is an old saying that "night brings out the stars." The night of necessity and hardships has come. Our boys have risen to the occasion. Those whom we looked upon a year or so ago as soft young lads have become courageous men of steel. As they go their way in their white, in their blue, in their khaki, we listen to their steady tramp, tramp and while a tear dims our eye, we place a hand on our heart in silent salute!

———:———

Human nature is so constructed that neither a boy nor a man can develop common sense and clear judgment, learn to think quickly and decide instantly, unless he is placed in a position where he is obliged to figure his way out,—G. H. Knox.

HOMES WITHOUT HOUSEWORK

By David J. Wilkie, in Charlotte Observer

Pictured a future in which homes will be built largely of plastic and will not need kitchens because food, cooked and ready to serve, will be sent in through a pneumatic tube. Walls will radiate heat and light. The old-fashioned type of periodical housecleaning will be obsolete because walls, furniture, drapes and rugs will be dusted, cleaned and sterilized by a high electrostatic field.

If you can visualize this—and accept it, as a distinct postwar possibility—you can go along with the thinking of one of the nation's most noted chemical engineers, Dr. Charles Allen Thomas of Dayton, head of the central research laboratories of Monsanto Chemical company.

Dr. Thomas, bald, affable and friendly 42-year-old Kentuckian who worked his way through high school, Transylvania College and Massacuhsetts Institute of Tehhnology, is anything but fantastic in his reasoning. He has contributed much to the advancement of chemistry since taking his master's degree from M. I. T. in 1924.

The blue-eyed Dr. Thomas, who stands five feet 11 inches and weighs 170 pounds, talks quietly but emphatically. Associates describe him as a master at dramatizing the developments of a laboratory so that the lay mind can comprehend the significance of such developments.

Although initially slow getting under way, chemistry, according to Dr. Thomas, has steadly reached out towards constantly expanding fields in an ever-growing number of enterprises. It has made America research conscious and definitely has become essential to all industries.

Fortunately, he adds, the peacetime activity in the chemical industry fitted it well into wartime necessity, and that wartime necessity has accelerated developments which ordinarily would spread over a great many years.

"In laboratories throughout the country," he says, "investigations are going on behind closely guarded doors which may at any instant revolutionize the course of the war."

Asserting that under the pressure of war urgency the chemical industry is going to supply, in less than two years, more synthetic rubber than the natural rubber industry was able to provide in a half century, Dr. Thomas predicts that in the postwar period synthetic rubbers "will capture a great many markets in which the natural product formerly enjoyed an unchallenged monopoly."

"The synthetic goal," he says, "is 1, 106,000 tons by January, 1944, and the job will be done."

He cites this as "striking but by no means unique" example of how wartime necessity speeds the development and production of chemical products.

Thanks to the chemical industry also, he asserts, "by 1944 our production of aluminum will be seven times the amount that we produced prior to the war. It has been estimated that our wartime aluminum production capacity will be sufficient to give enough aluminum, in one year, to build three times the number of all railroad passenger cars in the United States."

You might gather from all this that Dr. Thomas is coldly scientific person who measures every activity in chemical equations. He is, on the contrary, an intensely human individual who finds relaxation in tennis, squash, skeet shooting and flying and is concerned about social trends and about his fellow man.

He sees nothing "rampant" about an imagination that anticipates gigantic scientific strides in the postwar era where technical knowledge will be used to build contentment.

"Profound sociolgical currents are flowing," he asserts; "the full momentum cannot yet be gauged. The philosophy of the past has been to create discontent. To make people constantly dissatisfied with what they had. In the future it is most likely this wholesale manufacture of discontent will be slowed down. This era may be upon us sooner than we realize, particulary if this is a very long war and the habits of the people are changed to a more simple way of life."

Speculating upon how the habits of the nation may be changed by World war II, Dr. Thomas ventures the belief that women in industry at substantial compensation "may develop into a national habit."

"To return to the drudgery of the kitchen and house with no compensation is going to be distasteful," he says. "Since women have a large voice about the kind of home they live in, one focal point of the future home will be the kitchen, where a lot of ingenuity will be used to install the maximum of labor-saving devices.

"Carrying this idea further, in metropolitan areas it is highly possible there will be no kitchens in the home at all; food will be sent to the house by way of a pneumatic delivery tube."

Visualizing the possibility of a decrease in the need for transportation as a result of scientific progress, Dr. Thomas goes on:

"With the advent of television it is going to be possible to attend a convention without leaving your home; no need to bring thousands of people to one geographical spot for a meeting.

Such meetings will be controlled by one wave length on television sets."

With all this, Dr. Thomas admits the chemists and scientists still have much to learn. He says, for example, "nothing is known today about odor," and then suggests the possibility of some day transmitting it by radio wave.

"When we know more about the fundamentals of odor," he says, "it will be possible to transform the odor of an atmosphere at one particular place into a radio wave, transmit it 5,000 miles and at that destination faithfully reconstruct the original odor. We then could reproduce in three dimensions, in color, in tone and scent, the atmosphere of a chemical laboratory or a pine forest hundreds of miles away.

"One might then say that we had reproduced all the senses save that of touch. But who dares say that even touch may not, somehow in the unlimited scope of the future, be realized? What is matter, anyway? Nothing more than electric charges which our five senses interpret as hearing, sight, smell, touch and taste.

"Mercury is poisonous and looks and feels quite different from gold, only because it has one more electron than gold. An electron is mere-

ly a charge of electricity. So what we perceive through our five senses is solely different arrangements of electrical charges and it should be possible to duplicate any of these arrangements."

Dr. Thomas was born in Scott county, Kentucky, is keenly interested in civic as well as professional affairs. Besides being a member of such organizations as the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the American Institute of Chemical Engineers, the Chemical Society of London and many others, he is a trustee of Antioch college, a director of the American Chemical Society, a curator of Transylvania college of Lexington, Ky., a director of Monsanto Chemical company.

In 1923 he joined the General Motors Research corporation as a research chemist and worked on antiknock materials for motor fuel and the extraction of bromine from sea water. This work resulted in the production of tetraethyl lead, which is used in motor fuels known as ethyl gasoline.

Transylvania college awarded him a doctor of science degree in 1933.

He was one of the founders of the Thomas and Hochwalt laboratories that were acquired in 1936 by Monsanto. As head of the central research laboratories of Monsanto, his work has been mainly along the line of synthetic resins from petroleum hydrocarbons and in plastics as well as a number of other highly technical chemical activities.

Dr. Thomas is married and has two sons and two daughters.

———:———

Let me give so much time to the improvement of myself, that I shall have no time to criticize others.—Dean Cresham.

———:———

MOSTLY ABSURDITIES

By Arthur Talmage Abernethy.

Permit a personal pargraph before I inflict my poem for the day: I can't be accused of being a pacifist. I not only tried to enlist in every war during my eligible years, but during the Spanish-American war I advertised in the North Carolina and Tennessee newspapers for mountaineers to enroll in a regiment to go with me over to the Philippines and help capture Aguinaldo who was gumming up Uncle Sam's works. I received acceptances from nearly 1,200 rugged mountain men, and but for their scattered situations might have been able to take them across. Secretary of War Alger paid me a personal tribute for what he called my "patriotism" but expressed regret that the men might not be enrolled in one single unit. My friend, the estimable former editor of The Observer, Mr. Joe Caldwell, got much amusement kidding me in a friendly manner over what he termed

my "Abernethy's Immortals." In the First World war I requested leave from my New York pastorate and donated, free of cost for salary or expenses, my time as a religious work director in Camp Hancock. Later I returned to New York and campaigned the state for the Liberty Loan drive, and still cherish my citation from Governor Ben Strong, of the Federal Reserve bank, in which he wrote: "In behalf of the Liberty Loan committee of the district and the Federal Reserve bank, it gives me great pleasure to record your patriotic services in assisting the government in its task of placing the Third Liberty Loan." Now please peruse my "pome:"

Please listen, readers, while I tell
Of something I believe
Will free the world of this war hell
And all our griefs relieve.
I think God punishes a race
(And individuals, too)
By letting men reap their disgrace
For the bad deeds they do.
And war—the grossest sin of all—
Is but God's hand, through man,
Repaying races, great or small,
For thwarting Christ's peace plan.
We need a newer zeal for good,
A nobler sense of right,
A real, loyal brotherhood,
As missioners of Light.
Instead of waging wars to win
In politics or wealth,
Let nations realize the sin
Of growing strong by stealth.
Let Christ, the Royal Prince of Peace,
Prevail in all our way;
And strife will end and wars will cease,
And dawn the earth's New Day.

Giving booze to buy ballots in an election is my idea of the lowest low-down in politics, and I'm glad to learn of one instance here in these mountains where this practice kicked back on the donor. A political candidate gave a Burke county bozo a bottle of booze and told him to vote for him in the primary. After being defeated the candidate met the man to whom he had passed the whiskey and asked him how he voted. "Well, I'll jes' tell ye," answered the man with a frown on his face, "I tuck one swig of that likker ye giv' me, an' hit wus so rotten, I voted fer Hitler instead of you."

There is but one genuine aristocracy —that of a clean character.

Speaking of character, in most countries that is the name given to a testimonial written in recommendation of a person. A young man secured one from his former employer and went by boat to a certain eastern city to secure a more profitable position. When he started to show his "character" (the testimonial) he discovered that he had lost it on the boat. So he asked the ship-mate, who had seen the paper, to give him a note to that effect to his prospective new employer. The ship-mate wrote: "Sam had a good character when he left home, but he lost it on the boat."

You hear of fastidious high society, but did you know that there is one letter in our alphabet that is so fastidious it will never appear even in the society column, without being escorted by "u?" It is the letter "Q."

I've always heard that loud explosions will start the snakes to crawling, and the boom of big guns starts the sneaks crawling, too.

My adventures as a youth with more brass than brains often got me into some strange situations—or offers of them. The most interesting one was when I applied for a position advertised in the Philadelphia papers by an eastern man who wished a publicity promoter for a new drink he proposed to give the thirsty world. As I was living at the time mostly on rice and recollections, I personally applied for the job. The head (and only) man on the place offered me a salary that would almost pay my car fare and an extra commission that sounded like a cargo of coupons from Carnegie. The man said the name of his wizard water was "Try-different"— and I told him I'd take the tip, and try a different job.

My gracious cousin, Mrs. Sue Abernethy (formerly an Allen from Anson county, the widow of the genial pastor of one of Charlotte's first Methodist churches, Dr. J. E. Abernethy) and her charming daughter, Virginia, delight in doing good deeds. Recently they returned from a tour of our southern tobacco-growing belt, and brought me a big batch of those large long tobacco leaves. They said if I would hang them (the tobacco leaves, not Sue and Virginia) in my closet, they would keep the moths from cutting my clothes. I did as the lovely ladies advised me—and I was certainly surprised at the results. When I opened my closet a few days later to get out a coat, there sat one mamoth moth astride the knee of my extra pants, chewing a big quid of the tobacco and squirting the juice at a crack in the wall as natural as a South mountaineer. And another miniature moth had rolled a part of one of the tobacco leaves into the shape of a cigaret, and she was prowling all through my coat and vest pockets to find a match. I was so surprised I could hardly believe my own (1) eyes.

Whoever named that Frenchman Laval apparently didn't know the proper way to spell Devil.

A Cajah's mountain man shivered into my sanctum and sat close to my stove as he grunted: "A. T., jes' kain't put no dependence on them weather reports in the papers. I seen in my morning' paper where it said 'cold in the extreme southern portion' —an' I'm most froze in all my portions."

Some times it seems that our years of freedom have removed most of our liberty.

Now that science has discovered how to make stockings out of milk, they should prove extra attractive to the ladies' calves.

What's this? Another week has
 come?
Then I am that much nearer
 Home;
The days clip coupons from the
 chart
Of Time, and with each beating
 heart
We travel nearer to the goal
Which shall provide home for our
 soul;
We only "tabernacle" here,
Preparing for our home up there.

SHE WON A PLANE; NOW SHE USES IT

By Robert A. Erwin, in The State

Military tradition and a thirst for adventure have always characterized the people of the South. To get down to cases, take the Cox family for example.

First of all, there was the famous Confederate General, William Ruffin Cox, of Raleigh, who found plenty of adventure in the Civil War.

Then came his son, Brig. Gen. Albert L. Cox, who commanded North Carolina troops in battle in France during the First World War. In the present world-wide conflict, he is serving ably as Provost Marshal of the District of Columbia and most recently was in the limelight as custodian of the eight Nazi saboteurs, six of whom were executed in the electric chair at the D. C. Jail.

This adventurous spirit, as well as the family's own military tradition, was first reflected in the Second World War by Capt. Albert L. Cox, Jr., now in command of the headquarters squadron at Mitchell Field, L. I.

A member of the family by marriage, Murray Borden, Jr., of Goldsboro and Washington, husband of the former Arabella Cox, one of the three daughters of the General, is now a First Lieutenant in the Army Air Corps, stationed at Rapid City, S. D.

Not to be outdone, however, and to prevent the male branch of the family from monopolizing the field, Miss Cheshire Cox, 26, vivacious, red-headed daughter of the General, is now a member of the Congressional Squadron of the Civil Air Patrol in Washington and one of the best amateur pilots in the Washington area.

Weekly training flights in the immediate vicinity thus far have constituted the CAP program but Miss Cox hopes to broaden her service in wartime by acting as a ferry or courier pilot.

This former Raliego girl, graduate of Needham Broughton High School and St. Mary's School, found her way into aviation when she won a nation-wide contest conducted by the manufacturers of Wings Cigarettes.

The contest assignment was to write a short paragraph on why the contestant liked to smoke Wings. The prize was a Cub training plane. Cheshire Cox was living and breathing aviation about that time and itching to get into it one way or the other. She soon found herself in it in two ways. She won the contest and the plane and thus had to learn to fly it. So she went to work for Transcontinental and Western Air Transport at the great new Washington National Airport at Gravelly Point.

All this happened early in 1941, just after the turn of year. Her contest victory attracted a lot of attention. Her picture, with and without the plane, was splashed across the pages of newspapers in the nation's capital. It was a good story and a good picture. "Pretty Girl Wins Airplane," and all that sort of thing.

Since she eats, sleeps and talks flying, Miss Cox could remember the exact time of the main events in her

brief flying career. On February 10, 1940, at 8:30 a.m., she went to work for TWA. On February 17, 1941, at 6:00 a.m., she took her first flying lesson at Beacon Field, five miles south of Alexandria, Va., on Federal Highway No. 1.

"And when did you make your first solo flight?" we asked her.

"May 5, 1941, 6 a.m., Beacon Field," Cheshire replied quickly.

She has been soloing in her Cub plane ever since. Some of her adventures have been hair-raising, including an empty gasoline tank (while in the air) and forced landings. After all, the tank of her plane holds enough gas only for two hours and 15 minutes of flying, and once she's up in the air, the temptation is to go as far as she can.

In case of a forced landing, she is partial to clover fields when an airport isn't handy.

"I landed in a clover field in Pennsylvania, near Harrisburg, a while back," Cheshire related. "It was on account of a storm. There was plenty of thunder and lightning and a high wind, and with a light plane you have to be careful of the wind: it might turn you upside down.

"I saw a nice clover field down below, so I made an easy landing. The farmhouse was nearby, and the farmer and his family were most hospitable. They weren't the least bit angry because I had plumped down in their clover field. Farmers came from miles away to see the plane and the man on whose plase I landed drove me to town in his automobile."

Since her plane was not damaged, one might assume she would have taken off as soon as the storm abated. However, there are other considerations, including Federal laws requiring clearance for take-offs and use of regular airports where armed guards are on duty 24 hours a day.

"There was a lot of red tape to go through with," Cheshire said. "I had to call a CAA inspector from his Sunday dinner to report my landing and get permission to take off again. I needed gasoline, so the farmer gave me some out of his tractor. My plane seemed to run as well on tractor gas as aviation gas, but the tractor variety is not good for the carburetor."

When the storm was over and the inspector had approved the take-off, Cheshire took off from the farmer's clover field, after having been thoroughly drenched by the rain.

Another forced landing was made in New York State. "I had run off my map," she related. "I had no New York sectional map, and I was nearly out of gasoline." She picked a nice clover field again.

Her most recent adventure occurred on a flight from Winchester, Va., to Charlotte. Washington is a restricted flying area, and civilian pilots who are allowed to take the air can't go more than about 65 miles away. Therefore, Cheshire was keeping her Cub at Winchester. She went there from Washington on a bus, accompanied by Miss Elizabeth McKinley, fellow pilot of the Civil Air Patrol.

At Lynchburg, they filled the gasoline tank. Over Danville, Cheshire decided to try to make it to Charlotte without stopping for more fuel. After all, Danville was only 165 air miles from the Mecklenburg metropolis.

"It wasn't long before the clock showed I had been flying for two hours and 15 minutes, the flying capacity of the gasoline tank," Ches-

hire continued. "I was afraid the tank was empty. I was looking for Cannon Airport at Charlotte. Soon it was two hours, 18 minutes, and the tank was supposed to have been dry. By the time two hours and 25 minutes had elapsed, we were still in the air, much to my surprise. I saw Plaza Airport down below, about 10 miles from Cannon, so I landed there."

At the airport, the tank was filled again.

"Lady, that tank was dry. I don't know how in the world you got here," said the attendant at the airport.

"I guess I'm pretty lucky," Cheshire said. "I must have flown on air until I got in."

Stunting is something she abhors. "There's an old saying," Miss Cox related, "that there are bold pilots and old pilots, but never a bold old pilot. I prefer to be an old pilot."

While the war is on, her ambition is to get a domestic ferrying assignment for an aircraft manufacturer.

Miss Cox's real ambition, however, is to a co-pilot of a TWA airliner. "I'm hoping to be the first one," she said enthusiastically, "as soon as the war is over. I want to go to our First Officers School at Kansas City."

This week, Miss Cox is engaged in a ferrying assignment that has nothing to do with aviation. She and her younger sister, Frances, are "ferrying" the Borden automobile out to Rapid City so Lieutenant and Mrs. Borden can have the use of it. The sisters plan to fly back to Washington.

———:———

When you talk, you only say something you know; when you listen, you learn what someone else knows.—Exchange.

———:———

THE OLD IS GOOD

By John C. Wingett

The old is good.—Luke 5:39 (R. V.)

The Ten Commandments are old, but they are still fairly good. I think we ought to hesitate before we throw the Ten Commandments overboard. I wonder if we have not forgotten them in recent years. They are simply and clearly stated, and I believe that we shall do well to bring them a bit more to the attention of our children and people in all walks of life.

There was an old custom of teaching moral lessons in education, and it was a good one. We have been getting away from that in recent years, having pretty well cleaned moral lessons out of our textbooks. I know the educators tell us they are in our textbooks by inference, and I may be exceedingly ignorant, but somehow I fear that many times our boys and girls do not get the "inference."

Some months ago in Zions Herald, Dr. Joseph Fort Newton's column included an interesting comment upon this subject, based upon the fact that Henry Ford had had the whole set of old McGuffey's Electric Readers reproduced in firmat and color. Mr. Ford had sent a copy to Dr. Newton with an interesting letter in which he said that, while he was taught

the Lord's prayer by his mother, his first recollection of seeing it in print was in MsGuffey's Third Reader, where it was in the form of verse, easily remembered. In the Second Reader, the Ten Commandments appeared in similar form, and Henry Ford learned them "by heart," and not merely "by memory" as we say today. Then states Dr. Newton, "No single series of books, so wisely made and widely used, ever had more to do with making the mind and spirit of America."

There was a time when the issue of right and wrong was alive. We shall do well to revive it. Years ago in The Atlantic Monthly an anonymous writer had something to say along this line, and while I do not quote this writer directly, what he said ran something like this: The time was when life was an anxious tiptoeing between heaven and hell, and the question was, Is it right or is it wrong? But now the question seems to be, Is it sterilized?

If I remember correctly, Plato and even Aristotle insisted that we school ourselves in the art of distinguishing between good and evil before we attempt political judgment. As a theory of education, scholasticism was fairly well bound up in theory, and John Milton, being too much of a Greek to be caught by it, held that we should postpone the study of politics until we are able to think with wisdom upon the subject of moral good and evil.

The American Youth Conference gave, on the whole, rather unfortunate impression in Washington, not only booing the President of the United States, but also in disregarding some of the traditions that have really made this nation.

We elders have no one to blame but ourselves. We have been afraid of our own convictions where we have had any, and our youth took their authority from other and irresponsible sources, as illustrated in the American Youth Conference. There is a place yet in this world for "teacher and pupil, master and apprentice, father and son."

The ancient church had a profound interest in the truth and fact of God. We must renew that interest. While the church was characterized by a great search for God and understanding of God, it made an impression upon the world. Let this generation know that sociology is part of religion but not all of religion. To worship humanity is not enough.

One of the most brilliant students of economics that ever received a doctorate from Harvard, now professor of statistics in one of our great universities, said to me, "We must concern ourselves once more with the fact of God and explore his meaning for our experience." Then he reminded me of what the giant intellects of Origen, Irenaeus, St. Augustine did to entrench the place and thought of God in religion, and religion in the life of the world. We can no more expect to have a strong religion without a strong faith in the fact of God than we can expect to have noonday without the sun.

It is an old faith, but it is a good faith.
It is a rock to hold our anchor,
It is a light to guide through darkness,
It is comfort in sorrow,
It is our lasting hope.

RAILROAD MAN'S PRAYER

(Selected)

The State Magazine quotes the following magnificent prayer offered by the late Rev. George R. Stuart, pastor of the First Methodist church, of Birmingham, almost a score of years ago at a meeting of railroad conductors and engineers, at the close of which there was scarcely a dry eye in the aduience:

"O Lord, we meet as a body of railroad men, with our wives and daughters, to consult for our interests. We are reminded that life itself is a train and the road to Heaven a railroad; God's truth the rails; God's love the fire, and His promises the signal lights. O, Lord, we recognize Thee as the General Manager of our road, the superintendent of our train, and our chief dispatcher. Thou didst survey a right of way and Thy Son purchased it with His blood. Thou didst lay the track and ballast the road; Thou hast furnished the rolling stock, and art the owner and controller of it all. We look to Thee for all our orders and Thou must sign our checks for our daily bread. Be merciful in handling our human mistakes and blunders and do not discharge Thy unworthy servants.

"We are grateful for the Bible, Thy book of rules and instructions; be merciful in our examination and look with charity upon our failures. Thy promises and warnings are our headlights and hand lanterns, help us to so use them as to save our train from wreck. Deliver us from broken rails, blind switches, false signals and mistaken bridges of responsibility, on every weak trestle of danger. In every dark tunnel of trouble let the light of Thy promises shine bright. Grant us passes for our wives and children and let them go with us. When the storms of temptation and trial come, save us from the fatal slide and washout that have wrecked so many trains on the road of life. Let our way—kept secure by Thy guardian care—always show the steel rail and rock ballast and be solid and firm and free from obstruction. Deliver us from the snares of our enemy. May the headlight of Thy truth shine bright on the thrown switch, false signal or fatal obstruction placed for the wreckage of our train. May our emergancy brake, our strong will, save us.

"As we make our last run, headed homeward, if it be Thy will, order our train on time. Let every semaphore block along the line show the white signal. Let the light of Thy promises burn bright through the last dark tunnel of death; and as we run through it into the Grand Central Station of the skies, may we have the approving smile of the General Manager and Superintendent; sign with joy the payroll, receive our wages, and have an eternal lay-off with God and the Angels and our loved ones at home, and we will praise Thee forever.—Amen."

———:———

A lot of people create their own lack of opportunities.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Harold Hawfield, a medical student at Duke University, has returned to that institution, after spending the Christmas vacation with his parents, Superintendent and Mrs. Hawfield.

—:—

"Honky Tonk," featuring Clark Gable, and a short entitled "The First Swallow," were the attractions at the regular weekly motion picture show in our auditorium last Thursday night. Both are Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions.

—:—

The territory adjacent to the barn has been enclosed with new lot fences, and will be used for both the beef cattle, and, later on, for mules and horses. Heretofore, this was a rather unkept and unsightly spot at the School. The cattle and horses will thus have outside range and new grazing territory, and the appearance of this particular section of the School grounds will be vastly improved.

—:—

We are continually receiving reports as to the use of books in the newly-installed cottage libraries. The boys find these volumes most beneficial in their leisure hours at the cottages. These books, approximately twenty-five in number to each group, were placed in the cottages according to the grade level of the boys in school. They will supplement the games already on hand, and others which will be purchased at an early date. All of which will tend to make the long evening hours more pleasant for the boys.

—:—

A Christmas message from John T. Godwin, formerly of Cottage No. 2 and a member of the printing class, informed us that he was in the United States Navy. John was conditionally released from the School, July 27, 1939, at which time he returned to his home in Roseboro. From various sources we heard from time to time that he had done fine since going back to his home. We do not know how long he has been in the Navy. His Christmas greeting just bore the return address: John T. Godwin, Y. T. T. No. 2, U. S. N., Piney Point, Maryland. We have written John, and hope to hear from him later.

—:—

New Sunday school quarterlies were issued to the boys last week, and they were used for the first time at last Sunday morning's session. This has been a most important part of the work of this institution for many years, and it is interesting to note the manner in which the boys take interest in their respective classes. They are grouped according to their grades in school, and as promotions occur they are accordingly advanced in Sunday school. The several officers and matrons teach the classes. Many of them have had similar experience before coming to the School, and we have often heard them remark

that our boys show more interest in the lessons than did the most of those they taught before coming here.

—:—

Shortly before Christmas we received a letter from Earl Oxendine, a former student, stating that he was in the United States Navy, taking basic training at Norfolk, Virginia. Earl was a member of the first group to enter our Indian Cottage, coming here from Pembroke, in Robeson County. During the greater part of his stay at the School he worked on the tractor force. His letter reads as follows:

"I am in the best navy in the world and am proud to be a bluejacket in Uncle Sam's forces. When I left Charlotte, soon after seeing you, I went to Baltimore and worked in a ship yard for a few months before joining this great navy. When I say great navy, I mean just that—one that is going to do its bit in destroying the Germans and those yellow rats who sneaked up on Pearl Harbor. Tell all the folks at the School 'hello' for me, and write soon."

—:—

Superintendent Hawfield received a letter this week from Mr. Austin MacCormick, executive director of The Osborne Association, Inc., of New York City. It will be recalled that about a year ago, Mr. MacCormick, together with two associates connected with the organization, made a survey of correctional institutions in North Carolina. They spent several days at the School, making a number of friends among the boys and officers. His recent letter read as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: Thank you for sending me the copy of The Uplift. I like the article on education and vocational training, especially since it seemed to me a straight-forward statement without exaggerated claims as to what you can do for the boys. I enjoyed meeting you in Asheville and wish that I could get down to visit your school again. It does not seem likely that I can in the next few months, but I shall be interested to hear about what you are doing and will be glad to help in any way I can. With best wishes for the New Year to you and to the school in general, I am, Sincerely yours, Austin H. Maccormick."

—:—

Word has just come to this office that another of our former youthful linotype operators has joined this country's armed forces. Ivan A. Morrozoff, better konwn in these parts as "Tiny," recently wrote that he enlisted in the United States Army Air Corps last month. This young fellow, who will be twenty years old next April, left the School, September 28, 1940. Having become quite adept in the art of handling a linotype while here, he had no trouble in securing a position. He worked on the Mooresville Tribune for quite some time, and then joined the staff of a weekly paper published in Mount Gilead. He stayed there a few weeks and then returned to Mooresville. Shortly before enlisting, he went to his home in Fayetteville. Tiny's letter reads as follows:

"Hello Mr. Godown: Just a few

lines to let you know that I have not forgotten you. Am now trying to become an aerial gunner in the Army Air Corps. I enlisted December, 1942, and was sent to Fort Bragg, where I stayed twelve days, when I was transferred here, Keesler Field, Mississippi.

"When we left Fort Bragg there was snow on the ground and we were dressed for cold weather. Upon reaching Keesler Field we soon became uncomfortable, for the climate here is very warm. This field is on a peninsula. We are on the Gulf of Mexico and Biloxi Bay. I thought I might be lucky enough to be sent where there wasn't any sand, but found more here than in Eastern North Carolina. The country around here is very nice. The camp is new, and it is a fine one. It is only forty miles from camp to New Orleans, and if I get a chance, I'm going to see that famous city. The nearest town to camp Biloxi, two miles away. It sure has a funny name.

"Since it is time for mess call, and I still like to eat, will close for this time. Will be here twenty-eight days for my basic training. Give my regards to all, and write soon. Your old friend, Tiny."

—:—

A recent letter from Mrs. Ramsey J. Glasgow, of Winston-Salem, informed us that her husband, one of our old boys, has been in service over seas since August, 1942. He is now thirty-two years old.

Ramsey, who was once a member of our printing class, left the School, July 25, 1928, returning to his home in Winston-Salem. Early in 1929, he enlisted in the United States Marine Corps, and was a member of the China Expeditionary Force, 1929-'32, participating in the defense of the International Settlement, Shanghai, during the Sino-Jap controversy, as Japan's undeclared war on China was then called. After being honorably discharged at the end of his term of enlistment, 1933, Ramsey returned to Winston-Salem, and for several years thereafter was driver of an armored truck for a large express company. He was married about eight years ago and for a while after giving up the truck driving position, he and his wife operated a store and filling station near Lexington.

On January 2, 1941, this young man enlisted in the United States Army Air Corps. He was sent to a bombardier school in Denver, Colorado, and after completing his course, was stationed at MacDill Field, Florida. He visited us in November, 1941, at which time he had attained the rank of corporal in charge of a bombing crew on one of our big B-17 bombers. That was the last news we had received concerning Ramsey's activities until the receipt of the letter from Mrs. Glasgow, which reads in part, as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Was glad to hear from you at Christmas time. Your card was very nice. Many thanks from us both. I have written Ramsey about getting it.

"Ramsey has gone overseas. He sailed about the 29th of August, and it seems like it has been ages, instead of a few months, since he left.

"The reason why he had not been to see you during the past year was that I was with him in Louisiana and Florida, and he did not make any trips up this way. We stayed in Florida from the 16th of May until he left for the

point of embarkation, August 13th.

"Ramsey has done rather good for himself in the Army, and I am proud of him. He was made a staff sergeant the first of last June, and on the 28th of July, passed all of his examinations for a commission as warrant officer. He made the second highest grades in a group of one hundred applicants. He had not yet been made a warrant officer at the time of sailing, but I'm sure his commission will soon catch up with him.

"I would be very glad if you would write him. Writing seems so little for us to do for the boys when they are doing so much. I heard from him a short time ago. His letter was datned December 9th. He said that he was not doing much flying at that time, but had charge of loading the guns and ammunition on the planes."

We were delighted to receive Mrs. Glasgow's letter, also a snap-shot of she and Ramsey, taken shortly before he sailed for the battle area. As a lad here at the School, he was a favorite with both boys and officers, and his friends among the "old-timers" in the official family mere delighted to hear of the splendid record he is making. For the benefit of those who would like to write this young man, we give his address, as follows: Staff Sergeant Ramsey J. Glasgow, A. S. N. 14037243, 329th Bomb. Squadron, 93rd Bomb GP (H), A. P. O. 634, % Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

—:—

During the Christmas holidays, Mr. Charles E. Boger, our former superintendent, received a note from Willard M. Newton, of Pasadena, California, which read: "Am back in the Army. Have completed my basic training, and am ready for Officers' Cadidates School. I trust you and your family will have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Pvt. W. M. Newton, Co. C, 87th Infantry, Camp Roberts, California."

While this brief message has the appearance of the general run-of-the-mill Christmas greetings, it tells a story which we feel will be of interest to our readers, so we pass it on, as follows:

Back in the days when there were but two cottages on the campus, Willard Newton, or just plain Bill, as he was known here, was admitted to the School, December 8, 1911. He soon became a great favorite with both boys and officers because of his sunny disposition, and the philosophic way in which he looked upon life, caring little for the judgment of the public concerning the fact that one lady's shoe and one man's shoe—much too large—made up part of his attire when he was brought to the institution.

During his stay here, Bill lived in Cottage No. 2, and was a member of the Stonewall Literary Society, an organization maintained at that time to promote the literary talents of the boys. He was an unusally good debater, and could always be counted upon to take prominent parts in the contests staged by the society. We are told that he was a most ardent admirer of Theodore Roosevelt, which probably accounts for his success along such lines. It was customary for the literary society to issue membership pins, and Bill tells us that he still has his, which he prizes very highly.

After a stay of nearly five years,

Bill left the School, August 30, 1916, and in less than two years word was received that he had entered the United States Army; had completed his basic training; and was ready to sail for France to fight for his country in World War I. He saw considerable service overseas as a member of the 30th Division. During the war he kept a record of events as they transpired, and for several weeks after his return to this country, the Charlotte Observer carried articles taken from his diary, in Sunday editions.

Coming back from Europe, he was discharged from the Army at Camp Jackson, S. C., in the Spring of 1919. He visited the School soon thereafter, and in May, 1919, wrote Mr. Boger that he had re-enlisted in the Army, and was back at Camp Jackson. He stated that he was not back in the service merely for the $30.00 per month which he would receive, but had re-enlisted with the idea of getting what he could in the Army in the way of schooling. Bill further said that he was going to take advantage of the opportunity to learn shorthand and typing, and it would seem that he did pretty well at it, since he has followed that kind of work for may years.

There appears nothing more in the files of the institution until the recording of his visit to the School in 1935. At the opening of the regular session of our Sunday school on the morning of June 2, 1935, Bill adressed the boys as they assembled in the auditorium. At that time he had been a member of the post office force in Pasadena, California, for more than seven years, was married, and had one son.

In speaking briefly of his experiences during the war, he told the boys that it was while in the Army overseas that he realized the real value of discipline, which, as a lad at the School, he sometimes considered unnecessary. Speaking as one who knew the many vexing problems of the outside world, he urged his youthful listeners to take advantage of every opportunity offered during their stay here, that they might become better prepared to meet conditions they must face upon leaving the institution.

Following this visit, Bill returned to his home in Pasadena, where he continued to work at the post office—a service of nearly sixteen years—until the time of his recent enlistment in the Army. Superintendent Boger and other members of the staff heard from him quite frequently, and for a number of years, he sent contributions to the Boys' Christmas Fund. He also kept in touch with the School's activities by reading The Uplift regularly.

Bill Newton is now forty-two and one half years of age, and we point with a feeling of considerable pride to his outstanding record among those of more than five thousand boys who have received training at the institution. The manner in which he overcame handicaps early in life should be an inspiration to those inclined to give up, rather than attempt to make such obstacles stepping-stones to success. Now that he is once more in the United States Army, we believe he is the first one of our former students to serve in both World Wars. At least he is the only one reported to this office to date to gain this distinction.

Judging from his past achievements,

we are confident that Bill will again serve his country in a fine way, and it is the most earnest wish of the entire personnel of this institution that his efforts may be crowned with continued success as he now takes his place in the ranks, along with millions of others of similar calibre, to do his share in making it possible to preserve the great democratic principles upon which this nation is founded.

—:—

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read the sixth chapter of Matthew, and as the text for his message to the boys, he selected the tenth verse: "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."

The speaker began his remarks by stating that the world today is in the midst of the greatest destructive war of all time. Before it became a war of grief, hardship, and slaughter, it was a war of ideas, put forth by dictators who would rule the world at any cost. He further stated that there are three problems arising from such ideas, which Jesus taught us to meet, as follows:

The first problem, said Rev Mr. Arrowood, is the true worth of the individual person. In the Axis countries, the individual doesn't amount to anything. The state always comes first. Such was not the case in the teachings of Jesus, as is shown by these well-known incidents: When the Master went by the Sea of Galilee, he called certain individuals to follow him. In the parable of the lost sheep, he told his followers of the great joy in heaven over one repentant sinner coming back into the kingdom. Again he cited the worth of the widow's mite, an individual contribution. And in the case of the prodigal son, pointed out the great joy in the father's heart when his erring son returned to his home. Our Savior, while he believed in his country, always stressed the importance of the individual.

In Axis countries, the individual cannot speak freely, and writers are not permitted to write, only as the rulers dictate. People worship God only at the risk of their lives, because the state is considered supreme—nothing else matters.

Jesus came to bring deliverance to mankind—to save all who put their trust in him. The great documents of human freedom, such as the Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence, came from people who knew and loved Jesus Christ. If we would have a world that is free, it is very important that all men should know the Master. The problem of individual freedom has a serious result in Germany at present. In that country there are people who are hopelessly sick or mentally deranged. There the state is killing such persons because that mad man, Adolph Hitler, has decreed that supplies going to them are needed elsewhere. He says since they can never contribute to the program of the state, they must be put to death. How different it was with Jesus. He was never too busy to heed the cries of sufferers. He helped them because he loved the individual man—rich and poor alike.

The second problem, continued the speaker, is the problem of force. In his book, "Mein Kaumpf," Hitler says

that which is not given in kindness must be taken by force. Some years ago, in preparation of his diabolical plan to crush those who did not agree with him, he realized that he must have supplies to help carry out his dastardly program. Did he try to gain important territory wherein were coal mines, iron ore, agricultural area, and other land which he desired? He most certainly did not. He started to acquire by force, killing all who dared to question his authority. In the face of such brazen action, do we do right in opposing force with force? In these days of conscientious objectors, this is a serious question, and we hear much argument as to such action being right. What did Jesus think of this? There are three passages in the New Testament that tell what he would do. First, when he was tried before Pilate, he was accused of being a king in opposition to the government then prevailing in that country. Pilate asked, "Art thou a king?" and Jesus replied that he was a king, but not of this world, but of a far greater kingdom. If of this world, he would have fought for the right. While Christ did not attempt to fight his accusers, he overcame them, even triumphing over the grave itself. In another instance, he forcibly drove evil-doers from the temple. At another time, he used drastic measures to stop Saul in his persecution of Christians, converted him and caused him to become one of his greatest followers.

Force, said Rev. Mr. Arrowood, is necessary for discipline, for defense, and for the cause of good government. When a father forcibly corrects a child, does he commit a sin? The answer is "no," for such force is used by the hand of love. In our school days when certain punishments were given, quite frequently we did not understand, but later in life we realized that only by such measures could system be maintained. Then in state and nation there are those who disobey the laws of the land, and are subsequently punished, even to the extent of taking lives. Such action is right in that it is necessary to the preservation of law and order. In the world the same rule prevails. When a nation takes upon itself the right to murder, rape and destroy, is it right that that nation be received with open arms? The answer is decidedly "no." Such procedure should be met with force and destroyed.

The third problem, continued the speaker, presents this question, "Can force bring peace, and should our enemiles be trampled down." The solution to this question is that while the instruments of force are necessary to bring about discipline, they cannot bring peace. It is going to take love to bring about the spirit of a lasting peace among nations. The world must be brought to the realization of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. We must get back to the teachings of Jesus Christ, for only his principles will bring health and happiness to the nations of the world. If we go back to the old hate and selfishness, we will be no better than before the war started. But if we permit ourselves to be guided by the will of the Master, we shall also win the peace, and the brotherhood of man will be established throughout the entire world.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Arrowood quoted from those immortal lines by

Longfellow, in his poem, "The Building of the Ship":

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of state!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hope of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

———:———

No heritage which a son can possess is worthy to be compared for a moment with the blessed consciousness of having done all that he could to make father and mother happy during their lifetime. An impressive little story was recently told by a man whose form is now bent and whose hair is white with years.

When he was a boy of twelve he was returning one evening from the hayfield, where he had been at work since daybreak, when his father met him with a request that he go to town to do an errand for him. Any one who has lived on a farm, and who knows what a day's work, "from sun-up to sun-down," means in haying time, will understand how the boy felt.

"I was tired, dusty, and hungry," said the old man. "It was two miles to town. I wanted to get my supper, and to dress for the singing class. My first impulse was to refuse, and to do it harshly, for I was angry that he should ask me to go after my long day's work. If I did refuse, he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man.

"'Of course, father, I'll go', I said heartily, giving my scythe to one of the men.

"'Thank you, Jim', he said, 'I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong today.'

"He walked with me to the road that turned off to the town, and as he left me he put his hand on my arm and said again, 'Thank you, my son. You've always been a good boy to me, Jim.'

"I hurried into town and back again. When I came near the house I saw that something unusual had happened. All the farm-hands were gathered about the door, instead of being at the milking or other chores. As I came near, one of the men turned to me with tears rolling down his face.

"'Your father', he said, 'is dead. He fell just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you.'

"I am an old man now, but I have thanked God over and over again in all the years that have passed since that hour for those last words of my father—'You've always been a good boy to me'."—Youth's Companion.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 3, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

James Jolly
Ira Montgomery
Paul Smith
Lee St. Clair
Lee Turner
Paul Whitley
Harry Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 1

William Butler
Oscar Carter
Stearld Cline
Jack Harmon
Leonard Lovelace
Durwood Martin
Jack Ray
Jack Reeves
Leonard Robinson
James Shell
Kenneth Tipton
Luther Vaughn
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Robert Coleman
Albert Hames
Dewey Lanning
William Pegram
Fonzer Pitman
Ralph Powell
Samuel Pritchett
Elbert Russ

COTTAGE NO. 4

Edward Batten
Eugene Ballew
Elbert Brown
Leroy Childers
William Davis
William Deaton
Bruce Harper
Marvin Howard
Douglas Holt
Robert Muse
Roy Patton
Jerry Talbert

COTTAGE NO. 5

Charles Brookshire
John Gardner
Sidney Knighting
John Lipscomb
Allen Morris
John Mazoo
Willford Seegers

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Kenneth Caldwell
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
Gerald Kerman
Marvin Lipscomb
Rufus Massingill
Reitzel Southern
John Rhodes
Wesley Turner
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7

Arthur Beal
Edgar Shell
Milton Talley
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 8

Thomas Brannon
Jesse Cunningham
Vernon Rhinehardt
Leo Saxon

COTTAGE NO. 9

Gerald Amos
Cecil Caldwell
Curtis Campbell
Leonard Church
Riley Denny
Edward Guffey
James Hale
Wilbur Hardin
William Hart
Marvin Matheson
Albert Newton
George Strayhorne
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

Amon Dryman
Arcemias Hefner
Brown Harris
Joseph Patterson

James Spears
Clifford Spriggs
Joseph Willis
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Noah Brown
Eugene Cline
Horace Guffey
William Guffey
Everett Morris
Robert Moses
T. B. Nowell
Everett Stamey
Fred Stewart
Ray Taylor
Ervin Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Dewell Cooper
Thurman Daniels
Vernon Green
Ray Harris
Donald Hobbs
Luther McIntyre
Banks McKnight
William O'Brien
John Reep
Emerson Sawyer
William Schoppel

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Walter Carver
Robert Caudle
Aubrey Fargis
William Harding
Vernon Harding
Robert Holbert
Edward Kinion
William Lane
Willam E. Lanford
Robert Moose
Roy Mumford
Joseph McKinney
John Pritchard
Robert Travis
Theodore Young

COTTAGE NO. 15

Lawton McDowell
Evans Watson
William Willis

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hiram Atkinson
Frank Chavis
Peter Chavis
James Chavis
Paul Deal
Floyd Fields
James E. Hall
R. C. Hoyle
Herbert Lochlear
Leroy Lowry
Donald Sides

INFIRMARY

Robert Padgett
Newman Tate
Harlan Warren

———:———

Hettie Green when eight years of age took money given her for clothes and opened a bank account. In later years she carried a revolover not to protect herself from burglars, she said, but from lawyers. It is reported that she would never rent an office. Instead she used the cold stone floor of the Chemical Bank where she sat surrounded by old suit cases filled with her business papers. She died worth a hundred million dollars. This unusual woman refused a man a pass on a railroad she controlled. Told him the Bible was against it. Her authority was the first chapter of Jonah, the third verse, which read: "So he paid the fare thereof and went." She decided to marry Mr. Green after he had mistakenly sent her a check to pay a tailor bill and sent the tailor a valentine. She admired his frugality in the price he paid for the suit.—N. C. Christian Advocate.

JAN 18 1943
(Orange County)
(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI | CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 16, 1943 | NO. 3

FLAG TRIBUTE

To thee, Flag of our Country, we pay the homage of a free people; emblem of our liberty, prophetic of the future happiness of millions of God's children.

The toiling masses of mankind lift their faces to thee and see the hope of liberty for their posterity.

In thy folds have been wrapped the mortal remains of our country's heroes; the eulogies pronounced at their tombs are thy praise.

Borne aloft on many a battlefield, thou hast ever led a victorious host. Under thee, no sword ever leaped from its scabbard save for the holy cause of freedom.

Enshrined in thee are the tears of our women and the blood of our soldiers.

When all the monarchies of the world shall have crumbled, thy red, white, and blue will still wave over a people blessed with liberty.

Happy is the man who may salute thee as subject, O, hope of humanity, Flag of our Country.

—Francis R. Korns.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE	By Hon. Josiah W. Bailey	8
ALEXANDER HAMILTON	By Lyman Bryson	10
CHOOSING FOR FREEDOM	By Dr. Hunter B. Blakeley	13
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN	By Carl Van Doren	15
THE RESULT DEPARTMENT	By C. W. Hepler	18
BEAR HUNTING	By Bill Sharpe	19
SON OF THE FLEET	By Bert Sackett	21
YOUTH AND THE DAYS AHEAD	(Baptist Messenger)	24
INSTITUTION NOTES		25
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

GOOD COUNSEL IN ALPHABET FORM

Attend carefully to the details of your business.
Be prompt in all things.
Consider well, then decide positively.
Dare to do right; fear to do wrong.
Endure your trials patiently.
Fight life's battles bravely, manfully.
Go not in the society if the vicious.
Hold your integrity sacred.
Injure not another's reputation or business.
Join hands only with the virtuous.
Keep your mind from evil thoughts.
Lie not for any consideration.
Make few acquaintances.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Observe the Sabbath Day.
Pay your honest debts promptly.
Quell the evil passions rising within you.
Respect the counsel of your parents.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.
Use your leisure time for improvement.
Venture not upon the threshold of sin.
Watch carefully over your actions.
Extend to every one a kindly salutation.
Yield not to temptations.
Zealously labor for the right, and success is certain.

—Selected.

HIGHLIGHTS OF COVERNOR BROUGHTON'S MESSAGE TO THE 1943 GENERAL ASSEMBLY

"The one thought uppermost in the minds and hearts of the people whom you and I represent is to win the war."

"No session of the General Assembly of North Carolina has met under circumstances so fateful or critical as now confront the world of which we are a part."

"The state is in the best financial condition in all history, but this should in no sense be deemed a green light for reckless or unnecessary spending."

"We should provide a nine-months' term for every child in our public school system. We have yet a long way to go educationally in North Carolina, and we must climb toward those higher goals together."

"The burden of welfare work will fall more heavily on state and local units of government in the coming years. Adequate provision should be made for essential welfare work, but North Carolina cannot become a Santa Claus for those who may have to abandon the federal Christmas tree."

"Reasonably substantial increases for our faithful teachers and state employees are a matter of economic justice."

"It is our privilege to be living in the most challenging period of our national existence. We may well take pride in the fact that North Carolina, in this emergency, is living up to its highest traditions."

"As we gather to deliberate about matters of fiscal and domestic concern, we cannot be unmindful that tens of thousands of our young men are on the blazing fields of action. Many of them will not return, and n loving memory of those who do not, may we be able truthfully to say, 'We, too, have kept the faith'."

* * * * * * * *

FRANKLIN'S ATTITUDE TOWARD PRAYER

We hear much during these trying days of war of the value of prayer, when people of this and our allied nations are being called upon to pray that the spirit of freedom shall prevail among all classes and conditions of men. Army and navy chaplains tell how the

men in the armed forces are constant readers of the Bible, and assemble regularly to offer up prayers to Almighty God. Both the men at the front and the people back home feel that in the present conflict we are fighting for a righteous cause, and are confident that God will be with His people, as has always been the case.

The glorious freedom for which we are now struggling was founded many years ago by men who believed in the power of prayer, as is shown by the following incident in the life of Benjamin Franklin, whose birthday annversary will be observed on January 17th. In 1778, at the meeting of the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia, Franklin made the motion that the Convention should not proceed without an opening prayer. Said he: "I have lived for a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proof I see of this truth, that God governs the affairs of men. If a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured in the Sacred Writings that 'Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it'. I firmly believe this, and I also believe that without His concurring aid we shall proceed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel."

Since prayer was the foundation stone in the beginning of this great nation, we are still old-fashioned enough to believe there should be more national prayer today, if the work of the original builders is to survive.

* * * * * * * * *

PRODUCTION AND CONSERVATION NECESSARY

All of us, more or less, have been wasteful. Despite the fact we have had in our midst those who periodically have to be classed as charity, and respective communities have to meet the emergency. This class is not confined to any section of the nation, but is found in every nook and corner of the country. These conditions have prevailed even though the people as a whole have not been conscious of the fact. However, the nation-wide rationing programs so that commodities will be equally and fairly dispensed to all kinds and conditions of people, gives a clear understanding of production and conservation.

The set-up may be declared by some as undemocratic, but it is the only way to meet a war-time emergency that means a sufficient amount of food, clothing and other necessities will be available for the members of our armed forces fighting on all fronts. These boys are fighting that we might enjoy the very life which God visualized in His creation of the universe.

The rationing program, set up by the federal government, may curtail such luxuries as juicy meats, appetizing entrees, desserts topped with rich cream, along with other unnecessary articles of food, but the privilege of production and conservation has not been disturbed. Production and conservation will be strictly observed this year with the hope of measuring up to the economic demands of this era of history. We, the people on the home front, have a duty to perform, and that is to produce and conserve, so as to contribute to the comfort and safety of our fighting men, in order to hasten the day of victory and peace.

* * * * * * * *

AN ENCOURAGING MESSAGE

The address of President Roosevelt to the Seventy-eighth Congress, at 12:30 o'clock, January 7, 1943, expressed definitely faith in the courage and valor shown by our millions of soldiers, sailors, marines, and air-men now engaged in a war to maintain their heritage—a free people—fought for and won by our noble forebears of early American history. He touched upon the marvelous production of munitions factories, the increase in food supplies realized from a stimulated interest in agriculture, and all phases of activity carried on in connection with farm life.

A review of 1942 development was not only satisfactory, but encouraging, as was the preview in which he expressed the hope that Congress might have something to do with formulating peace terms when the war is over. We read between the lines that there is the possibility that victory for the Allies is not in the far-off distance, measured by a multiple of years. Neither was the Chief Executive oblivious to post-war conditions of living. He stressed a desire for a democracy that considered the privileges of our fellow man.

Throughout the entire address a fine humanitarian spirit of tolerance was reflected.

This speech will go down in history, assuring the people of future generations that President Franklin Delano Roosevelt is a profound believer in ruling by right rather than by might. There is but one conclusion to be formed after hearing the address of our President, which is that this is not a time to satisfy, but an era of supreme sacrifice. While the Chief Executive made no promise of victory in 1943, he made clear the fact that during this year the forces of the Allied Nations will make a decided advance along the roads which lead to Rome, Berlin and Tokyo.

* * * * * * * *

SOMETHING NEW

Frequently the expression, "there is nothing new under the sun" is heard, but we have not previously heard of the safety match case which can be used when submerged under water. Some genius who has the comfort and joy of the soldiers in mind has devised such an article as described in the following clipping from one of our exchanges:

"Our War Department has recently developed a floating match box, equipped with striking bars, which will stand the test of the most adverse weather conditions. The box, round and made of synthetic resin, contains twenty matches (one for each cigarette in a pack, presumably). A tiny emergency compass is attached to one end of the box. Matches taken from a box submerged for more than a month without any damage to the interior, were easily ignited. The advantage of the invention to soldiers in the field can well be imagined. After the war, the match box and its contents will become an added luxury for the bath tub and the swimming pool.

A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE

By United States Senator Josiah W. Bailey

From the outest I have taken the view that the war in which we are engaged is total war and will require total effort—meaning by total effort the undivided effort and unreserved devotion of every man, woman and child in our country. I said this before we got into the war and I said it again at Chapel Hill last May prior to the Primary in which I was renominated for the Senate.

The year, 1943, upon which we are entering will in every day of it and every hour, be a time that tries the souls of men and women and children. This is not rhetoric. Our souls will indeed be tried in 1943 and all the way through. We ought to have an end of complaining and men ought to be made ashamed of complaining. We must assume the attitude of the soldiers who are now either fighting or preparing to fight in our behalf. They must obey orders. They must do their duty, whatever the price. Some must die, others must be hungry, others may be captured, others may be wounded. Every one will be deprived of his liberty and his autonomy. We must pull the whole country together in united effort. The labor leaders must cease to think that they can use this opportunity to collect fees or increase their membership or aggrandize their power. Business men, farmers, and all sorts and conditions of men must cease to be thinking about how to get ahead or how to get avantage or how to get money other than the necessities of livelihood. The object now is not political power, nor is it world advancement, or improved conditions or the making of money. There is but one objective now and that is the winning of this war. There is but one duty now and that is to sustain the Government and its Armed Forces. It is possible that by a great unity we may end the war within 1943 and it is certain that by disunity we can disrupt all plans and prolong the war for many years. We must endure hardship like good soldiers and each one of us do what he can to bring about victory and refuse to do anything that might retard victory.

I do not mean to say that reasonable criticism is out of order, but I question whether this criticism should be voiced in the streets or in the newspapers. If you have a criticism there are those with whom you can file it. If you desire information there are those from whom you can obtain it. Whatever we are doing here now in this country is reported abroad and complaints and failures to fall in with the Government in its plans and efforts are promptly reported to the Axis Powers with a view to improving their morale, and these complaints when so reported do improve morale and greatly strengthen the Axis Powers.

Let us undertake, every one of us, to convince them that our country is united and determined and that every one of us here will be doing whatever he may be called upon to do or suffer to sustain our war effort and win through to victory.

I think we owe this to our soldiers and sailors and men in the air. We owe it also to our country and ourselves and to God.

This is the first time our country has ever been called upon to unite in total war and the first time every man, woman, and child in it has been called upon to sacrifice himself or herself, to deny himself or herself of anything and everything in order that victory may be won.

This is my message to the people of North Carolina as we begin the New Year. I am deeply sensible of the great honor they have conferred upon me in electing me for a third term to serve them and our country in the Senate. I intend to render a faithful service by speaking candidly to them of their duty and by representing them faithfully in the Senate and here at the seat of our Government. The service will manifest itself in two ways—one by candid statements to constituents and the other by faithful representation both in the Senate and to the Executive Department of the Government and all its branches. Once the victory shall have been won we may go forward with our interests, our demands for advancements, our general hopes of progress,—but for the present let us devote ourselves with a single mind to one objective and that is victory in this war and so far as may be possible a permanent peace thereafter.

Since this is a New Year message I will express my wish for a Happy New Year for all our people and will add that we will find our greatest happiness this year in bearing our burdens and doing our part without complaint and with a hearty cooperation. Let us strive and endure in earnest hope that the present struggle will be the final World War—the final war. It is not necessary that we enter 1943 sadly or in dread. Let us enter it with hope and faith and unshakable resolution to bear every burden and do our part that the next New Year may come in peace or such prospects of peace and such retrospects of duty done as will make glad all hearts everywhere.

———:———

Pasted on the lid of a sugar bowl on the breakfast table of a Maine restaurant was a label bearing the three words "On Your Honor." The bowl was filled, and apparently nobody was watching lest any guest should use more than two teaspoonfuls in his coffee. The appeal was solely to "honor."

Three words! And yet those three words, under all the circumstances, were loaded with deep meaning and far-reaching significance.

For one thing, they marked the vast gulf that separates the attidudes of two current forms of government—democracy and totalitarian.—Exchange.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

By Lyman Bryson, in The Charlotte Observer

This outstanding American statesman was born at Charles Town, on the island of Nevis, in the West Indies, January 11, 1757.

Alexander Hamilton stood with his pistol down at his side as he faced the man, a few steps away, who had sworn to kill him. He was thinking, perhaps, of his eldest son, shot in another duel a year before on that same Hudson River bluff. He paid no attention to the signal to fire. He took Aaron Burr's well-aimed bullet in his breast, and died the day after, July 12, 1804.

He had accepted Burr's challenge because in those days a man could not hope to stay in politics if he refused to fight. He was 47 years old. He was risking his life deliberately for his country. Few men in history have been better loved or better hated. And few have been so much misunderstood.

You have to look at the chief events in Hamilton's short and ardent life before you can understand the contrasts in his character. And you have to discount party prejudices because we are still arguing, in 1942, the same issues that arose in Washington's first cabinet when Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, spoke for a strong central government, while Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State, argued for States's rights and the least possible government interference in men's lives.

The dispute between them is really a statement of the balance that makes democracy work, a balanced conflict between freedom which seemed to Jefferson most important, and the national strength and stability which Hamilton worked for.

They tried to discredit Hamilton by calling him the advocate of the rich although he was never a rich owner of plantations and slaves as was Jefferson himself. They said he distrusted democracy, which may have been true. He had in him almost nothing of the politician and nothing at all of the demagogue. He wanted above all a strong American nation.

Hamilton's life is a typical American success story, of the poor boy who made good, like Lincoln or Garfield or any hero of fiction. When they called him an aristocrat, he may have remembered with some bitterness that he did not have even a legitimate family name and that he had been making his own way since the age of 12.

He was orphaned and penniless and it was his brilliant promise that led some of his mother's relatives to help when he left his apprenticeship in the Island of Nevis, West Indies, where he was born, and went to New York for an education and a start.

He studied at Columbia college (then King's) and threw himself into the Revolution, and at 20 was colonel and secretary to General Washington. From then on he was always Washington's closest adviser until the General's death. Washington was huge and silent and majestic. His young aide was a small man, brilliant, voluble, importient. They must have made a striking contrast when they worked together, not always in harmony, but with a deep mutual understanding.

Hamilton died at Weehawken because he had blocked Burr's almost successful attempted to be President of the United States. More than that, he was risking his whole political career because in blocking Burr he was putting Jefferson into the presidency. He opposed Jefferson's ideas, but he knew the Virginian was an honest man and a patriot. He preferred to see his own bitterest opponent in power rather than to see his country in the hands of an adventurer.

The whole transaction was typical of him. He always put his country first. When the Revolution was ever, he saw clearly that the Articles of Confederation could not hold the thirteen colonies together in national unity. He fought for a real Constitution.

Nobody would listen to him at the constitutional convention because they thought he wanted a government like the parliamentary system of England. But when the basic law was written, although it contained very little of what he wanted, he did two things. He made the fight, more effectively than anyone else could do, to get the new constitution accepted by the States and then in his writings and as a member of Washington's administration he set in motion the ideas that have controlled most of our constitutional development ever since.

He wrote, with Madison and Jay—but doing more than half of them himself—the Federalist, a series of letters to the New York newspapers, arguing for and explaining the new constitution. The Federalist is the great classic of American political thinking and one of the first books of statesmanship in any language. Hamilton may not have trusted democracy, but he respected the people because he offered them in those brief, solid, eloquent essays the best thinking that any man in America then could do and trusted them to act on principle for the good of their country.

He did not like the constitution as it was drafted, but it was a possible plan for the future and he was willing to support the best plan in sight. This is very much as if Henry Cabot Lodge and Senator Borah, in 1920, had tried to persuade the people to accept Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations. To Hamilton a political victory was never as important as the good of America.

When the new government was set up and Washington became the first President, Hamilton took the most difficult task in the cabinet. He was Secretary of the Treasury and in spite of fierce and ignorant opposition from some of his colleagues he put the new nation on a business basis. He repudiated the economic doctrines of laissez-faire which now, after a century and a half, we are all questioning, and established our system of government encouragement for industry and trade.

The unity of the thirteen colonies was achieved in spite of what seems to us now to have been very foolish State jealousies. They tried to be thirteen separate nations, but found themselves, at last, one nation. But they were not persuaded by Hamilton's arguments for national unity. It was the quiet agency of business, of commerce between regions and with foreign countries, established in great part by Hamilton's work, that brought a commercial nation into being before

a nation fully conscious of its common ideals was possible.

The greatest thing about Hamilton, after his devotion to his country, was his clear and powerful mind. No other man in our public history ever brought the same power of thought to bear on our national problems. In Washington's messages and state papers, including the Farewell Address, in the earliest interpretation of the Constitution and its progress since, in our economic system, his words and ideas have been factors of strength.

He helped as much as any man to make America. In that no one can imitate him now, but we can all imitate his devotion, his clear and passionate sense of duty to the limits of our strength.

TENNYSON'S FORECAST OF A DEMOCRATIC WORLD

About seventy-five years before the Wright brothers flew for the first time, Alfred Tennyson wrote his greatest poem, perhaps his last one—"Locksley Hall." In that poem appears the following forecast of what is to come the world around. The poets are the prophets, the morale makers. Here is Tennyson's prophecy of what we now call the United Nations of the World:

For I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails.
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies, grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunderstorm;
Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the World.

CHOOSING FOR FREEDOM

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

Said Dostoevski, "A man may be wise on Tuesday and a fool on Wednesday." Which category a man places himself in will depend upon the wisdom with which he chooses and makes decisions.

Life is never static; and since it is fluid, we are continually readjusting ourselves to new stituations and new environments. A famous preacher, when asked what he regarded as the wisest prayer, replied: "O Lord, give me wisdom to change my mind quickly in face of new facts."

An important function of education is to nurture and develop the ability to choose wisely. A group of educators meeting recently made the following statement:

"Freedom is fundamentally the right to choose. But that is about the limit of freedom. For no person, no group, no nation is free from the consequences of its choices. Freedom is therefore the opportunity and the obligation, for the individual, the group, or the nation to choose wisely in order that the consequences may be good, not evil, constructive, not destructive, fortunate, not unfortunate in order that freedom may be the avenue to liberty, security, and happiness—not the avenue to frustration, defeat or misery."

To choose wisely, men and groups of men must have knowledge and understanding, the capacity and discipline for reasoning, in other words, learning which has matured into wisdom.

It is being said today that before lasting peace can be established upon the continent of Europe it will be necessary to un-educate and re-educate the youth of Germany. The Hitler gangsters have in a decade so perverted truth that German youth chose despotism instead of peace, intolerance instead of compassion, brutal and exalted pride instead of humility and service. The result of their choosing is for them certain destruction, the detestation of humanity, the scorn and ignominy of the centuries. They chose to sow to the wind, and it will result in their reaping the whirlwind.

In contrast stands the understanding wisdom with which our founding fathers framed the principles of our American democracy. It is true that some of the leaders of the Revolutionary Period were not scholars; but in the groups which wrote the Declaration of Independence, framed the Constitution of the United States, prepared the Bill of Rights, and constituted the Constitutional Convention and the first Continental Congress, there were many ripe scholars. They were not ignorant of the past, but rather students who had read wisely and intelligently in history and government and politics. Many of them were classical scholars, familiar with the literature and and wisdom of Greece and Rome. They knew the history of Europe and the ethical principles which had come to them through the Hebraic-Christian tradition.

Now if this greater United States is to have leaders and citizens who will choose wisely in a day when it is more difficult to make decisions because of our more complex society, we must continue that kind of educa-

tion which enables men to think. It is in the great fields of learning—history, sociology, literature, philosophy, religion, etc.—that men get the breadth of knowledge which leads to understanding wisdom. It is through the disciplines of mathematics, science, and language that man acquires the capacity for logical reasoning which will prevent error and enable one to choose wisely. Education is but a process which leads to wisdom; and unless wisdom be the results, our wrong choices will lead us to disaster.

The United States has been made great by the combination of Christian conviction which made character and that kind of education commonly called "Liberal Arts Education," which has developed wisdom. At a period of transition in our national life, we will do well to hold fast in the educating of our youth to those basic fundamentals which for centuries have made men great in mind and heart.

———:———

OUR COUNTRY

There will always be an America,
The home of the true and the brave;
The land that our fathers died for,
The land that we'll die to save.

Our hearts are in our country,
The land that bore you and I;
We've fought for 300 years or more;
Probably many more will die.

But our country will be a haven
From oppression, fear and death;
For our children and other land's children
Who hav'nt felt a dictator's breath.

We will rid the world of tyranny,
Of corruption, terror and rot;
We will give Hirtio, Hitler and company
A fear they have never got.

We'll make the grade in the end my friends,
A fight to the finish and glory.
We'll rid the earth of a couple of rats.
And freedom will end the story.

—R. E. Brennan

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

By Carl Van Doren, in The Charlotte Observer

Any great American is one of America's national resources, and to cherish his memory is to make continuing use of his greatness. Even though his example may seem from time to time to have grown dim, it is still there, ready to be drawn upon like forests and mines and wells, farms and rivers and the ocean. In dark days he can be trusted to be a light out of the past, if he is remembered for what he really was and still remains.

Let us remember some of the things too many of us have forgotten about Benjamin Franklin, the earliest great American.

When Washington was only 21, Adams 18, Jefferson 10, Madison 2, and Hamilton not yet born, Franklin in 1753 was already a scientist of world-wide renown. His discoveries in electricity had laid the foundations of that science. His experiments with lightning, and his invention of the lightning-rod, had begun to make him thought of, by the people every-where, as a kind of wizard. Had he not hit upon a secret which enabled him to catch and tame a terrible force which mankind had supperstitiously dreaded for thousands of years? Here was another hero of the human race.

But Franklin was no wizard hid in a cave. He was also a humorist and wit. He had created the character of Poor Richard the year Washington was born, and had ever since gone on annually turning the world's proverbs into Poor Richard's sayings, with a new American point and flavor. Probably no man since Solomon has given so many proverbs the form in which they are most familiarly known as Franklin gave.

Scientist and humorist, Franklin was also the leader among the men who were changing Philadelphia from a little provincial town to the most important city in the American colonies and one of the important cities in the British Empire. In 1753 he became postmaster general for North America and the next year drew up his plan for a union of the colonies which was to be, as it turned out, a forecast of the United States.

Franklin at first had no thought of independence. He desired only to unite the colonies in local affairs within the larger frame of imperial government. His vision for the future included both sides of the Atlantic. If America depended on Great Britain, so did Great Britain depend on America. Together they might, he wrote a little later, "set up the greatest political structure human wisdom ever yet erected."

For eighteen years before 1775 Franklin spent most of his time in London as agent of various colonies and, in effect, ambassador from America. Krimly holding out for justice to his native country, he was also faithful to his imperial vision. Justice to America, he knew was in the long run a necessity for the whole Empire. What he proposed was substantilly what was long afterwards to be the basic principle of the British Commonwealth of Nations. But the reactionary George III and his obedient ministers where not prophets. Franklin's plans were disregarded, and he was insultingly dismissed from office.

During the voyage home the battles of Lexington and Concord took place and the colonies flared into rebellion. This was something Franklin had feared and had done his best to prevent. He might, like most former Crown officers in America, have sided with the king. He might have stubbornly persisted in his plans for reconciliation. He might at 70, have withdrawn from the conflict and returned to the scientific studies which had made him famous. Instead, he took his seat in the Continental Congress, the oldest man in it, and thereafter gave his massive energies to the defense of America and to American independence.

The only member of the Congress who had a large European reputation, Franklin was sent to Paris to try to win France as an ally. There his triumph was due perhaps less to what he did than to what he was. For to the French, as to all the rest of Europe outside of England, he was not merely a shrewd diplomat working against many odds. He was a great sage, wise and good and smiling, who spoke for the new nation of Americans because he was so completely one of them while being a citizen of the world. If America could produce a great philosopher it was not, as it was represented by its enemies, a noisy rabble in a wilderness.

Franklin with his outward ease and grace, Washington with his unmistakable gravity and fortitude in America; these were, without question, the two masters of the Revolution, each of them with the qualities supremely needed in his place. What they had in common was the deep stamina which for eight years kept them from giving up a cause that often looked hopeless. Probably every day of the war Washington wished he were back on his farm, Franklin that he were back at his experiments. Each of them for the sake of his country had turned away from what he liked and valued most in private life. But there they stood, throughtout the long struggle, like the towers or temples of an unshakable faith.

When Franklin at 80 left Paris for America he looked forward to a philosopher's retirement. But almost at once he was elected president (governor) of Pennsylvania, and he was inevitably a delegate to the Federal convention which formed the Constitution of the United States. His temperate wisdom kept the convention from breaking up into antagonistic parties. The finished Constitution was not altogether what he wished it to be, but without him there might have been no Constitution at all.

Too old and feeble to be considered for first President, Franklin lived only long enough to see the first few months of the new government he had done so much to bring into existence and to shape. Then, like Moses on Pisgah, he looked into the promised land which his people were to enter and enjoy. In one of his last letters he summed up what amounts to his blessing on this government and every good government.

"God grant that not only the love of liberty but a thorough knowledge of the rights of man may pervade all the nations of the earth, so that a philosopher may set his feet anywhere on its surface and say: 'This is my country."

What survives from Franklin's life and work a century and a half after

his death? There are, of course, the bequests to Boston and Philadelphia which have grown into the most munificent money gifts ever made by a philosopher. There are the library, the hospital, the fire insurance company, the scientific society, the academy (eventually the univeristy) which he helped found in Philadelphia. His autobiography has been more widely read than any other and has been translated into every language that has a printing press. The stove he invented bears his name, and the lightning-rod is forever associated with it. He organized the United States postal service and instituted the dead letter office.

Things not so well known are that he was the first notable American athlete, published the first foreign-language newspaper in America, planned the first American magazine, made the original observations out of which the weather bureau developed, drew and printed the first American cartoon, invented a draft for fireplaces, and was a pioneer in the science of ventilation, was the first scholar to study the Gulf Stream, saw the first men go up in a free balloon and was first to prophesy that war might be made from the air, and received the first letter carried through the air, by balloon from London to Paris. The oldest of the great Americans of the Revolution, he saw furthest into the future.

Among great American statesmen Franklin is the only one who has a great name in science, the only one who wrote a book that belongs to world literature, the only one who was equally at home in America, England, and France—at once intensely native and perfectly cosmopolitan.

Far from sinking out of sight as time passes, Franklin steadily emerges, like a mountain which seemed no higher than others when we were close to them but which as we move away rises above them all. And yet there is nothing overpowering in Franklin's eminence. The more we learn about him, and the more we wonder at him, the more also we take a comfortable delight in his serenity and good humor and candor and charm. We are proud to belong to the nation that produced him. We honor his talents and achievements. But we feel that the man was more than his works, and that while his works have spread out into the broad stream of American life, the man has somehow managed to outlast them all, still himself, still a deightful friend as well as a mighty hero.

O. FOR THE SHADE OF A TREE

A Philadelphian on his way to Europe, was experincing seasickness for the first time. Calling his wife to his bedside, he said in a weak voice: "Jennie, my will is in the Commerical Trust company's care. Everything is left to you, dear." Then he said fervently: "And Jennie, bury me on the other side. I can't stand this trip again, alive or dead."

THE RESULT DEPARTMENT

By Chester W. Hepler In Christian Business

Howard and his guest, Tom Graves, sat on the veranda of the former's suburban home, enjoying the delights of the autumn atmosphere and the colorful landscape. "Well, Carl," ventured Tom, "I think you owe me a story. Ever since you struck out for yourself and made such remarkable strides up the ladder of fame and fortune, I have been burning with a curiosity which you alone can satisfy."

Carl smiled. "Well, what are you curious about?"

"I shall never forget," continued Tom, "When they told you that you were through at the office, ten years ago. You had very little money saved up, you told me then, to meet a blow like that. We were all in the same boat then, and there was not a man in the place who did not sympathize with you. Now look at you—a beautiful suburban estate, and everything a man could wish for. I assure you none of us has been able to figure it out." Tom paused, but Carl just smiled.

"You are the head of your own business now," continued Tom. "You must be prosperous, for you look the part of a successful and happy man. The boys you left behind you are still behind. I am still at the same old desk. But I can't complain, for I have fared as well as any of the fellows. My home is paid for, and I have a little laid up for a rainy day. But frankly, Carl, I cannot afford the luxuries that add so much to life, and I'm still matching the old pay check against the monthly bills. After eighteen years I am still chained to my job. When we all worked together, I never thought you were so much smarter than the rest of us. Now, come across, Carl, and let me in on the secret."

Carl's eyes were half closed. He did look the picture of peace and contentment. His thin, sensitive face was smooth and unfurrowed, despite his almost fifty years. No wonder Tom envied him; with an even start, Carl had outrun him in the race of life.

"I don't mind telling you, Tom," Carl said meditatively; "there really is no secret to it, and not much story. When I was let out by your company, I had a feeling that I needed to take stock of myself. I was a failure. There I stood at forty years of age, unable to hold even a hunmble job." Tom looked tensely at Carl.

"I was a great deal like the rest of the fellows," Carl continued, without looking up. "I worried about my work, about my job, about the future, about my family, about everything in general. When I began to take stock, I decided that this attitude was a handicap. Having nothing else to do, I spent several days thinking it all over. I concluded that life was, in reality, divided into two parts, or, as we say in business, 'departments.' I called them the 'Cause' department and the 'Result' department. I figured out that if I took care of the 'Cause' department, and refused to divide my efforts, the 'Result' department would take care of itself. That is just what I did. I gave my best to the 'Cause' of my plans and work, and

refused to be at all concerned about how things would turn out. It was not easy at first. But whenever I found myself thinking or fretting about the results, or the future, I would say to myself, 'Forget it—attend to your own business.' That is the only story, Tom. My affairs began to improve immediately."

Both men were silent, each busy with his own thoughts. Tom was the first to speak. "It sounds very simple, Carl; a grand philosophy. It's like the lily I once read about—clothed without toiling or spinning."

"Not quit like that," corrected Carl. "My philosopy does not encourage idleness. I work many long hours—much longer than I worked at my job with your company, but they are pleasant, inspiring, worry-free hours. It is true that the lily is provided with nourishment in the soil, but only if it sinks its roots down and lays hold of it does the lily bloom. The birds and animals are provided with food, but they are forced to work to get it, or starve. Just imagine a robin sitting beneath a cherry tree, waiting for someone to place a juicy cherry in its bill. There is provided a-plenty for all of us—for every creature—and it is ours for the taking. But we have our part to play in the scheme of life. We are at the head of the 'Cause' department."

The two men were again silent. Then, leaning over, Tom placed his hand on Carl's shoulder, said "Thank you, my friend. I can plainly see, now, that I have been trying to run both 'departments' myself."

And as Tom took his leave, he was in a contemplative mood, and uttered somthing about "a single barley-corn had been of more value to mankind than all the diamonds in the mines of India."

———:———

The smallest good deed is better than the grandest intention.

———:———

BEAR HUNTING

By Bill Sharpe, in The State

The Plotts, Targroves and Wilsons and many other seasoned bear hunters are again following the sport which they think is without equal in all the country—bear hunting. With specially trained packs of dogs—usually Plotts—veteran bear hunters are trailing big black bears, some of them weighing more than a quarter-ton, into regions which many a tenderfoot would hesitate to enter.

And there are more bears than ever, according to Uncle Joe Hargroves of Canton, who ought to know. Thinning out of timber has permitted more berry-bearing food plants to grow, and this is the main diet of the Carolina black bear. Cessation of trapping, forbidden by law, and the enormous extension of refuge lands, has also favored the bears. There is no hunting permitted at all in the Great

Smoky Mountains Park, and this area has become a veritable breeding ground for game. In both Pisgah and Nantahala National forests, which cover a large part of western North Carolina, bear hunting is permitted only occasionally and under strict supervision.

In North Carolina, one of the most famous bear-hunting families is the Wilson family, which lives at Pensacola, on the eastern slopes of Mt. Mitchell, and owns thousands of acres of excellent bear lands. They are descendants of Big Tom Wilson, famous mountain guide and hunter, who lost his life while working with Dr. Mitchell, the explorer for whom Mt. Mitchell is named.

In the Smoky country, the Plott family of Haywood County has been hunting for over 150 years. In 1780, Henry Plott cross-bred German cur dogs with American hounds and developed the strain of Plott bear dogs, which are used almost exclusively for bear and boar in these mountains.

The North Carolina black bear is not as amiable as the same bear in some regions. Local legend has it that he carries a strain of grizzly in him, derived from grizzly bears imported by an Englishman many years ago when an attempt was made to establish a big-game preserve in the Santeetlah country. Whatever the reason, the North Carolina black bear not only is often a huge and formidable creature but has frequently scared the daylights out of hunters whose only experience with bears had been with cubs along the park highways.

The Plott dogs are especially bred and trained to handle these toughies. They are perhaps the most vicious hunting dogs in this country, and are frequently as unfriendly to humans and livestock as they are to bear and Russian boar. Deriving strength and pugnacity from their cur ancestors, they got nose and voice from the hounds. They are kept well-penned and are ignored until a hunt is on. Bear-hunters say it is a mistake to cultivate their friendship, since, according to local tradition any coddling takes the fight out of them.

But on the hunt, the Plott dogs show a surprising ferocity and hardihood in pressing the attack. The largest and most cantankerous old he-bear cannot shake them from his trail except by flight into a place inaccessible to the dogs, and the pack will bay and worry a bear even after he has slaughtered most of his tormentors. On wild Russian boar hunts, the Plott dog is the only one considered of any account. Backing a boar up, a dog will grab one ear and continually back close against the side of the boar to avoid his razor-like tusks. Another dog will grab the other ear and swing on, while other dogs attack the hindquarters or snap at the snout. It is a rare boar hunt that does not result in heavy casualties to the pack, for a 400-pound boar, surprising belying his porkiness, is an agile and fierce fighter, and some times will charge straight through a pack of dogs, ripping and slaying as he comes. Experienced bear and boar hunters take along first-aid equipment which invariably is used to patch up the wounds of retrievable Plott dogs.

———:———

We build our ideals and they, in turn, build us.

SON OF THE FLEET

By Bert Sackett

O. K., Greenhorn," his voice cut through Chris' absorption in watching the boys who were swimming from the sponge docks across the river. "That paint won't spread itself."

Chris turned with a grin.

"Greenhorn?" he repeated. "That is what the boys always call me. What does it mean, Mr. Polopoulos?"

Mr. Polopoulos' teeth flashed in a friendly reply to the boys infectious grin. "Greenhorn is a fellow fresh from the old country like you," the boat builder explained. "Now, get busy! I've promised this job for tomorrow."

Chris plied his brush vigorously until a chorus of warning shouts made him turn. George Karos' brown body was flashing downwards from a pile in a beautiful dive; but the attention of the other swimmers was directed towards the triangular fin of a big shark that had suddenly appeared just as George dove.

George came up and swam for the dock, splashing vigorously. The shark turned and swam off. Chris let his pent-up breath whistle out between his teeth.

"That was a close call," he told Mr. Polopoulos who had poked his head from the boat at the yells.

"Huh," Mr. Polopoulos grunted, "that shark was more scared than the boy. Sharks are cowards."

Chris dipped his brush and slapped paint vigorously, his head shaking in concert with his strokes. Sharks might be cowards but they were dangerous. Look how they'd swarmed and fought over the offal he'd thrown from his boat when he cleaned the fish the other night. One of the monsters had even bumped the boat. Blood set them crazy. Chris said so to Mr. Polopoulos who was pounding inside the boat.

Polopoulos' head popped into view. "Sure," he said, "but that kid wasn't bleeding. Now please forget them and get the paint on."

Chris painted faithfully but his thoughts were far away. Next week was the feast of Epiphany and the town hummed with plans for the celebration and the visit of their bishop who would come to bless the waters. After the bishop had prayed that the good God would cause the waters to bring forth sponges abundantly he would cast a golden cross into the bayou. Six boys from the sponging colony would compete to recover it from the water. The winner would get the best job available during the next year.

George Karos in whose home Chris roomed had scoffed when the refugee boy had asked how he could get into the competition.

"The committee won't choose a foreigner," he said rudely. "This contest is for Anclote Springs boys."

"But I am an Anclote Springs boy, now," Chris had protested.

"That's what you think. You're just a greehorn. You have no right cutting in on us boys who have lived here all our lives."

Chris' eyes wandered to the square of sparkling water he could see through the window that faced the Gulf of Mexico. Sighing, he thought how much it resembled the blue Agean

Sea around his native isle of Haiki. Many things here reminded him of that peaceful island from which war had so tragically driven him. Here in Anclote the men were spongers too. The names of the boats, "Daphne," "Speridaon," were the same as the boats to Haiki. The boats themselves were built exactly as men of Haiki had built theirs for centuries. He could be happy if he could only get these people to treat him as something more than an interloper.

The bishop had encouraged the orphan boy when he landed with other refugees in New York.

"You will like Anclote Springs, Christopher," he said. "It is much like Haiki. You will be able to earn your living by using your knowledge of sponging. You will learn how to become a good American there."

Chris had tried hard, but he soon found that jobs on the sponge boats were only for the sons and nephews of the spongers. The boys laughed at his broken English. He had been forced to take a job as roust-about in the Polopoulos' boatyard to earn his living.

Polopoulos had shrugged his shoulders when Chris talked to him about the bishop's cross.

"Sure," Polopoulos replied, "if you got it you would sure get a job as diver. I'll tell the committee about you. Tell them you are a fine diver, too. But there are dozens of divers just as good among the boys."

Chris finished painting the boat by quitting time and walked slowly towards his room. George Karos and some of his friends were gathered before the bulletin board of the Sponge Exchange as Chris came along.

"Is the list of divers posted?" Chris came to George.

"Look for yourself," George growled.

Chris' heart gave a trob of joy when he read his name among the six.

"I can't believe I am so lucky," he told George.

"You haven't won the cross yet," George reminded him. "We all think the comittee are nuts to chose a foreigner like you."

Each night after that Chris practiced diving in the bayou when his day's work at the boatyard was finished. He tried to be friendly with the other boys but they only laughed at him. The short diver's knife he wore in his trunks drew sneering coments.

At last the day of Epiphany arrived. The boys who were to dive for the cross gathered early on the bishop's barge.

"I'll take the place nearest the bishop," George Karos said. "I'm the oldest."

But the other boys wanted the best place too and in the scuffle that followed George slipped and cut his leg on a nail so that blood trikled down on his foot.

Chris thought of the triangular fin. There were no sharks in the bayou now but wouldn't the scent of blood bring them?

"That bleeding is dangerous," he began, but before he could explain the arrival of the bishop and his attendants hushed the scoffing boys.

The barge was towed to the center of the bayou. Thousands of spectators around the shore waited in silence while the bishop prayed. Chris kneeled with the other boys, praying in his heart that God would help him

to do his best. At the Amen, the divers sprang to their feet. The bishop raised the glittering cross high and it flashed in a gleaming arc as he threw it.

The six boys dove and raced for the spot where the cross had sunk. George was in the lead but Chris steadily crept up on him. They dove from the surface simultaneously and Chris was in the lead by a foot as they swam downwards towards the glint of metal twenty feet below.

His heart sang with joy. In another second he would grasp the cross. Suddenly a high hissing sound in the water made him glance upward. A great, gray bulk was darting towards George's back.

Whirling in the water, Chris kicked hard against the bottom just as George grabbed the cross. He shot his body directly upwards, seizing the shark by its dorsal fin as he avoided the gaping mouth.

The next seconds were a daze of agony for Chris. He was dashed against the rocky bottom as the shark twisted and rolled to get free. The rough hide of the monster was tearing the skin from the boy's clinging legs. Chris' head felt as if it would burst and darting lights flashed before his eyes. He must have air or drown, but if he released the shark he would be torn to pieces by the blood-crazed monster.

Something hard was boring into Chris' side. He suddenly remembered his knife. It was hard to get the handle loose from the cloth of his trunks into which it had twisted.

Finally he had it in his hand and struck with his failing strength at the shark's side. The wound only threw the shark into greater fury. Blackness was closing around Chris now. He reached down under the shark's body and struck upwards.

With a shuddering flurry the life went out of the shark. Chris loosed his hold and fought to reach the surface before his will power failed and he was forced to breathe water.

He felt the blessed air on his wet face. Hands grasped him and pulled him to the deck of the barge. George Karos, white-faced and trembling, knelt by Chris' side. He still grasped the cross in his hand.

"I never saw the shark until I had the cross and had turned to go up. Then all I thought of was getting away," said. "Here, take the cross. You could have had it if you hadn't turned to fight the shark."

Chris shook his head. "No, the cross is yours."

"George Karos brought up the cross," the bishop said. "It is his by the rules." Then he turned to the men grouped behind him. "I'm proud of this orphan boy," he told them.

There was a murmur of agreements, then Captain Constantine owner of the "Daphne" remarked, "He isn't an orphan any longer, Bishop. He's the son of the fleet."

As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation can never produce good fruit.—Seneca.

YOUTH AND THE DAYS AHEAD

Baptist Messenger.

A few days ago we heard President Homer P. Rainey of the University of Texas as he reminded a great company of young people that in planning for the days ahead, we must not only have a program of physical preparedness, but we must be spiritually strong and united. We must be equipped to resist the forces without and the socially disruptive forces within. France has learned the futility of depending on armed strength alone. Our democracy requires more in the form of intelligence and integrity than any other form of government.

We are being tested these days, not only by war, but by economic, racial, political, and moral problems. A breakdown in character, is more disturbing than a breakdown in economic life. We need men of leadership who stand for the highest ideals. Dr. Rainey said that in the spring of 1922 he roomed with a baseball player who pitched a perfect game,—no runs, no hits, no errors, no one allowed to get on first base. But that pitcher said he had been preparing for that game ten years. He had never allowed anything to go into his body to poison it. If our youth are to be able to meet the responsibilities of the days ahead, they will have to build qualities like that into their character. They will need, said Dr. Rainey, that quality in citizenship which was exemplified by Daniel. Although a captive in a distant land, he was true to his ideals when he faced a great crisis.

We are facing, in the next two years, the greatest period of responsibility and testing of many generations.

"Our democracy is caught between two of the most virulent forms of life, between Fascism on the one hand and Communism on the other. The time has arrived. It is literally we or they which must decide what place our democracy will have in the world of the future.

Today, Dr. Rainey said, there are 100,000,000 persons younger than 25 in Russia, 200,000,000 in China and about the same number in India. All these younger people have their own ideals and ideologies, and American youth will have to accept responsibility with them in working out many problems.

"We talk glibly about writing the peace," Dr. Rainey said, 'but do you think Russian youth will retire after the war and say nothing? Certainly not, and we must provide something better for the world of the future than they can if we are to write the peace."

———:———

Every day must be lived. You must accept what comes. Do what you think is right or best. Decide what should be done—and stop worrying.—Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Some of the boys on the outside forces have been hauling gravel and making much-needed repairs to the various driveways about the campus.

—:—

"Tuxedo Junction" was the attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium, last Thrusday night. It is a Republic production.

—:—

For the past two or three days the boys of the barn force have been hauling coal from the railroad siding on the School grounds to the various buildings on the campus.

—:—

Our carpenter shop boys, under the direction of Mr. Alf Carriker, have been quite busy this week, painting the interior of Cottage No. 13 and making minor repairs. When this work was started the boys of the cottage were distributed among the other cottages, where they will remain until the work is completed.

—:—

Jay Lambert, who called on us during the Christmas holidays, recently wrote from New York City. His brief note was as follows:

"Just a note to say that it was a great pleasure seeing you again, even if it was only for a very short time. Am now in New York, and suppose I shall be sailing for parts unknown in about two weeks. Would like to hear from you before I leave. Give my regards to all who remember me. Sincerely yours, Jay Lambert."

—:—

The report came to this office a few days ago that Thomas Wilson, formerly a house boy at the Indian Cottage, is now a member of the United States Navy, stationed at the St. Helena Navy Yard, Norfolk, Virginia. Tommy was admitted to the School, July 2, 1937, and he was granted a conditional release, July 16, 1941. He came to us from Smithfield, but his people had moved to Wilson at the time he was permitted to leave, so he went to that city. We had not heard from him since then, until the recent report, coming from a former employee, stated that he had met the boy in Norfolk, and he was wearing a Navy uniform.

—:—

Our school principal reports the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the quarter ending December 31, 1942, as follows:

First Grade—Harry Lewis, greatest improvement in reading and spelling; Second Grade—Robert Hobbs, greatest improvement in reading, writing and spelling; Third Grade—Leonard Robinson and Clifford Spriggs, highest general average; Fourth Grade—David L. Howard, greatest general improvement; Fifth Grade—Wilbur Russ and James Southern, highest general average; Sixth Grade—Paul Smith, highest average in arithmetic; Seventh Grade—William O' Brien and William Young, most improvement in writing.

—:—

We learned just a few days ago that Larry Nelson, one of our old boys, is now a member of the United States Navy. This information was obtained by Mr. Frank Liske, Larry's former cottage officer, and came from a resident of Lenoir, his home town. It was not reported how long this

young man, now twenty-six years old, had been in the service.

Larry came to the School from Lenoir, December 16, 1931, and he remained here until January 3, 1933. He was member of the Cottage No. 10 group and worked in the printing department. This lad made a fine record while at the institution, and so far as we know, has made good since returning to his home community. For some time after Larry left us we had occasional reports stating that he was working in the shipping department of a furniture factory, and was getting along fine. No recent report had come to us concerning his activities prior to the one telling of his present location.

—:—

A few days ago we received a letter from Miss Pauline Covington, of Carthage, Superintendent of Public Welfare of Moore County, in which she reported that Edward Stutts has made good since leaving the School. He is employed as sheet metal worker in the Newport News Ship Yards, Newport News, Vivginia, where, according to the letter, he is doing fine. Miss Covington recommended that Edward be given an honorable discharge from this institution, and we are glad to state that her request was granted at once.

Edward entered the School, April 2, 1940, and remained here until July 16, 1941, when he was given a conditional release, and permitted to return to his home at Steeds, N. C. While here, Edward was a member of the Cottage No. 10 group and worked in the bakery. He entered the seventh grade and consequently stayed in that grade during the fifteen months spent here. It will be remembered that this lad was regular left-fielder on our baseball team, and played a good game at all times. He is now eighteen and one-half years old.

We were delighted to get such a good report on Edward, and trust he will keep up his good work.

—:—

We were glad to receive a letter the other day from Julius Greene, a former member of the group at Cottage No. 2. Julius, who is now nineteen and one-half years old, came to the School from Caldwell County, March 16, 1937. He remained here until September 1, 1938, when he went back to his home. Reports coming from welfare officials concerning his conduct since leaving the School have been quite satisfactory. His letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Have been planning to write you for a long time, but just didn't get around to it. Am still working at the same place I was employed when I saw you a couple of years ago—Bernhardt Furniture Factory—and am now making thirty dollars per week. They are taking ten per cent of my pay each week, for which I receive War Bonds. I now have five hundred dollars worth of bonds. On February 22nd, I expect to go to the Army. Won't it be fine to join the great United States Army on George Washington's Birthday? I think I shall try to go to an officers' training school, but wherever they send me, I am going to give them the best I have. Tell Mrs. Lee and Mr. Kiser 'hello' for me. Write soon, and please send me The Uplift once in a while. Your old friend, Julius Greene."

—:—

A short time ago we mentioned in these columns that John T. Godwin, a

former member of the printing class, had sent Christmas greetings, also that we learned from the return address on same that he was in the United States Navy. We immediately wrote the lad, and just a few days ago, received the following letter:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Guess this will surprise you, but hope it will be a pleasant one. How are you getting along in the printing office? Do you have any of the same crew you had when I was there?

"I am now serving in the United States Navy. I enlisted October 11, 1942, and like it just fine. Am now a second-class seaman, and have taken up torpedo work. So far I've found it very interesting. We call the torpedoes "tin fish" and believe me, they will do lot of damage to those dirty Japs and Germans, which some of them have probably found out by this time.

"Tell everyone 'hello' for me. I hope the School will do as much for every boy in it as it did for me. I want you to know that all you and the rest of the people down there did for me is greatly appreciated. You certainly helped me along in life. Will close now, wishing you very best of luck during the new year. Yours, John T. Godwin."

—:—

Thomas M. Whitten, aged thirty-one years, a former member of the Cottage No. 4 group, called at The Uplift office last Wednesday morning. He was admitted here, November 19, 1926, and was permitted to leave, August 22, 1928. He went to Pineville, where he was employed in a cotton mill for a few months. On December 22, 1928, Thomas enlisted in the United States Army, where he served in a field artillery unit for five years. At Fort Bragg, he was injured while operating a circular saw. His right arm was badly cut, being almost completely severed about half-way between the wrist and elbow. It was first thought that amputation was necessary, but by careful treatment the arm was saved. After staying in the hospital for several months, Thomas was given a medical discharge.

Since leaving the Army, this young man has worked at various jobs, and has been getting along well. He has been married three years, has a two-year-old daughter, and lives in Danville, Virginia. For the past eight months he has been driving a large transfer truck for the Stone Transfer Company, Martinsville, Virginia, and tells us that he has been doing just fine. He was on his way home after having made a trip to Alabama, when he made a brief stop to see old friends at the School. In order to keep in closer touch with the activities at the institution, Thomas subscribed to The Uplift for one year.

—:—

Rev. C. E. Baucom, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson, he read part of the third chapter of Colossians, calling special attention to the second verse: "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth."

At the beginning of his remarks the speaker told the boys that he was going to speak to them concerning the background of this portion of Scripture—the Book of Job. This is rather a strange book, said he, and some scholars claim it is one of the oldest

books in the Old Testament. In it are written both poetry and drama. Some of the things contained therein very likely did not occur, but they picture many fine things which could be applied to our daily lives.

In the Book of Job, continued the speaker, is the story where God and the devil enter into an agreement to test Job's sincerety. God gave the devil permission to try in any way he saw fit to make this test. The devil caused Job to suffer terrible body ailments, while his family and personal belongings were destroyed. After all these things had happened, Job was out by himself, when three men appeared, and began to accuse him. One after another they told him that all his suffering had been brought about because he had offended God. Job denied all charges, and kept his faith.

Rev. Mr. Baucom then called attention to the words of the young man, Elihu, who told Job that "Days should speak, and multitudes of years should teach wisdom." This applies to us today, said the speaker. Every day that has passed should have something to say to us. Just as when a person mashes a finger or receives a severe burn through carelessness, the experience says, "Don't do it again."

Rev. Mr. Baucom then told each boy to ask himself this question: "Did the year 1942 speak to me?" and try to profit from experiences of that year. He also told them that some day in the future the days spent at the School would speak to them, and they would find that the time spent here would prove most helpful.

In a most interesting manner, the speaker then listed some of the things we should not forget which the passing years have taught us. First, we should always remember that the source of life, strength, health, and all enjoyments is God. There has never been a scientist who could make a life. A man of science might be able to make an egg, perfect in appearance, but it would not hatch because there would be no life in it. Perhaps another could make a human body, placing into it the heart and all other vital organs. While it might look real, it would still be a lifeless piece of plaster. We have our origin—the great God of the Universe. We have nothing to do with deciding the color of our eyes or hair, how short or tall we may be, or how long we shall live upon the earth. If days are to be heard, they will say to us: "Don't forget that God is the source of life." Our food and all other things necessary to life come from God, and the passing days should teach us to thank Him for them.

The speaker then stated that to those who know Jesus Christ, the days would say that God is the only source of salvation. It is not the preacher, the church, or form of baptism which is able to save people. God alone is the source of salvation.

Rev. Mr. Baucom then told his listeners to always think of their responsibilities. We have lived through the past year, and are now living in a world in need. Past occurrences tell us that our responsibility is great and that we should do our best to help make God's will rule the world. The time is coming when all of us will be called upon to help make this a better world in which to live. Boys here at the School will be called upon to do their part back in home communities. Days spent here will speak

to them, and if they learn the right things during their stay at the institution, they will be prepared to carry on when they take their places in the outside world. Past mistakes should speak, and cause the boys to make up their minds that they shall not occur again.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Baucom told the boys that he did not know what the future held in store for them, but urged them to put their trust in God, relying on Him to help them prepare themselves for future needs. If we trust God for tomorrow, the voice of the days will tell us what to do. Following the teachings of that voice, we shall be most useful in carrying out God's will.

———:———

TOAST TO YOUNG AMERICANS

Let's drink a toast to the widening host
Of Americans serving the nation.
To those millions of lads (and their brothers and dads)
Who are saving our civilization.
To the men from the mills and the farms and the hills,
And the cities and mountains and olains—
To the workers and miners and airplane designers,
And crews on the ships and the trains.
Wherever they are—be it near, be it far.
On the land, in the air, on the sea—
With a stoutness of heart they are doing their part
To keep this—"the land of the free."
So good luck and God speed them—may nothing impede them,
Nor make them delay nor digress—
May this new year find them with power behind them,
To roll up a final success.

—The Tar Heel Boy.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 10, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Ira Montgomery
Weaver Ruff
Paul Smith
Lee St. Clair
Lee Turner
Paul Whitley
John Watts
Harry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
William Butler
Oscar Carter
Wade Fisher
Jack Harmon
Leonard Lovelace
Durwood Martin
James Pitman
Jack Ray
Jack Reeves
Leonard Robinson
Emerson Sawyer
James Shell
Russell Stikes
Kenneth Tipton
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Charles Beal
Clyde Bustle
Hurley Bell
James Blake
Robert Coleman
Douglas Daniels
Joseph Dew
Albert Hames
Fonzer Pitman
William Painter
William Pegram
Ralph Powell
Rhonda Price
William Schoppel
Earl Smith
Alphonzo Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 4

Leroy Childers
William Davis
William Deaton
Paul Green
Bruce Harper
Donald Hobbs
Douglas Holt
William Lanning
Jesse Michaels
Robert Muse
Robert Sprinkle
Jerry Talbert
Roy Womack
George Ward

COTTAGE NO. 5

Charles Brookshire
Millard Ellege
John Lipscomb
John Mazoo
Melvin Rogers

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Kenneth Caldwell
Douglas Daniels
Ralph Gibson
Robert Hobbs
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
Rufus Massingill
Jacob Myers
John Rhodes
Reitzel Southern

COTTAGE NO. 7

Fred Bostian
Paul Childers
R. C. Combs
Donald Grimstead
Jerry Ray
Edgar Shell
John Tolley
Marion Todd
Thomas Ware

COTTAGE NO. 8

Luther McIntyre
John Reep
Banks McKnight

COTTAGE NO. 9

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 10

Dewell Cooper
Arcemias Hefner
James Spears
Clifford Spriggs
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Marvin Bradley
Noah Brown
Eugene Cline
Horace Guffey
William Guffey
Fred Holland
Everett Morris
Robert Moses
T. B. Nowell
Fred Stewart
Ray Taylor
Ervin Wolfe
Martin Walters
William O'Brien
W. C. Boyd
Richard Kye

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Aubrey Fargis
Robert Holbert
Lawrence Hord
William Lane
William E. Lanford
Robert Travis
Alvis Watkins
John Pritchard
Ray Harris
Ernest Davis

COTTAGE NO. 15

James Cantrell
Ennis Miller
William Willis
Evans Watson

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hiram Atkinson
Roland Brooks
Raymond Brooks
Frank Chavis
Peter Chavis
James Chavis
Paul Deal
Floyd Fields
James E. Hall
R. C. Hoyle
Marshall Hunt
Sam Lochlear
Herbert Lochlear
James Lochlear
Leroy Lowry
Eugene Moose

INFIRMARY

Robert Padgett
Newman Tate
Harlan Warren

———:———

FRIENDSHIP

The decisive test and the most beautiful proof of real friendship will be found in the day of adversity. A friend is never known until needed. When calamity falls upon us, false friends make excuses and go; lip friends relapse into silence; we begin then for the first time to find out who is a friend indeed.—R. F. Horton.

364

THE U T

(Orange County)
(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C. BARY 23, 1943 NO. 4

A WORD OF PRAISE

What joy it is, that ray of light
That pierces darkened days,
To have some person treat us right
And give a word of praise.

A kindly little word or two,
When things look dark and drear;
Will make the skies above more blue,
And fill the heart with cheer.

So shed some sunshine along life's way
To help a brother through;
And sunshine will smile back each day
To warm the heart of you.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
REPORT TO BOARD OF TRUSTEES	By S. G. Hawfield	8
ROBERT E. LEE	By Josiah W. Bailey	12
THE CAUSE AND CURE OF WAR	(Baptist Standard)	19
KINDLING CREATIVE ABILITIES	By Dr. H. B. Blakeley	20
THE REMARKABLE RICKENBACKER	(Concord Tribune)	22
VICTORY TAX AND WORTH IT	(Morganton News-Herald)	24
THE NEGRO SPIRITUAL	(N. C. Christian Advocate)	25
INSTITUTION NOTES		26
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

POP'S PRAYERS

The pastor of a little church in a rural community met with severe affliction one day. His wife and two children fell ill, and his modest wages not being sufficient for his needs, he was greatly distressed.

The leaders of the church decided they would meet at the pastor's home and hold a prayer service. While one of them was engaged in fervent supplication, punctuated with "Amen" from one of the others, a knock was heard at the door. Finally, when the door was opened, a cheerful, ruddy-faced farmer lad stood there.

"What do you want?" asked one of the visitors.

"I've got Pop's prayers," answered the youth, grinning good-naturedly.

"This is no time or place for levity, young man," admonished the elder. "What do you mean?"

"Well, you see," explained the boy, somewhat abashed, "Pop heard as how the preacher's been havin' a spell of bad luck, what with sickness in the family an' one thing an' another, an' that you folks was all prayin' for him tonight, so he sent me over here with his prayers."

"His prayers?" repeated the puzzled elder.

"Yep, I've got 'em—Pop's prayers—out here in the wagon, an' if a couple of you men'll help me, we'll get 'em in here."

In a few minutes it was discovered that "Pop's prayers" consisted of a load of potatoes, flour, bacon, corn meal, turnips, apples, warm comforters, and a lot of delicacies for the sick ones.—Sunshine Magazine.

———:———

ROBERT E. LEE

Robert E. Lee was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, January 19, 1807, and died at Lexington, Virginia, October 12, 1870.

This great commander in chief of the armies of the Confederacy was so upright in character that the fame which has grown steadily since his death is founded nearly as much on that as on his military achievements in the face of the most heart-breaking difficulties. The North, against which he fought with all the energy of his nature, now holds him in as gracious remembrance as does the South which he loved.

Lee was not only loved for his courage, but for his non-partisanship. He showed a kindly feeling toward people of all classes, regardless of race or creed. Elsewhere in this issue we carry a splendid tribute to this great American, in an address by the Hon. Josiah W. Bailey, United States Senator from the old North State.

* * * * * * * *

WAVELL PICKS SIX GENERALS

General Archibald P. Wavell, English leader who won fame by his campaign in North Africa, has recently taken time to select the great generals of history, laying stress upon worth as a strategist, skill as a tactician, power to deal tactfully with government and allies, ability to train troops, and energy and driving power in battle.

Surveying the field, the British general, after eliminating some names because his "knowledge of their character and exploits is insufficient," puts down these fourteen men as starters: Hannibal, Scipio, Alexander, Caesar, Belisarius, Frederick, Cromwell, Marlborough, Napoleon, Wellington, Lee, Moltke, Foch and Ludendorf.

Among those eliminated, for one reason or another but deserving of consideration, one finds the names of Gustavus, Adolphus, Wallenstein, Gonsola de Cordoba, Turenne, Conde, Villars, Saxe, Eugene, Narses, Genghis Khan, Sabutai, Spaminondas, Fabius Marius, Sherman, Forrest and Stonewall Jackson.

We cannot go into the discussion that precedes his selection of the "best" but he puts Marlborough and Belisarius first, as the "two most gifted and ablest soldiers of whom I have read." Then come Wellington and Frederick the Great, "two of the soundest and most single-minded soldiers," who are followed by Lee and Napoleon, "two brilliant exponents of military art." Somewhere in the company, he adds Hannibal and Scipio, " must find places" although he does not have "enough detailed knowledge to determine their exact standing."

Of Lee, he writes: "Lee, the outstanding military hero of the American Civil War, was a fine stategist and tatician, great in adversity, and possibily the most beloved and most attractive character of all great military leaders. From a purely military

aspect his chief defect may have been a lack of hardness; he was possibly too much of a gentleman for the ungentle business of war."

—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

DON'T CLASS ME AS "ALIEN"

There is an aversion among the citizens of this nation, as well as those in other united kingdoms to be classed as "aliens" when in other countries. The following excerpt from an exchange reveals the feeling of one citizen of the United States when termed an alien, and we judge if others were given the test, their reactions would be the same: Read:

> It wasn't really funny, although we pretended it was. None of us really liked that term "alien," although it fitted, and we had to put it on.
>
> We had been visiting in England. Some of us had very little, if any, English blood. Yet every American in the group had been raised on the English classics from Mother Goose through Dickens. We knew our English history as we knew no other history except our own. We had set foot on English soil with an exhilarating sense of homecoming. Here was a land we knew and loved. In some quite illogical psychological way it belonged to us.
>
> It came as a bit of a shock therefore to line up at our point of embarkation for the continent under a sign that said clearly and unmistakably, "Aliens." We laughed it off. We were aliens, of course. But we didn't like it—not a little bit.
>
> When you come right down to it, no one wants to be called "alien" or "foreigner" by anyone else.

* * * * * * * *

THE PIANO RESTS

It looks as if the piano business is on its way out unless some of its manufacturers can weather the storm converting their plants to war use and if small dealers can hold on by selling other musical instruments, selling music and records, phonographs and perhaps a furniture line to tide them over. Piano sales have always read like a fever chart with its rise and fall. In Mooresville as everywhere else, the hey-day of the piano was before we installed radios in each home and in more than one room in some of the houses. At

least you can't carry a piano in the car and tote one under your arm when you are on a pinic! The radio made the piano take a back seat in the entertainment field. Maybe you don't recall the time when pianos were sold principally to some folks because they were considered a decoration to the furniture outlay. Perhaps no one knew how to play it or even thought of lifting the lid, but the piano was a note of culture in the parlor. Came the player piano where they used a paper roll that had perforations on it, which gave the music in a highly mechanical manner. This remained popular until the heralded arrival of the radio and in spite of those early sets with their many faults and crackling noises, the piano again retired to the back stage. Then there was a small boom in piano purchases when the spinets and the small grand pianos were manufactured to fit into the smaller living rooms of today. There was an advance in the desire to play the piano since instruction in musical education in the public schools made more children piano conscious. So now, although the piano business is playing a meloncholy note, there is always the hope of a revival of its popularity after the war!

—Mooresville Enterprise.

* * * * * * * *

Memory is short and no doubt many people have forgotten the scene that presented itself when the legislature met just ten years ago. One can now scarcely imagine the gloom that had settled over the state, the country, and even the world. Everybody was broke and a great many people were mourning about it. But even, though the North Carolina state government stood up well, the banks that had not already failed were closed. Members of the legislature went to the state treasurer daily for funds to pay their board and lodging. Fortunately the state had the funds and the legislators were able to eat. But many of them were scared to death and wild bills of every nature poured into the hoppers. Some members wanted to make it impossible for county commissioners to spend another dollar in ten years. The roads had been taken over by the preceding legislature and the legislature of 1934 provided for taking over the schools. These two measures lifted the mountains from the backs of the counties and have proved wise beyond measure. Now Governor

Broughton describes our educational system as the only true state system in the United States, and has the money to give the teachers some increase in pay, a measure that he recommends. And he has enough money to sustain the road work at least for the incoming two years, no matter how low the revenues run.—R. F. Beasley

* * * * * * * *

A few months ago rubber manufacturers began turning out tubeless automobile tires. The public was skeptical but these tires on the highways created wide interest.

Now the Petroleum Industry Board and the War Council are beginning to encourage inventors of tubeless tires. The big rubber companies are making them, and some companies are showing in advertising that tubes are as necessary as "the fifth wheel to a wagon." Firms like Goodrich go clear out on the end of the limb in making the assertion that tubeless tires are being made that meet all requirements.

REPORT TO BOARD OF TRUSTEES

On January 12th, the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School held its regular quarterly meeting at the Institution. The following members were present: L. T. Hartsell, Concord, chairman; Mrs. R. O. Everett, Durham, vice-chairman; Mrs. George E. Marshall, Mt. Airy; Mrs. D. B. Smith, Charlotte; Gordon C. Hunter, Roxboro; O. J. Sikes, Albemarle: John W. Wallace, Statesville. The board members were served a luncheon at the School, which was followed by a business session. Superintendent Hawfield made the following report concerning the activities at the School during the quarter ending, December 31, 1942:

I have now served as Superintendent of the Stonewall Jackson Training School for a period of a little more than five months, and am happy to present at this meeting a report of the affairs and activities here for the quarter ending December 31, 1942. Without seeming to be boastful in any way whatever, may I say that we have accomplished many fine things which will appear in the report that follows. May I say also that there is no claim that our work has been perfect, for we know that mistakes have been made; and neither do we claim that we have done all we could or should during this time.

As we have progressed from time to time it has been our ambition to do something outstanding or to make a notable achievement of some kind each week, in order that we might have the consolation or satisfaction of knowing that each week in our school life could be regarded as an eventful week and not just another week of routine life. I think that the report which follows will bear abundant evidence that we have made good in this respect.

During the past quarter we have tried to give increased attention to strengthening the training program as it applies to the mental, the social, civic, and spiritual. In other words we have tried to be more deeply concerned about those phases of the work that are primarily intangible, where results are always slow and outside the realm of measurement in terms of visible standards or units. Our attack upon this problem has been made on several different battle fronts, so to speak—in the library, in the school, in the cottages, in religious programs, in worthy work experiences, and in the band. In other words, it has been our purpose to approach this, our greatest problem, more from the positive or constructive angle than from the penal or repressive angle. Our aim has been to build up in the boys a feeling of pride and self-confidence, and to do it through happy and successful experiences in those things which are most elevating and inspiring, rather than through fear and repression. What, may I ask, could be more profitable to a boy than for him to become an accomplished musician in the band? What is of greater profit than cultivating in a boy a taste and appreciation for reading good books, when he has previously read cheap comics? What could be more profitable to a boy than learning to play—in cottage and elsewhere—clean and challenging games? What could be more profitable to a boy than for him to have a part in making a nice library table or painting a library room or cooking wholesome food in the bakery or the cottage? These are

only a few of the things we are stressing in this area of our work. We do not claim that we are accomplishing all that we should, but we are deeply aware of our needs in this part of the work.

For instance, we recognize the needs for greater improvement in cottage life for the boys. There are pressing needs for more library books, for radios in the boys' sitting rooms, for daily newspapers, and for good magazines suitable for boys. Our hope is that we may find some funds to purchase some of these items. At present the carpenter shop boys are making enough tables to place two in the sitting room of each cottage. They will be nice tables and will be provided at little cost. This will lead to the necessity for providing better artificial lighting for nearly all cottages. In the end, this will also involve more supervision and guidance by officials here at the School, but the results should easily be worth the effort. All such elevating experiences help the boys to forget their dismal past and tend to take their minds off of themselves.

During the past quarter the health of the boys has been exceptionally good. In fact it has been almost needless to operate the infirmary. While a few boys have experienced minor injuries and some have had to be treated for simple ailments, none have been critically ill and none have had serious injuries.

At this time we are making plans for an enlarged truck and garden program for the spring months. Our seed orders have been made in order that we may be assured of being able to plant at the proper time. We are trying to anticipate our needs for canning more vegetables and fruits than ever. Some new vegetables, as Edible Soy Beans, are being tried out. We feel that it is most imperative that the truck and gardening program be stepped up at this time. We are conserving our home grown meats and vegetables as far as possible.

One of the urgent needs here at the School is for a training program in problems dealing with juvenile delinquents. It must be recognized that the Training School of necessity must fit into the State's welfare program. It must also be recognized that throughout the state there is a vast crops of case workers who have been trained at our leading institutions in dealing with delinquency and other social problems. To have a training program would be a forward step and would greatly enhance the prestige of the Training Shool.

A report of activities at the Training School for the quarter just ended is as follows:

I Beautification of Grounds

1. Grounds immediately in front of school building—grass sowed, old shrubbery removed and new shrubbery planted.

2. Grounds in front of Administration Building planted in grass, trees removed, and shrubbery planted.

3. Crepe myrtles on the School grounds reset along driveways instead of in clusters or thickets.

4. Hedge along the highway completed.

5. Wire fence removed from along the highway.

6. Environments or premises adjacent to all of the barns cleared of

unsightly rubbish, useless fences, and other trash.

II Repairs and Improvements to Buildings

1. Interior of three cottages repainted—Nos. 2, 13 and the Indian Cottage. Floors of No. 13 reconditioned.

2. Interior of four cottages partly reconditioned and repainted—Nos. 1, 5, 7 and 15.

3. Purchased new living room suit for the Receiving Cottage.

4. Floor in main entrance of the Administration Building renewed or relaid.

5. Two new lot fences built at the horse barn to be used for beef cattle, yearlings, horses and mules. Adjacent territory ditched and drained.

6. Pasture fences at yearling barn rebuilt on a new and more serviceable plan.

7. Part of interior of school building repainted.

III Farm, Garden and Animal Project

1. Four Hereford heifers purchased as foundation for School's beef herd.

2. A pair of registered Berkshire hogs purchased.

3. A young, pure-bred Holstein bull purchased.

4. Twenty milk cows sold to Mr. R. G. Deyton for the State Hospital at Morganton.

5. Cotton raised on the School farm ginned and sold—11 bales.

6. Approximately twenty hogs killed, and meat either used for current needs or stored.

7. Garden plant beds being reconditioned for spring planting in anticipation of enlarged truck and gardening program.

8. Fall grain sowing done early. Wheat, 55 acres; oats, 200 acres; mixed grain, 60 acres.

IV Educational or Instructional Activities

(a) Library Project:

1. Voluntary contributions totaling $765.15 received and added to the Budget Appropriation—making a total of more than $1,000 for this purpose.

2. Library room in the school building completely recconditioned and beautified.

3. New tables and equipment made by the boys in the carpenter shop.

4. Approximately twenty-five new library books placed in each cottage, to be circulated from one cottage to another.

5. School groups spend three hours each week in library under guidance and supervision of teacher and librarian.

6. Full time librarian employed.

7. Chairs and other needed furniture already on hand.

8. More than eleven hundred new books have already been purchased.

(b) School Project:

1. Greater emphasis on reading, especially from appropriate library books.

2. Ten new sets of supplementary grade readers purchased.

3. New report card installed, covering school work, social and civic traits, and also the nature and quality of work experiences.

(c) School Band, Begun in December and Operating Very Successfully:

1. Mr. Ralph Brausa, Director of Music in Concord City Schools, employed as director.
2. Thirty odd band instruments already owned by School.
3. Music hall in Trades Building available and well equipped.
4. Music stands made by the carpenter shop boys.
5. Music score sheets prepared by boys in the printing office.
6. Music supplies being purchased from instructional supply funds.

V Miscellaneous Activities

1. Arrangements made with WPA officials to get shirts and overalls made for the boys at great saving.
2. As far as possible work projects have been planned in advance for various departments.
3. Special emphasis has been given to the problems of paroling boys upon a sound and intelligent basis.
4. Friendly acquaintances have been cultivated among the boys.
5. An additional cottage for small boys has been opened.
6. The health and physical welfare of the boys have been carefully guarded.
7. National and State Flags purchased and placed in school auditorium.

VI Financial Report

Allotments—Second Quarter	$29,500.00
Receipts From Sales	1,220.06
Total Availability	$30,720.06
Less: Expenditures	30,714.52
Amount Unexpended	$ 5.54

———:———

BE TRUE

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach.
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the word's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

—Horatius Bonar.

ROBERT E. LEE

By the Hon. Josiah W. Bailey, United States Senator from North Carolina, in an address before the Kiwanis Club, Raleigh, N. C. January 15, 1943.

It is fortunate that the highest tribute to Robert E. Lee has come from Stephen Vincent Benet, the son of a Colonel in the United States Army, of Spanish descent, born in Pennsylvania, educated at Yale, and a resident of New York City;—and not in the highly emotional period of the war period, but under the date of 1927. He cannot be suspected of sectional prejudice or partisan enthusiasm. I quote from page 188 of his memorable epic poem, "John Brown's Body":

"Broad-foreheaded, deep-eyed,
Straight-nosed, sweet-mouthed, firm-lipped, head cleanly set,
He and his horse are matches for the strong
Grace of proportion that inhabits both.
They carry nothing that is in excess
And nothing that is less than symmetry,
The strength of Jackson is a hammered strength,
Bearing the tool marks still. This strength was shaped
By as hard arts but does not show the toil
Except as justness, though the toil was there—
And so we get the marble man again,
The head on the Greek coin, the idol-image,
The shape who stands at Washington's left hand,
Worshipped, uncomprehended and aloof,
A figure lost to flesh and blood and bones,
Frozen into a legend out of life,
A blank-verse statue—

How to humanize
That solitary gentleness and strength
Hidden behind the deadly oratory
Of twenty thousand Lee Memorial days,
How show, in spite of all the rhetoric,
All the sick honey of the speechifiers,
Proportion, not as something calm congealed
From lack of fire, but ruling such a fire
As only such proportions could contain?
The man was loved, the man was idolized,
The man had every just and noble gift.
He took great burdens and he bore them well
Believed in God but did not preach too much,
Believed and followed duty first and last
With marvelous consistency and force,
Was a great victor, in defeat as great,
No more, no less, always himself in both,
Could make men die for him but saved his men
Whenever he could save them—was most kind
But was not disobeyed—was a good father,
A loving husband, a considerate friend:

Had little humor, but enough to play
Mild jokes that never wounded, but had charm,
Did not seek intimates, yet drew men to him,
Did not seek fame, did not protest against it
Knew his own value without pomp or jealousy
And died as he preferred to live—sans phrase,
With commonsense, tenacity and courage,
A Greek proportion—and a riddle unread.
And everything we have said is true
And nothing helps us yet to read the man,
Nor will he help us while he has the strength
To keep his heart his own.

For he will smile
And give you, with unflinching courtesy,
Prayers, trappings, letters, uniforms and orders,
Photographs, kindness, valor and advice,
And do it with such grace and gentleness
That you will know you have the whole of him
Pinned down, mapped out, easy to understand—
And so you have all things except the heart.
The heart he kept himself, that answers all."

Fully agreeing with Mr. Benet, I here undertake not to add to his portrait of Lee, but only to utter certain impressions of a life-time con-

cerning him intended to be of timely import.

Robert E. Lee was a Virginian, a Christian, a gentleman and a soldier: —A Virginian rather than an American or a Southerner, a Christian rather than a pagan, in that the God he worshipped he also served, seeking nothing for himself save that he should know and do his duty; a gentleman to the manner born, equally at home in camp or parlor, kind, patient and considerate of others not only in bearing but in his heart,—he could respond as graciously to the salute of a slave as to a king, and none could feel ill at ease in his presence; a soldier by inheritance, by instinct, by choice, skillful and courageous, a captain by reason of gifts of the heart and mind, resourceful in attack and unequalled in all the annals of the defeated, in retreat, and at last overwhelmed by an ever-increasing tide, in capacity to endure, to lead and to triumph. In the final phase the man himself was more than a Virginian, more than Christian, more than gentleman, more than soldier,—the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, the leader of his generation and the generations to come—an epic figure of infinite inspiration to all men everywhere, destined, I think, to live in the company of Achilles and Agamemnon. In that final phase it may justly be said that he added to his earlier titles that of re-builder, educator, statesman, Southerner, and American.

One looks from a Western window of the United States Capitol upon a vista of unparallelled significance. Before him stretch the great plaza, Constitution Avenue and Pennsylvania Avenue, in the foreground the historical Peace Monument, the Grant Memorial, the National Art Gallery, then the series of immense Government buildings, the monuments to Washington and Lincoln, and beyond the Potomac, fully two miles distant, the National Cemetery, the Flag lifted high, and Arlington—a colonial mansion—overlooking the Memorial to the Unknown Soldier, and surrounded by the graves of thousands of American heroes who served our country in battle. That mansion presiding with timeless grace over the moving scene was the home of Robert E. Lee, and it speaks a message all its own. The home of the Chieftain of the Confederacy is the resting place of our Federal warrior dead; itself a living monument to a civilization passed away, the shrine of Duty and its sword—all the glory of old Virginia serenely looking down upon the great Capital of the Nation that sprang from old Virginia's loins.

It was here that Lee made his great decision; here he offered himself a living sacrifice to Duty and to his State. He was a Federal soldier, with the rank of Colonel. He had won distinction in the war with Mexico. A great career in the United States Army lay before him. But he was not governed by ambition. Neither fame nor fortune tempted him. As between the call of the Federal Government and the call of Virginia to defend her against invasion by that Government, he could not do other than respond to his native State—be the consequences whatsoever they might be.

Lee's decision was not as between the United States, on the one hand, and the Confederate States, on the other. It was a choice as between the command of the Army of the

United States and his duty to the State of Virginia, as one of its citizens. He was a soldier of the United States, and trained at West Point for that service. He was opposed to secession and to the war. He was happy in his career and his home and his prospects. He could not be neutral under the circumstances. He chose to dwell in the tents of his people rather than in the high places of the Nation, and thereby without intention won the highest place in the hearts of men. None understood better than he the meaning of his choice—none realized more fully than he the desperate weakness of the Confederacy as a fighting power—without industries, without organization and without army or navy.

But he lived in a day when loyalty to one's State was the first loyalty of a citizen, and in a State that demanded precedence over the Union as one of the thirteen Creator States. It was said of North Carolina's foremost statesman, Nat Macon, that he pursued his studies at Princeton with little thought of duty in the Revolution until Cornwallis reached Cowpens, South Carolina, whereupon he said: "I do believe the British are about to invade North Carolina," and at once volunteered. That was the old concept, doomed from the beginning to play out at length. But in Lee's day it had not played out anywhere in the United States; the Nation that you and I know had not been born—it was only entering in 1861, the travail of its birth.

Until 1861 our country was a Republic of States under a Constitution; but within the terms of the powers granted in that instrument, the States were first and were each a sovereign. Lee would have obeyed Virginia even though she had stood alone. He would have resisted a Federal invasion of Virginia with his life. He was loyal to the Constitution, and he believed as did many another, that it provided for a superior loyalty to his State. His choice required no impairment of his oath to support that Constitution, and, therefore, no dishonor, no disloyalty to the government under whose flag he had fought and whose uniform he had honored in war and in peace. He considered only that his clear duty was to defend Virginia against invasion, and he hoped to advoid secession. We have too long neglected to weigh the import of his solemn statement to the Governor of Virginia as he accepted command of his State's armed forces: "I hope this ends secession." Emphatically he was not against the Federal Union, but only against armed invasion of his State by that Federal Union. It was this statement that caused President Davis to dislike him and to delay his elevation to supreme command until the last days of the struggle.

Nor was his decision odd, abnormal or sentimental. It was such a decision as he was sure Washington, his ideal, whose life and standards were quite real to him, would have made; —a decision in accord with the principle asserted by Woodrow Wilson in 1919 in his declaration of the right of self-determination for small States and Nations and his proposal to organize a League of Nations to maintain that right of self-determination against the whole world. It did not seem odd to Lee—or in any degree traitorous—to maintain the inviolability of Virginia against invasion from any siurce. He even thought that

that could be done without secession.

We yet have a domain of duty and self-determination for the States of the United States. God forbid that that domain shall ever be questioned by armed force from any quarter; but should any State or group of States find themselves invaded or threatened with invasion from any quarter, to impose policies calculated to break down their social and political structures against the will of the people, there would rise again the principle of self-determination under the Constitution, and any State would be fortunate to have a Lee to assert and defend it. The more our Republic respects this principle, the greater its unity and power will be.

I have taken time to make clear the consistency of Lee's choice with honor and duty not by way of defense, but because there has been and there continues to be misunderstanding, and because hundreds of thousands of Southern men and women were actuated by the same motives as Lee.

We do have now a mighty Nation, and loyalty to it is supreme. There are none more loyal than the people of the South. I have no question as to where Lee would stand today. I have no doubt that he would defend our flag with his life against all who would lift a hand against it—at home or abroad. And I am equally clear that in casting aside the command of the Federal Army and taking his stand with the State of Virginia he did his duty—even that to have done less was to do less than his duty. I question whether, as he meditated his decision there in Arlington and in sight of the Nation's Capitol, he considered the consequences of his choice or weighed the values at stake, He knew that he must yield up his proud station won by valor in battle and constant application in peace. He knew that he must give up Arlington, his home, his comrades in arms, and all his cherished prospects. But he knew also what his duty was, and that was enough; for as he himself declared, "Duty is the greatest word in the English language." It was the sole word in his vocabulary—the touchstone that resolved any problem, that shaped every decision. There was for him only the inner voice—the heavenly voice—and no earthly power could be heard to the contrary.

Elevated to the command of the armed forces of Virginia, General Lee had at once to create an army to command and to provide defences on her Coast. And what an army he did create! In dash, in striking-power, in tenacity, in fortitude, in gallantry, not since the days of Ceasar's imperial legions has this earth beheld its equal. Within eighteen months that army was in sight of victory; and in less than three years it was in Pennsylvania and had victory in its grasp in the decisive battle of Gettysburg. Lee had all but succeeded in his task of repelling invasion.

He might have won that battle. The outcome hung three days by a thread so slender, and events so fell that there are many who attribute it to that Providence which from the outset had determined that this country of ours was to be a mighty Union, a great nation of one people, blessed far above all others and charged with a peculiar destiny—which even now it is fulfilling. In all probability that outcome was determined by the accidental death of Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville.

In the hour that Gettysburg was lost, Vicksburg, far down the Mississippi, fell. The Confederacy was done for July 3, 1863. Either event alone might have been sustained, but the two at once meant the end.

The great captain of attack was now to prove himself the master of retreat. The Southern States were surrounded on all sides; aid from abroad was out of the question. Lee's generals were quarrelling—one laying the blame for the Gettysburg failure upon another, one even blaming Lee. He settled the question, saying, "It is all my fault. I expected the impossible of my men." He had expected too much when he sent Pettigrew's and Pickett's men across the open plain in full view of the Federal guns. But it was not that order which lost the battle—the famous charge was rather the last and only available recourse to retrieve the battle that had been lost by the failure of Ewell to strike as Jackson would have struck, and of Longstreet to come up as expected. It was impossible only because there were no reinforcements for the immortal soldiers who swept across that open plain and fought hand to hand on Cemetery Ridge. It was ordered by Lee because he had never retreated when attack was apparently possible.

Notwithstanding the fatal blows of Gettysburg and Vicksburg, Lee did not consider capitulation. nor did his associates. It proposed to exhaust the last resource. Perhaps it was argued that Frederick the Great had been overwhelmed in defeat but had held on without a hope until circumstances far beyond him wrought alterations that brought victory and enabled him to win his war and found an empire; and there were those who believed that a cause so glorious could not be lost.

From Gettysburg to Appomattox stretched twenty-one months. The world will always wonder not that Lee would not admit defeat but that he could maintain his army in the field so long. He was never again to have the initiative. Grant and his ever-increasing army came upon the scene, the Federal power always increasing, the Confederate power always waning—and Lee's army fighting great battles but always falling back. Lee's great distinction is that he held this army and the Confederate States together not only by skill in arms that kept hope alive, but by faith of his soldiers and his people in himself that nothing—not even the surrender at last—could quench, a faith that was as spontaneous as the light of day.

The war was over at length. Lee was in private life without funds and without occupation, and without a country, political disability having been imposed. If he took note of the great parade of triumph at Washington and the national acclaim accorded Grant and Sherman, there is no evidence that he regretted his decision at Arlington or that he envied them. Grant became President, and well may Lee have reckoned that had he taken the position as the head of the United States Army when President Lincoln tendered it to him, he himself would have been in Grant's high station. But there were no regrets, there was no repentance, no explanations. He had done his duty and he accepted the lot fate had assigned with serenity and dignity. It was enough, perhaps to be at home again in the bosom of his family, to which he was devoted as

husband and father. His problem was to earn a livelihood.

He was offered a business connection in New York with ample compensation, but his fame and the confidence of all the South were not assets which he would capitalize. At length Virginians offered him the presidency of Washington College. He saw therein his opportunity to serve and to achieve. It is now an institution of National fame and bears his name with that of Washington; and there he rests. He not only laid the foundations of the rebuilding of this institution but he gave to it and to all his countrymen new ideals of peace—of reconcilliation, of rebuilding the South, of culture and of serenely facing the new day and the new conditions, with heads unbowed, with hearts unbroken, in triumph over defeat in war by daily living in an unconquerable faith and a changeless self-respect. He led an innumerable host and continues to lead them from disaster through suffering to triumph and reunion. Events had set him free to serve the United States once more.

There are those who hold that in this last phase Lee won his highest title and did his greatest work. He was the hero of the South, its leader and ideal. and never was his power in the field of warfare greater than his influence as a private citizen. The purity of his life, his devotion to duty and that greater loyalty to his God and country which moved him not only to accept the National decision of arms, but to lead the Southern people in rebuilding for themselves in the new nation, won for him an overwhelming acclaim, until now, at length he has no critic or detractor in all the land. If the South worshipped him as the knightliest of a knightly race, the North honored him for his great character, his military genius and his leadership in the rebuilding of the once-divided nation. All men everywhere recognized his greatness as a Captain and his goodness as a man. Whether he realized this can never be known; it is not unlikely that his native modesty made the realization impossible, that an inherent humility of spirit forbade that he should gather to hmself the harvest which he had earned and deserved. Perhaps he considered that it was enough for him to recall that as he rode down the lines his men could not forbear to cheer; enough to reflect with quiet satisfaction that he had kept the faith and had done his duty day by day and hour by hour, and that now in the fading hours of life he had work to do suited to his character, worthy of his spirit, and of highest import to the people who loved and trusted him. It was said of Moses that he knew not that his face shone when he returned from a converse with the Most High. The truly good man does not know that he is good. The truly great man does not suspect that he is great.

History's halos in literature and art have never been and never will be for those who walked the earth in proud assurance of their superior gifts or station, but only for those who did not suspect themselves to be worthy to be honored above others and walked in the lowly path. The most unrighteous are not the publicans and sinners, but the self-righteous; the most exalted are the humble in spirit. Theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Time with healing in its wings has

brought throughout our land understanding and appreciation. Everywhere the goodness and greatness of Lincoln is cherished as the common heritage of us all. Grant has taken his place as a great military leader. Andrew Johnson is remembered as the brave statesman and Democrat who offended the South by standing out for the Federal Union and thereafter offended the North by demanding just policies toward the South after the war. Sherman is no longer regarded in the South as the monster he was painted during his march from Tennessee to Atlanta, from Atlanta to Savannah, and Savannah to Raleigh—where he framed terms of surrender so sound and considerate that all the North accused him of throwing away the Federal victory in the hour of triumph. We know now that he was a masterful general who had proceeded upon a theory of war intended to avoid the slaughter of battles and based upon the destruction of supplies and communications. On the other hand Jackson has taken his place in the hearts of all Americans as one of the greatest captains of all time—and as good as he was great. And Lee is honored as a master of strategy, a genius in tactics, great in attack, greater yet in retreat and greater yet in his capacity to endure and to fight against overwhelming odds—greater still in the serene dignity with which he accepted the verdict of war and led a devoted people by example and prerept to rebuild the South as a part of the great Union of States that the whole world knows as America, the mightiest of nations, devoted to peace but capable of war in the highest degree.

And now in the hour of our greatest test, these and many more are the cherished possessions of a united people. We carry with us against our enemies Lincoln and Lee. Grant, Sherman and Jackson. In his memoirs after the First World War, the greatest of German leaders, General Von Hindenburg, wrote: "the American people understand war." They do, and it is because of their inheritance of the spirits of men, from Washington and Andrew Jackson until now. There are nations to the West and to the East of us who are soon to realize that the present generation of American people understand war—even modern, mechanized, total war—even as their predecessors understood the wars of their time. We are now again to bring forth new Washingtons, new Lincolns, new Grants, new Shermans, new Jacksons, and new Lees; new armies of the South and of the North, worthy of the heritage which is theirs.

It is said that on the night of the burial of Stonewall Jackson, a Confederate Captain stood at the foot of the grave and addressed him: "General Jackson, if you see Ceasar tonight, tell him we still make war.

Today all Americans can invoke the departed spirits of Washington and Andrew Jackson, Lincoln and Grant and Sherman. Of Lee and Stonewall Jackson and Joseph E. Johnston, and call upon them to bear witness to the heroes of the past and of the future that the new army of our sons and brothers, our daughters and sisters, ourselves, we mothers and fathers, North, South East and West,—still make war after the manner of a people inspired by warrior heroes unsurpassed in all the annals of men.

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF WAR

(Baptist Standard)

War is not an exception to the law of cause and effect. No war was ever an accident. Every war was brought on by violations of social order, and peace came. It is possible to have such violations of social order at any time and it is possible to have conditions that would bring about peace or continue peace indefinitely in any nation or number of nations.

There is probably no better illustration of this social condition than disease in the body. So long as every organ in the body performs its functions according to the purpose and laws of its creation the body will be in health. But when one or more organs fail to perform their duty and function according to the laws and purposes for which they were set in the body, there will be disease, pain and bodily disorder to the degree of the violation of natural law and the importance of the organ in the body.

How, then, may disease by avoided? If it comes, how may it be most speedily and effectively remediel?

It may be avoided by finding the laws of health and obeying them. Disease may be remedied by finding out the laws of health and readjusting all activities of the body to those laws. This is simply to state what all doctors and everybody else know. It cannot be done any other way; but this way will not fail and cannot fail.

The Bible contains the laws for social health. It contains all of them. There is not a human duty that was accidentally or purposely overlooked or omitted. "The law of the Lord is perfect." If the teachings of Jesus Christ were obeyed all over the world there would be no war; because the nations would function according to God's laws for them and the social order would be healthy. "He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in fire" (Psa. 40: 9). "And He shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people, and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation; neither shall they learn war any more" (Isa.-2: 4). This is a Messianic statement disclosing the result of Christ's teaching in the earth. Let us read some more of that passage: "And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow into it" (v. 2).

The work of the missionary is the way to world peace. There is no other way. The one thing that ought to be done at the earliest possible hour is to establish a church in every neighborhood on earth like the apostolic group, the church they located in Jerusalem and the churches organized in Corinth, Ephesus, all over Galatia and elsewhere. This is the only hope for national health and world peace.

KINDLING CREATIVE ABILITIES

By Hunter B. Blakely,

Who are humanity's greatest benefactors?

To me the answer seems clear, those who with imagination put forth creative abilities. They are those who sing the songs never heard before, write the books with new ideas, create the machines to work new wonders, perform the miracles that men before called impossible, and dream the visions which chart the progress of mankind.

Who are some of these benefactors? Among them we number back in the dim past that man who first discovered the use of fire, those early workers who learned to reap and sow, and the primitive miners who discovered treasures in the bowels of the earth. There are the men of great ideas; Prophets like Isaiah with his vision of God and Jeremiah with his new ideas of the worth and responsibility of the individual, thinkers Socrates and Plato laboring over the dream of making Athens a more ideal society, poets like Homer and Virgil, and artists like Phidias and Raphael. Among the benefactors must be listed mathematicians and scientists, discoverers and explorers, inventors and builders, all the creators of new things —Euclid and Einstein, Aristotle and Louis Pasteur, Harvey and Banting, Columbus and Livingstone, McCormick and Edison, Goethals and Henry Kiser. Then there are those men and women who set standards of new attitudes towards their fellow men—Amos, Francis of Assisi, William Carey, Florence Nightingale, William Booth, Lord Shaftesbury, and our own Woodrow Wilson and Jane Addams. Towering above all benefactors is the Incomparable One, Jesus Christ: It is He with His lofty imagination, His supreme loyalty to God and His bruised hands, who has done more to lift humanity upward and Godward than all the other benefactors combined.

The benefactors were dreamers.

"Dreamer of dreams! We take the taunt with gladness,
Knowing that God, beyond the years you see,
Can build those dreams which count with you for madness,
Into the substance of the world to be."

It is a function of educators to kindle the creative abilities. Liberal Arts Education awakens the imagination and creative ability. As has been well said:

"When the mind reaches into the great fields of knowledge and pursues the study of the story of man, the wonder of science, the imagery of poetry, then the horizon of the mind expands. It comes to possess the quality of imagination and, with this, creative ability—the two greatest and rarest gifts of man."

When education around the planet is being blacked out by war, it is important for all to see and to understand that certain great qualities of mind and spirit are necessary if one is to make an effective contribution to society. These qualities have been summarized as "the power and versatility of the mind, intellectual resourcefulness, the capacity for sus-

tained effort, a sense of values, insight, perspective, understanding, an appreciation of goodness, beauty and truth, and spiritual depth."

These are essentially the fruits of a liberal education, when undergirded by religious convictions and a supreme loyalty to God.

DOUGHBOY

Silver wings do not gleam
Upon your brave young breast,
Blaring bands do not lead
You into battle's blistering test.
Cheering crowds do not applaud
When your 'outfit' marches by,
No hero's welcome waits for you
You simply fight and die.
Glamour girls and romance
Never seem to seek you out,
You're just a lad in Khaki
Uncertain what its all about.

Yet you, and a million more
Form the Army's mighty power,
You, the lowly Doughboy
Young manhood in its flower.
When men must form and charge
Thru' muck and mire and slime,
Its you who wade thru' Hell
To take, and hold in Line.
When dive-bombers are roaring down
To blast your Buddies into bits,
Its you, who gamely fight it out
You, who grimly count the 'hits'

Armored Divisions and Planes
All have their jobs to do,
But final defeat of the Enemy
Rests on the shoulders of you.
Sometimes ragged, cold and hungry
With 'ammo' running low,
Somehow finding strength to meet
The Commander's sign to go.
When the last chapter is written
With the Axis a broken toy,
Its then the world will remember
The Supreme American Doughboy.

—By Jim Gibson

THE REMARKABLE RICKENBACKER

(Concord Daily TRibune)

There are not many Americans whose exploits span two wars. A few went into the Revolutionary war as privates and were commissioned as higher officers in the War of 1812. Gen. Robert E. Lee and other notables laid the groundwork in the Mexican War for that greater conflict a dozen years later. Gen. John "Black Jack" Pershing got his early training in the Spanish-American War and then took command of our armies in World War I. A number of our men fighting in the ranks at the Marne, Bellau Wood and St. Michel are now fighting the Nazis and Japs in a far greater drama today. Most of these men jumped from obscurity in one war to fame and glory in the next. We have in mind a man who, like a comet, picked-up his flaming path of glory a few weeks back where he left it a quarter century ago.

We refer to the remarkable Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, leading American ace in World War I, who just lately came through alive after three harrowing weeks floating with a few companions on a life raft in the South Pacific. His life to date would be a natural as a locale for a motion picture epic. It will doubtless be given to screen devotees as Homer gave the Odyssey to his people after the war.

In both wars Rickenbacker performed a solo role, first winning his spurs in tilting with German planes in days when they were referred to as "orange crates," and motors were wheezy and had the nasty habit of "going dead" at the critical moment. Parachutes were not standard equipment in those days to break the earthward plunge of unfortunate pilots. Eddie broke into aviation with the pioneers. It took courage and stamina to make the grade.

A quarter century later Capt. Rickenbaker was sent on an important mission in the South Pacific. Again, he was one of the leading players in a war drama that is being enacted on the seven seas. His huge plane was forced down at sea for lack of gas and for three weeks the daughty Ace and his companions, with the exception of Sergt. Alex Kacxmarczyk who died, contrived to subsist on grit and endurance plus a sea gull and a few fish caught later with parts of the bird as bait.

In their anxiety to get away from the plane before it sank, the men left their rations and water behind. A few oranges were their only subsistence for six of the 21 days before being rescued. The heart-wringing anguish of seeing pilots looking for you on three days without being discovered would have melted the confidence of less stout hearted men—but not Eddie Rickenbacker.

When the hero finished reciting his tale in Washington, Secretary of War Stimson commented briefly, "It's an epic; let it stand at that." Probably Stimson was too visibly affected by the story to say more, but we feel that the account of those 21 days will endure as an inspiration to American youth.

Particularly at this hour, our country needs men like Rickenbacker, and it is with thankfulness that his life

has been spared to help in carrying the big task confronting us to completion.

The reuniting of Captain Rickenbacker and his wife just before Christmas was a fitting climax to the episode.

———:———

MY OLD CLOAK OF DREAMS

On a fairy loom the pattern grew—
Of this worn, old cloak of mine;
And gay were the threads of varied hue
That crossed the rare design.

To the Eden of innocence it came—
The gift of a kindly Fate;
Ere yet the archangel's sword of flame
Had barred the entering gate.

Bravely 'twas flaunted in days of youth,
When I walked 'neath sunny skies;
When the soul held as of surest truth
Its dreams of high empries.

I held it close in manhood's years,
As shield from gathering care—
Its touch could open the fountain of tears,
Or move me to do and to dare.

I and my cloak have grown old together—
Its colors show many a stain;
But though frayed and worn by wind and weather,
The dreams once evoked still remain.

If prayer reaches to Heaven above,
I would ask of Him who heeds and redeems;
"Dear God, grant me this of Thy infinite love,
That I may hold to my old cloak of dreams."

For I know in the land where dreams come true,
And the dreamer awakes from his sleep,
This old cloak of mine will be fashioned anew,
Its beauty forever to keep.

—Joseph E. Morcombe

VICTORY TAX AND WORTH IT

(Morganton News-Herald)

After January 1st next, Uncle Sam will extract from eight to ten million dollars a day from the pay envelope and pay checks of workmen earning more than $12 each week. The employer will withhold the tax from the weekly remuneration (except in cases of household servants and farm workers) and will make the return for 1943 on March 15, 1944, and pay the tax at that time.

To those in the lower income brackets a 5 per cent tax on their incomes will mean real sacrifice. Yet they will welcome it as a means of speeding up the war. One man's remark expresses the general feeling: "It is worth every cent of it to help exterminate the rats."

Most employers don't quite realize what they will be up against in acting as tax collectors for Uncle Sam. An extra clerk will be needed in the average small office, while large concerns will need several additional clerks apiece.

Here is what the clerk is supposed to do as revealed by a recent Treasury Department announcement:

"Employers must collect the tax every pay day; keep an individual record of the amount collected from every person on the pay roll, transmit every three months the amount collected; and, in addition to quarterly covering reports, submit at the end of each year a statement showing how much has been taken from each employe's pay."

This will necessitate two separate accounts for each worker on a firm's payroll; one to cover his pay as earned; the other to cover the taxes withheld from his pay.

The Treasury stipulates that within a month after the end of each year, the employer must give each employee a statement indicating what amount has been deducted from his pay for the Victory tax. This means 52 separate entries for each worker when paid on a weekly basis, with statement made in triplicate, one copy for the worker, another for the government and the third one for the employer's information.

Not even the government expert computers of national spending can figure out the number of additional clerks needed to handle provisions of this new tax law.

It has been estimated that 45,000,000 men and women will pay the Victory tax with perhaps two-thirds of them paying the regular income taxes in addition. This will mean the Department of Internal Revenue opening a separate ledger account with each of these millions of people. Each individual account must be checked and audited. The credit to be refunded each person after the war is over must be computed. Victory tax collections are estimated to run to $3,600,000,000 annually, and post-war credits totaling more than a billion dollars.

Such is one of the many angles in fighting the greatest and most epoch smashing war of all history.

THE NEGRO SPIRITUAL

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

One of the notable changes of our day is the larger place gained by the negro spiritual in American life. The negro school and the radio have magnified these songs in a marvelous way, and then, too, the whites have come to appreciate the significance of this music in disclosing the deeper experience of a people who are so deeply religious and have lived in such close contact with the elemental forces of our life.

These songs are outbursts of religious fervor and, in many cases, are influenced by conditions which surrounded the people in whose minds they were born. As the negro labored in the fields of the South out of his heart burst these spirituals of such fine fervor and of such fine religious significance. It has remained for these last decades to give proper place to this type of music. Especially popular are these spirituals with the Southern people who have been so intimately associated with the Negro through all the generations of our Southland.

Those who have studied these songs so deeply religious and so vilally a part of the things they have felt and suffered are agreed that the Negro spirituals express a sympathy of feeling between words and music not found in many compositions of learned musicians. In many songs that we see today, the tune gives one an idea and the words another. In the spiritual the words spoken convey a certain idea and the tune sung or played gives a similar feeling. For instance, the originators of these songs would never have taken words such as "Nobody Knows De Trouble I See" and placed them to a happy tune like "Every Time I Feel the Spirit." In every instance words and music harmonize and herein lies a thread of real artistry. Some of these songs are sad and some are happier. This is true because of the difference in living conditions of the people who originated them. In different sections there are different interpretations, different words and slightly varying melodies of songs that originally were the same.

It is well for us to keep in mind the fact that at first these songs were not written down but carried from place to place in the mind and feelings of the negro, being passed on to the generations. Frequently changed conditions caused slight variations in the songs, but the general themes remained the same. We do well to appreciate more fully the contribution the negro has made to our American life.

———:———

Good thoughts, though God accept them, yet toward men are little better than good dreams except they be put in action.—Bacon.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The effects of tire and gasoline rationing are quite noticeable at the School on Wednesdays, the regular visiting days. For several weeks past there have been very few visitors to see the boys.

—:—

A group of boys, under the supervision of Mr. Walker, killed several hogs this week. These fine porkers will be an enjoyeble addition to the daily menus at the School for quite some time.

—:—

"South of Tahiti" was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night. A comedy, "Boogie-Woogie Bugle Boy," was shown at the same time. Both are Universal productions.

—:—

Forrest Davis and Millard Ellege, of Cottage Nos. 10 and 13, respectively, were taken to Concord last Tuesday, where they had their tonsils removed by Dr. R. B. Rankin. Both lads are now in our infirmary and are recuperating nicely.

—:—

On Friday and Saturday of last week, eight new boys were admitted to the School. After a two weeks' stay in the Receiving Cottage, these lads will be placed in other cottages, and will enter into the regular activities in the school rooms and vocational departments.

—:—

For the past few months, the boys in our textile plant have just been given practice work, but they are now working on real production, and are doing very nicely. This department, in charge of Mr. T. F. Blume, occupies a most important place in the School's vocational activities, as maay of the boys come to us from textile centers, and upon returning to their homes, will be prepared to obtain regular employment. The cloth now being woven in our plant will be used at the institution. Most of it will be made up into bed linen and pajames for the use of the boys.

—:—

James Carroll Wiggins, of Cottage No. 8, was taken to the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, on January 11th, where he underwent an operation for appendicitis. He has recovered sufficiently to be returned to the School infirmary. We are glad to report that he is getting along fine, and will soon be able to take his regular place in his cottage. In speaking of his stay at the hospital, James said that a number of people from Concord visited him, leaving him gifts of money and reading material.

—:—

A few days ago, a brief note came to this office from our old friend, Mr. Paul Caldwell, of Staten Island, New York. "Doctor Poul" is a native of Cabarrus County, and for many years has been the chief pharmacist at Sailor's Snug Harbor, famous institution for old sailors, located on Staten Island. He has been a most loyal and enthusiastic supporter of the Training School since its establishment in 1909. and for more than twenty-five years has been a regular subscriber to our little magazine. In renewing his subscription, he said: "I must say that I

find many things in The Uplift which bear ut its name, especially the choice of poetry and abstracts found in its columns." Dortor Paul also stated that he had just been looking at a number of snow scenes, snapped at the School, which we sent him last year, and added: "I get those pictures out whenever someone up here asks if it ever snows in North Carolina."

We were delighted to hear from Doctor Paul, and trust we may have the pleasure of seeing him next summer, when he makes his annual visit to Concord. When in this section, he seldom fails to come out to the School. The only disappointing thing about such trips is that his stay with us is always much too brief.

—:—

Another letter from Ivan (Tiny) Morrozoff, a former member of our printing class, now in the United States Army Air Corps, revealed that he had been transferred from Keesler Field, Mississippi, to Camp Lee, Virginia. In a previous letter he wrote that as part of his technical training, he was one of a group of rookies who had to take a large motor apart. Concerning this test, he writes: "The engine upon which I was working ran fine, except a few little knocks, which were soon corrected. This week, I am taking up the study of body and gears, and I'm going to pass, too." He stated that Billy Conn, well-known heavyweight boxer, was boxing instructor at Camp Lee, and that he had seen him in action several times. In speaking of his regiment, Tiny said: "Am in the best regiment at the camp. My company paraded the other day, and was commended publicly by the Colonel, something which the Lieutenant said was not done very oftel, so we must have looked O K. Well, I'm glad I was in it. I did my best, as did everyone in the outfit. We have another one coming up this week, and I'm going to try to help the company make a good showing. Will let you know how we make out. Remember me to everybody at the School, and here's lots of luck for yourself."

—:—

Johnnie Holmes, another of our old boys who is in the United States Army, and has been stationed at Camp Livingston, Louisiana, for some time, wrote us a few days ago, as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Hope you and all the folks at the old school are well these fine days. I'm O K and still going strong. Am getting copies of The Uplift quite regularly now, and want to thank you for them. They are very interesting. Hope you all had a fine Christmas at the school. I'm hoping that this year just started will be much brighter and will bring peace to the world.

"I now have a new assignment, that of showing all the camp's training films to the troops, and so far have found it quite interesting. I showed eighteen different movies yesterday, and the attendance for the day was about fifteen thousand. You can see that I'm being kept busy. Still working seven days a week, but don't mind it a bit when I think what it's all being done for. My wife is doing fine now. She is still in Washington, D. C., and has just received a promotion. She is now a 'third-grader'.

"Had a three-days' pass over New Year's, and went down to New Orleans to see the Sugar Bowl football game. I certainly enjoyed it, especially since my team won. What a

town that is! I really had a swell time. Enclosed are a couple of my latest snap-shots. Hope you like 'em. Let me hear from you now and then. Sincerely, John Holmes."

—:—

Letters from old boys now in the armed forces come to us quite regularly these days. The most recent one was from Bill Morgan, formerly a member of the printing class, who enlisted in the United States Navy last November. He is receiving basic training at the U. S. Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Illinois. He writes in part, as follows:

"Received The Uplift, and liked the article about Christmas at the School. The boys must have had a fine time. The main thing I want to tell you about is that I shall soon be in a service school. Will start one week after coming back from my leave, and will then write you as to where I am and what I am doing. This school period will last for six months, at the end of which time I hope to know something about a radio. Will then be able to operate a radio, take it apart and remedy any trouble. Saw my name in The Uplift on the list of boys now in service, and thanks for putting it there. You will remember that I told you that some day I would walk into your office, dressed in uniform—well, you can be looking for me in about twelve days. Will then get my leave. Here's hoping to see you soon. Sincerely yours, Bill Morgan."

—:—

Rev. R. C. Whisenhunt, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the parable of the talents, as found in the 25th chapter of Matthew. In his message to the boys he spoke of three types of Christians, which he classed as follows: The row-boat, the sail-boat, and the steamboat types.

Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt described a row-boat as a means of transportation that will go only when pushed or pulled. This applies to some church members, he added, who will go to church only when they are shown special attention by the preacher in his visits to their homes. They have to be pushed or pulled in order to get them to attend church. He advised the boys to learn a lesson from this, and not always have to be pushed along in their studies, in their work, or in the performance of other duties.

The speaker then called attention to the sail-boat type of Christian, one who goes only in the direction in which the wind happens to be blowing, traveling only so fast as driven by the wind. When there is no wind to carry him along, he simply stands still. There seems nothing for him to do but to remain inactive—waiting for the breeze to move him. This is a very listless sort of life. He warned his youthful listeners not to allow themselves to become that type of individuals, but urged them to be steadfast in purpose, and not be driven by the different winds that blow.

Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt then pointed out the value of the steamboat type of people. A steamboat travels under its own power, and can go at any time and in any direction, regardless of whether the wind blows or not. Its strength comes from an inner power. The true Christian is very much like this type of vessel, continued the speaker. The thing that drives people is for them to develop a profound

interest, with a definite goal ahead. The Christian's course is charted by the will of God, as found in the Bible. The power that drives the Christian spirit, and comes only from God, will always enable that person to move in the right direction.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt advised the boys, as they embark upon the great sea of life, to let the will of God be their motivating power. He assured them that if moved by that mighty force, all obstacles might be overcome, and the end of the journey find them safely moored in the haven of God's Kingdom.

———:———

IF I HAD A BOY

If I had a boy, I would say to him Son,
Be fair and be square in the race you must run,
Be grave if you lose and be meek if you win,
Be better and nobler than I've ever been,
Be honest and fearless in all that you do
And honor the name I have given to you.

If I had a boy, I would want him to know
We reap in this life just about as we sow,
And we get what we earn, be it little or great,
Regardless of luck and regardless of fate,
I would teach him and show him the best that I could,
That it pays to be honest and upright and good.

I would make him a pal and a partner of mine,
And show him the things in this world that are fine.
I would show him the things that are wicked and bad,
For I figure this knowledge should come from his Dad.
I would walk with him, talk with him, play with him, too.
And to all of my promises strive to be true.

We would grow up together and I'd be a boy
And share in his troubles and share in his joy.
We would work out problems together, and then
We would lay out our plans when we both would be men.
And oh, what a wonderful joy it would be.
No pleasure in life could be greater to me.

—Anon.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 17, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Fred Carswell
Ira Montgomery
Weaver Ruff
Dillard Shelton
Lee St. Clair
Paul Whitley
Harry Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
William Butler
Thomas Barnes
N. A. Bennett
Stearld Cline
Wade Fisher
Leonard Lovelace
Durwood Martin
James Pitman
Jack Ray
Jack Reeves
Lenoard Robinson
Emerson Sawyer
James Shell
Russell Stikes
Kenneth Tipton
Luther Vaughn

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

James Blake
Robert Coleman
Burley Edmondson
B. J. Mayberry
William Painter
Ralph Powell
Samuel Pritchett
Earl Smith
William Schoppell

COTTAGE NO. 4

Edward Batten
Eugene Ballew
Elbert Brown
Leroy Childers
William Davis
Paul Green
Donald Hobbs
Douglas Holt
Marvin Howard
Paul Smith
Robert Sprinkle
George Ward

COTTAGE NO. 5

Charles Brookshire
Millard Ellege
William Gentry
Jesse King
Allen Morris
John Mazoo
Hoyt Newell
Melvin Rogers
Willford Seegers
Eldred Watts

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Douglas Daniels
Gerald Kerman
Marvin Lipscomb
Rufus Massingill
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean
Jesse Peavy
Reitzel Southern
John Rhodes
Joseph Turner

COTTAGE NO. 7

Albert Allen
Olin Bingman
Joseph Case
Robert Helms
John Linville
John McLean
Leroy Pate
Marshall Prestwood
Jerry Ray
Edgar Shell
Milton Talley
John Tolley
Thomas Ware

COTTAGE NO. 8

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 9

Gerald Amos
Thurman Daniels
Edward Guffey
James Hale

Leonard Church
Wilbur Hardin
William Hart
Morris Johnson
Marvin Matheson
Albert Newton
Lawrence Rice

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
W. C. Boyd
Marvin Bradley
Noah Brown
Eugene Cline
William Guffey
Richard Kye
Robert Moses
T. B. Nowell
William O'Brien
Everett Stamey
Fred Stewart
Ray Taylor
Ervin Wolfe
Martin Walters
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Robert Caudle
Aubrey Fargis
William Harding
Ray Harris
Robert Holbert
Lawrence Hord
William E. Lanford
Roy Mumford
Robert Moose
Charles Pitman
John Pritchard
Peter Tuttle
Alvis Watkins
Theodore Young

COTTAGE NO. 15

Ennis Miller
William Willis
Evans Watson

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hiram Atkinson
Roland Brooks
Raymond Brooks
Frank Chavis
Paul Deal
Floyd Fields
James E. Hall
Herbert Lochlear
James Lochlear
Leroy Lowry
Eugene Moose
Donald Sides

INFIRMARY

Robert Padgett
Newman Tate
Harlan Warren

LIVING FOR OTHERS

To sow that others may reap; to work and plan for those who are to occupy the earth when we are dead; to project our influence far ineo the future, aid live beyond our time; to rule as the Kings of Thought, over men who are yet unborn; to bless with the glorious gifts of truth and light and liberty those who will never know the name of the giver, nor care in what grave his unregarded ashes repose, is the proudest destiny of a man.

C 56
(Orange County)
(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library
U. N. C.
CAROLINA

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 30, 1943 NO. 5

HIGHER

He followed his dream, and men counted it madness;
He followed his dream up the mountain's steep side.
"See, here in the valley are music and gladness;
Why then take the highway, the hard way?" they cried.
At length, from above them we heard a faint calling,
His scorners turned quickly from feasting and play
To look to the mountain height, grim and appalling,
"The luck of a fool—he has treasure!" said they.
With ropes and with staves they toiled after, and found him,
Midway of the mountain, his treasures outspread.
"Let us share them!" they clamored, pressed rudely around him.
"Take all—it is yours; I go higher," he said.

—Jessie Brown Pounds.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
THE PIRATE FIGHTER	By A. H. Levy	8
TREE FARM PROGRAM	(News-Letter)	9
OUR UNDERRATED PRESIDENT	By E. L. Marshall	10
THE ADVENTURING SPIRIT	By Dr. H. B. Blakely	12
ANCIENT CALENDARS WERE LIKE PLAYING CARDS	By Ashton Chapman	14
THE CHEROKEES	By R. L. Holloman	18
PRIORITIES HIT FASHIONS	By Jane Eads	20
GINGERBREAD MOLDS	By Julia W. Wolfe	22
THE MAN WHO WEIGHED THE WORLD	(Exchange)	23
LEASE OF THE TUSCARORAS	By H. Z. Tucker	25
INSTITUTION NOTES		27
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

U. S. FIGHTING MAN

I'm a graduate of West Point, and I came up from the ranks;
And I've never had a dollar, and I own a dozen banks.
I'm a corporal, lieutenant, sergeant, major, brigadier,
I'm an ensign, captain, private, pilot, gunner, bombardier.
I'm a boilermaker's helper; I was fullback for the Bears;
I'm an auction bridge instructor, and I worked a farm on shares;
An Annapolis Midshipman, by the Severn I was taught;
And I got my wings at Randolph, and I learned to fly at Scott;
I'm a fellow at old Harvard; and I never went to school;
I'm a fine white-collar worker; and I used to skin a mule.
I'm a seven-hitch Coast Guardsman, and boot-camp-fresh Marine;
I'm a grocery clerk from Brooklyn, and a logger from Racine,
I'm a salesman from Milwaukee, and a butcher from St. Jo;
I'm a bartender from Reno, and a pug from Kokomo.
I'm a transient cotton-picker, I'm an engineer from Tech;
I'm a French-Italian-English-Irish-Swedish-Polish-Czech.
I'm a ring-tailed catawampus when it's time to start a scrap,
I'm a walking, talking nightmare to a Nazi or a Jap.
I'm ten thousand different fellows, multiplied a thousand times;
And you'll find me at the moment in a dozen different climes;
I'm the roughest, toughest hombre since the day that time began;
I am youth; I'm strength; I'm manhood;
I'm the U. S. fighting man!

—Selected.

———:———

BOYS INTERESTED IN MUSIC

Many of the boys of this institution are members of the band, and are being instructed in band music by Mr. Ralph Brausa, who is music supervisor in the city schools of Concord. The instructor speaks most flatteringly of the interest and talents of our lads. He said the enthusiasm shown by the boys of Jackson Training School as they aspire to become musicians, makes teaching a real joy. The

band has lately been organized, and the progress already made is most satisfying.

The under privileged child has so few advantages that he usually makes use of every moment, and leaves in his trail many youngsters who have never felt the pang of wanting something. The under privileged is not always the problem child, but over privileged are also frequently recognized as incorrigibles. Too much of the world's goods in many instances is as harmful as not to have enough of the finer things found in homes.

John Philip Sousa, the "March King," came from humble environment, and he received international recognition as a bandmaster and composer. There are thousands of other successful characters in this and other countries, who blazed their way from the bottom rail to the top, and it behooves individuals as well as the states, to give all classes a chance. We are happy to know that the boys of the Training School band are making fine progress.

* * * * * * * *

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

The following selection from The Messenger, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, tells of the bond of fellowship between the people of France and those of the United States. This feeling existed fifty-six years ago, and so far as the majority of the citizens of these two countries is concerned, it is the same today. Read:

> In 1886, the Statue of Liberty was given to the United States by the people of France—a gift of appreciation and friendship. It was proposed soon after the Civil War by a group of Frenchmen led by E. de Laboulaye. Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, sculptor of Alsace, was commissioned to do the work. The United States Congress authorized President Hayes to select a site on Bedloe's Island. The gift was made possible through the good will and generosity of 180 cities, 40 general councils, many societies and thousands of individuals.
>
> The Statue weighs 450,000 pounds; the copper alone weighs 200,000 pounds; 40 persons can stand in the hand; there are 168 steps in the Statue to the head; from the foundation to the torch the height is 305 feet 6 inches; the pedestal is 89 feet in height and the base is 62 feet. In the left arm Liberty carries a book representing the law, which has on it the date, in block letters (July 4, 1776) signifying Liberty based on law.

For fifty-six years this Statue has been viewed by newcomers as well as those American citizens returning from abroad—a symbol of Liberty and appreciated most by citizens who have gone away to foreign lands to discover that Liberty, if it is anywhere, is most of all in this country.

One of the most effective ways to discover and value the freedom of the United States is to get away from it. Another possible way is to lose it without going anywhere. This would be worse than going away from it, because by going away for awhile one can always come back.

As far as the French people are concerned their feeling toward the United States is still kindly and friendly. The names of Laval or Vichy are treacherous, double-cross words to them. They represent a part of France, but not the French people.

The French people hope some day to have the kind of liberty that the Statue of Liberty represents.

* * * * * * * *

THE MARCH OF DIMES

The birthday of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, January 30th, marks the time when interest is renewed in the war waged against the insidious disease—infantile paralysis. This fight is imperative, and if the people of the nation stand united in purpose, there is no doubt that in the course of time scientists will find a treatment that will reduce the number of victims in the future. All money realized by the "March of Dimes" will be equally divided—fifty per cent will be used locally, and the balance sent to national headquarters, to be used reseach work. This is a cause that carries its own appeal, and is one that will elicit a response from the class who think feelingly of those less fortunate. A victim of infantile paralysis usually becomes a cripple for life, and in such cases is debarred from the privileges that make life a real joy. To give a dime is a very small contribution when realizing the objective is a stronger citizenship for our country.

* * * * * * * *

STEPHEN DECATUR

Stephen Decatur, one of the most daring officers in the early days of the United States Navy, was born at Sinnepuxent, Maryland, in

January, 1770. In 1798 he enlisted in the navy as a midshipman, was promoted to the rank of lieutenant the followiny year, and in 1803, during the war with Tripoli, took command of the "Enterprise," of the Mediterranean squadron.

On the night of February 16, 1804, Decatur took a small vessel, the "Intrepid," manned by a picked band of Americans, into the harbor of Tripoli, set fire to the frigate "Philadelphia," which had been captured by Tripolitan pirates, and under a fierce fire from the enemy's batteries, made his way back to the fleet. Not a man in his detail was killed and only one was wounded. This act, pronounced by the English Admiral Nelson to be the "most daring of the age," won him a sword of honor and appointment as captain.

Early in the War of 1812 Decatur performed many daring feats, and in 1813 was given the honorary title of commodore. In 1815, while trying to run the British blockade, his flagship, the "President," struck on a bar off Sandy Hook, N. J., and was disabled. Forced to fight against heavy odds, Decatur was compelled to strike his colors, and was taken captive to Bermuda. He was soon paroled, and in the same year, took command of the operations against Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, forcing those countries to respect the rights of other nations on the Mediterranean Sea.

On his return to the United States, he was made navy commisioner, holding that office until his death, which occurred in a duel with Commodore James Barron, in March, 1820.

Particularly famous is Decatur's "toast ," which he is said to have uttered at a public gathering: "Our country! In her intercouse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but, our country, right or wrong."

* * * * * * * *

Everybody likes a human interest story, most especially so if good sportsmanship is displayed. Also the story is doubly interesting if made spicy by having one of our soldier boys appear on the scene. The story recently came to us, telling of a woman, handsomely gowned, and doubtless spoiled by having every wish satisfied. The lady in question was riding on a train, and went to the diner, and ordered her breakfast. She was given her allotment of

coffee—one cup. She drank it and called for the second cup. "Madam," said the waiter, "I'm not permitted to serve the second cup of coffee." Then the lid blew off, and everybody, from the President of the United States down to the least official connected with the Federal Government, was scored in no uncertain terms. There was a soldier in the diner who, after listening to the severe scathing, arose from his seat, took his coffee, and said to the nervous woman, "Lady, I gladly give you my cup of coffee, because I want to do all that is possible to help Uncle Sam win this war." Take this tale for what it is worth.. Whether true or not true, we know that we do have in our midst those who do not know the meaning of self-denial.

* * * * * * * *

FARM AHOY!

Those who believed that the sailor and the farmer never got together outside a Latin grammar lesson, where, it was stressed, the only similarity was a feminine ending for a masculine noun, will be properly impressed by the picture of sailors picking cotton "down South." A hundred able bodied seamen of His Majesty's Navy, it is reported, were resting from stiff sea engagements, near Raleigh, North Carolina, when they heard that a shortage of cotton pickers threatened the crop, and they went to the farmer's help.

This reversal of "Lexington and Concord," where the "embattled" farmers fought against the royal armed forces, is an outstanding illustration of the complete change in British and American relations since the days of the Revolution. In the words of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera,

A British tar is a soaring soul,
As free as a mountain bird.
His energetic fist should be ready to resist
A dictatorial word.

This resisting together, by land and by sea, is going to save far more than the cotton crop.—The Christian Science Monitor.

THE PIRATE FIGHTER

By A. Hoyt Levy

Stephen Decatur's fame seems to rest upon the frail foundation of his having exclaimed: "My country, may she always be right, but right or wrong, my country!" There is no record as to when and where this declamation was made. A good guess would be that it was delivered as a toast at one of the many dinners given in his honor when he returned a conquering hero, from his battles with the pirates of the Barbary States.

From a school history standpoint, it is well that Decatur is best known by a patriotic phrase. Besides, it was of much help to the sculptors who, after Decatur's death, needed a slogan with a punch to enliven the marble pedestals upon which our hero was placed.

But Stephen Decatur's memory was worthy of something more than a phrase. For in his life, and in his devotion to his country, there was adventure, humor, romance and tragedy —all of the ingredients that make life worth living.

This being a biography, even though a "short, short" it should properly start off with the subject's birth, his father's business, his schooling and his rise in the career which he followed. But these facts in Decatur's life all lack the color that invites reading. For it was not until he was given command of a division of gunboats and was instructed to lick into submission the Tripolitans whose racketeering pirates had been preying upon American shipping and had captured the newly built frigate Philadelphia and all its crew that Decatur's performance merited public attention.

But before we go further into Stephen Decatur's life, let me bring up an inconsistency of which we are too often guilty. It is not palatable eating one's own words, however fine they sounded when spoken, but that is frequently the penalty of over-boasting.

As I recall my school history lessons they placed great stress upon the determination and valor of our early patriots who won for us the precious freedom that we now enjoy. But the birth of our nation was not without labor pains. Though our victories and successes are given pages of laudation in our history books, our failures and defeats received scant paragraphs.

The words of Patrick Henry, "millions for defense but not a cent for tribute" were still ringing in our ears when our treasury, so nigh depleted that it could ill spare the cent, handed over a million dollars to the Dey of Algiers as ransom for the release of American ships and men captured by his pirates. But even this tribute did not protect us from the Barbary pirates. And here is where Stephen Decatur enters the picture.

It so happened that in celebration of one thing or another, the Bashaw of Barbary, top racketeer of that day, sent as a gift to the Sultan of Turkey a shipload of choice Rockettes just as our hero came along with his string of gunboats. And herein lies the ingredient "humor." With little difficulty and, I suspect, less objection on the part of its lively cargo, Decatur captured the vessel, renamed it the "Intrepid" and on a bright, moonlight night sailed boldly into Tripolitan harbor. Here,

after a number of hand-to-hand battles with the pirates in which he displayed brilliant strategy and great personal bravery, the Bashaw became so alarmed by his loss of ships and men, and so concerned about the fate of his cuties, that he sued for peace, surrendered all American prisoners captured in previous piratical attacks and promised to be a good boy ever after. As to the final fate of the Rockettes, or where they were kept during the fighting, or which side they cheered, history has left that to the historians of Hollywood for future publication.

It is especially interesting to note at this time that the area of the present fighting between the British Navy and their Axis enemies is in the same waters where Decatur fought and won what has been aptly referred to as the "biggest little battle in American history."

Decatur's next opportunity came with the War of 1812 where he distinguished himself, after which he was placed on the Board of Navy Commissioners. He had married a Southern belle (and here you have the ingredient Romance) who was reputed to have rejected Jerome Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon, as a suitor.

It was while serving on the Board of Navy Commissioners that Tragedy entered. James Barron, a former Captain of the frigate Chesapeake, applied for the command of the new frigate Columbus which was soon to be launched. Barron had been court-martialed for having surrendered the Chesapeake to a British ship-of-war without putting up a fight to a finish. Found guilty, he was sentenced to suspension without pay for five years. Because he believed Barron unfit to command a ship-of-war, Decatur opposed his reinstatement as Commander. Barron, who had suffered dire poverty during his suspension and had served a term in Debtor's Prison, became embittered against Decatur whom he held responsible for all of his troubles. This was at a period when arguments and insults were settled on "the field of honor." In the duel that followed, Decatur fell mortally wounded. His last words were, "I wish I had fallen in defense of my rountry."

Born January, 1779. Died March, 1820. Adventure—Humor—Romance—Tragedy.

TREE FARM PROGRAM

(News Letter.)

In recongnition of the importance and value of the forest products industries of North Carolina and the desirability of perpetuating the state's supply of timber, the North Carolina Forestry Association has assumed the sponsorship of a Tree Farms Program as one of its major activities. The Primary objectives of the Program are (1) Fire protection, (2) Selective harvesting of timber crops, (3) Reforestation, (4) Information.

1—Fire is the greatest enemy of the forests and fire prevention and

control constitute the first and most effective step in any plan of conservation. The North Carolina Tree Farms Program seeks a solution to the problems of fire protection.

2—The judicious utilization of our forest resources, looking to the production of continuous crops of trees, should be based on a system of selective harvesting. Such a system permits the harvesting of a part of the timber crop at regular intervals, while maintaining the growing stock for future use.

3—Through the exercise of fire control and selective harvesting, our timber may be utilized, preserved and increased. Natural reseeding, with adequate fire protection, will provide an abundance of young growth. On idle or barren lands it is desirable to plant forest tree seedlings and such planting will be encouraged and promoted wherever advisable.

4—Of particular importance in such a program is the dissemination of information to the owners of forest lands and to the public, with a view to urging the protection and growing of trees and the development of better forestry methods and practices.

As a means to this end it is proposed to designate, mark and publicize a system of Tree Farms throughout the state. Tree Farms is the name selected for areas, large or small, dedicated to the growing of forest crops for commerical purposes, protected and managed for continuous forest production. This term will be used to designate the application of commonsense forestry practices to the many types of privately owned forest lands.

To qualify a Tree Farm the following requirements must be met:

(a) The owner must protect his property from forest fires. This may be accomplished by cooperating in the forest fire control program promulgated by the North Carolina Department of Conservation and Development in localities where state protection is available, or through his own efforts under advice from the State Forester where organized protection is not available.

(b) The land owner must practice selective logging or other controlled partial cutting, with the view of assuring continuous production of commercial timber crops, in accordance with the practices approved by the State Forester.

OUR UNDERRATED PRESIDENT

By Edward L. Marshall in The State

"You are President," said Chief Justice Chase, as Andrew Johnson took the oath and handed back the Bible. "In this solemn hour may God support, guide and bless you in your arduous duties."

In all political history, no man had fought his way from so low a start in life to so high an office.

How many State legislators who come to Raleigh know that Andrew Johnson was born in the shadow of the tall trees which adorn the Capitol square? That was in 1808, when the

South was led by an aristocracy of rich planters and landowners. No person outside this small group could even aspire to hold public office.

Little Andrew's parents were poor whites. When he was three years old his father died, and his boyhood and youth were spent in dire poverty and ignorance. His few playmates were also children of an oppressed and despised class, lowest of all in the social order.

Small wonder that the only words that are marked on the shaft that rises over his grave are: "Andrew Johnson, Seventeenth President of the United States. His faith in the People Never Wavered."

How many boys and girls who enjoy our fine State schools know that this poor Raleigh boy, who later was to occupy the White House, never in his whole life saw the inside of a schoolroom as a student?

How many of our candidates for public office can believe that this native of North Carolina became Alderman, Mayor, Elector, Legislator, Congressman, Governor of Tennessee, United States Senator, Military Governor, Vice President and President of the United States and United States Senator again; and yet, held no academic degree and never even entered a law school? He never had access to a library until he became a member of Congress.

The only profession he had was that of merchant tailor, and his little wooden frame shop served as a forum for local debates in his earlier years. But time has seen fit to bestow upon Andrew Johnson alone the title, "Defender of the Constitution."

How many poor children and young men and women who would enter public life realize that President Johnson could not even read or write until he reached adult manhood? And then his seventeen-year-old bride was his only teacher.

Johnson, despite his handicaps, had courage and an inherent love for his fellow man, no matter how poor or ignorant. In times of success, he was proud to refer to his obscure youth and to recall its poverty, hardships and sufferings. All of his actions and speeches in the United States Senate and as President had the true ring of a man of the people.

Such was the native son of Raleigh who was called upon to lead the States which had been re-united only six days before. That was April 15, 1865. Lincoln lay dead. The terrible war had just ended, and the nation was stricken with grief, suspicion, fear and terror. If there ever was an hour in the whole history of the United States that could be termed critical, there it was.

A hostile cabinet, awaited, and a furious Congress was ready to destroy this Southern born President and his proposals. But time and thought have placed Andrew Johnson among the Presidents who were great. In an address in Raleigh on March 31 of this year, Senator Bennett Champ Clark, of Missouri praised him as: "The most underrated, and one of the very greatest Presidents."

Having gone through years with little food and without a home, it was only natural that Johnson in Congress, single handed, was sponsor for, and had passed the Homestead Act.

This granted free, a hundred and sixty acres of government land to the head of any poor family who would

cultivate and live on it for a period of five years. In later times this measure proved to be a moving force in the development of the vast states of the West and Southwest.

As President, Johnson had to play the lone hand that he knew so well all through life. His administration was the very first to be marked by conflict between the executive and legislative branches. The veto was his main support, and the Constitution, which he so often defended, became a barrier against those who would have removed him from office. Democratic leaders in the South applauded him for his stand against Congress.

The personal struggles and want of the early years that were spent in and about Raleigh, were reflected when President Johnson resided in the White House, or Mansion, as it was called then. The dignity and simplicity of the occupants was never higher, yet as times he opened its doors to all who would enter.

All candidates for Congress who lost out in the recent Democratic primary in North Carolina, regardless of their records in public life, may have new courage and hope when they reflect that Andrew Johnson, after his service as President of the United States, the very highest honor in the land, ran for the House of Representatives in 1872 and was badly defeated.

That should have been enough to dishearten any man, but not Old Andy. In 1875, he was returned to the United States Senate, but his health broke and he only lived four months after taking the oath.

All true stories should end well, and the best political observers now agree that had Johnson lived, he would have been the nominee of the Democratic Party in 1876 and would have been returned to the Presidency.

———:———

Every time we laugh we take a kink out of the chain of life.

———:———

THE ADVENTURING SPIRIT

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

The open door into New Year is a way of adventure. Who can tell what treasures may be found in the unexpected places? Who knows but that some great thrilling oportunity may present itself? How wonderful are our expectations of reform and improvement: We can almost picture ourselves with angelic wings before the year passes? Then perhaps tragedy may stalk upon our heels and dark clouds come lowering down across our paths: but of these we do not wish to think, though we had best be prepared to face them if they come. The future is all uncertain, and thank God that it is. It was a merciful providence which planned life for a man a step at a time into the dark.

As United States citizens we step across the New Year threshhold far more determined and confident than in 1942. In the past 12 months we found our unity, discovered our strength, got down to work, and now are ready to meet our enemies on their own ground. Hitler, Hirohito, and Mussolini will hear from the United States in 1943, and, we rather think, they know it.

But do not let any discouraged soul begin to sell the future short. When we have finished with this ugly business of the moment, there is plenty of adventure still left in the world. Our young people in their teens are not wasting their time if they now are getting ready to take an important part in that new world which is soon to come into existence.

Recently Walter Lippmann described the greatest scientific discovery of all time as "the invention of invention." Well, the world made that discovery only a short time ago, and "the invention of invention" is working overtime durthis war rush. Modern laboratories are solving many problems now that we might have had to wait a score of years to know how to handle. We are coming out of this war with a new combination of scientific discoveries placed freshly in our hands. On good authority, it is stated that we will emerge from the war with a synthetic rubber production equal to twice that of our prewar imports of natural rubber, and that this new chemically made rubber may be 50 per cent more effective than natural rubber. At the end of 1943 the United States will produce two billion pounds of aluminum, 60 per cent more that the whole world produced in 1938 and enough, it is said, to rebuild every railroad passenger car in the United States every four months. Today at the beginning of 1943 this country possesses 20 times the amount of machine tools than we had in 1939. If in the past we have had enough machine tools to build up the greatest industrial plant in all world history, what can we do now with our machine tools multiplied 20 times? And on and on might run the story of material advance—plastics, fabrics, television, magnesium, drugs, vitamins, frozen and dehydrated foods, etc.

The past century brought to an end that era in human history when scarcity and poverty were the inevitable lot of most men. Free economic man, saving his money, discovering new tools, learning new secrets of the universe, and investing money and brains in technical equipment has created gigantic industrial and agricultural plants capable of supplying the basic material wanted and unimagined luxuries for multitudes. The same process need only be expanded until all the inhabitants of the earth can be cared for in this day of potential plenty. But that golden age of plenty waits for men with character and ability enough to make it possible.

Not alone in material things is the doorway to adventure open. Said Dr. Hu Shih, the late ambassador from China: "science and technology have made the world a physical unity. But man's backwardness in political thinking and planning has failed miserably to consolidate this physically unified world into a

political and moral world community."

Before men lies the greatest period of advnture in human relationships which the world has ever seen. On an earth become one neighborhood what opportunities for thinking, planning, and developing a human social system in which all men may live together as brothers.

The spirit of adventure needs to be rekindled in every heart. We Americans are sons and daughters of adventure. In the year ahead may we not sulk in our tents but venture out into great thinking, noble living, and glorious consecration to the highest in the service of God and man.

———:———

Judge not thy friend until thou standest in his place.
—Rabbi Hillel.

———:———

ANCIENT EGYPTAIN CALENDARS WERE LIKE OUR PLAYING CARDS

By Ashton Chapman. in The Charlotte Observer.

When you hang up a fresh calendar to replace the one that has served you faithfully during the past 12 months have you ever thought of the difficulties that the human race has experienced through the long centuries in evolving a method by which our present-day calendars will accurately measure the passage of the days?

January 1st has not always been regarded as New Year's day. Christmas day, the Annunciation (March 25th), Easter day, March 1st and other dates have at various times been designated as the opening day of the new year. It was not until late in the sixteenth century that January 1st was in most countries accepted as the first day of the year. Even today in Mohammedan countries, where the celendar is based on the moon rather than the sun, the new year may begin at any time during the solar year. Neither does the Jewish New Year have a fixed position on the calendar, but may occur anywhere between September 5th and October 5th, and corresponds to seedtime in Palestine.

Man must early have felt the necessity for measuring longer periods of time than the natural division into day and night. The phase of the moon formed for primitive people a quite obvious method of reckoning time, as these correspond roughly to one week each, and the completion of the four phases corresponds approximately to a month. The changes of the seasons were also useful as divisions of time, and this gave rise to division into years, based on the motion of the sun. Very early, however, it became evident that the solar year did not contain an exact number of lunar months,

and various expedients were employed by different peop:les in an effort to correct the errors that arose.

The ancient Egyptain priests devised a calendar from which it is claimed our present-day playing cards have evolved. According to an article by Samuel Zovello, published some time ago in the Journal of Calendar Reform, a research quarterly issued by the World Calendar Association of New York, the first playing cards were weekly calendars. The Egyptian priests had a calendar for each week in the year, kept on a separate card. These were combined into a pack of 52, representing the year of 52 weeks (364 days). The fifty-third card, now the joker, was originally provided to take care of the old 365th day of the year.

Mr. Zovello stated that knowledge of the calendar was a religious secret zealously guarded by certain priests who were known as the keepers of the days. They alone could tell when to expect the periodic rises of the river Nile, on which the life of Egypt depended. Because they were able to warn the populace in time to make a rush to the hills for safety, it was thought these priests had supernatural powers by which they could divine the future.

The calendar was kept by means of papyrus cards, each one of which represented a week. This was partly for the sake of convenience, and partly to foil possible thives. If one card or even several were stolen, the information contained thereon would be of little value, because only by possessing a complete pack could anyone else learn the secrets of the priesthood.

In the course of the centuries, however, complete packs did come into the possession of charlatans, who used them in telling fortunes. Those who used the cards for this purpose wandered through the then known world and received the designation "gypsies," which is, of course, merely a corruption of "Egyptians."

According to Mr. Zovello, the earliest Egyptian card calendars were in sets of four, representing a four-week month, and each week carried a distinctive herioglyphic sign. The first week was indicated by a cup, the second by a star, the third by a spearhead, and the fourth by a spade. The Egyptians believed that the universe was composed of four elements—water, earth, air and fire. The cup was for water, the star for earth, the spearhead for air, and the shovel for fire. Each month bore a heiroglyphic derived from some prominent Egyptian personality, either real or mythical. The Egyptian seasons were indicated by Osiris, Isis and Horus, their son. When the figures of these three were drawn on the card calendars, "all their attributes were included, as well as the marks and symbols which served to indicate their power and position.

"In the evolution of these card-calendars into modern playing cards, marks and symbols have been frequently altered, but those used today adhere with a remarkable fidelity to the original Egyptian models. The Egyptian five-pointed star was replaced by the French fleur-de-lis, now the club—but examination of any club card will show that it really is still a pentacle, each of the small circles and the two points of the base making it actually the equivalent of a five-pointed star. The sword or spearhead has been simplified into a diamond. The

spade is retained, and the cup is now a heart, owing to a curious misinterpretation of the old French word for chalice, 'chorur," into 'coeur' or heart.

"Among these, the jack is Horus, who still in clubs and diamonds holds the measuring rod with which he was supposed to measure the rising of the Nile; in spades he holds the hourglass, for he was the god of time in old Egypt; in hearts he holds a leaf, originally a lotus. The queen of the playing cards is Isis, goddess of spring. The king is Osiris, god of the harvest, and his four cards represent the four glorious months of his season in the ancient Egyptian calendar.

"There is plenty of calendar lore in a pack of playing cards. Adding the value of the cards or pips—that is, ace-1, deuce-2, jack-11, queen-12, and king-13, gives 364; the joker brings the total to the required 365 days of the year. The suits composed of 13 cards each are derived from the 13 lunar months in the primitive and prehistoric Egyptian calendar, rejected at a later period by Egyptians, for a more srientifir and divisible calendar of twelve months. The alternating black and red colors of the cards came from the papyrus calendar segments, which were colored in order to differentiate the weekly sections of the calendar. The two-way design on the face cards represents the equal divisions of day and night."

Just as it did in the earlier periods of their history, the Jewish calendar still consists of twelve lunar months, a thirteenth month being inserted from time to time, to synchronize it with the sun and seasons. This was likewise the case with the Syrians, Macedonians and other ancient peoples.

The early Greeks reckoned time according to real lunar months, twelve making a year. About 594 B. C. Solon introduced in Athens a mode of alternating thirty and twenty-nine days to the month. This civil year of 354 days was accomodated to the solar year by the occasional introduction of an intercalary month.

The Romans originally had a year of ten months, but in the time of their kings they adopted a lunar year of 355 days, divided into twelve months, with an occasional intercalary month. So much confusion finally resulted, however, that Julius Ceasar, in 46 B. C., introduced what came to be known as the Julian calendar, according to which the year has ordinarily 365 days with every fourth year a leap year. This was based on the belief that the length of the year is exactly 365¼ days, where it is actually some eleven minutes and fourteen seconds less.

This, however, was such an improvement over any previous calendars that it prevailed generally among Christian nations until 1582. By that time the accumulation of eleven minutes or so each year amounted to ten whole days, thus the spring equinox, instead of occuring on the 21st of March, fell on March 11th. This difference of ten days caused much confusion, especially in the celebration of Easter and other movable feasts. Pope Gregory XIII, after careful study with the aid of the astronomer Clavius, ordained that ten days should be deducted from the year 1582, by calling what would have been October 5th by the old method of reckoning, October 15, 1582. In order to avoid a recurrence of such displacements it was futher ordained that every hundredth year (1700, 1800, 1900, etc.) should

not be considered a leap year, except every fourth hundredth, beginning with 1600. In this way the difference between the civil and the natural year will not amount to a whole day in a period as long as 3,000 years.

In Spain, Portugal, parts of Italy, in France and parts of the Low Countries the change was effected that year. Parts of Germany and Switzerland held out against the change until 1700. It was not until 1751, after great confusion had existed for nearly two centuries in the British Isles, that an act was passed by the English parliament to adjust the style of reckining time in England and Ireland to that which was being used on the continent. By that time the difference amounted to eleven days. It was therefore enacted that the day after September 2, 1752, should be September 14th. This change naturally was also effective in the American colonies; thus while George Washington was born, according to the old Julian calendar, on February 11, 1732, his birthday, under the Georgian calendar, became February 22nd in the year 1753 and thereafter.

A similar change was made about the same time in Sweden and Tuscany, so that Greece and Russia are now the only countries in which the Georgian calendar is not universally employed.

An abortive attempt to establish a new calendar was made by the French revolutionists in 1793. They dated the new year (year 1) from the minute of the autumn equinox, September 22, 1792. This was also the date from which the beginning of the republic was reckoned. These were 12 months of thirty days each, divided into decades, in which the days were numerically named Primidi, Duodi and so on up to Decadi. Each tenth day, Decadi, was a holiday. The remaining five days were grouped as festivals at the end of the year and were known as the Sansculottides. The Sansculottides (September 17th to 21st, inclusive) bore the French names for "the Virtues," "Genius," "Labor," "Opinion," and "Rewards." A sixth day in leap years was named "the day of the Revolution." Beginning with September 22nd, the months were named the French equivalents of Vintage, Fog, Sleet, Snow, Rain, Wind, Seed, Blossom, Pasture, Harvest, Heat and Fruit. This calendar was used in France until the old system was restored by Napoleon as of January 1, 1806.

Of late years there has been a movement on foot to change the calendar so there will be thirteen months of twenty-eight days each, a total of 364 days, with an extra day as a holiday at the end of the year, and with the usual added day during leap years. Advocates of this form of calendar claim that is far more equitable, especially for persons whose salaries are on a monthly basis, for every month to have the same number of days. Under this form of calendar any day of any month will fall on the same day of the week as the corresponding day in every other month of any given year. Advocates of this new calendar would also have all holidays observed on Monday, regardless of the actual day of the week on which the date might fall. It cannot be denied that such a calendar would have certian advantages over the one now in use.

THE CHEROKEES

By Robert T. Holloman in The State

Comparatively few people know anything about the 3,000-or-more Cherokee Indians in the western part of North Carolina. About the only contact that the average North Carolinian has with them is when he drives hurriedly through the Cherokee reservation and catches a glimpse of some of them along the highway.

To my way of thinking, the Cherokees are well worth studying and well worth knowing. I have been living in Swain County for a number of years and during that time have become pretty well acquainted with the people on the reservation.

As you probably know, the Government keeps a representative on hand to see that everything runs smoothly. So far as the actual control of the tribe is concerned, however, the responsibility rests entirely upon a chief and members of a council. Roughly speaking, it may be said that they are similar in their duties to the chairman and members of the board of commissioners of our various counties.

It is seldom that any problems arise which have to be appealed to the Government. The Indians regulate and control their affairs smoothly and efficiently, and there is very little friction of any sort.

Most white people have a fixed and established idea about the habits and personal characteristics of the redmen. All Indians are supposed to be cold-blooded, serious-minded, haughty and without the slightest vestige of humor.

Perhaps they were, many years ago; but I doubt it. At any rate, our Indians in North Carolina certainly do not fall into any such classification. True, they do not make friends very quickly with outsiders. A member of the Cherokee tribe has to know you for some time before he will "open up," as the saying goes. But once you make a friend of him, he is your friend for life and will do anything he can for you and your family.

Here are some things I have found out about them:

Indians do not like to be patronized. They are tolerant toward tourists but they resent being regarded as couriosities. When some visitor stops and asks silly questions, the chances are they'll walk off and leave him.

Indians have a keen sense of humor, but they keep it well under control, so far as the outsider is concerned. I have found them to be great practical jokers, and they like nothing better than to put something over on one of their fellows. When a white man manages to play some kind of a practical prank upon a friend, he'll laugh fit to kill himself. Not so the Indians, however. Last year, I was with a party of six or seven of them. We were going fishing. A heavy plank lay across the stream, and as we started to go across, the members of our group held back so that a rather stout Indian would have to cross the plank first. When he got half-way across, the plank gave way, and down he plunged into the stream. (One of the others had sawed it halfway through earlier in the day.) When he rose to the surface, puffing and blowing, his comrades regarded him with expressions which suggested kindly concern. I didn't see a single smile,

but I knew that inwardly they were bubbling over. The one who had fallen into the creek, scrambled to the opposite side and never said a word.

Indians are devoted to their families. At times they are stern with their children, but not unjustly so. There is just as much genuine devotion on the part of the Cherokee parents toward their offspring as there is in white families. And there is a much deeper feeling of respect on the part of the Indian child toward its parents than there usually is among whites.

The average Indian likes to drink and likes to smoke. On the whole, however, you find very few cases of drunkenness. Getting intoxicated is generally regarded as a sign of weakness.

They are not an ambitious people. Most of them have small cabins for homes, and a few acres of land on which they raise corn, potatoes and other vegetables. They have no desire to accumulate large holdings. Occasionally someone will leave and will make his home in some other part of the state, but for the most part the Cherokees are satisfied with their place of residence and have no wish to go elsewhere.

As a result of reading stories about the old-time redmen, many people have an idea that an Indian doesn't hesitate to steal. That's absurd: the Indian of today is just as honest in this respect as is the white man, and probably more so. Many of them are also deeply religious.

The Indian women do not participate in as many social activities as do the white women. They know and care very little about bridge, bookclubs, theatres and things of that nature. Their primary interest lies in their families and in caring for them. They are hard workers and give very little thought to outside activities.

Thousands of tourists pass through the Cherokee reservation every year. They are fascinated by the sight of an Indian shooting at a target with bow and arrow; or another one who is manipulating a blow-gun; or an Indian woman who is carrying her papoose on her back (and who will charge you a quarter if you want to take her picture). These sights are high-lights of a trip through the mountains. Whenever the opportunity arises, many tourists will stop an Indian, walking along the highway, and will ask his all sorts of personal questions. To these queries, the Indian will make brief replies. I was walking with a Cherokee friend last summer when an incident of this nature took place. The tourists were from Ohio, and they asked my companion a score or more questions. He responded gravely, but when they had resumed their way, he threw a disdainful glance in their direction and muttered: "Suckers!"

The average Cherokee would rather be left alone by strangers. He wants the privilege of making his own acquaintances and friends. He doesn't like to be regarded as a curiosity. 'Way down in his heart he probably still thinks of the raw deal that was handed his ancestors by the whites, but for the most part, all that is forgotten. He is just as much a part of our citizenship as is anyone else. And when it comes to war, he is quick to respond to the call of duty and eager to do his part in fighting for his country.

PRIORITIES HIT FASHIONS

By Jane Eads, in Charlotte Observer

Northing is happening to their hats.

Experts responsible for most of the wartime decrees which are changing women's clothes this seasoon explain this by asking a question.

"What can you do about women's hats, anyway?"

And following it up with another question:

"What is a woman's hat?"

Considered opinion has it that as long as a woman can get her hands on a scrap of goods, a flower, a feather; a pine tin or a cabbage leaf; a bird's nest or a ball of twine; a cream puff or an old sock, she's got a hat.

Whether it's the stuff that dreams are made of or just a nightmare; whether of brimstone, or a bit of angel fluff. . . the things that go to a woman's head have got the experts bottlenecked.

Now, that ought to let Uncle Sam out of a colossal headache . . . as far as women's hats go. What a man wears is "old hat" anyway.

War nevertheless has brought many innovations to the American woman's wardrobe during 1942: long underwear and short evening dresses . . . "sensible" shoes and cotton stockings . . . a pared silhouette, pencil-slim . . . fur all over the place and dresses made of skimmed milk.

As fashions move down the runway into 1943, we will note many other changes. Clothes will be simpler, more functional than ever before, and better suited to the needs and activities of American women in wartime.

When the War Production board's Order L-85 went into effect regarding women's colthes last fall, women challenged designer to "bring on that frozen silhouette."

They were surprised to see that the new law-abiding clothes that Uncle Sam wanted women to wear were what they themselves had been hankering for . . . simple, wearable, and right . . . and, actually, a natural turning of the fashion cycle back to the ever recurrent straight and narrow.

This year, clothes will be distinguished by functionalism and quality, but there will be fewer of them. That is the opinion of Mrs. Dorothy W. Anderson, executive director of the New York Dress Institute, composed of more than 800 dress manufacturers who supply the bulk of America's retail dress trade.

We had short jackets and slim skirts last year, but in 1943, Mrs. Anderson declares, jackets will be shorter, skirts slimmer.

"Be perpared," she said in a recent interview, "for a narrower range of colors, more staple, monotone prints, new developments in fabrics. Expect shortages. Buy more carefully."

"Domestic Commerce," a government-printed weekly, predicts that though it is "reasonable to assume" the volume of virgin woolens for 1943 will be sharply curtailed, the women's apparel trade has a multiplicity of dress fabrics . . . cotton, rayon, wool, and aralac . . . of almost every conceivable weave. Blacks, greens, and purples lead in color, the report states.

L-85 decreed that skirt lengths

should be stabilized at from 16 to 19 inches from the floor; that wool skirts should be limited in sweep to from 64 to 72 inches, and that suit jackets could reach no more than 25 inches.

Among exceptions to the WPB's various clothing regulations were included infants' and toddler's apparel, maternity dresses, burial gowns, robes and vestment as required by the rules of religious orders and sects of the judiciary.

Bridal gowns were also exempt, but rulings on men's clothing prohibited the bridegroom from wearing a cutaway, a full-dress evening coat or a double-breasted tuxedo.

All-around pleated skirts were banished. Belts and hems were narrowed to two inches. Balloon, dolman and leg-o mutton sleeves were out for the duration . . . Much to the relief of a lot of women.

What's happened to men's clothes? Well, cuffs have disappeared from their trousers. Their jackets are shorter, too. Their sports jackets, shorn of big patch pockets, belts or half-belts and inverted back pleats, no longer like Clark Gable's in 1934 when he set the fad in. "It Happened One Night." Double-breasted suits are now minus a vest.

Zoot suits, those "farbic-wasting, so-called garments" with long-tailed coats, chest-high trousers and plenty of cuff—beloved by the nation's jitterbugs—died an ignoble death in a bantering of jive.

Men's pajamas were almost replaced by the old fashioned night shirts such as Washington slept in and Franklin P. Adams is now reported wearing. The WPB removed instead, collars, and pockets and shortened the pants and tops.

And, though the government promised not to take the shirt off a man's back, it is clipping a few inches off the end, eliminating pockets and the number of buttons.

If clothes rationing should come, some believe that shoes will be first on the list. In 1941, the shoeman's top year, 118,000,000 pairs of shoes were manufactured of which some 16,000,000 were bought by the government for the armed forces. Last year more than 50,000,000 were bought. During intensive army training a soldier's shoe sole wears through in 10 days and one pair of shoes is gone in a month.

One shoe manufacturer is making soles of small patches of leather joined together to make the sole entirely flexible. Another is using vulcanized fiber which is light weight, but makes a sound like a tap-dancer's shoes. Unlined shoes were news last fall. Many women's shoes are being made of fabrics such as cotton velveteen, satin, crepe, but these are mostly for dressy occasions for most women now demand heavier shoes with lower heels for walking.

When they began to feel the pinch, clothing designers accepted the challenge to save by using all the priorities-free materials at hand and others concocted by manufacturers.

When wool linings were tabooed they used quilted fabrics and furs, shutting out the shivers more effectively than ever. When flaps and pockets were banned they used braid, cords and fur. Fur, as a matter of fact, has been used in a multitude of ways in these fuel-rationed, wool-scarce days. One sees it made into

shawls, skirts and lounging pajamas.

When dyes became scarce civilians began to wear lighter colors in natural, netural or pastel tones.

When wool and other fabrics became scarce, fabric manufacturers mixed available wool supplies with rayons, with reprocessed wool or other fibers. They used nylon fleeces and nylon jersey made from the nylon brushings that cannot be used for any other purpose.

They used cotton—quilted and lined for thickness, stiffened for staying power and woven to look like tweeds, homespuns and other woolens. They developed a spun rayon flannel to look and feel more like flannel than real flannel.

They made a new fabric called "aralac" out of casein fibers from skimmed milk, and they considered further practical uses of fiber glass. They developed a washable suiting for men of blended wool and rayon and a new type of knit cotton for girdles with all the supporting properties of lastex.

Besides the shortage of rubber for girdles another serious problem facing the corset business is the scarcity of stays, slide fasteners, garters and hooks and eyes, all requiring the use of metal.

What to do . . . well, in the last World war women fainted and fretted as they laced in their curves and bulges . . . often with the help of their husbands . . . but they still bought the things. They will have them again—maybe a little easier on the frame—but probably laced and unbending. New fabrics are being developed with elasticity in their weaves and we can still have four garters to our garments.

That brings up stockings! There's a new rayon product expected to outmatch silk and nylon for resiliency and sheerness. There is a 50 denier, 51 gauge rayon stocking that is pretty sheer already. There are tantalizing, leg slimming cotton lace stockings too.

And then of course, you can always paint your under-pinnings . . . or leave as is.

GINGEBREAD MOLDS

By Julia W. Wolfe

When my great-grandmother was a little girl her mother used to make for her gingerbread cookies representing men and women, horses and dogs and other animals. Her ancestor had brought this custom to America from Europe. Even today the boys and girls in some European countries spend their spare coppers for gingerbread, as for example, in France before the war, one could see "complacent pigs" standing in windows with "Jean" or "Susanna" scrawled in large white letters across their plump sides. The Swiss children are exceptionally fond of gingerbread.

In England not many years ago gingerbread fairs with their "formidable array of gingerbread soldiers attired in suits of gold leaf, drawn

up in front on a booth, as if for the protection of watches, horses, turkeys, old ladies and gridirons that were arrayed behind," were very grand occasions indeed.

Recently, when visting the Pennsylvania Dutch settlements we saw a collection of gingerbread molds. They were carved from various woods, and as a rule, on both sides of the block, but occasionally only on the back were carved panels. Some of the designs were simple, merely representing a figure in outline. Others were obviously by a craftsman and had artistic merit. The owner said some of the molds were very old, having been brought to America about two hundred years ago. One mold was dated 1704, others were dated 1782. It must have taken days to carve some of the intricate figures. Some represented generals on prancing steeds, with complete military dress. In this collection are soldiers, actors, preachers, angels, mermaids, religious emblems, domestic scenes and numerous birds, flowers, fish and animals. For their artistic merit, as a study of costume, and as representing a phase of life that has passed away, these gingerbread molds are worthy of attention. Those were the days when mothers had only a few things with which to make articles to delight their children.

———:———

Goodness is not a duty. We must find joy in doing good.
—Joseph Fort Newton.

———:———

THE MAN WHO WEIGHED THE WORLD

(Exchange)

A recent radio dispatch from London says that the former residence of Francis Bailey was destroyed by a bomb when German airmen made a raid on a suburban town in England.

To the average American, this is nothing more nor less than a fragment of war news, and many may ask: "Who was Francis Bailey?"

Let's go back a few years and see what this Englishman contributed to mankind.

To begin with, ever since man first discovered that the earth was something more than just a mysterious plane with an unknowable sea all around, he had been busy trying to find out all he could about it.

Copernicus first demonstrated that the apparent terrestrail plane was really a free and independent path through space.

Then Newton explained that this independent mass moved through space because it was substantial and heavy, and because it was unsupported by props and chains; that, in fact, as a massive body, it is falling forever

through the void, but that, as it falls, it sweeps around the sun in a never-ending circuit, attracted toward it by magnet-like energy, but kept off from it by the force of its centrifugal movement.

Next, Snell and Picard measured the dimensions of the heavy falling mass, and found that it was a spherical body with a girdle of 25,000 miles.

Newton and Cavendish went further and approximated the specific gravity of the earth. Newton had made "a guess," celebrated in the annals of science, that "the quanity of the whole matter of the earth may be five or six times greater than if it consisted all of water." Cavendish went far to verify this.

Then appeared an English astronomer, almost forgotten today, who actually proved that the earth contained within itself somewhere in the neighborhood of 6,049,836,000,000,000,-000,000 tons of matter. The name of thhis genius was Franris Bailey, and German bombers recently wrecked the house in which he weighed the earth more than fifty years ago.

Weighing the earth is no matter of putting the earth on some gigantic scale as you would put a piece of meat on the scales at the butcher shop. The way to weigh the earth is to determine the earth's gravitational constant and once this constant is known you can figure out the total mass of the earth.

The apparatus used by Bailey were two small balls, about two inches in diameter, carried on a rod suspended by two wires at a short distance from each other. The positions of these spheres were observed from a distanre through a telesrope. Then two large balls of lead, which moved on a turning groove, were brought close to the smaller ones. Observations were again made of the small balls, and in every case the smaller globes were put into a state of vibration and moved toward the large ones.

Now, knowing the exact size of the large balls, and their distance from the smaller ones, and knowing the size of the earth, and the distance of the small balls from its center, the proportion of the attraction of the large spheres on the smaller ones could be accurately calculated.

From the result of this, the average density of a cubic foot of the earth was found to be more than five and one-half times heavier than a cubic foot of water.

Having arrived at this result, all that it was necessary to learn now was, how many cubic feet there are in the earth. As deduced from our best experiments, there are 259,800 millions of cubic miles in the earth. Each cubic mile contains 147,200 millions of cubic feet, and each cubic foot weighs 5.67 times a cubic foot of water, which weighs about 62 pounds. Therefore, a cubic foot of earth weighs approximately 354 pounds, and 6,049,-836 million billion tons is the total.

———:———

Never go out to meet trouble. If you will just sit still, nine times out of ten someone will intercept it before it reaches you.
—Calvin Coolidge.

LEASE OF THE TUSCARORAS

By Harry Z. Tucker, in The State

My recent article "Indian Woods," summarized in miniature the tragic story of the dispersion of the Tuscarora Indians from the lower Roanoke River country. A manuscript copy of the original lease was discovered not long ago by a lady of Bertie County. She is a lineal descendant of both William Williams and Thomas Pugh:

"Copy of the lease made by the Tuscaroras of the Indian Wools to Robt. Jones, Jr., Wm. Williams & Thos. Pugh, the 12th of July, 1766.

Wereas a number of the Tuscarora Indians being desirous of moving themselves from their lands on the Roanoke River, in this Province, and settling and incorporating themselves with the Nations of Indians on the river Susguehanna, & whereas the said Tuscarora Indians, in order to defray the expense of removing themselves & their effects from this Province to the settlements on the river Susquehanna, did on the 12th day of July in the year 1766, one thousand seven hundred & sixty six, for the consideration of 1500.00 proclamation money before that time paid & advanced to them, the said Tuscarora Indians, by the said Robt. Jones, W. Williams and Thos. Pugh, by an indenture under the hand & seals of Jas. Allen, John Wiggins, Billy George, Snip-nose George, Billy Cain, Chas. Cornelius, Thos. Blount, John Rodgers, George Blount, Winnook Charles, Billy Basket, Billy Owen, Sein Traffick, Isaac Miller, Harry Samuel Bridgers, Thomas Seneca, Thos. Honik, Billy Sackray, Billy Cornelius, John Seneca, Thomas Basket, John Cain, Billy Dennis, William Taylor Owens, John Walker, Billy Mitchell, Billy Altop, Billy Blount, Tom Jack, John Sightwood, Billy Roberts, James Mitchell, Captain Joe, & William Pugh, chieftains and head men of the said Tuscarora Indians for & on behalf of themselves & the rest of the Indians of the said Tuscarora nation on the one part, and the said Robt. Jones, Wm. Williams & Thos. Pugh of the other part, devise, grant & to farm let a certain dividened of land situate & laying on Roanoke River in the country aforesaid containing about 8,000 acres, some more or less, & bounded and described as fallows, to wit:

"Beginnning at the mouth of deep creek, other wise called falling run, thence running up the said creek to the Indian head line. Then by the said line south 57 degrees, east one thousand two hundred & eighty poles, then a course parallel to Roanoke river aforesaid & up the river to the beginning.

"Togather with all trees, timber trees, woods, underwoods, ways, water & appurtenance whatsoever to the said dividened, tract or parcel of land, belonging or in any wise appertaining, to have and to hold the said dividend, tract or parcel of land with all & singular the appurtenances unto the said Robt. Jones, Wm. Williams & Thos. Pugh, their exctrs., admrs. or assigns, to be held and enjoyed in several, that is to say, 1-3 part of the said dividend, tract or parcel of land into three equal parts to be divided unto the said R. Jones. his exs., adms. & assigns. One other

1-3 part thereof, the same unto three eqdal part to be divided unto the said Wm. Williams, his exs., adms. & assigns, & the remaining part thereof, the same into three equal parts to be divided unto the said Thos. Pugh, his excs. adms. & assigns, from the said 12th day of July in the year a foresaid, for & during the term of 150 years from thence next ensuing, & fully to be completed and ended, the said Robt. Jones, Wm. Williams and Thos. Pugh, their excs., admrs. & assigns, yielding & paying therefor yearly and every year, during the said term to the said Tuscarora Indians & their assigns, one pepper corn if demanded, at or upon the feast of St. Michael, the Archangel."

On December 25, 1775, the three prominent planters mentioned above leased another tract of approximately 6,000 acres from the Tuscaroras, for a period of 99 years, the rental to be annually 80 duffle blankets, 80 omahusga shirts, 80 pairs of boots, to be made of half thick, 50 pounds of powder, and 150 pounds of shot.

The Robert Jones nemed in the original lease was one of the most colorful men of the colonial era. He was the father of Allen and Willie Jones, who were distinguished in the part they played in the Revolutionary War. Willie Joies became sole owner of his father's third of the land leased from the Indians; and it was he who befriended John Paul, who adopted the surname Jones when he enterd the service of the American Colonies.

The newly discovered records of the original lease strongly substantiates the claim of the Tuscaroras; but due to the fact that the Six Nation aligned themselves with the English in the Revolutionary War, the Indians thereby forfeited any claims they may have had to the lands in Bertie County.

———:———

THE WORLD WANTS MEN

The world wants men, large-hearted, manly men,
Men who shall join its chorus and prolong
The song of labor and the song of love.

The time wants scholars, scholars who shall shape
The doubtful destiny of doubious years,
And land the ark that bears our country's good
Safe on some peaceful Ararat at last.

The age wants heroes, heroes who shall dare
To struggle in the solid ranks of truth;
To clutch the monster error by the throat;
To bear opinion to a loftier seat;
To blot the era of oppression out
And lead a universal freedom in.

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

At the regular weekly motion picture show, held in the auditorium last Thursday night, the boys enjoyed seeing "Meet Doctor Christian" and a short sports feature, "Court Favorites." Both are R-K-O productions.

—:—

Efforts are being made to obtain a radio for the boys' sitting room in each cottage. We hope this can be done, for the boys certainly enjoy the various programs, and many hours may thus be passed away pleasantly when it is necessary for them to stay in the cottages.

—:—

During the past few days the boys on the outside forces have been cutting down some trees. Quite a pile of logs are now ready to be sawed into lumber. It is estimated that about 50,000 feet of lumber will be realized from this operation, and will come in quite handy in making necessary repairs.

—:—

Superintendent Hawfield recently received a report from the director of the welfare department in Lancaster, South Carolina, which stated that Wayne Allen is now in the United States Navy. Wayne came to the School, July 16, 1940 and was permitted to leave, July 30 1942. During his stay with us, this lad was a member of the Cottage No. 10 group, and worked in the bakery and as house boy. We were glad to get this report concerning Wayne, and trust he will get along well as one of Uncle Sam's bluejackets.

—:—

A news item in a recent issue of the Charlotte News stated that Paul D. Godwin had completed his studies as aviation mechanic at the Army Air Force Technical School, Amarillo, Texas, which fitted him for service at some air base, where he will assist in keeping the flying fortresses flying.

Paul came to this institution, May 1, 1939, and was conditionally released, January 10, 1941. He was in Cottage No. 4, and worked in the house and on the farm. Reports on our file show that after leaving the School, Paul lived with his mother and the other children in Charlotte, and was employed by the Highland Park Mill, where he was making good. He was issued an honorable discharge from further parole supervision, October 27, 1941.

—:—

We recently received the announcement of the arrival of a baby girl at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde A. Bristow, of Winston-Salem, on January 18th. The young lady has been named Sylvia Jane. The proud papa of this youngster was a linotype operator in our printing class more than sixteen years ago. For a number of years he has been driving a large transfer truck, and has been getting along fine. Since leaving us, Clyde has been the most regular correspondent of all former printing department boys. As he has been piloting his huge truck through various states, he has sent many letters and cards from different places of interest.

About a year ago, he and his wife and young son, Clyde, Jr., called on us. This young man has been a subscriber to The Uplift for several years.

He is one of the School's most loyal supporters, and never fails to stop in for a chat with old friends here when passing through this section of the state.

—:—

Rev. Charles G. McClure, pastor of the Caldwell Memorial Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read II Timothy 1:1-10, and as a text for his message to the boys he selected the seventh verse: "For God has not givenus the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."

Rev. Mr. McClure began by explaining to the boys that this letter was written at a time of great stress and strain. It was from an old man (Paul) to a young man (Timothy), and contained much that would help to preserve the Christian Church. At the time it was written, the people of the church were being persecuted by Nero, the Roman emperor. Paul was saying to Timothy that it was a dangerous day through which the church was passing—a time of great trials and hardship—and that Christ was the only one who could give the people strength to carry on. We are living in times of hardship and suffering today, continued the speaker. There are those who are tempted to be cowards and run away from posts of duty. Just as in the time of Paul and Timothy, we need the strength that comes from God.

The speaker then called attention to the three things which constitute the Christian's equipment for real creative living in a world of danger, as follows:

(1) Power. This is a combination of physical strength and moral courage. We see a need for this when we hear a young person say: "I know what is right, but do not have the courage to do what is right." We also see the value of this in some of life's experiences. Following the Battle of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington was asked if he thought the English soldiers were braver than those of France, under the great Napoleon, whom they had just defeated. His reply was: "No—but they are brave five minutes longer." On another occasion, there was a race between boys of different nationalities—an East Indian, a Jap, and an American from one of our Eastern universities. The Indian started out in a great burst of speed, and for the moment looked like a sure winner. Before the race was half over, he fell into last place; the Jap did about the same thing; the American boy started slowly, and at first was left behind. But he had the power to keep going the whole mile, instead of just a part, and won the race.

How can we gain this power? asked the speaker. It cannot be gained in a moment's time. It comes only through clean living, day after day and year after year, obeying the laws of God at all times. We sometimes think we can break God's laws and get by, but that is impossible—we only break ourselves.

(2) Love. A poet has said: "'Tis excellent to have a giant's strength; 'tis tyrannous to use it like a giant." We must have a feeling of sympathy and love toward our fellow men. Love includes respect and reverence toward God, and sympathy and kindness toward those with whom we come in daily contact.

In the story of the Good Samaritan we see three philosophies. The philosophy of the robbers was to live, regardless of their fellow men. The philosophy of the priest and levite was, "We didn't do the fellow any harm, therefore, we'll not bother him now." The philosophy that Jesus commended was that of the man who saw the injured man's needs and helped him, putting into practice the philosophy, "Live and help others to live."

(3) A Sound Mind. This is a gift which means, according to a Greek translation, "a disciplined mind." The mind has a most important place in religious life, and we must see that it is properly trained.

A prominent writer has said that in a group of one hundred people we will find that five of them think; ten just think they think; and eighty-five would rather die than think. The tragic condition of the world today has been brought about because people were either unable or unwilling to think. What the ballast is to the balloon, the valve ti an engine, the rudder to a ship, a sound mind is to the individual who succeeds in life. One great trouble today is that many people are riding backward, refusing to use the minds God has given them.

In conculusion, Rev. Mr. McClure asked the boys to remember that these three things are required units of success in life. Without power, life is feebleness; without a sound mind, life is foolishness; and without love, life is ferociousness. If we do not possess these things, we cannot succeed in the sight of God and of sane people.

———:———

A GOOD FRIEND

To have a good friend is one of the highest delights of life; to be a good friend is one of the noblest and most difficult undertakings. Friendship depends not upon fancy, imagination or sentiment, but upon character. There is no man so poor that he is not rich if he has a friend; there is no man so rich that he is not poor without a friend. But friendship is a word made to cover many kindly, impermanent relationships. Real friendship is abiding. Like charity, it suffereth long and is kind. Like love, it vaunteth not itself, but pursues the even tenor of its way, unaffrighted by ill-report, loyal in adversity, the solvent of infelicity, the shining jewel of happy days. Friendship has not the iridescent joys of love, though it is closer than is often known to the highest, truest love. Its heights are ever serene, its valleys know few clouds. To aspire to friendship one must cultivate a capacity for faithful affection, a beautiful disinterestedness, a clear discernment.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 24, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Fred Carswell
James Jolly
Ira Montgomery
Charles Pearson
Weaver Ruff
Dillard Shelton
Lee St. Clair
Lee Turner
Paul Whitley
John Watts
Harry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

William Butler
Thomas Barnes
N. A. Bennett
Leonard Lovelace
Durwood Martin
James Pitman
Jack Ray
Jack Reeves
Leonard Robinson
Kenneth Tipton
Luther Vaughn
Russell Stikes

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Hurley Bell
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Joseph Dew
Dewey Lanning
William Schoppell

COTTAGE NO. 4

Eugene Ballew
Elbert Brown
Leroy Childers
William Davis
William Deaton
Bruce Harper
Marvin Howard
Douglas Holt
Robert Muse
Roy Patton
Paul Smith
Robert Sprinkle
Jerry Talbert
Ernest Turner
Roy Womack
George Ward

COTTAGE NO. 5

Charles Brookshire
William Gentry
W. C. James
Coley Johnson
Allen Morris
Hoyt Newell
Eldred Watts

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Kenneth Caldwell
Douglas Daniels
Ralph Gibson
Robert Hobbs
Rufus Massingill
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean
Reitzel Suthern
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7

Albert Allen
Arthur Beal
James Brigman
Joseph Case
R. C. Combs
Donald Grimstead
Robert Helms
John McLean
Leory Pate
Marshall Prestwood
Jerry Ray
Edgar Shell
John Tolley
Marion Todd
Thomas Ware
W. C. Whitehurst

COTTAGE NO. 8

Banks McKnight

COTTAGE NO. 9

Gerald Amos

Cecil Caldwell
Leonard Church
Curtis Cambell
Edward Guffey
James Hale
Wilbur Hardin
William Hart
Horace Johnson
Marvin Matheson
Robert Owens
Troy Parris
Milford Ward
Fred Grimstead
Thurman Daniels
Vernon Green

COTTAGE NO. 10

Dewell Cooper
Amon Dryman
Jack Evans
Brown Harris
Jerome Harris
Arcemias Hefner
James Spear
Clifford Spriggs
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Noah Brown
Marvin Bradley
Robert Moses
T. B. Nowell
Everett Stamey
Fred Stewart
Ray Taylor
Ervin Wolfe
Richard Kye
William O'Brien

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 14

Wilton Barfield
Walter Carter
Robert Caudle
Aubrey Fargis
Robert Holbert
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William E. Lanford
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pitman
John Pritchard
Robert Travis
Alvis Watkins

COTTAGE NO. 15

Harold Blankenship
Charles Lanford
Ennis Miller
Lawton McDowell
Hugh Roberts
J. D. Smith
William Willis

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hiram Atkinson
Jack Bateman
Raymond Brooks
Frank Chavis
Peter Chavis
James Chavis
Floyd Fields
R. C. Hoyle
Herbert Lochlear
James Lochlear
Leroy Lowry
Eugene Moose
Donald Sides

INFIRMARY

Newman Tate

What can be more foolish than to think that all this rare fabric of heaven and earth could come by chance, when all the skill of art is not able to make an oyster.—Jeremy Taylor.

FEB 6 1943
CAROLINA RO
(Orange County)
(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE U[illegible]FT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 6, 1943 No. 6

OUR FLAG

Our Flag symbolizes the most successful form of government ever known, because for the first time in the annals of man, a government was established for the benefit of all the people and ruled entirely by them.

Because it discriminates against no man because of his race, color, or religion.

Because it waves over a government ruled by law, and not by men.

Because its basic philosophy is founded upon the Golden Rule.

Its red bars are symbolic of the blood and tears shed through the ages to abolish tyranny and oppression.

The blue of its background is a promise of equality of opportunity to achieve material success.

Its stars are a sign that man shall not live by bread alone, and a symbol of our faith and trust in an all-prevailing and loving Intelligence of Whom we are a part.

May we ever be intelligent, honest, alert, and fearless in its maintenance and defense!

—H. W. Edwards.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
WITH THE ARMED FORCES		8
MAINTAINING SPIRITUAL VALUES IN WAR TIME	By H. H. Horne	11
HIDDEN HUNGER	By Margaret A. J. Irvin	13
"SUGAR AND SPICE AND EVERYTHING NICE"	(B-C-A News)	15
SOLDIER AND STUDENT	By Dr. H. B. Blakeley	17
A TIN FISH-MONGER	(Esso Oil Ways)	19
TREE GROWTH	By Roy L. Warren	21
INSTITUTION NOTES		23
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

STORM CLOUDS

Are you afraid of thunderstorms? Most people are. Some manage to control their fear better than others. Some can transfer the emotion and recognize only a tremendous awe and wonder as the clouds sweep up from the horizon. Very few can ignore the phenomenon. Nearly everyone has some sort of an emotional reaction to it.

According to Ripley, the densest and most formidable storm clouds contain only one part water to 30,000 parts of air, It doesn't seem possible.

No one is afraid of air; though many are afraid of the lack of it. It is the medium in which we live. It is as familiar to us as our own bodies. Most of us go for weeks or months at a stretch without thinking much about it. Then suddenly it gets mixed up with a little water—one-thirty-thousandth of its own bulk, and the majority of us start to shiver and shake. That tiny bit of water and that great volume of air blow up in great black bulk. The sight is enough to make the boldest just a bit uneasy.

So many of the storms of life are mostly air; aren't they? A tiny bit of injury. A tiny bit of resentment. Blow them up with thirty-thousand parts of air—hot air, in this case—and you have the makings of a good storm.

—Margaret A. J. Irvin.

THE TRAINING SCHOOL NURSERY

The new project for the Jackson Training School is to transplant all new sprouts coming up from roots of old shrubs, and also save prunings to be transplanted later. The objective of this movement is to have plants without any extra expense to the state for the beautification of the grounds. Another reason for a nursery is to teach the boys the culture of plants, thereby putting them in line for lucrative positions when paroled from this institution. The superintendent realizes that shrubs in the course of a few years have to be replaced with new ones. This new project, a School nursery, will be valuable training for the boys. They are taught to

treat the soil kindly, also the art of beautification along with an understanding of landscaping.

The Jackson Traning School nursery will have its beginning on a small scale, but small as it may be, it involves in the development of the boy an appreciation of natural beauty and teaches conservation. The person who loves the beauties of nature and understands just what conservation means, never fails to become a valuable asset to any community. Therefore, it is clear to the minds of understanding hearts that any new movement offered in this institution is planned for the development of the boy. The growth of the youngsters, mentally, physically and spiritually, is the objective of the superintendent and all co-workers.

* * * * * * * *

MASTER STRATEGY

When the word strategy is used the mind usually reverts to some smart maneuvering enacted by higher officials of the army. In the War-Between-the States, Stonewall Jackson was acknowledged as a brilliant strategist, the equal, if not the superior of any army officer. However, strategy is an art that can be used by those in any rank or file of mankind. The strategist is generally a fellow of few words, constant thinking, followed by intensive action. Every era of an upheaval, let it be war or other disturbance, during the period of adjustment, a strategist can see things from the heights and give hope.

In this World War II, President Franklin D. Roosevelt will be heralded as the most outstanding strategist of the greatest drama ever staged at any period of world history. The quiet manner in which he slipped from America by airplane, flying thousands of miles to North Africa, and there meeting Winston Churchill, Prime Minister of Great Britain, and other high army and navy officials, remaining there for ten days without the sharp-witted people of the United States having an inkling of his departure or his whereabouts, is staggering. The planning was clever and the secrecy was superb. When the announcement was made over the radio that important news would be broadcasted on Tuesday night, January 30th, at 10 o'clock, the largest radio audience ever known was listening.

Everybody wanted to know the news. The information was not conclusive, but the conjecture was that plans were outlined for unified action. When the day comes for the Allied Nations to carry out the plans of the high officials who were in collaboration at Casablanca, there will be action that will give a death blow to the enemies of freedom. The most satisfactory announcement coming out of this historic conference was that the United Nations would accept nothing but the "unconditional surrender" of Germany, Italy and Japan.

* * * * * * * *

GROUNDHOG DAY

The date, February 2nd, was the traditional date for little Mr. Groundhog to forecast the kind of weather, favorable or unfavorable, for the ensuing forty days. If this pesky little animal creeps from his winter quarters and sees his shadow he returns to his place of hibernation, and there remains until the bad weather ceases, which is supposed to be about six weeks, and, according to tradition, if clouds obscure the sun on that day, it is significant that spring is just around the corner.

It is human nature to say that we do not believe in such signs, but most of us prefer a cloudy day on February 2nd. As a class we are superstitious, even though we hate to admit it.

* * * * * * * *

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON

William Henry Harrison, ninth President of the United States, was born in Charles City County, Virginia, February 9, 1773. He was educated at Hampton-Sidney College. He fought bravely in the Revolutionary War, and afterwards was elected to Congress. After serving in that capacity for a year he was appointed governor of Indian territory and served with rare ability and courage for thirty years.

He was then appointed major-general of the Kentucky militia; then brigadier-general in the regular army, with chief command of the Northwest, where he further distinguished himself for courage

and bravery during the War of 1812. After the war he was elected to Congress and then to the Senate. Four years later he served as ambassador to Colombia. He was nominated for President by the Whig conventions in 1836, but was defeated by Van Buren. Four years later he ran against Van Buren, and was elected, obtaining 234 elected votes.

His term of office as Chief Executive of the United States was the shortest in the history of the country. He was inaugurated on March 4, 1841. Worn out by the excitement of the campaign, he caught a severe cold, which developed into pneumonia, and died on April 4, 1841, just thirty days after his inauguration, before he had time to prove his ability in his new post. Harrison was the first President of the United States to die in office.

* * * * * * * *

A LOVER OF ANIMALS

We have clipped this story purposely. It tells of the finer elements of manhood, sympathy, and a due consideration for animals. Dickens did not come from a home of affluence, but instead he had a hard road to travel. before being recognized as a writer who could give clear pen pictures of character. This shows he, too, loved animals:

> Another great lover of animals was Charles Dickens. He loved horses, dogs, cats and birds, and as might have been expected, they loved him. He was particularly fond of a certain cat, which had been privileged to creep into his study and would sit for many hours while Dickens wrote his immortal books. The cat, however, liked petting, and whenever Dickens became engrossed in his work the cat crept to him and purred till it received, at least, some attention. One night, when Dickens had been at his desk for several hours completely absorbed in writing, the candle suddenly was extinguished. Dickens relighted it and went on with his work. Again the candle was put out. Dickens lighted it again somewhat impatiently, and before long the candle went out a third time. Then it was that the famous author discovered that the culprit was his cat. The poor creature was feeling sadly neglected, and so in order to get Dickens away from his work, quietly put its paw over the light. We are glad to know that Dickens took the hint and laid down his pen

to give some attention to the animal who so hungered for friendship.

* * * * * * * *

THOMAS A. EDISON

Thomas A. Edison was born at Milan, Ohio, February 11, 1847 and died at Menlo Park, N. J., in 1931. The versatility of his life was marked, and we give here a few of his contributions to civilization:

Thomas A. Edison was a busy man throughout a long life. His active mind went beyond the realm of electricity.

Waxed paper and gummed paper tape were among things contributed to the world's convenience.

He designed and invented an electrical rat trap, a vote recorder for use of legislative bodies, and an "electric pen," forerunner of the mimeograph.

In his boyhood he was a newsboy on a train between Port Huron and Detroit. While doing this he bought a printing press and printed a "newspaper," said to be the first time printing was done on a train.

In the early days of the telephone the opening sentence was, "Are you ready to talk?" Edison was the first person to introduce the one word, "Hello."

Edison, to accommodate a neighboring farmer, devised a spray for killing potato bugs. It also killed the plants. Edison paid $300 for the damage and charged it up to "not experimenting properly."

* * * * * * * *

In the church at Cranwell, England, close to the famous airdrome of that name, there is a baptismal font constructed entirely of airplane parts. It is used for the christening of children whose fathers are in the Royal Air Force.

* * * * * * * *

North Carolina has the largest civil fleet of motor vehicles. Its 4,649 school busses comprised the largest motor fleet in the world until the fast-moving Army fleet outstripped it.

WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES

The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that two employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

Staff Members

Patterson, James L. (Army)
Query, James L. (Army)

Former Staff Members

Barrier, Captain George L. (Army)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G. (Navy)
Parker, Major Samuel I. (Army)
Poole, William E. (Army Air Corps)
Wingate, Wm. J. (Army Air Corps)

Former Students

Adams, Clyde (Navy)
Adams, Felix (Army)
Alexander, J. Mack (Army)
Alexander, Robert (Army)
Almond, Odell H. (Navy)
Allen, Julian Herschel (Navy)
Allen, Grady C. (Navy)
Allen, Wayne (Navy)
Allred, James R. (Army Air Corps)
Andrews, Julian (Marine Corps)
Ashley, Arthur (Army)
Atkins, Richard (Army)
Atwell, Robert (Navy)
Atwood, Earl (Army)

Barber, Winfred V. (Army)
Batson, Jack (Navy)
Barkley, Joel (Army)
Barrett, Allen (Army)
Branch, Glatley (Army)
Baynes, Howard (Army Air Corps)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Beach, Ernest (Army)
Beaver, Albert (Army)
Beaver, Walter (Army)
Bell, William G. (Navy)
Benson, John (Navy)
Bordeaux, Junior (Army)
Bowman, Charles (Army)
Branch, Horace (Army)
Brantley, Elmond A. (Marine Corps)
Britt, Jennings (Navy)
Brogden, Norman (Navy)
Broome, Jack (Army)
Broome, Paul (Marine Corps)
Broome, Shannon (Army Air Corps)
Brothers, William (Naval Air Corps)
Brown Aldene (Army)
Brown, Harold (Army)

Burke, Ensign William H. (Navy)
Burkhead, Dermont (Navy)
Burrow, John B. (Navy)
Butner, Roy (Marine Corps)

Capps, John T. (Army Air Corps)
Carter, Douglas (Army)
Carter, Fred (Army)
Causey, Floyd (Army)
Chapman, Edward (Army)
Chattin, Ben (Army)
Cherry, Herman (Army)
Cobb, Frank E. (Army)
Coffer, Robert (Army)
Collins, Glenn L. (Army)
Connell, Harry (Army)
Connell, James (Navy)
Cooke, George C. (Army)
Cooper, Walter (Army)
Cox, J. C. (Marine Corps)
Craft, Arthur (Army)
Crawford, Frank (Army Air Corps)
Crawford, Louis (Army)
Cunningham, David C. (Army)

Dalton, James (Army)
Daubenmyer, Nelson (Army)
Davis, Duke (Army)
Davis, James (Army)
Dodd, Carroll (Army)
Donaldson, Harold (Marine Corps)
Dorsey, W. Wilson (Army)
Driver, Malcom (Army Air Corps)
Dyson, Fred (Navy)

Earnhardt, Donald P. (Navy)
Edmondson, Arthur (Army)
Efird, N. A., Jr. (Army)
Elders, James R. (Marine Corps)
Elmore, A. C. (Marine Corps)
Evans, John H. (Army)

Faggart, John (Marine Corps)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)
Ferris, Russell (Army)
Fisher, Edward (Army)
Fisher, John H. (Army)
Freeman, Richard (Army)
French, Ian (Army)
Furches, William (Marine Corps)

Gaddy, William (Navy)
Gardner, Horace T. (Army)
Gatlin, Britt C. (Army)
Glasgow. Mumford (Army)
Glasgow, Norwood (Navy)
Glasgow, Ramsey (Army Air Corps)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)

Glover, Henry (Marine Corps)
Godfrey, Warren (Army)
Godwin, John T. (Navy)
Godwin, Paul D. (Army Air Corps)
Goodman, Albert (Army)
Goodman, George (Army)
Greene, Giles E. (Army)
Griffin, James H. (Marine Corps)
Grooms, J. B. (Army Air Corps)

Hall, Joseph (Army)
Harris, Edgar (Army)
Hawkins, William T. (Navy)
Head, Elbert (Army)
Hefner, Charles (Army)
Hefner, Eugene (Navy)
Hendren, Isaac (Navy)
Hendrix, John (Army)
Henry, Charlton (Navy)
Hicks, Garland (Army)
Hill, William (Army)
Hodge, Dallas (Army Air Corps)
Hogan, Gilbert (Army)
Holland, Burman (Army)
Holland, Donald (Army)
Holmes, John (Army)
Hulan, Norman (Navy)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)

Irvin, Raymond (Army)

Jackson, Edgar (Marine Corps)
Jackson, William (Navy)
Johnson, Hugh (Navy)
Jones, Mark Twain (Navy)
Jordan, James E. (Army)

Keen, Clinton (Army)
Keith, Monroe (Army)
Keith, Robert (Navy)
Kelly, Jesse (Army)
King, Cleo (Army Air Corps)
King, Frank L. (Army)
Kinley, Robert (Marine Corps)
Knight, Thomas (Army Air Corps)
Koontz, J. Milton (Army)
Kye, George (Army)

Lamar, A. C. (Army)
Land, Ruben (Army)
Land, Wilfred (Marine Corps)
Landrum, Luther H. (Army)
Lane, Floyd C. (Marine Air Corps)
Langley, William (Army)
Lawrence, Robert (Marine Corps)
Leagon, Harry (Army)
Ledford, Harvey L. (Army)
Lee, Valton (Army)

Lett, Frank (Army)
Lewallan, Paul R. (Army)
Long, Loyce (Army)
Long, Stacey L. (Army)

Martin, Willie H. (Army Air Corps)
Matthews, Douglas (Army)
May, George O. (Army)
Medlin, Clarence (Army)
Medlin, Ervin J. (Army)
Merritt, Edgar (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Miller, Latha (Navy)
Montgomery, Samuel (Navy)
Moose, Claude L. (Marine Corps)
Morrow, Chas. W. (Army Air Corps)
Morrozoff, Ivan (Army Air Corps)
Morgan, William S. (Navy)
Murphy, Lemuel (Army)
Murray, Edword J. (Army)

McBride, Irvin (Army Air Corps)
McCain, Edward G. (Navy)
McColl, Vollie O. (Navy)
McCoy, Hubert (Army)
McEntire, Forrest (Marine Corps)
McGee, Norman (Army)
McIver, Jordan T. (Navy)
McKay, John C. (Marine Corps)
McKee, Thomas R. (Army)
(Enlisted 1937)
McNeely, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1933)
McPherson, Arthur (Navy)

Nelson, Larry (Navy)
Newton, Willard M. (Army)

Owen, Fred, Jr. (Marine Corps)
Oxendine, Earl (Navy)

Padrick, William (Navy)
Page, James (Army)
Patterson, James (Navy)
Peak, Harry (Marine Corps)
Pearson, Flay (Army)
Pennington, Grady (Army)
Plemmons, Hubert (Army)
Pope, H. C. (Army)
Pyatt, Jack (Marine Corps)

Quick, James (Navy)
Quick, Simon (Navy)

Ramsey, Amos (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Rivenbark William W. (Army)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)

Rhodes, Paul (Army)
Roberts, Lonnie (Navy)
Robinson, Perry (Army Air Corps)
Rochester, Nicholas (Navy)
Russ, James P. (Army)

Sands, Thomas (Navy)
Seibert, Fred (Army)
Scott, Archie (Army)
Shannon, William L. (Navy)
Shaver, George H. (Navy)
Shropshire, Hassell (Army)
Sloan, Lonnie (Army)
Small, Clyde E. (Army)
Snuggs, Charles L. (Navy)
Springer, Jack (Army)
Stack, Porter (Army)
Stanley, Brown (Coast Artillery)
Stepp, James H. (Navy)
Strickland, Robert W. (Army)

Tessneer, Calvin C. (Navy)
Threatt, Sidi (Army Air Corps)
Tucker, Joseph (Army)

Waldrop, Ned (Army)
Walker, Glenn (Army)
Walker, Oakley (Army)
Walsh, Harold (Army)
Walters, Melvin (Army)
Ward, Eldridge (Army)
Ward, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1928)
Watkins, Floyd A. (Army)
Watson, Lieut. Lemuel (Army)
Watts, Boyce (Army)
Webb, Charles R. (Army)
Whitaker, William E. (Army)
White, Marshall (Coast Artillery)
Whitener, Richard M. (Army)
Whitlock, Winfred (Army)
Widener, Charles (Navy)
Wilhite, James (Army)
Williams, Everett L. (Army)
Williams, Samuel R. (Navy)
Williams, William R. (Navy)
Williamson, Everett (Navy)
Wiles, Fred (Army)
(Enlisted 1927. Now a Recruiting Officer)
Wilson, John C. (Army)
Wilson, Thomas (Navy)
Wilson, W. J. (Army)
Winn, J. Harvard (Navy)
Wood, Leonard (Army)
Wrenn, Lloyd (Army)

Young, Brooks (Army)
Young, R. L. (Marine Corps)

Ziegler, Henry F. (Navy)

MAINTAINING SPIRITUAL VALUES IN WAR TIMES

By Herman Harrell Horne

Without spiritual values, we can neither win the war nor save the peace, nor deserve to do either.

A constant menacing tendency in human society is that means usurp the place of ends. Martha's "much serving" came to take the place of "the good portion." There is continuity between means and ends: good means have good consequences and bad means have bad consequences. This is the law of cause and effect. We reject the view of Nietzsche that "a good war hallwoeth any cause." World War I aimed to end war and to make the world safe for democracy. It did neither. Can war as a means bring a human brotherhood? Can the use of physical force produce spiritual results?

Our problem is, can war be spiritualized?

In this war, means and ends appear contradictory. We use totaliarian means to reach democratic ends. We wage war to make peace. We submit to censorship while fighting for freedom of speech. We worship the God of battles while fighting that we may have freedom to worship the God of love. We experience fears while fighting for freedom from fear. We undergo wants while fighting for freedom from wants. We use might and power to win a victory for the spirit. Can these contradictions be harmonized?

Without glorifying war, let us extract the soul of goodness that may be found in things evil. Let us maintain the spiritual values in war time. By spiritual values we mean the nonmaterial, the truly human and the divine. Personal religion is the individual's sense of relation to God. From this personal experience flow good social consequences.

It is possible to be a Christian soldier. General Robert E. Lee was one. But it is not easy. The chaplains in our Army and Navy minister to the spiritual needs of our men under arms.

Among the evils to take out of war if we would maintain spiritual values are these three: hatred, vengeance, and race prejudice. It is human to err; to forgive is divine. If we are to remain Christian while we fight, we must eliminate prejudice against persons of German, Italian, and Japanese blood; we must conduct a war without hatred of the enemy, and make peace without vengeance. We must live with out present enemies when the war is over.

Among the spiritual values to conserve in war time are the sense of the worth and dignity of the individual, the love of friends of enemy blood, the protection of our children from emotional strain, the discipline of sacrifice, the appreciation of our obligations as citizens of the Republic, the true love of country which is intelligent and practical, the discounting of propaganda, the worth of heroism in civilian and military life, the better understanding and practice of democracy at home, the practical expression of sympathy in relief work, and

the sense of human soldarity and unity beneath all strife.

War time is indeed a challenge to Christian living. But war does not involve declaring a moratorium on Christianity. We can fight and support war as Christians if we can keep the sense of God's presence in it all. General Sherman said war is hell, but the Psalmist found that God's presence was there.

———:———

GOLDEN SILENCE

If I knew when a ship would sail
And what was in her hold,
I'm sure I'd think "that ship they'll sink
If should the news be told."
And when in some cafe I sat
Where gathered old and young,
I'd be afraid of man and maid
And try to hold my tongue.

If I knew what was going on
Where things are being made,
I'd not discuss on train or bus
The secrets of my trade.
And should a waitress question me
The while my tea I strried,
Though gay were she and fair to see,
I'd never say a word.

The urge in each of us is strong
To let our wisdom flow,
To sit and chat of this and that
We're very sure we know.
But spies are sly with questioning,
And some are fair of face.
Death rides the words so often heard
In many a public place.

—Edgar A. Guest

HIDDEN HUNGER

By Margaret A. J. Irvin

Most housewives have become familiar with the phrase. They have learned that it is not so important how much their families eat; it is what they eat that keeps them strong and healthy. They are aware that it is possible to satisfy conscious hunger without providing the necessary materials with which to build sturdy bodies.

Human beings may rise from laden tables three times a day and still be undernourished. Hidden hunger may be lying in ambush showing itself in that mid-afternoon slump or that inexplicable sense of depression or sudden fits of temper. Vitamins and minerals are now recognised as being as important to physical well-being as are the more obvious carbohydrates and proteins.

People are begining to believe that the toll taken by influenza in the last war was due not so much to the strength of the deadly germ as to the lack of resistance on the part of the population. Nutritional science was then in its infancy. Neither leaders nor housewives had the knowledge of food values that is taken for granted today. Substitutes which were not substitutes at all were offered to the public and used by those who desired the name patriot. In some cases, food prices made it impossible to buy any sort of sugstitute for the foods that were being curtailed. Outwardly, the great bulk of the population seemed to suffer no ill effects. They looked healthy enough, but when disease hit them, they had no resistance. They went down by the thousands.

This time the nation is approaching its food problem from a different angle. The first concern of the menu-marker is choosing foods that will keep her family up to par physically. She chooses them from foods that are plentiful, avoiding, wherever possible, the products that are needed for our fighting forces and our allies. She replaces scarce foods with foods that not only taste similar but that have a similar nutritional value. She knows that every sick citizen is a drain on, rather than an asset to, the nation. She does her bit by helping to create an inner resistance which will enable her family to stand up to whatever strain may be placed upon them. She takes no chances on hidden hunger.

If she is very wise, she is checking up on a different sort of hidden hunger at the same time. She is making sure that the little group for which she is responsible is getting enough spiritual food. It takes a little time and thought; but she is willing to snatch the time from her already crowded days because she knows it is important.

In the first place, she makes sure that they are getting a sufficient quantity. Is their conscious hunger being satisfied?

Then she checks up on the quality of the substitutes which may be offered to them. In times of peace, she knows that they need the emotional outlet of the church. When war comes it would be easy to let the

national emergency absorb all their loyalty and devotion. Children's feelings, like those of the adult population, are being stirred to achieve national goals. Be it said to the credit of our people that the food that is being offered to the children is, for the most part, good. Love of country, so long as it is not hatred of other nations, is gool spiritual nourishment. If we do not love our own country, which we see and know, how can we love the rest of the world that we have not seen? The wise mother will not deny her children the joy of working in a patriotic cause—nor will she let that joy be a substitute for the joy of working for the good of mankind.

Yes, she will see that they get enough of the right kind of spiritual nourishment. She accepts no substitutes, because there is no shortage of the food the church has to offer. She is more careful than ever to see that they get the sustenance they need, and get it regularly. She knows that a teaspoonful of codliver oil morning and evening is a more effective source of Vitamin D than five tablespoonfuls once a week. In the same way, she recognizes the fact that no one session of Sunday school or Children of the Church will make her child a stronger Christian character than the boy next door. She sees to it that he takes advantage of every opportunity that the church offers for growth. She knows that it is the cumulative effect of repeated "doses" that counts.

The wise mother takes no chances on hidden hunger—physical or spiritual.

———:———

IT'S EASY TO QUIT

It's easy to quit. Anybody can say,
"The hill is too high," or "it's too far away."
Anybody can say: "I'm too tired to keep on,"
And stop half way there, but don't be that one.
Whenever life gives you a task hard to do,
Don't stop in the middle, but see the thing through.

It's easy to quit. Any fool can explain
To himself and his friends why the struggle was vain.
It doesn't take brains when you start cutting loose
From a difficult task to think up an excuse;
There is always a plausible, soul-soothing lie
On the tongue of the chap who refuses to try.

—Author Unknown.

"SUGAR AND SPICE AND EVERYTHING NICE"

(B-C-A News)

"That's what little girls are made of." Well, what about rationing? Are little girls going to be less sweet than they are? Perish the thought! Just notice the coupling of spice and shgar in the old ndrsery rhyme, though. We know what's happened to sugar, but hafen't heard so much about spices except occasionally here and there. Yet every day the spice situation grows more acute.

"Everything nice". Spices are one of the luxuries of every-day living to which Americans became so accustomed in the days before the war that we took them more or less for granted. In fact, spices are very much a part of American history, considering that it was in a search for them by the westward route to the Indies that Columbus stumbled upon the American continent.

With the exception of automatic packing and labeling machines and a few grinding and sieving operations, spices are prepared today as they were fifty years ago. And they come, for the most part, from the same places. The United States has never tried to be self sufficient in the matter of spices. It was cheaper in the long run to import what we wanted, but spices and herbs must be avaiable, and if imports are at a standstill, we must concern ourselves with the domestic supply and availability.

The best sage came from Dalmatia on the west coast of the Adriatic. The supply is now shut off, but we can and do grow some here.

The best grades of mustard came previously from England and France, but it is cultivated in America from imported seed, and many good grades now are grown in California, Montana, Washington, and Idaho.

Then there's paprika. This is a condiment made from a mild variety of capsicum which, in turn, is an herb or shrub of the nightshade variety. This, to the layman, is the familiar family which includes common red pepper and the other peppers which furnish red or Cayenne pepper. Spain was the source of some of our paprika, but the Hungarian variety is considered the best. California grows a little.

The Netherlands Indies used to supply large quantities of cloves, nutmeg, cinnamon and pepper. These old and historic islands are now in the war zone, and supplies are cut off.

However, the countries of South America can and do grow many spices. For example, marjoram, an herb of the mint family, was previously supplied to us in quantities from Europe. Chile grows it, and long as the sea lanes remain open and shipping is available, can supply us. Guatemala also grows bay leaves and can supply them, now that we no longer get them from the Mediterranean area.

Chemistry can help a little by producing some synthetic flavors, such as vanillin which can replace the scarce vanilla bean. The American Spice Trade Association, which includes virtually our entire domestic

spice industry, is actively sponsoring domestic spice crops. The Association maintains that there is no climatic or geographic reason why many of the spices and herbs cannot be grown satisfactorily in this country. Almost any climate peculiar to spice cultivation can be found in some section of the United States. We are continually experimenting with domestic crops of sage, thyme, celery seed, marjoram, caraway, dill, poppy seed, rosemary, savory, sesame, and so on. Right now Kentucky is producing licorice, corianrer, and angelica. Red peppers grow in California and Louisiana.

All of which adds up to the fact that neither the housewife nor members of her family should rush out and buy unlimited quantities of spices at the nearest grocery. A "pinch of this and a pinch of that" go a long way in cooking. It would be more patriotic and a lot more fun to do a little experimenting personally.

In the growing season, many kinds of herbs and spices can be raised in the garden. A very few assorted plants will take care of needs for a long, long time. Some of these plants, are decorative. In the winter, a pot or two of the family favorites can flourish inside. Herb gardens were familiar to our pioneer ancestors because they were a necessity, both for medicinal purpose and for good eating. So they are today!

———:———

CURIOSITIES OF THE BIBLE

The study of Bible curiosities is an interesting recreation. It gives us a greater knowledge of Bible facts, and is also a means of increasing our love for the Word of God.

The middle verse of the Bible is Psalm 118:8.

The longest verse is Esther 8:9 and the shortest is John 11:35.

Four verses in Psalm 107 are alike.

In Genesis 2:15 we read about the first gardener.

Cain was the first person recorded in Scriptures who told a lie.

The founder of the first city was Cain. He built the city of Enoch.

The first bridal veil was worn by Rebekah.

The first ship was built by Noah.

In Genesis 35:20 we read about the first monument erected to the memory of the dead.

In Second Samuel 19:18 we read about the first ferryboat.

The first mention of printing is found in Job 19:23 as follows: "Oh, that my words were not written; oh, that they were printed in a book!"

The first temperance societies were founded 607 B. C. See Jeremiah 35.—Michigan Christian Advocate.

SOLDIER AND STUDENT

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

Both soldier and student are enlisted in the same great effort, provided their hearts are wholeheartedly in the undertaking and their best efforts are dedicated to its accomplishment. The purpose of this effort should be clear to all, namely, the conserving and the perpetuating to future generations of mankind of those priceless treasures of liberty, culture, knowledge, and faith, which in the long struggle of man were purchased at great price by heroic men and women who spared no cost in blood or labor. The best we have today is a sacred trust from those who have gone before and they would say to soldier and to student, "Take care that you pass these treasures on intact and increased in values to other hands which will come after you."

It is necessary that our men fight and die. Since enemies have challenged our right to live, of course, we fight for self-preservation. But there is a larger meaning to this struggle, our soldiers fight to preserve for us and for the coming generations those things which men value most—liberty, culture, knowledge, faith. In one year we purpose to spend in the war effort more than the combined income of every individual among our 130 million citizens, enough to purchase anew most of the trinkets of a material civilzation; but we do this because we know that unless we preserve the intellectual and spiritual values of our civilization, all will go. Lasting material properity can only exist upon a sound foundation of morals, knowledge, and religion.

Our soldiers are the soldiers of civilization, and our students also are the soldiers of civilization. Upon each group there rests the solemn responsibility of preserving and transmitting the larger valuer of life.

Most of our soldiers are youths, who frequently have been pulled away from their lessons to shoulder arms. For their nation and for civilization they left their books with their educations only partially completed. I can hear them saying to the students now in school "We who go to die urge you to make the most of your school days, for what you do now in classroom and in study is just as vital for the future as what we do on the battlefields."

The thoughtful soldier to the receptive student might say: "Build knowledge and strength of mind and soul into your personality. Catch a bigger vision than our fathers had, for in our hands and in your hands lies possibilities for creating a new and better world. Don't skip the hard things in education, for it is a hard world and the knowledge that is gained with difficulty is usually the knowledge that men most need. Don't be content with mediocrity but strive for excellence. In your school days struggle to be emancipated from the slavery of narrowness, superstition, bigotry, and intolerance. Learn to see that there are two sides to most questions and to appreciate the other fellow's viewpoint, for in the new world to come, Americans must cooperate with people differing greatly

from us in heritage and outlook. Unless we grow big-hearted and big-minded, we will prove inadequate for the work of our day. And with all your knowledge, keep a firm grasp on eternal realities, for in the ships that fly the stratosphere and the submarines that plumb the depths, in the fox holes of Bataan and on the sands of North Africa, the soldiers of America are finding God and the values of religion.

———:———

DON'T GIVE UP

Keep on smiling, keep on going,
Straight ahead and do not stop;
Nothing is ever gained by crying;
Don't give up and be a flop.

Climbing is not always easy,
It takes work to reach the top.
But it's well worth every effort,
Don't give up and a flop.

Reach out your hand to help your neighbor,
Lest his load may make him drop;
Then your own load will be lighter,
Don't give up and be a flop.

You'll find liberty and freedom
When you reach the very top;
So keep on trying, keep on smiling,
Don't give up and be a flop.

—Carson Long

A TIN FISH MONGER WAS HE

(Esso Oil Ways)

Through the sullen waters of the Atlantic swam $12,000 worth of slim, blunt-nosed destruction to bring a watery death to the Bismark, pride of the German Navy. Mussolini's dream of the Mediterranean as an Italian cake was sunk at Taranto by sisters of this aquatic killer. Many Japanese vessels have also felt their deadly sting. It has been estimated that of the total number of vessels sunk in this war by all countries, more than 85 per cent were destroyed by torpedoes.

Carried by airplanes, surface vessels and submarines, these cigar-shaped killers strike at the most vulnerable part of a vessel—several feet below the water line. Up to 600 pounds of T.N.T. carried in the nose forces many tons of water against the hull when the torpedo explodes on hitting its target. The effect is far greater than if the explosion took place above the water line because water, unlike air, may be considered incompressible. These tons of water literally crush the hull and the ship may be lifted several feet.

Called "tin fish" by the Navy men, because of their resemblance to the finny tribe while under water, torpedoes are generally between 13 and 24 feet long. The larger sizes cost up to $12,000 and weigh as much as three tons. They contain more than 1,300 precision parts and can be set to follow any course—even zig zag. Steam and products of combustion drive turbines which propel the torpedo. Horizontal and vertical fins keep the torpedo on course and at proper depth—usually about 15 feet. A torpedo has a speed as high as 50 miles per hour and a range of about eight miles, although it is generally used at distances under a mile from the target. An adjustment made prior to release, causes the torpedo to sink after it travels a predetermined distance.

The modern torpedo is a far cry from its first self-propelled ancestor, invented in 1866 by English engineer Robert Whitehead. Whitehead was no mad scientist who spent his time in some lonely laboratory. He passed a normal boyhood in Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, England, where he was born on Januarf 3, 1823. When only 15, he went to work in a Manchester machine shop, while he spent all his spare time studying at the Mechanics Institute in Manchester.

Whitehead's rise in the engineering field was fairly rapid. In 1843 he was hired as a draftsman by a metal works in Marseilles, France. Four years later he went to Italy—then in Austria—where he built and patented silk-spinning machinery. He worked as a constructor in Trieste and then as manager of an engineering concern there. In 1858 Whitehead was hired to establish and manage a marine engine works in Fiume, Italy—then in Hungary. The engines were sold to the Austrian Navy.

In 1860 Captain Luppis of that navy conceived the idea of a small boat, steered by ropes from shore and carrying a cargo of high explosives. This was to ram and blow up enemy vessels attacking the shore. When the

Austrian Navy rejected the idea in 1864, Captain Luppis brought his plans to Whitehead. The impractical plans interested Whitehead sufficiently to start him working on his own solution.

Whitehead finished his first torpedo in October, 1866. To maintain proper depth, horizontal fins were controlled through linkages by a spring-backed piston open to the sea. When this depth control failed to respond quickly enough, Whitehead added a pendulum control to keep the torpedo on a more even keel. A successful demonstration was staged in 1868 and the following year Austria gave Whitehead an order for torpedoes. They carried 17.5 pounds of explosive, had a speed of about 7 miles per hour for a distance of 700 yards and were driven by compressed air.

In 1897 a Trieste engineer, L. Obry, invented a steering mechanism controlled by a gyroscope. Whitehead improved and adapted it to his torpedoes.

Before he died in England on November 14, 1905, all the great nations of the world, as well as many smaller powers, had become buyers of his "tin fish." It is to him the world owes credit for what has been called the most potent weapon in naval warfare ever developed.

———:———

THE MAN WHO'S SQUARE

There is something in the twinkle
Of an honest fellow's eye,
That can never be mistaken
And can never be passed by.
Be his station high or slowly,
There's that doubtless upright air
That convinces all beholders
That the man they see is square.

Heaven gives such men influence
Over those they daily meet;
If they see a fellow brother
They will help him on his feet.
Make the "Sneaks" a bit uneasy,
Make the "False" act kind of fair,
For the greatest rogue on record
Will respect the man who's square.

—Selected.

TREE GROWTH AND THE WEATHER

By Roy L. Warren

Look out! There it comes!"

With a great, resounding crash that echoed and re-echoed through the forest, the big tree lay prone upon the ground. A mighty giant had fallen. The woodsmen sprang upon the trunk and, with their axes, began hewing off the smaller limbs.

They were clearing out a certain number of the larger trees for wood and lumber and to make room for smaller trees to get their growth.

Did you ever notice the rings around the trunk of a tree that had just been freshly cut down? Look at this fallen monarch and count the rings on the hewn face. Each ring represents a year.

A tree grows by adding cells near the inner bark. In the spring and summer the new cells are made faster and are much larger than the cells in the fall.

The growth for the year may be seen as a light colored ring of the spring and summer within the more compact and narrow ring of the fall.

There are many things that affect the growth of a tree. Three growth in any year depends on the soil, temerataure and rainfall. The amount of rain affects tree growth more than any other condition. The width of the rings varies with the rainfall.

A ranger in a report from Hot Springs National Park, Arkansas, says it is interesting to note how many adverse circumstance trees will overcome by adapting themselves to the conditions present.

In order to exist, all plants and animals must be flexible enough to adapt themselves to a great variety of circumstances. This is a law of nature's kingdom which applies everywhere. In high altitudes, for instance, trees must adapt themselves to live under the most adverse condition known for plant growth. High winds, cold, extremes of all kinds, must be sucessfully combated.

From these bravely struggling trees of timberline to the coastal tropical trees we find them adapting tropical trees we find them always adapting themselves to their environment, often succeeding against great odds. Wherever plants grow, unfavorable conditions of temperature, light humidity and wind must be encountered.

Then there are disease, insect pests, and fire. Man-caused fires are one of the forest's worst enemies. Although nature struggles valiantly to overcome the damage caused by man, so that fire scars in time may become moderated or lost to sight by new foliage, the tree will never be quite the same again. Its resistance is weakened, its growth slowed down, it is left open to disease and parasites.

Old trees grow much more slowly than young trees. You will find the newer rings are narrower than the older. A ring may be wider in one place than another. Have you noticed that? Tree rings indicate the wet and dry periods within the tree's lifetime.

By comparing the rings of old trees recently felled with the rings

in the beams in the old Indian Pueblos, the accurate records or the dates of the early Indian settlement are determined. The oldest of the Indian buildings in the Southwest was found in this way to have been build in the year 660.

From the records of the rings that have been extensively studied, it has been learned that tree growth and rainfall vary in cycles of eleven and one-half years. In most of the world, weather follows a cycle of twenty-three years—double the eleven and one-half year period. The eleven and one-half year period is the length of the cycle of sun spot intensity.

A variation in sun spot intensity is a variation in solar radiation, weather, rainfall, tree rings, food supply and economic stability of men.

Tree growth is a very interesting study for both old and young. Know your trees.

———:———

A MAN

It isn't the years that make a man,
But what you've thought, and done;
How much you've dared, the blessings shared,
The many things begun.

Have you the power to choose one goal,
To let all others go?
To plan and wait, to concentrate,
To use all that you know?

Can you reverse yourself, give up
Your dearest hope and plan,
And give yourself to a higher goal?
Then count yourself a man.

—H. O. Spelman.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Each boy at the School is being given a neat hair-cut by Mr. T. R. Adams and his group of youthful tonsorial artists. This work will be completed early next week.

—:—

Mr. and Mrs. Adams and the boys of the Receiving Cottage are now living in Cottage No. 2. This is just a temporary arrangement while the interior of their cottage home is being repainted and minor repairs made.

—:—

The several spots on the campus on which grass seed was sown recently now present a fine appearance. The grass came up well, making a decided improvement in the appearance of those sections of the School grounds.

—:—

"Sun Valley Serenade" was the attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in our auditorium last Thursday night. This Twentieth-Century-Fox production, showing skiing and skating scenes, was thoroughly enjoyed by the boys.

—:—

Allen Morris and Bert Barnhardt, of Cottages Nos. 5 and 11, respectively, were taken to Concord last Wednesday morning for the purpose of having their tonsils removed. This was done by Dr. R. B. Rankin, of Concord. Both boys returned to the School the same day, and were placed in our infirmary, where they are getting along nicely. They will return to their cottages in a short time.

—:—

We recently learned that Gilbert Hogan, of Durham, one of our old boys, is now in the United States Army. This lad, now eighteen years old, came to the School, April 15, 1938, and was permitted to return to his home in Durham, January 2, 1941. A report from the Durham County Welfare Board, now on file in our office shows that Gilbert did exceedingly well after leaving us, and that a discharge from further parole supervision was issued to him, August 7, 1941. He is now a member of a parachute regiment, stationed at Camp Croft, South Carolina.

—:—

William Cherry, formersy of Cottage No. 4, called on us last Wednesday. This lad came to the School, March 2, 1938, and returned to his home in Durham, July 12, 1941. For about eight months he worked in a cafateria in that city. He then secured employment in a post exrhange at Camp Butner, where he is still employed. William told us that he had been getting along well at his present place of employment, but hoped to be able to get into the Army soon.

William stated that his brother, Herman, also a former student here, who left the School, September 20, 1939, is now in the armed forces in North Africa.

—:—

George C. Cooke, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who left the School, July 12, 1940, was a visitor here last Thursday and Friday. During his stay at the institution he was employed in the textile plant. Upon leaving us, George went to his home at Kings Mountain, where he was employed in a cotton mill for about one month. On September 17, 1940, he enlisted in the

United States Army, and was sent to Fort Bragg, where he is still stationed. While with us George was a very good worker and was a well-behaved lad, hence we were not the least bit surprised to see a sergeant's stripes on his sleeve. He is a member of the quartermaster's detachment, and states that he likes army life and is going to do his best at all times. He seemed delighted to see old friends and acquainances here, and they were equally glad to see him. We extend to this young man our very best wishes for continued success in Uncle Sam's service.

—:—

In a recent issue of the Concord Daily Tribune we noticed that Valton Lee, of that city, was a member of a group of Cabarrus County young men scheduled to go to Fort Bragg for induction into the United States Army at an early date.

When just a little fellow, Valton was admitted to the Training School, January 3, 1923, and left us, January 16, 1926. During his stay at the institution, he was a member of the Cottage No. 1 group. Upon his admission he entered the fourth grade, and had completed the seventh grade work at the time of leaving.

For the past twelve or fourteen years, Valton has been living in Concord, has been employed regularly, and has been getting along very nicely. We often see him around town, and he always shows great interest in the School. In a conversation with him last Sunday night, he spoke of his coming induction into the army, and seemed to be glad to have an opportunity to go and do what he could for his country. He also stated that he would always have a warm spot in his heart for the Training School, as he very pleasantly recalled the days spent here as a youngster. He requested that occasional copies of The Uplift be sent him in order that he might keep up with the activities here while away from home. Valton is now thirty-three years old, and is a young man of nice appearance and pleasing manners. He impresses us as one who has just what it takes to make a good soldier, and we wish him the best of luck as he enters Uncle Sam's service.

—:—

Mr. John Carriker, officer in charge of Cottage No. 11, recently received a letter from Edward J. Murray, formerly of that cottage. Edward came to the institution, January 15, 1937 and was granted a conditional release, July 12, 1941. He is now a member of the United States Army, and is stationed at Fort Benning, Georgia. His letter reads in part, as follows:

"Dear Mr. Carriker: Perhaps you won't remember me, but if you will think back about two years, I think you will. Am writing you this letter tonight, hoping that I may get some news of what is going on at the School these days.

"Here is the main reason why I am in the Army: Two of my older brothers went into the Army soon after I left the School. They were trained as aerial gunners in a bomber squadron. Soon after their training was finished, they were sent to England. We only heard from them one time, and then came word from the War Department that they had been shot down in a raid somewhere over Germany. From that time there has been nothing in my heart but to get in there and strike back as best I know how.

"I am now a member of a parachute force, and have my wings, with sixteen jumps to my credit. Have also received a diploma for being an expert on explosives and sabotage. I shall soon be ready to go into combat.

"Will close for this time. When you write, please send me an Uplift. Luck to you and your wife. Yours very truly, Edward J. Murray."

—:—

Robert Lawrence, a former linotype operator in our printing class, who has been in the United States Marine Corps for several months, wrote us a few days ago. He has been stationed at Camp Elliott, San Diego, California, since his enlistment last year, where he is now attending a special weapon school. Bob writes as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Received your letter dated January 11th, and sure was glad to hear from you. Have been wanting to write you for a long time, but have been too busy.

"I am now in the Special Weapon School and enjoy it very much. We have been going strong for six weeks and will soon complete that part of our training. We study practically all of the time. Have to take tests every Saturday morning, each one requiring three and one-half hours.

"Received The Uplift and enjoyed reading it. Would like to get a furlough, but guess that is out until the war is over. Sure would like to see all of my old friends at the School.

"We had a bad storm last Friday but it cleared up enough for me to hitch-hike to Los Angeles on Saturday. That's where I usually go on week-ends, sometimes to Long Beach. We can enjoy ourselves better there than at San Diego, which is always crowded with marines, sailors and soldiers. I went to the Rose Bowl game at Pasadena, and it sure was swell contest.

"Have made lots of friends since leaving the School, and receive letters from them all the time, but don't have much time to answer them. But I do appreciate hearing from them and hope they will keep on writing.

"I am now a machine gunner. We operate both the .50 calibre and the 20 mm. guns. So far I have qualified in the use of both, have finished courses in chemical warfare, and am now rated as expert with the pistol, and sharpshooter with rifle. I just missed qualifying as expert with the rifle by two points. Have also been rated as expert with bayonet.

"The drilling I received at the School helped a lot when I first came out here, and when in "boot camp," I was made acting corporal because I knew how to march and was familiar with the different foot movements.

"Please remember me to all the folks at the School, and don't forget that I would like to see some more copies of The Uplift. Your old friend, Bob Lawrence."

—:—

In the Fall of 1941, when thousands of soldiers were taking part in army maneuvers in this section of the country, it was our pleasure to meet hundreds of boys from all over the United States. People at the School particularly recall Bandmaster Chester E. Whiting and his famous 180th Field Artillery Band, of Boston, as they played here on two occasions, and made many friends among both boys anl officials of the institution. This splendid musical organization, with

a few exceptions, has been in the South Pacific battle area for more than a year.

One of these exceptions is Technical Sergeant Russell A. Buchanan, who was first trombone player and assistant director under Mr. Whiting, but was transferred to another outfit. He is now stationed at Fort Meade, Md. While at the School, Sergeant Buchanan showed great interest in the work being carried on here, visiting practically all departments, and has kept in touch with us since that time. We received a letter from him a few days ago which reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Thank you for your very nice letter, snaps, and The Uplift. It was a pleasure to read the letter from Mr. Whiting in your fine little magazine—to know that even away down in the Pacific Islands they still remembered our happy days in North Carolina. Even though you may not hear from us very often, you can be sure we shall always remember you, the boys at the school, and many other friends, especially those in Concord.

"The Uplift, which your boys print, contains some very good reading, and I do hope all the young men and boys read it through. It pleases me much to read of the former boys making good on the outside, and the fine representation now in the service of our country.

"We are not here at this post for long, and wherever we go, I'll drop you a word. Maybe there will be an opportunity to see Concord for a day at my next station, as we have heard a rumor as to our destination, but one doesn't know until he gets there. I am now with Mr. Bassett, formerly the 102nd F. A. Band, and told him about the snaps you sent me, but forgot to show them to him. Thought of it several days ago, but they are packed with my equipment and I can't get to them now, but I know he will be pleased to see them later. He sends his regards to you.

"Hope you are having good weather down your way. Snow is falling here and the roads are very icy. I do hope this finds you enjoying good health, and that everything is fine at the school. Best regards to all, and thanks again for the pictures. Sincerely, R. A. Buchanan."

We appreciate the nice things Sergeant Buchanan had to say about the time spent in this section, and were glad to learn that he is with Warrant Officer Bassett, whom we met in Concord on several occasions, when his band rendered concerts there. Both of these New Englanders are fine fellows and we hope we may have the privilege of seeing them again. One thing is certain—should they be stationed at a point within reasonable distance, we shall do our dead level best to have their band visit the School.

—:—

We have just received a nice letter from Doy Hagwood, formerly of Cottage No. 6, and a member of the printing class. This young man, now about thirty-four years old, left the School, December 29, 1925. He went back to his home in Henderson, enentered the public school, where he stayed until his graduation from high school. Doy is married, and has been living in New York City quite a number of years. Enclosed in this letter were recent snap-shots of Doy, his wife, and young son, who, from his appearance, we would judge to be

about two and one-half years old. He writes as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: I am ashamed of myself for being so delinquent in answering your nice letter of last July. My sister's husband, whom you chanced to meet in Charlotte last year, died soon after you saw him. He fell from their porch, which is two stories up. His neck was broken and he just withered away after putting up a great fight to live. This happened right after I heard from you, and I was so upset at the time that I failed to answer your letter when I should. I later moved to Brooklyn in order to be nearer my work, and have been kept quite busy. As circumstances are now, one must devote all his energy toward the elimination of the "enemy," and he's tough.

"After leaving the school, I entered Henderson High School, just after Christmas, and by studying hard, finished my course in three and one-half years. Was fortunate enough to win the Kiwanis Trophy, given to the student ranking highest in athletics, scholarship and deportment. I have often wondered if I really deserved it, as there were a number of fellows whom I thought were more deserving.

"During my stay in high school I joined the National Guard, and went to camp in the summer time. One summer I was almost forced to enter the ring to box a fellow from Concord, by the name of Werber. He was standing in the middle of the ring, challenging anyone in camp who was within his weight limit. Some of my friends almost threw me right into his lap. I think the sudden commotion must have frightened him, for he never regained his composure, and I won by a knock-out. From then on, I had plenty of luck and finally was fortunate enough to win the light-weight championship of the camp. Then came more good fortune, when Major Fowler gave me a chance to take the entrance examinations to West Point. At that time I had opportunities to go to Duke, Carolina, and Wake Forest, and there was also a chance to play "C" baseball. I chose baseball. My mother never forgave me and I don't blame her. I didn't make good in baseball, so I came up here.

"I can't complain, for I've had opportunities—at J. T. S., and all along the line—to get into some professional line, and passed them all up. Am now working for the Sperry Gyroscope Company. We make instruments for all battleships and combat planes. Here I've found myself and am devoting all the effort I knew as a boxer, half-back, baseball and basketball player to win the great game we are in now. We are beginning to win, and I am more than satisfied.

"I married a lovely lady from Boston, and we have a son who is everything a father could ask for. Here you will see a couple of pictures of my proud possessions and myself.

"Give my best regards to all those men who gave me a lift when I was at Jackson Training School. Forgive me for my shortcomings—they are many—but deep down within my heart I appreciate your influence, so unselfishly bestowed upon me and thousands of other lads who needed it. Hope that you are well, and if the opportunity ever offers itself, I shall be glad to see you again. Sincerely yours, Doy A. Hagwood."

—:—

Rev. Frank Jordan, pastor of Cen-

tral Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 26th chapter of Matthew, and in his message to the boys he pointed out a number of incidents in the life of Judas.

Judas, said he, is probably the most universally disliked character in history. All over the world, parents have named their children for men and women prominent in the Bible, but we have yet to hear of one being named Judas. And there is a very good reason for this, he continued, for he was the man who betrayed Jesus Christ for thirty pieres of silver, or about -20.00, as we value loney today.

The speaker then stated that Judas must not have been all bad, for if that had been true Jesus would never have chosen him as one of his disciples. He, with eleven others, were selected by the Master to do a very important piece of work. He must have been a man of considerable business ability or he would not have been appointed to have charge of the money possessed by the twelve men. He must have had many good qualities or Christ and the disciples would not have placed him in such a responsible position.

Of course, said Rev. Mr. Jordan, this man was not perfect, and neither were the others without fault. James and John were selfish. They asked Jesus for the two best positions when he should come into his kingdom—requesting to be placed one on his left and the other on the right. Simon Peter, too, had faults. On one occasion he denied the Master, saying he had never known him. Surely they could not reflect on Judas' character, as their own did not always show to advantage.

The one bad flaw in Judas' character, continued the speaker was his covetousness. Although the funds he handled belonged to the entire group, he had been known to reach into the common purse to get something for himself.

Rev. Mr. Jordan then stated that Judas loved money, and there finally came a time when he was offered what turned out to be a very poor trade, but he took it. There were many enemies of Jesus in the country, who sought to destroy him. In view of the fact that many of the Master's friends usually accompanied him, they could not attack openly. They then sought underhand means , and knowing of Judas' weakness for money, they decided he might be of use to them. When first approached concerning the matter, Judas hesitated, saying: "No. That man is my best friend. I cannot do it." But the conspirators finally offered him a sum of money to tell them where they could find Jesus—preferably a quiet place—for they still feared the multitude. At last Judas said: "I know where Jesus goes to pray, and can there be captured easily. Give me the money, and I'll lead you to him. So there will not be any mistake, I'll kiss the man you want." In due time he sought out the best friend he had and turned him over to the Roman soldiers.

Why did Judas do such a thing? asked the speaker. Because there was one single flaw in his character, and it damned him. He wanted money more than anything else, and eventually reached the place where he would sell whatever he had—even his best friend. By this act, Judas harm-

ed himself more than he injured Jesus, as is so well expressed in the following lines of a well-known poem:

"Still as of old, men by themselves
are priced;
For thirty pieces, Judas sold himself—not Christ."

No man can sell Jesus Christ. No man can get rid of him. That was tried, but man's plans failed, and the Master was triumphant despite all efforts to destroy him—even overcoming death itself.

After committing this vile deed, Judas was remorseful, continued the speaker. He went to the elders, offered to return the money if they would release Jesus admitting that he had betrayed an innocent man. They said: "That is your business. See ye to it. We have what we wanted. We paid for it." Judas then went out and hanged himself. He had one bad flaw in his character, and it overpowered his good points, bringing him to an ignoble death.

Rev. Mr. Jordan then told the boys that one bad flaw will ruin most anything. By way of illustration, he called attention to the huge gasoline trucks which we see on the highways. We see a chain dragging along on the ground behind it. This chain carries off static electricity. If that chain should break, even though it failed to reach the ground by just a few inches, the electricity would reach the contents of the truck and cause it to explode.

The rich young man who went to see Jesus concerning eternal life, had been what the world would call a good man. He had kept the commandments and had led a clean life. But in his life there was a flaw. Jesus said to him: "One thing thou lackest. Go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor; then come and follow me." The young man went away sorrowing because he loved his money too much to give it up.

In conclusion, the speaker told the boys that none of us are all good, nor all bad. The people who are getting along, said he, are those who are living according to Jesus' teachings. He urged his youthful listeners to give all they had to Christ and let him have a chance to make good men of them—and not let a bad spot ruin all the good in them.

———:———

"Don't be misled into believing that, somehow, the world owes you a living. The young man who believes that his parents, or the government, or anyone else owes him a livelihood, and that he can collect it without work, will wake up one day and find himself working for another man who did not entertain that sort of a belief, and thereby earned the right to have others working for him."—David Sarnoff.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 24, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Fred Carswell
Donald Jolly
Ira Montgomery
Charles Pearson
Weaver Ruff
Dillard Shelton
Lee St. Clair
John Watts
Harry Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
William Butler
N. A. Bennett
Sterald Cline
Jack Harmon
David Howard
Leonard Lovelace
James Pitman
Jack Reeves
Leonard Robinson
Russell Stikes
Kenneth Tipton

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Charles Beal
Dewey Bunn
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Joseph Dew
Burlen Edmondson
B. J. Mayberry
Samuel Pritchett

COTTAGE NO. 4

Elbert Brown
Leroy Childers
William Davis
William Deaton
Bruce Harper
Raeford Medlin
Robert Muse
Roy Patton
Robert Sprinkle
Jerry Talbert
Roy Womack
George Ward

COTTAGE NO. 5

Charles Brookshire
John Mazoo
Hoyt Newell
William Penninger
David Eugene Stubbs
Willford Seegers

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Kenneth Caldwell
Marvin Melvin
Ralph Gibson
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
Gerald Kerman
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
Rufus Massingill
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean
Hayes Powell
Reitzel Southern
John C. Rhodes
Wesley Turner
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7

Albert Allen
Arthur Beal
Fred Bostian
Joseph Case
Charles Edwards
John McLean
Leroy Pate
Jerry Ray
Edgar Shell
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 8

Banks McKnight
Vernon Rinehardt
James C. Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 9

Curtis Campbell
Cecil Caldwell
Leonard Church
Thurman Daniels
Vernon Green
Edward Guffey

Fred Grimstead
James Hale
Wilbur Hardin
William Hart
Morris Johnson
Isaac Mahaffey
Robert Owens
Lawrence Rice
Milford Ward

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Marvin Bradley
Noah Brown
Horace Guffey
Everett Morris
Robert Moses
T. B. Nowell
Clyde Rhodes
Everett Stamey
Fred Stewart
Ray Taylor
Ervin Wolfe
William O'Brien
Richard Kye
W. C. Boyd

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 14

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 15

Harold Blankenship
James Cantrell
Ennis Miller
Lawton McDowell
J. D. Smith
William Willis
Evans Watson
Samuel Williamson

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hiram Atkinson
Jack Bateman
Raymond Brooks
Frank Chavis
Paul Deal
Floyd Fields
R. C. Hoyle
Herbert Lochlear
James Lochlear
Eugene Moose

INFIRMARY

Newman Tate
Robert Padgett

HELP HIM

When your friend is gruff,
And his voice is rough,
Don't give him a nasty frown;
Don't speak too quick,
For he might be sick,
And troubles may weigh him down.

It may be true
That he counts on you,
And likes your sunny smile;
So do your part
To lighten his heart,
And help him in his trial.

—Harry Brokaw.

CAROLINA

(c) Dean R. B. House
University of North Carolina

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 13, 1943 NO. 7

HOW RICH ARE YOU?

You are richer today than you were yesterday if you have laughed often, given something, forgiven even more, made a new friend, or made stepping-stones of stumbling-blocks, if you have thought more in terms of "thyself" than "myself," or if you have managed to be cheerful even if you were weary. You are richer tonight than you were this morning if you have taken time to trace the handiwork of God in the commonplace things of life, or if you have learned to count out things that really don't count, or if you have been a little blinder to the faults of friend and foe. You are richer if a little child has smiled at you, and a stray dog has licked your hand, or if you have looked for the best in others and and have given others the best in you.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
THE URGES OF A BOY	(Contributed)	8
LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY RECALLS FAITH IN DEMOCRACY	By Herbert Hollander	12
THE FRIENDLINESS OF LINCOLN	By N. H. Gist	16
YOUNG LINCOLN CALLED IT HOME	By Ruth I. Simon	17
THE SURPRISE	By Emma Gray Wallace	20
ORIGIN OF FAMILIAR WORDS AND EXPRESSIONS	(Selected)	23
JUVENILE DELINQUENCY	(The Connie Maxwell)	24
INSTITUTION NOTES		26
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

LINCOLN

Across the street from Westminster Abbey, in a tiny park, stands a replica of the Saint Gaudens statue of Lincoln. It is a majestic figure, a bit idealized, but most impressive in that setting.

There he stands as if looking at the old Abbey, where reposes the dust of so many famous men of our common race. He still stands, untouched by any bomb which fact, let us hope, is a parable and a prophecy.

In Manchester, I am told, there is a replica of the Bernard statue of Lincoln, more realistic, a little ungainly—a towering figure of simple nobility, beloved by the people of that Midland city.

Years ago I lectured on Lincoln in the Cavandish Square Church in Macnhester. After the lecture, the American consul told how he had found in the files of his office a very interesting fact.

A group of Manchester citizens had a bust of John Bright made, and it was ready to be sent to President Lincoln, when the news came of his death. However, they sent it anyway, and it is in the White House now.

The first statue of Lincoln to be set up in England was in a little cemetery in Edinburgh, Scotland—erected by Scottish soldiers who had served in the Union army. Not a great work of art, but a true tribute.

There ought to be a statue of Lincoln in East Anglia, the original home of the Lincoln family; in Hingham, whence they left to settle in New England, then in New Jersey Pennsylvania, and finally in Virginia.

In a world of coercion, threatened by a streamlined despotism, the faith of Lincoln in the common man, his high capacities and destiny, may seem almost obsolete, along with the religion of Jesus.

But that is only seeming. It was in the midst of a dreadful war that his faith was affirmed at Gettysburg, as Wordsworth wrote his serenest lines as the shadow of Napoleon lay dark over Europe.

Under the same shadow Beethoven wrote his Seventh Symphony, and in the summer when the battle of Waterloo was fought Keats gave us some of his most heavenly lines. The things of the espirit defy war. The things of the spirit defy war. He paid "the last full measure of devotion," lives and will live.—Joseph Fort Newton.

———:———

BEULAH B. WYATT

The death angel visited the Jackson Training School, Sunday night, February 7th, 10 o'clock, and claimed Beulah B. Wyatt,

twelve years of age. This little girl had been a sufferer from an incurable malady nearly all of her young life, but was patient and never complained, having a sunny smile for all with whom she came in contact. It is interesting to know that up to the last she passed her time doing something for others. Just a few days before her passing she was making valentines for the boys of the cottage in which she resided. Not entirely satisfied with making valentines while reclining in bed, she asked one of the officers if he would put holes in them in order that a "lolly-pop" might be attached as an additional gift to each boy.

This sweet-spirited child leaves her father and mother, officer and matron at Cottage No. 3, and a young sister, to mourn her passing. The body was taken to Damascus, Virginia, and laid to rest in the family plot.

It is always hard to see loved ones "pass over the bar," but when the science of mortal man can neither relieve nor cure the sufferer, through tear-dimmed eyes, we look up and say, "We thank Thee, O Father, for Thy merciful kindness." The entire school, including officers and boys, joins in extending sympathy to the bereaved family.

* * * * * * * *

OUR BOY SCOUT TROOP

The thirty-third anniversary of the organization of the Boy Scouts of America was celebrated January 8th. The movement proved popular from the start and has grown by leaps and bounds until today the membership totals three millions. The objective is to bring young boys together in a unified interest with the one aim of lifting the morale of the youngsters and at the same time make them physically fit, so that they may be prepared to meet the demands of their respective communities. Training under a scoutmaster prepares them admirably for team work in duties entrusted. The confidence placed in these boys when assigned to certain duties inspires an inner urge to do their best, and at all times to play the game fairly.

Mr. George Thomason, executive secretary of seven counties, paid a visit to the Jackson Training School, and from the three hundred

and fifty boys enrolled at the institution, organized a Scout troop. He expressed himself as being pleased with the prospects. He also related a touching appeal made by one of the smallest of our boys. The youngster stepped up to Mr. Thomason and asked to join. "Well," replied Mr. Thomason, "I have to know something of your record before I can answer you." the lad's reply was, "Mister, I have taken things many times, but I'll not take another thing if I may become a Scout." Again an old, old story repeats itself—diverison or a worthwhile pastime will keep youngsters from committing small misemeanors which in the course of time will lead to more serious offenses. Unless the finer rules that develop character are brought to young boys we cannot expect anything other than waywardness and delinquency. We feel that a Boy Scout troop in this School will do much toward helping young boys morally, and make of them stronger citizens in every respect. The one objective of the Jackson Training School is to build strong character, and this can only be done by precept and example.

Here are the rules governing the conduct of Boy Scouts:

The Scout Law

1. A Scout is trustworthy.
2. A Scout is loyal.
3. A Scout is helpful.
4. A Scout is friendly.
5. A Scout is courteous.
6. A Scout is kind.
7. A Scout is obedient.
8. A Scout is cheerful.
9. A Scout is thrifty.
10. A Scout is brave.
11. A Scout is clean.
12. A Scout is reverent.

The Scout Oath

On My Honor I Will Do My Best: To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout Law. To help other people at all times. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight.

* * * * * * * *

A TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN

In connection with Lincoln's birthday, February 12th, many newspapers have re-printed what is considered one of the greatest tributes ever paid the "great emancipator." It came from the pen of Col. Henry Watterson, for many years editor of the "Louisville Courier-

Journal." Col. Watterson was at one time considered the greatest editor in the country. He brought the Louisville paper to a high rank during his editorial career. Concerning Lincoln, he wrote:

"Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light or fair surroundings; without graces, actual or acquired; without name or fame or official training; it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command at a supreme moment, and instrusted with the destiny of a nation.

"Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his ability? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman, and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence, no drama, no tragedy, no epic will be filled with greater wonder or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling than that which tells the story of his life and death."

* * * * * * * *

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

The fourteenth of February is called St. Valentine's Day, as the name day or feast day of eight different Christian martyrs named Valentine: that is, in the medieval church, services were held on that day in memory of their martyrdom. The custom of sending valentines or gifts has nothing to do with the martyrs, however. It happened that a springtime festival which was kept by the Romans fell on the same day, the Feast of Lupercalia. The making of gifts on that day has come down from this old festival; but the orgin of the custom was generally forgotten, and in time the gifts were called valentines from the name given to the day. This is a good example of the way certain customs survive, sometimes for centuries, among people who do not remember how they arose.

* * * * * * * *

Since the Suez Canal is deemed of great importance in World War II, it might be well to call attention to the fact that the anniver-

sary of its building will be observed this month. The Canal connects the Mediterranean Sea with the Red Sea. It extends from Port Said to Suez, a distance of one hundred miles. It is 420 feet wide at the surface and 31 feet deep; being a sea-level canal, it has no locks. Work on this canal began in 1859 and in ten years it was finished, although ships were allowed to pass through it, beginning February 17, 1867. Its construction shortened the distance between England and India more than 5,000 miles, while it has materially increased traffic between European and Asiatic countries. It is lighted by electricity so that ships can travel by night as well as by day.

* * * * * * * *

BOOKS WANTED

The following short editorial, taken from the Mooresville Enterprise, reminding the citizens of that town of a blessed privilege, is so well expressed that we are passing the suggestion on to our readers. Read:

> Who in Mooresville doesn't enjoy reading and what greater pleasure is man permitted than to live another life midst surroundings he never hopes to see, midst adventures he never hopes to realize, with names of heroes and heroines he can never hope to know? Such is the life in the realm of reading. The nation is asked again to collect books for the enjoyment of soldiers, sailors, marines and merchant seamen. We might think of the long hours the boys at stations everywhere, on land and sea, spend in idleness, where for a short while they might be reading one of your special favorites which in the past gave you such pleasure. They are seeking millions of books, all kinds, and we know that the people of Mooresville will give this their support.

THE URGES OF A BOY

(Contributed)

1. Urge for free expression. Whoever invented that expression, "Children should be seen and not heard," know nothing of boy psychology. Scouting is learning by doing. The boy cannot adequately express himself until he has plenty of practice. Therefore, we must let him have his flashes of brilliance even though in our hearts we'd pray for him to give us brilliant flashes of silence. We must guide him in what we want him to say, not repress him.

2. Urge for sensory contact. The five senses are the means by which we get in contact with the world. Yet fine furniture with no finger prints is better than perfectly normal boys to some folks. In this day of crowded living and small apartments a boy has a hard time getting this sensory contact. I heard recently that they were building apartments in Chicago so small that the dogs were learned to wag their tails up and down.

Observe people going along a bargain counter and see the sensory contact urge working. A boy comes in with a new jack-knife but although the other boys see it, they cry in unison, "Let me see it," and they reach for it to feel it. Watch your boys on a hike pursue this urge. A Scoutmaster was on a nature hike sometime ago. The boys were listing trees. After explaining, tagging and learning about a beautiful beech tree, one boy was observed going back to the tree and feeling it. He knew it better after he got his hands on it.

By the way, in passing, let me say "my hat's off to the mother who realizes this urge in her boy and smiles patiently when he feels and examines and mars beautiful things in the home to satisfy this urge."

3. The urge for muscular control. The boy hero worships muscular perfection. This represents to the boy the satisfaction of his own desires. This is why boys hero-worship outstanding athletes. This is why a boy likes to walk up, contract his muscle and proudly say, "Feel."

4. The urge for manipulation. The boy wants to see what the insides of an article are like. That's why you go home and see the Big Ben taken apart, or your gun or your watch or most anything else that's handy. We should give him guidance in putting things together. That's why we have him take a bicycle apart and put it back together again—the merit badge in cycling.

5. The urge for the out-of-doors. For hundreds of thousands of years, human nature lived out of doors. Now it is restrained to congested areas. In Scouting we get the boy out into the open spaces so he won't get warped. We must see that this urge for the out-of-doors is not warped. To do so is tragic and can't be overcome later like the warp of words that boys make as a basis for some of our funny stories, like the little boy who was asked what a cynic was. He replied "A cynic is what you wash dishes in," and like the other boys who was asked what a stoic was. He replied, "stoic is what brings the baby."

The recognition of this out-of-door

urge is why we emphasize so much the summer camp. May it never be said of Scout camps, as has been said of some summer camps—sum-mer camps and summer-not.

I don't think I've ever seen or been in a troop business meeting that some Scout hasn't jumped up and said with fervor, "When are we going on a hike?" We must satisfy this out-of-door urge in our Scouts by at least a monthly hike if we are to have real Scout troops.

6. The urge to struggle or fight. Some say this should be taken out of boys. Father says, "Ah and so on and so on" and proceeds to satisfy his own fight urge in the wood shed, making such idiotic expressions as "This hurts me more than it does you, son." So it is that often when we are young we get knocked out of us the very urge we need when we grow up. Scouting promotes this urge in games and contests.

7. The urge to escape from the commonplace. Let us analyze the commonplace lives we live. Can't you feel a tragic response of that boy the poet made to say, "We sit and sit and do not play at anything." The boy lives in an imaginative world. We ought to encourage him. This imaginative urge to escape from the commonplace provides good business for manufacturing firms in making cowboy suits, Indian suits, policeman, fireman, soldier uniforms. Who among us as boys hasn't in our imaginations run and killed wild indians 'n everything—adventure, the call of the wild—to mount his stick with a string for a bridle, to fire his cap pistol—Thank God for the opportunities in Scouting for the boy to escape from the commonplace.

8. The urge to barter and trade. "I'll give you my barlow and three marbles for your cap pistol" Sound familiar? "I'll trade you this for that." Business acumen has its basis in the urge of the man to barter and trade when he was a boy.

9. The urge for collection. Take a blanket, spread it on the ground, empty a boy's pockets on it and catalogue the articles. This collection urge in boys influences juvenile crimes of stealing. This urge causes even you and me to be bawled out by our wives for carrying so many things in our pockets even as dignified men. This urge prompts boys to collect stamps and other like collections. It is natural, it is wholesome. May the day have already come when no more mothers will sew up a boy's pockets so he can't collect things, for with all these things he expects to build something someday.

10. The urge for comradeship. The boy is a social animal. He wants to be with animals like he is. He wants to be with his gang. Give him one. That's why we see boy groups all over the city streets. That's why we seek to capitalize the gang instinct or urge in Scouting. The boy wishes to advertise the fact that he's a man, that he belongs to the coarser half of humanity. He will go to no small pains to appear as rough as possible, often in speech or deportment, for no other reason than to advertise the fact that he belongs to the male half of the human family. Another reason for this comradeship or gang urge is—safety first, for the national state of mankind is one of warfare. In this urge for companionship he likes to appear as grown-up as possible.

A friend of mine met a little chap

one day by a stream and began asking him that long line of fool questions that most people ask boys, winding up with, "How old are you?" And the boy said, "I ain't but 12, but my pants are marked 16."

11. The urge for rhythm. Watch us all pat our feet to music, sway when we sing, clap our hands when we clog dance. A rhythm starved world is perhaps responsible for our modern jazz.

12. The urge for achievement. To make things with their hands. Schools recognize this urge in their shop work. "Look, daddy, see what I made." One of our Scouting's greatest appeals to a boy is its many opportunities to satisfy the achievement urge of the boy.

Father came home one night from his work and with a good cigar, bathrobe and bedroom slippers, settled down to his paper in the library. His young son was nearby laying the tracks for his toy railroad. Then he got his engine, tender and cars on the track and got them going round and round. Proudly he straightened up and looked to his dad for approbation but daddy's nose was deep in the newspaper. Finally he ran to his dad, tugged his sleeve, pointed to his train and cried, "Look, daddy! Why don't you say it's fine?" That's our rank privilege as Scout Leaders to encourage the achievement urge in boys and say, "Gee, pal, that's fine!"

13. The urge of curiosity. The basis of educational development is closely connected with curiosity. The little child points and says "Mamma, why?" or "What is it?" in order to know. Learning nature lore, trees, rocks, birds, satisfies this kind of curiosity.

14. The urge of caution. Watch it work when you meet a group of boys for the first time as their Scoutmaster. Observe how they weigh us, try us out. We cannot rush them. They will come a long way with caution but won't move an inch with battery and assault.

15. The urge of code. All groups have an oath new members must take —blood and thunder and otherwise. Think back to your code and mine that perhaps said it was wrong to steal money but all right to steal watermelons. Ah, how seriously the real Scout takes the Scout Code of the Oath and Law.

16. The urge of love of water. This does not mean small quantities mixed with soap but in a large natural state. How the boy yearns for the old swimming hole as he gazes out of the school window—finally he gets there, to the old swimming hole—where the first commerce began, to the old stamping ground. Well, he gets there and there are two standard things to do. Swimming! If he is not an expert swimmer it's dangerous and that's satisfying. Then there is the other thing—fishing. Remember those old fishing days with a simple outfit and a baited hook. You let it down into the water where you don't see a thing and just hope—a nibble!—a bite! a 3-jointed bite and you pull it up alive and kicking and it's something for nothing. There is only one legitimate form of gambling left and that is fishing.

17. The use of fire. Village boy, country boy, city boy, all are susceptible to the charm of fire. We have seen them on city lots when they built fires and that purple dark would settle around them so mesmeric and

imaginative. We have seen them build fires on white sands when the sun overhead was blistering hot. That miracle of fire man always sets up where he worshipped or had an altar. So the candles burn on altars still and people go to their homes on a dreary day and build a fire. To a boy it is a ritual. Fortunately fire is included in any camping plan for boys. It inspires decent intimacies between men and boys.

So these are some of the boy urges psychologists show us. May we always remember them as we deal with boys. They'll teach us to speak kindly. You know some folks never say "well done" unless they are ordering steak.

———:———

TOMORROW'S SUNRISE

Though the clouds may be heavy and dark with gloom,
And your heart may be full of despair,
Tomorrow's sunrise is coming soon,
And you'll find your happiness there.

O'er the hill of the future in the valley of hope,
There's a glow in the eastern sky,
And that glow means tomorrow's sunrise,
Is coming for you and I.

It will be a long and tedious climb,
To the top of our longed for goal,
But can we help but make it at last,
With such hope burning in our soul?

So when you're downhearted, discouraged and blue,
When you've more than you feel you can bear,
Remember the top is yet in view,
And tomorrow's sunrise waits there.

—Carol Bessent

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY RECALLS GLOWING FAITH IN DEMOCRACY

By Herbert Hollander, in The Charlotte Observer

To this Nation, and to men and women everywhere struggling for freedom, the anniversary this week of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln will bring a renewal of faith in the institutions of democratic government, for in his words and actions they will find glowingly exemplified the spirit which, when free peoples at last are aroused, "shall not perish from the earth."

On this 134th anniversary of Lincoln's birth, his eloquent and moving devotion to principles of justice and popular government, to the dignity of man and to his freedom of conscience more than ever will be looked to as a source of inspiration to the individuel and of unifying strength to the country as a whole.

"In these days of agitation and disquiet, when the fundamental principles upon which our government rests and has always rested are assailed, nothing could be more profitable and enlightening than to know just what Lincoln's opinions were as to demorcracy and the true principles of free government."

So spoke the late Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, statesman and historian, and his conclusion has even greater force and pertinence today than when he uttered it nearly 30 years ago.

Best remembered, most thrilling, of Lincoln's definitions of the principles and ideals underlying the American Government is that found in the last sentence of the Gettysburg address:

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

At Gettysburg Lincoln spoke with matchless eloquence, but the sentiments he expressed were not new to him. From his earliest years he voiced such convictions. Maturity brought a surer command of language, the means of speaking more effectively and of suiting action to the word.

In these days when "'fifth columnists" and other moral saboteurs are employed to rot the fibre of nations selected as aggressors' victims, there could be no more effective rallying cry than a statement made by Abraham Lincoln when he was just 28 years old. In an address at Springfield, Illinois, in 1837, he declared:

"We find ourselves under the government of a system of political institutions conducing more essentially to the ends of civil and religious liberty than any of which the history of former times tells us. Theirs was the task (and nobly they performed it) to possess themselves, and through themselves us, of this goodly land and to uprear upon its hills and its valleys a political edifice of liberty and equal

rights; 'tis ours only to transmit these —the former unprofaned by the foot of an invader, the latter undecayed by the lapse of time and untorn by usurpation—to the latest generation that fate shall permit the world to know.

"At what point, then, is the approach to danger to be expected? I answer: If it ever reaches us, it must spring up among us; it cannot come from abroad. If destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author and finisher. As a nation of freemen we must live through all time, or die by suicide."

In the Illinois State Legislature, in the House of Representatives at Washington, and in the great debates with Stephen A. Douglas, Lincoln never lost an opportunity to return to this theme which forms the symphony of his life. He believed in the sanctity of the courts, in the distinctive responsibilities and duties of local, State and Federal government, and, above all, in the sovereign principles of free people in a free land, namely "that each man shall do precisely as he pleases with himself, and with all those things which exclusively concern him."

But Lincoln, for all his deep reverence of the Founding Fathers, opposed a blind adherence to the past.

In the Cooper Institute address in 1860 which brought him national acclaim, Lincoln declared:

"I do not mean to say we are bound to follow implicitly in whatever our fathers did. To do so would be to discard all the lights of current experience—to reject all progress, all improvement. What I do say is that if we would supplant the opinions and policy of our fathers in any case, we should do so upon evidence so conclusive, and argument so clear, that even their great authority, fairly considered and weighed, cannot stand: and most surely not in a case whereof we ourselves declare they understood the question better than we."

Speaking before an Ohio regiment in 1864, Lincoln gave utterance to words which might have been spoken today in the situation in which a democratic nation finls itself.

"We have, as all will agree, a free government, where every man has a right to be equal with every other man," Lincoln declared. "In this great struggle, this form of government and every form of human right is endangered if our enemies succeed.

"There is more involved in this contest than is realized by every one. There is involved in this struggle the question whether your children and my children shall enjoy the privileges we have enjoyed. I say this in order to impress upon you, if you are not already so impressed, that no small matter shall divert us from our great purpose.

"There may be some inequalities in the practical application of our system. It is fair that each man shall pay taxes in exact proportion to the value of his property; but if we should wait, before collecting a tax, to adjust the taxes upon each man in exact proportion with every other man, we should never collect any taxes at all. There may be mistakes made sometimes; things may be done wrong, while the officers of the government do all they can to prevent mistakes. But I beg of you, as citizens of this great republic, not to let your minds be carried off from the great work

we have before us."

Lincoln often called attention to this humble origin to emphasize the trueness of the American democracy, and to rally the people to the support of that kind of government.

"I happen, temporarly, to occupy this White House," he said, "I am a living witness that any one of your children may come here as my father's child has."

And then he explained the struggle for freedom:

"It is in order that each one of you may have, through this free government which we have enjoyed, an open field and a fair chance for your industry, enterprise and intelligence; that you may all have equal privileges in the race of life, with all its desirable human aspirations."

Whether threatened by aggression from abroad or dissention at home, the following words of Lincoln, delivered in the hot and foreboding summer of 1864, cannot fail to be remembered by succeeding generations of Americans:

"This government must be preserved in spite of the acts of any man or any set of men. It is worthy of your every effort. Nowhere in the world is presented a government of so much liberty and equality."

There is ample evidence that Lincoln was prophetically aware that fate held a great role in store for him; a role which was to end in tragedy. He had a premonition that he would die by an assassin's hand, came to accept it as inevitable. In 1858, he remarked:

"Though I now sink from view, I believe I have made some mark which will tell for the cause of liberty long after I am gone."

That was two years before he rose to the presidency and leadership of the nation in its darkest hour, seven years before the final victory and his own death.

With all the force at his command, and through 25 years of public life. Lincoln inveighed against mob violence of all kinds, against what he held to be a growing disregard for law and a contempt for its orderly processes. He appealed to his fellow citizens in these burning sentences:

"Let every American, every lover of liberty, every well-wisher to his posterity swear by the blood of the Revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation by others. As the patriots of '76 did to the support of the Declaration of Independence, so to the support of the Constitution and laws let every American pledge his life, his property, and his sacred honor—let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty.

"Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books, and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice.

"In short, let it become the political religion of the nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions, sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars.

"While such a state of feeling as

this shall universally or even very generally prevail throughout the nation, vain will be every effort, and fruitless every attempt, to subvert our national freedom."

What a clarion call to all patriotic Americans of the present critical day!

Lincoln was a reverent worshipper at the shrine of George Washington. it is a noteworthy coincidence that but 10 days separate their birthday anniversaries, and that Lincoln was born just 10 years after Washington's death. Of interest both in relation to the former's admiration for Washington, and as a guidepost for national policy today, is the following quotation from an address made by Lincoln before the New Jersey Senate in 1861:

"May I be pardoned if, upon this occasion, I mention that away back in my childhood, the earliest days of my being able to read, I got hold of a small book, such a one as few of the younger members have ever seen—Weem's life of Washington. I remember all the accounts there given of the battlefields and struggles for the liberties of the country, and none fixed themselves upon my imagination so deeply as the struggle at Trenton. The crossing of the river, the contest with the Hessians, the great hardships endured at that time, all fixed themselves upon my memory more than any single Revolutionary event; and you all know, for you have all been boys, how these early impressions last longer than any others.

"I recollect thinking then, boy even though I was, that there must have been something more common that these men struggled for. I am exceedingly anxious that that thing—that something even more than national independence; that something that held out a great promise to all the people of the world to all time to come—I am exceedingly anxious that this Union, the Constitution, and the liberties of the people shall be perpetuated in accordance with the original idea for which the struggle was made, and I shall be most happy indeed if I shall be a humble instrument in the hands of the Almighty and of this, His almost chosen people, for perpetuating the object of that great struggle."

Clearly, Lincoln saw that this land and the ideals for which it stood would be as a beacon light for all oppressed peoples, and that through example and assistance it would promote the cause of freedom everywhere.

A little more than am month before the violent death which he himself foresaw, Lincoln made a speech which alone would have placed him in the ranks of the world's greatest orators. Yet it was in no conventional sense an oration. Spoken in Washington upon his second inaugural, it was as a firm yet kindly parent showing the way to all of his children:

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

A nation standing upon the threshold of even more momentous events cannot fail to find strength and hope in Lincoln's imperishable words and deeds.

THE FRIENDLINESS OF LINCOLN

By Nathan Howard Gist

Of the many choice qualities of Abraham Lincoln, there is none by which he is better known and more revered than his friendliness. It is to the credit of Lincoln that he had few enemies, and those whom he had were not personal enemies. They were political enemies. They were not in sympathy with his views. They disliked his policies. The office that he had and the decisions he was forced to make in the interest of the many created some dissatisfaction among the few and made for rancor.

But few, very few, disliked Lincoln the man, and of these few some later reversed their judgment while Lincoln still lived. Many a prominent southerner has said Lincoln was the best friend the South ever had. He was a child of the South by birth, and he knew and appreciated throughly the viewpoint of the Southerner. For this reason he often clashed with the radicals and hotheads of the North, who would have embarked upon some rash course were it not for this prophet and statesman in the White House.

One chief reason why Lincoln had such a remarkable hold on men, and even on those who diagreed with him, was because he was so friendly. He was kind, big-hearted, generous, forgiving. He could take an insult with all of the grace and patience of a saint—and a saint he himself was most of the time. Without insincerity he could use men for his purpose, giving generous consideration to their views, and often let them have their own way. And usually they came to see and admit that he was right.

Men were not especially great or unpardonably small when they stood before Lincoln. In his estimation they were either right or wrong. He hated mendacity and double-dealing. He liked the square-shooter. He could rebuke the one who arrogated too much power and ability to himself; for instance, Hooker. He could suodue and tame by kindly entreaty the restless and refractory; for instance, Station. He could disagree with another, and if later shown that he was mistaken he was large enough to commend the other, and admit his own error of judgment; for instance, in dealing with Grant when that Union general was planning the Vicksburg campaign.

Lincoln was ever friendly. And he would never stoop to the cowardly thing and take advantage of another because he held an office of power and trust. He was willing to be snubbed, if his generals would win victories. Lincoln once said, in effect, that he would hold a certain general's horse, if that general would only trumph on the battlefield.

This ability to handle others, and, by kindly entreaty and persuasive ways force them to do his bidding, was a valuable asset to Lincoln. He had a genius for friendship, and it proved a mighty ally.

Were Lincoln living today, or could he give us a message, doubtless it would be something like this: "Be kind and true. Give your opponent the benefit of every reasonable

doubt. He is entitled to his opinions. Pluck the thistle and plant the rose whenever you can. Love, serve, and have faith in the common people, and do your duty as Providence shows the way."

———:———

Hate never builds anything; it can only blast every beautiful thing that has been loved in being.—Joseph Fort Newton.

———:———

YOUNG LINCOLN CALLED IT HOME

By Ruth I. Simon

"Barge stuck on the dam! Shipping water!"

The news quickly passed through the pioneer village of New Salem, and very soon a crowd gathered on the banks of the Sangamon River to watch the excitement. It was only a home-made flatboat loaded with cargo for New Orleans, and on it four men were busy. One, a tall, rambling young man dressed in homespun blue jeans and rawhide boots, was clearly the leader in this emergency.

The bow of the boat stuck far in the air, but when pork barrels were unloaded from the stern it slowly righted itself. Then the young leader borrowed an auger and bored a hole, let out the water from the stern and quickly plugged it up again. Slowly the cumbersome craft eased over the dam, and New Salem residents cheered the ingenuity of the tall young stranger in blue jeans.

"His name is Abe Lincoln," the owner of the boat told the spectators when the four men came ashore. "Mine is Offutt, Denton Offutt."

The name Lincoln meant nothing to these pioneer folk. No one of them guessed that though this ungainly boatman their village would have its only claim to fame. They could not know that a century after their frontier Illinois town had been deserted and turned into farmland, it would be rebuilt, their homes reproduced, refurnished and visited by thousands, all because he had called it his home.

The flatboat continued its journey to New Orleans, but later that summer Abraham Lincoln returned to the village by the dam. He was to be clerk in the store which Denton Offutt was soon to open. Business prospects were promising. New Salem had a population of about a hundred, but another Illinois town named Chicago had no more. Settlers were coming to the surrounding prairie and New Salem might soon become a thriving river town, if only the Sangamon could be made easily navigable.

Twenty-two-year-old Abraham Lincoln quietly took his place in the community. But his employer boasted so loudly of his physical and mental superiority that the roistering clan from adjoining Clary Grove challenged him to meet their wrestling

champion, Jack Armstrong. When Lincoln accepted the whole town turned out to see the fun, but when his opponent began to get the worst of the tussle his supporters helped him. Such treachery was a surprise to the newcomer, and placing his back against the store, he challenged any to an individual contest. When none accepted, he and Jack Armstong shook hands. Lincoln had won a friend and his acceptance in the community.

Many of the incidents of Abraham Lincoln's life which we know the best took place during the six years he lived in the village of New Salem. Here he cast his first vote, and here he earned the title of "Honest Abe." Authentic or not, the story of the storekeeper who walked six miles to return six and a quarter cents to a customer he had overcharged is so charcteristic that it will long survive.

It was in New Salem that Lincoln determined to add to his meager education. In this he found Mentor Graham, the schoolmaster, a great help. Upon his advice he walked six miles to borrow a grammar which he studied diligently, often by firelight, and recited to his assistant in the store, Bill Green. His neighbor, Jack Kelso, knew more about Shakespeare and Burns than about manual labor to support his family. To him studious Abraham Lincoln owed his first introduction to literature.

From New Salem young Mr. Lincoln entered politics as candidate for the state leggislature in 1832. He did not then gain the election, but his community had so loyally supported him that he was encouraged to try again, and two years later took his seat in the legislature of Illionois. From New Salem he entered the war against the Black Hawk Indians. In this community he became a surveyor, acted as postmaster, and began the study of law. Here lived Ann Rutledge, the oubrn-haired daughter of the tavern keeper. Lincoln loved her, and when her death prevented their marriage he was left in deep melancholy.

It was in April of 1837 that Abraham Lincoln, now the proud possessor of a license to practice law, left New Salem on horseback, his possessions in his saddle bags, to practice law in Springfield.

Three years later the village was abandoned for the prosperous county seat of Petersburg, less than three miles distant. Log cabins fell into ruin, the village streets were silent. As the years passed New Salem became only a memory, a pasture land overgrown with brush. But the memory was a vivid and persistent one. When Mr. Lincoln became the beloved president, pioneer families told and retold his life in their village. Then in 1906 the publisher, Willian Randolph Hearst, came to Petersburg, and saw the site of New Salem. He was so much interested that he purchased the sixty acres which had once been the town and deeded them to the Old Salem Chatauqua Association of Petersburg.

Now the tourist may leave his car in the parking ground of the New Salem State Park, walk only a few rods around a high bluff which hides the modern highway, and enter the village as it was when Abraham Lincoln called it his home. Diligent work of the Old Salem Lincoln League and the State of Illinois made this possible.

Twenty-one of the twenty-five buildings are there, and the others will be added. These are built on the carefully determined original sites. Fences, made from rails such as Abraham Lincoln split, surround them. In the gardens grow the same herbs, flowers, and vegetables as the pioneers planted. Well sweeps, smoke houses, and ash hoppers stand ready for use. Replanted stumps suggest that the ground has been cleared only recently, and many a visitor leaves without ever guessing that hidden in some of these stumps are water hydrants to protect the restored village from fire.

Furnishings actually used in that period would make Lincoln's neighbors feel at home, could they return and begin housekeeping. The tourist may mail a letter in the office over which Postmaster Lincoln once presided, and see on the shelves of his store many supplies like those "Honest Abe" sold to his customers of long ago.

It is a crude pioneer village, authentic in the last detail to the New Salem of a century ago, but it is sacred ground to those who cherish the memory of President Abraham Lincoln. In imagination they may vividly picture his life here during six of his most formative years, and may catch a fleeting glimpse into the live of his neighbors and associates who helped to make him "the noblest American of them all."

The Bible is its own best sales agent. The demand for it seemingly increases in inverse proportion in lands where it is subjected to official disfavor and repression. Each year the Bible is reported as the best seller in Germany, topping **Mein Kampf** with all its helpful pressure from party propaganda. The demand for Bibles among German Protestants has increased 50 to 75 per cent each year since 1934, according to Berlin's "Die Furche." Even the Vatican is moved to report that Bible sales are increasing among its followers in Germany, despite religious persecution there. The American Bible Society reports a distribution of 8,096,977 volumes of the Scriptures in 1941, an increase of 35 per cent over 1940, with another good increase for 1942. This is undoubtedly due in part to the large orders issued for the armed forces here and overseas, and the additional purchase by the Gideons of 4,000,000 Bibles for the same purpose. But the increase is also called for by the Bible shortage in practically every European country—due in some instances to government interference, and in other cases to serious paper shortages and official witholding of stock, the Bible, because of its eternal youth, must be served.—The Lutheran.

THE SURPRISE

By Emma Gray Wallace

Vera and Alice were friends. That is, as a usual thing they were. But sometimes they disagreed, and then things were not quite so pleasant.

Vera and Alice started in school the some day, and usually they went and came together, for they lived quite near each other. Vera would start a few minutes early, come along and join Alice, who was nearly always waiting for her. If she were not, then Vera would run up the steps of Alice's house and trip in without even ringing the bell, for she was quite at home in her little friend's house.

If there was a disagreement, it rarely lasted very long, for the little girls were lonesome without each other, and each loved the other well enough to want to make up any unpleasantness as soon as possible.

But one day they had trouble and it was not so quickly forgotten. You see, it was this way. Alice's Aunt May, who lived in the city, sent her small niece the gift of a little necklace. There was a thin, dainty gold chain, and on the front of it a little locket-like pendant which both children thought very pretty indeed. The little pendant or locket opened, and there were places for two pictures inside. Alice's mother put a tiny snapshot of Alice on one side and a wee picture of Vera on the other.

Alice was very proud of her lovely little locket, for it had her initials on one side, and right in the middle of the other side a diamond chip. A chip, you know, is a very small piece of a diamond which is trimmed away in cutting the larger stones. Alice's birthday was in April, and as every one knows, the diamond is the April birthstone, and that's why Aunt May selected this particular ornament, and, although the diamond was so tiny and the locket itself small, yet when the little gem caught the light it would sparkle and send out a tiny rainbow of color.

Vera often wished she had a little locket and chain like that, and once in awhile Alice would let her wear it for a time, but Vera's mother objected, for she said if Vera should lose the locket and chain, it would be a serious matter. She explained to Vera that it was better not to borrow things unless it were really necessary. It was beginning a bad habit that often took a strong hold on one.

The more Vera thought about it the more envious she became of Alice's treasure, and, instead of being glad that Alice had so nice a possession, she began to try to find fault with it and to make Alice dissatisfied.

"I don't believe that locket and chain are real gold at all," she said one day, with a shrug of her shoulders, "because when I wore it once the chain made a black line on my neck."

" 'Tis so gold," defended Alice, angrily. "Do you suppose my Aunt May would buy something that just prentended to be what it wasn't? That wouldn't be honest. Maybe the chain just needs to be washed with soap and water and shined up."

Vera ignored the suggestion.

"When I have a locket and chain," she remarked loftily, "it'll be solid gold and have real diamonds all over

it—big ones that'll shine and sparkle like the ones Mrs. Rich wears when she comes to call on my mother."

Alice paused and the tears were very near the surface.

"I'm sorry," she said slowly, "that I ever let you wear my nice locket and chain, and I'm never going to let you wear it again, remember that!"

Vera tossed her dark curls.

"Don't worry," she retorted, "I don't want to wear it—not when it blackens my neck."

"I'm going right—home," announced Alice, slowly, "and I don't believe I'll ever come back."

"I don't care," flung back Vera. "I can play with Susie Rundell whenever I like."

But Alice wasn't listening. She was already turning away, and there was an ache in her heart, and her face was very red.

The next morning the children did not go to school together, and at noon Alice could hear Vera telling some of the other children about the quarrel, and that made Alice feel very badly.

Two, three, four days went by and the quarrel wasn't patched up. The very next day would be Valentine's Day and Vera and Alice had intended to have such a nice time together and to have a valentine party for their dolls, but, now the way things were, that was not to be thought of.

Vera had two dimes in her little, red pocketbook, and her mother had said she might spend them as she pleased in buying valentines. She went down to the book store, which had two display windows. In one window was a whole string of ugly, comic valentines and they were only a penny each. In the other window there were many lovely valentines made of lace paper and pictures and dainty little ornaments, but of course they cost a great deal more.

Although Vera had really been to blame, she kept trying to persuade herself in her own mind that she was the injured party, and that somehow or other she ought to make Alice understand that. So she decided to go in and buy one of the ugliest of the valentines and to send it to her playmate. She stood before the counter and picked out one having the picture of a very disagreeable-looking girl on it, and under the picture was a verse which told how people disliked her.

"I'll take that one," said Vera, "and an envelope and stamp, if you please."

There was an old gentleman behind the counter and he looked shrewdly through his glasses at Vera.

"A two-cent stamp and an envelope," he replied, "would take a pretty valentine and make someone happy."

Vera opened her eyes wide.

"That's right too," she said soberly. "What is the very nicest valentine you can give me for seventeen cents. I'll need an envelope and a stamp, you know."

The old gentleman smiled.

"I have a pretty one here," he replied, "that is marked twenty cents, but there is an envelope with it and I'll throw in the stamp."

So Vera addressed the dainty valentine to Alice, and right down in one corner in tiny letters she wrote the words, "I do love you," but she didn't so much as add her initials.

At the same minute Vera was dropping into the post-office the valentine she had bought, Alice was home counting the four nickels in her little bag which her dad had given her to celebrate Valentine's Day with.

"And remember, little daughter," he smiled, "Valentine is the patron saint of love. Try to make people happy by the knowledge that you really care for them."

Alice thought about that quite soberly for a time. Then she took her money, went down to the store where the valentines were in the window, and examined them carefully. She could think of a lot of people she would like to make happy: her father and mother and—Vera. The tears came into her eyes, for she was homesick for her friend.

She entered the store and wondered how she could divide her money. Then a bright idea came to her. She had fifteen cents of her very own saved from her allowance. She would put this with the other money and buy one nice valentine for her father and mother, and the rest of the money she could put into a lovely love token for Vera.

It took Alice some time to decide on her selection, and then to address and stamp the envelopes, but, before she sealed up the one to go to Vera, she printed on the back of it, in her very best printing, the words: "Please come and see me. I miss you." She didn't sign her name or even one initial, but she hoped Vera would know at once where the invitation came from.

On the morning of the fourteenth of February Vera was opening a big, square envelope which looked suspiciously like a valentine, just about the time that Alice was taking a pink, faintly perfumed envelope from the postman's hand.

Then, just at the time Vera was clapping her hands and saying, "I'm so glad I sent her a nice one," Alice was clapping her hands and exclaiming: "I'm so glad I bought the prettiest one I could find for her."

Then Vera started to run up to Alice's house, and Alice started to run down to Vera's house, and the little girls met half-way, and, before either knew what was happening, each was hugging the other joyously.

"I haven't been happy since we quarreled," admitted Alice, as the two of them started down the street arm in arm.

"Neither have I," said Vera, bravely, "because it was my fault anyway."

"Let's not quarrel any more," said Alice.

"Let's not," agreed Vera, and away the two little girls ran, hand in hand, as happy as the two little snowbirds twitttering up in a tree overhead.

———:———

All the strength and force of man comes from his faith in things unseen. He who believes is strong; he who doubts is weak. Strong convictions precede great actions. The man strongly possessed of an idea is the master of all who are uncertain or wavering. Clear, deep, living convictions rule the world.—James Freeman Clarke

ORIGIN OF FAMILIAR WORDS AND EXPRESSIONS

(Selected)

Carry On. Although the phrase "carry on" was popularized in World War I by the British Army, its origin can be traced to a much earlier period. Originally a naval word of command, meaning "continue as before", it was first applied to war in 1712.

Hiking. This is a soldier's slang word, said to have been brought back from the Philippines about thirty years ago.

Roosevelt's Rough Riders. This was the name given to the First United States Cavalry during the Spanish-American War, so called because Theodore Roosevelt was with it as a Lieutenant-Colonel. It was a small regiment of about 450 men,

Minutemen. Civilians in Massachusetts and several other colonies at the approach of the Revolutionary War, pledged themselves to be ready to take the field at a minute's notice, and were therefore called minutemen.

Shoddy. During the Civil War, some of the soldiers' uniforms were made of this material. The term then came into general use for describing anything that was inferior or adulterated.

A Little Bird Told Me. This is borrowed from Ecclesiastes 10:20, where it reads, "For a bird of the air shall carry the voice and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

Cargo. The word "cargo" is not derived from the English word "car" as one might surmise, but from the Spanish word "Carga" meaning burden or load.

Eating Humble Pie. Humble pie is properly "umble pie." The umbles of a deer correspond to the giblets of a goose. The venison pasty in feudal times was reserved for the lord and his principal guests. For those of the inferior class who sat "below the salt," pies were made of the inferior portions, and these were called umble pies. Hence, to eat umble pie was to occupy an inferior position.

Thirteen, a Baker's Dozen. It is supposed that, at a time when fines or terms of imprisonment were imposed for short weight, bakers added an extra unit to a dozen in order to be on the safe side.

Porterhouse Steak. This particular cut of beef was so named because it was made popular many years ago by the proprietor of a New York porterhouse.

Roof of the World. This expression is applied to the Pamir Plateau in central Asia. Its Persian name has this significance.

Egypt, the Gift of the Nile. So called because the fertility and productivity of Egypt are due to the annual overflow of the Nile River.

Day of Humiliation. Senator Henry Clay was the author of a resolution which appointed "a day of public humiliation, fasting and praying" as a gesture to the Diety to save the nation from yellow fever when there was a great epidemic of that disease in New Orleans and Philadelphia.

Era of Good Feeling. In American political history the two administra-

tions of President Monroe, up to the time of the campaign for his successor, 1817-1824, were known as the era of good feeling. There were practically no issues, and but one party, Monroe being unanimously reelected in 1820 except for the personal whim of one elector.

Sabotage. This is a term applied to the wilful and underhanded destruction of machinery by workmen in industrial disputes. The word is French, derived from "sabot," which means a wooden shoe. During labor disputes in France workmen were accustomed to throwing their wooden shoes into the machinery to put it out of order.

Bankrupt. The word "bank" means "bench." The Lombards, who introduced banking into England, used benches erected in the marketplace for the exchange of money. When one of these money lenders failed, his bank or bench was broken up or disrupted, originating the word bankrupt.

Hat in the Ring. This expression originally referred to an early custom when persons participating in Spanish bull fights cast their hats into the ring before entering the arena.

Stealing Thunder. This well-known expression was coined in an early English playhouse. The material placed inside a cylinder to simulate thunder was taken out, with the result that the ominous sound was lacking when the cylinder was rolled. Someone had "Stolen the thunder."

Parlor Car. It is said that Jenny Lind applied the term in a joking way to a railroad car that was specially prepared for her comfort when she made her tour of the United States from 1850 to 1852.

Tariff. There was a town, Tarifa, on the north coast of Africa, where Moorish pirates levied tribute on passing ships. Our word probably comes from that.

---:---

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

(The Connie Maxwell)

The book upon the above subject recently published by the beloved Henry W. Thurston is receiving widespread attention. Probably many institutions have members of the staff who are studying it. The volume is tremendously informing because it is so full of information as to the history of the movement for the care and treatment of wayward boys and girls.

A picture of an experience in one of our large cities is given which should make us all realize how serious a proposition presents itself to workers not only in our cities but in our towns as well. An effort is made to reproduce in faint outline, at least, the situation that existed in many places prior to the year 1900 and, of course, in many towns and cities to this very day.

For one thing there was no distinction for a long time as to age, sex, environment and mental equipment. When a person, young or old, came

into a criminal court there was no difference between the adult and the infant. It seems shocking that this should have been true, but certainly there is no doubt that it was true and is in many cases true today. Sometimes a judge would follow the promptings of his heart and in the case of a young offender would take it upon himself to be moderate and reasonable. Many a time the offense was as light as the stealing of a piece of fruit to satisfy the craving of a childish appetite. Perhaps it might have been the picking up of a few lumps of coal to warm the shivering members of the family who at home had no fire.

Theoretically when brought before the court the youngster was guilty of a crime if he was over ten years of age. Think of so young a person haled before a jury for indictment. If upon trial the child should have been found guilty, he was convicted and, of course, branded as a criminal. It is almost a miracle that any young person after such an experience should be able to grow up in a decent way and take his normal place in a community. How often it brought to a diminutive prisoner discouragement that resulted in ruination.

Dr. Thurston calls atttention to the remarkable fact that with all the arrests and imprisonment of juveniles, there was an increase of crime and criminals, of jails and reformatories. It seems that at this present juncture there has come over us a tide of crime or law-breaking on the part of the youngsters. It ought to be fairly well established by this time that punishment of jail or confinement is not sufficient to reform young people. If we do not have a care, they will find the places of confinement to be really schools of vice to help along degeneracy and disrespect for law.

It ought to be a well understood principle in this good day that direction, guardianship, friendly opersight and advice will in most cases help young people to a better way and that the harsh methods of the dark ages are not going to change the inner thinking and purposes of their hearts. Force has failed as a regenerator of youth. Understanding friendly contact and encouragement must be given such a trial as has never been adequately offered up to the present.

———:———

It seems at times that good people grow weary in being good and in doing good, forgetful of the highest record possible to mortal. For to be cherished by those we leave behind is the highest honor and to live on in hearts made better is the truest immortality. Many of these were to be found among the saints that trod lowly paths but now they walk the hills of eternal light.—N. C. Christian Advocate.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Ten new boys were admitted to the School last week. They were placed in the Receiving Cottage, where they will remain for three weeks before being sent to other cottages.

—:—

"The Smiling Ghost" was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show held in the auditorium last Thursday night. A comedy, "All This and Rabbit Stew," was shown at the same time. Both are Warner Brothers productions.

—:—

James Roberson, of Cottage No. 14, was called to his home in Fayetteville last week on account of the death of his brother. Our deepest sympathy is extended to this little fellow and other members of the bereaved family.

—:—

Mr. Frank Liske, officer in charge of Cottage No. 10 and of the bakery, was suddenly taken ill about ten days ago, and was removed to the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, where he is still receiving treatment. We are very glad to report that his condition is improving.

—:—

During suitable weather, between showers, the farm boys have been hauling manure from the barns in preparation for the beginning of spring farm work. Plans are being made to increase farm production considerably this year as a contribution to the war effort. With a little more effort on the part of all engaged in this sort of work it hoped that we shall be able to store away larger quantities of both dried and canned vegetables for winter use than at any time in the history of the School.

—:—

At the regular luncheon-meeting of the Rotary Club, held at Hotel Concord last Wednesday, four of our boys rendered a brief musical program. This program consisted of a clarinet selection, Dvorak's "Largo," rendered by Eugene Stubbs, Wilbur Hardin and Arnold Harris, followed by Edward Loftin playing a cornet solo, "Who Is Sylvia?" by Shubert. Miss Mary Frances Redwine accompanied them at the piano.

These lads are members of the Training School Band, organized about two and one-half months ago, and since that time have been under the supervision of Mr. Ralph Brausa, director of music in the Concord City Schools. Due to the fact that their periods of instruction are limited to one hour a day for five days, with little time for individual practice, these boys are to be commended upon being able to give a public demonstration in such a short time, especially so since they had no previous musical training.

Reports coming from several Rotarians reveal that the youngsters did well. They made a decided hit upon

their initial public appearance, both by their musical ability and nice manners. Mr. Brausa, who was in charge of the program, told us that he was really proud of them. The lads came back with faces wreathed in smiles, indicating that they were somewhat proud of themselves. As we sum up these reports from three different angles, it would seem that a good time was had by all.

Having heard these boys rehearse on several occasions, we, too, are proud of them. The manner in which they rendered these somewhat difficult numbers showed that they possess considerable musical ability, and also reflects credit on their instructor.

—:—

For some time past the School has been having garments made in the WPA sewing room in Charlotte, and the work has always been most satisfactory. Last week we received from this group of efficient workers the following new garments: 1,000 boys' shorts, 1,100 shirts, 359 overseas caps, and 100 uniform coats, which were placed in our stock room. There are still some garments on this order to be completed, which will be the last to be made for us at the Charlotte headquarters.

As a necessary war measure, the WPA has been discontinued, and we are certainly very sorry to see this fine service stopped, for the garments made for us at the Charlotte branch have been outstanding examples of workmanship of the finest quality. In addition to getting articles made there that would compare favorably with those produced at a large factory, we have also been able to get this work done at a considerable saving to the institution.

—:—

The regular afternoon service at the School last Sunday was conducted by Rev. C. C. Herbert, pastor of Forest Hill Methodist Church, Concord. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the first chapter of II Timothy, and as the text for his message to the boys, he selected the sixth verse: "Wherefore I put thee in remembrance that thou stir up the gift of God, which is in thee by the putting on of my hands."

The speaker began by telling the boys of an experience he had recently in a restaurant. He was very fond of coffee, ordered some, put in sugar and cream, but found that it tasted bitter. He at once thought there was something wrong with the coffee or that the waiter had failed to give him enough sugar. After drinking the coffee, he found that there had been plenty of sugar in it, but he had failed to stir it up. Life is sometimes like that, he added. People often find life to be bitter. They are not having a good time, and they begin to complain. The truth is, they have failed to stir it up. He then cited some of God's gifts to man that will definitely sweeten life, as follows:

(1) Courage. Three marines were shipwrecked on the Southern Pacific. They had been on a little rubber raft for many days, with just a little water to drink and practically nothing to eat. They prayed constantly that they might be rescued. Finally they drifted upon an island, and were in a terribly exhausted condition. As they stood on the beach, one of the marines said: "This is a strange island. There may be Japs hidden up there in the

bushes, waiting to kill us. Let's not go crawling up there, boys, but go upright, so if any Japs are there, they will know that Americans can take it standing up." It developed that the island was occupied by friendly natives who cared for them until they were able to rejoin their troops. These three fellow stirred up the gift of courage God had placed within them. We, too, shall be called upon to stir up courage, continued Rev. Mr. Herbert. Almost daily someone will suggest that we do something wrong, and real courage is required to refuse. It is a fine thing to pray to God to give us courage when tempted.

(2) Generosity. All of us have a certain degree of selfishness in our make-ups, said the speaker, and we must stir up the gift of generosity if we hope to overcome that undesirable quality. This is illustrated by the story of Jean Val Jean, in Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables." Jean had been a convict for many years, but was finally released from prison. He went to the home of an old bishop, who invited him in, gave him supper and a bed for the night. The bishop once owned many treasures, but when he heard of someone in need, he would sell one of them and give the money to the needy persons. He had done this so often that his treasures were gone, with the exception of two valuable candlesticks. Jean saw these articles and the thought came to him that if he took them he could live off the proceeds of their sale for a long time. Armed with a knife, he went to the couch where the bishop was sleeping, determined to kill him and steal the candlesticks. As he stood there, the moonlight shone upon the bishop's face. His expression was so kindly that the criminal's heart was touched, and he could not kill the old man. However, he did steal the candlesticks. The following morning, the police came to the bishop's door, bringing Jean with them, and told him that they thought they recognized the candlesticks as belonging to him. They asked the bishop if the treasures were his. The kindly old man then did some deep thinking, and finally came this thought: "The poor fellow needed them worse than I. They are his," and so told the officers. The police and Jean Val Jean left, the latter taking the candlesticks with him. When Jean realized that the good old man had given him his last treasure rather than see him return to prison, he determined to do better. He lived an honest life from that day, and became a good man.

The bishop's act of kindness had saved Jean from becoming a wicked person, said Rev. Mr. Herbert, and we of this modern age can also help others to live good lives if we are generous toward them.

(3) Love. This is a story of love which comes to us in a legend from India. A man and his brothers were called to climb up the mountain to God—as the natives referred to death. On the way up, his brothers fell dead, one by one, and the traveler was going on alone. He saw an angel approaching in a chariot of gold. The angel said, "You will be carried up in this chariot." The man replied that he could not leave his brothers, but the angel finally got him into the chariot. Then he remembered that he had left his faithful dog, asd said to the angel, "I love my dog so much that I cannot go without him." Said the angel, "You cannot take your dog to heaven," to

which the man replied, "Then I cannot go." The angel thought this was a fine test of a man's love for both man and beast, and allowed him to take his dog. When they had almost reached heaven, he asked for his brothers. The angel showed them to him. They were in a place of gloom and heartaches. The angel said, "Come on with me," but the man's answer was, "No. I'll stay with my brothers." Then the delusion vanished, and all were taken into heaven.

This story, said the speaker, shows that life is really sweet when we are willing to give up something because of our love for others, and in conclusion, he told the boys to always strive to stir up God's gifts within them, if they wanted to find life happy rather than a worthless existence.

———:———

HITLER'S LAST WILL

A document purported to be "The Last Will and Testament of Adolf Hitler" and dated "very soon" is going the rounds. Some of its bequests are:

"To Russia I leave the Russian winter where my brave Aryan soldiers froze—just when we expected to land deep in the heart of Moscow.

"To France I leave all the beautiful mademoiselles in occupied Paris. I was never the one for girls.

"To England I leave the orignial manuscript of Mein Kampf, which the R. A. F. spoiled. I had written a different finish, but their flyers got me in the end.

"To Italy I leave Japan, the land of the Rising Sun, and vice versa. It's a question of who will be getting the worst of it.

"To Count Ciano, the son-in-law of Mussolini, I leave the Victoria Cross for bringing down in one day 41 bombers and 72 fighters—all Italian.

"To Franklin D. Roosevelt I leave my apology for interrupting his fishing but he got even.

"To Winston Churchill I leave a box of matches. I never saw his cigars lit. Besides, who will need matches where I'm going?

"And to the entire world I just leave, and will they give thanks!"—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending February 7, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Fred Carswell
Donald Jolly
Ira Montgomery
Charles Pearson
Weaver Ruff
Dillard Shelton
Lee St. Clair
John Watts
Paul Whitley
Harry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Baliey
Thomas Barnes
Robert Coleman
James Pitman
Jack Reeves
Leonard Robinson
Russell Stikes
Kenneth Tipton
Luther Vaughn
Fonzer Pitman

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 4

Leroy Childers
William Davis
William Deaton
Paul Green
Bruce Harper
Donald Hobbs
William Lanning
Robert Muse
Roy Patton
Paul Smith
Robert Sprinkle
Lee Turner
Edward VanHoy
George Ward

COTTAGE NO. 5

Charles Brookshire
Millard Ellege
William Gentry
Hoyt Newell
William Penninger
Eugene Stubbs
Willford Seegers

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Kenneth Caldwell
Ralph Gibson
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
Rufus Massingill
Jacob Myers
John C. Rhodes
James Sothern
Wesley Turner
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7

Albert Allen
Arthur Beal
Fred Bostian
Joseph Case
Charles Edwards
Donald Grimstead
Robert Helms
John Linville
John McLean
Leroy Pate
Jerry Ray
Edgar Shell
John Tolley
W. C. Whitehurst

COTTAGE NO. 8

Joseph Dew
Albert Hames
Banks McKnight
Earl Smith

COTTAGE NO. 9

Dewey Bunn
Cecil Caldwell
Curtis Campbell
Leonard Church
Thurman Daniels
Fred Grimstead
Edward Guffey
James Hale

John Hill
Wilbur Hardin
William Hart
Morris Johnson
Marvin Matheson
Albert Newton
Troy Parris
William Pegram
Milford Ward
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

James Bell
Arcemias Hefner
James Spears
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Marvin Bradley
Bert Barnhardt
Noah Brown
Velda Denning
Fred Holland
Richard Kye
Everett Morris
Robert Moses
Ralph Powell
Clyde Rhodes
Everett Stamey
Fred Stewart
Ray Taylor
Martin Walters
Ervin Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Robert Caudle
Aubrey Fargis
Vernon Hardin
Ray Harris
Robert Holbert
Edward Kinion
William Lane
Roy Mumford
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
William Painter
John Pritchard
Charles Pitman
Elbert Russ
Peter Tuttle

COTTAGE NO. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hiram Atkinson
Jack Bateman
Raymond Brooks
Frank Chavis
Peter Chavis
James Chavis
Paul Deal
Floyd Fields
Herbert Lochlear
Leroy Lowery
Eugene Moose
Donald Sides

INFIRMARY

Robert Padgett
Newman Tate
Harlan Warren

———:———

If you've tried and have not won,
Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

If by easy work you beat,
Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat—
That's the test that tries you.

—Phoebe Cary.

FEB 20 1943

THE UNIT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C. FEBRUARY 20, 1943 NO. 8

(Orange County)
(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

'Tis splendid to live so grandly
That long after you are gone,
The things you did are remembered,
And recounted under the sun.

To live so bravely and purely,
That a nation stops on its way,
And once a year with banner and drum,
Keeps its thought of your natal day.

'Tis splendid to leave a record,
So white and free from stain
That held to the light it shows no blot,
Though tested and tried amain.

—Selected

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
CHARLOTTE CAN TRULY SAY "WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE"	By Ashton Chapman	8
THE RESTORATION OF WASHINGTON'S WILL	By H. M. Hobson	12
THE WISDOM OF WASHINGTON	By Gilbert P. Brown	15
THIS LITTLE CHEST WENT TO CONGRESS	By H. M. Hobson	19
HISTORIC CAROLINA TREES	By Mary Vanstory Elzemeyer	21
CALL FOR HUMAN SALVAGE	(The Dispatch)	24
WILLIAM TYNDALE	(Selected)	25
INSTITUTION NOTES		26
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Pale is the February sky,
And brief the midday's sunny hour;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
Not even when the summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array:
Or Autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
Brings on its annual round the morn
When greatest of the sons of men
Our glorious Washington was born.

Lo, where beneath an icy shield
Calmly the mighty Hudson flows.
By snow-clad fell or frozen field
Broadening the mighty river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps thru' space,
And sends the oak with sudden force,
Can raise no ripple on his face,
Or slacken his majestic course.

Thus 'mid the wreck of thrones shall live
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame,
And years succeeding years shall give
Increase of honors to his name.

—William Cullen Bryant

FIRST AID CLASS

The officers of the Jackson Traning School, including both men and women, have completed the First Aid Course, under the instruction of Mr. Sam Jones, who has been sent to this district by the

American Red Cross. The objective of this study is to make every human being "safety-conscious." A safety-conscious leader is one who realizes that serious complications may arise from minor injuries. First Aid means immediate, temporary treatment for one who has had an accident or sudden illness. This service is rendered prior to the attention of a physician. Such training is of inestimable value to the officers of this institution, because accidents frequently occur in the fields or other places far removed from the infirmary. For instance, a boy may have a broken limb which might involve a compound fracture if the attendant did not understand how to handle the case.

The attendance at the classes held at the School during a two weeks' period was very good and the interest shown by the personnel of the institution was quite satisfactory. Now that the course of study has been completed, the officers and matrons will instruct the boys to their respective cottages. The two-fold significance of having an instructor come to this instituton is to have both boys and officers become "danger-conscious" and know just what to do in emergencies—also what not to do. To know what to do in unexpected accidents or sudden illness gives assurance and hope until professional services can be secured.

The Jackson Training School was most fortunate in having a capable instructor because such a teacher always inspires confidence and interest. Nineteen of those who pursued this study will receive instructors' certificates, and one a standard certificate.

* * * * * * * *

GEORGE WASHINGTON

The first stories of George Washington's boyhood are derived from the pen of Parson Weems, and are familiar to all young folks. The story of the hatchet and the cherry tree; of his boyish leadership in school battles; of his feats of strength and horsemanship—the parson made pleasing little dramas of them all. But they show only one side of Washington's character. Of the real George Washington, of the boy who grew to be the father of his country, we obtain a much better insight from his own writings than we do from all the works of Parson Weems, Sparks or Irving, or any later

biographers. We do not mean that Washington wrote his own biography; he never thought of doing that, but he did keep a sort of commonplace book in which were recorded many things regarding himself—such as rules for behavior, a journal of his doings as a lad, and a summary of his lessons at school. Thus we get a pretty good idea of how he looked at things early in life.

From all that we can gather from this record, in his own hand, we must assume that George Washington was a model boy. He was full of life; he loved sports and adventure; but also kind, thoughtful, obedient, truthful and courteous. Early in life he laid the foundation for the high honors he was later to receive. He never wantonly hurt anyone's feelings, and was courageous, honest and manly. Boys with these qualities will surely rise in the world, and when we consider what young Washington was as a lad, we are not surprised that he was never found wanting when beset with trials as a man, finally becoming "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen."—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

A GREAT NEED

Many newspapers of the state have emphasized the fact that the home for the feeble-minded child at Kinston is not adequate, and that another institution for the child near the mental border line be arranged for during the sessions of the 1943 General Assembly. There is no place for this type of child in the public school system. Children of such mentality should be placed so that they at least will not become libabilities to their respective communities. They are God's children, the same as the normal children, physically and mentally, therefore, adequate provision should be made for them to receive proper training. The child, regardless of class or color, finds a fine friend in "Charity & Children," the mouthpiece of the Baptist Orphanage at Thomasville, and we gather from this paper, the following:

> We do not know what progress the committee from the legislature is making in its endeavor to provide training for more of the feeble-minded people of the state. We hope that nothing will prevent the legislature from making such provision. There

is pretty widespread demand that the legislature will do this before adjourning. We believe that the prime promoters of this movement are in and around Charlotte. Since Charlotte has rather taken the lead we hope that the advocates will not become weary in well doing. The legislature has completed the first month of work and already the eyes of many of the lawmakers are looking toward the end of the session. It would not be at all impossible for the cause of the feeble-minded child to be lost in the general rush of the last days. The trouble about its last days is that so many good causes are neglected in the rush and so many bad causes are slipped in during the same rush hours. The advocates of shady legislation will be on the job. We hope that the advocates of the most needy group of all—the mental defective child—will also be on the job. As we have said before, there are many vacant plants in North Carolina that are admirably suited for that purpose. The main fear we have is that this worthy cause will be crowded out in the rush of the last days.

* * * * * * * *

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

We still get inspiration from this great American poet, whose birthday anniversary will be observed this month. He was born, February 27, 1807 and died, March 24, 1882. We learn by reading, some of the things which inspired him in the production of his immortal lines, taken from one of his letters, as follows:

> To those who ask how I can write so many things that sound as if I were as happy as a boy, please say that there is in the neighboring town a pear tree, planted by Governor Endicot two hundred years ago, and it still bears fruit not to be distinguished from that of a young tree in flavor.
>
> "I suppose the tree makes new wood every year, so that some parts of it are always young. Perhaps this is the way with some men when they get old. I hope it is so with me.

* * * * * * * *

GETTING THE BREAKS

Don't count on getting the breaks unless you prepare for them, says Waldo Wright, an educator. The chance of the wheel of fate stopping on your number is one in a hundred. The chance of opportunity stopping in front of the man who has prepared to grasp

it is one in five. Chance is but an incident in getting the breaks; readiness always outweighs it on the scales of attainment.

Lincoln got the breaks—surely he did. He failed in the first twenty-eight things he undertook in life. Yet he was ready for the great task to reunite our nation.

Eli Whitney, Graham Bell, Cyrus McCormick, Thomas Edison, and "Boss" Kettering got the breaks. They did if you include such misfortunes as accidents, physical handicaps, opposition, and loss of fortune.

Bad breaks make tough sailing, but mariners know that the clippers that came through were built of stout oak. Misfortune sends some weaklings to the bunk, but a bad break makes a thoroughbred out of the man who climbs the rungs of adversity to the dock.

If your hopes are long delayed, look inward and consider the pine cone. As a cone, it is squirrel food; as a pine, it is a noble tree, suited for ship's mast.—Sunshine Magazine.

* * * * * * * *

INFINITE VARIETY

Life is never stale in war-time Beaufort. Last week we were invited to "tea"—yaupon (or American mate) and with our Sunday dinner were served sassafras tea. We'd forgotten how good sassafras tea could be! Besides tasting good, it stirred up a lot of childhood memories of gathering the root and making brews of it. The mellowness of memories and of the warm tea are hard to disassociate, but we believe it is a downright good drink in its own right. It's supposed to be healthful too. Remember the poem:

"In the spring of the year
When the blood is too thick
There's nothing so rare
As the sassafras stick.
It clears up the liver,
It strengthens the heart,
And to the whole system
New life doth impart."

—Beaufort News.

CHARLOTTE CAN TRULY SAY "WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE"

By Ashton Chapman.

Today as the 211th anniversary of George Washington's birthday is observed how many Charlotteans realize that the words "Washington Slept Here" have more significance for their city than merely being the title of a Broadway play recently successfully presented by the members of Charlotte's Little Theater?

The claim is advanced by many places that "Washington slept here" but all too often this claim is without foundation. However, Charlotte's right to this claim is amply attested by historical documents, including entries made by George Washington in his personal diary.

It was on the night of Saturday, May 28, 1791, that Washington slept in Charlotte. This was during the course of his "grand circuit" through the southern states, a trip of such political significance it seems strange that some of his chief biographers have failed to make any mention of it whatever.

The country was at the time in its infancy, just recovering from the trying period of the Revolution. No one knew how the young states would be able to co-operate with each other and with the central government at Philadelphia which was at that time the national capital. In the south, and particularly in the state of North Carolina, were many soldiers and officers who had served personally under Washington in his northern campaigns, but the first President himself, popular belief to the contrary, had never been south of Virginia. Communication was so difficult on account of the poor condition of the roads that Washington felt he could best determine the condition of the people and their attitude toward the new government and help cement the recently formed Union by a personal visit to the principal towns of the two Carolinas and Georgia.

Accordingly, on Monday morning, March 21, 1791, Washington, accompained by his secretary, Major William Jackson, set out from Philadelphia on his important southern tour. In his personal diary, which he meticulously kept throughout the journey, Washington wrote:

"In this tour my equipage and attendance consisted of a Charriot and four horses drove in hand—a light baggage wagon—and horses—four saddle horses besides a lead one for myself and five—to wit—my Valet de Chambre, two footmen, Coachman and postilion."

The "Charriot" of which he speaks was a coach, ivory in color with designs of the four seasons painted by the noted artist Cypriani on the doors and front and back, and the whole framework and springs were gilded. The outriders wore bright livery of red and white. What a colorful cavalcade this must have been as it entered each town accompanied by the escort invariably sent out, sometimes many miles, to meet him.

On his trip through North Carolina en route to Georgia the Presidential

party was entertained at Halifax, Tarboro, Greenville, New Bern and Wilmington.

On his return trip to Philadelphia he was met at the border of North Carolina by a party of the Mecklenburg Horse, mentioned in his diary. The diary also mentions his having been met by 13 young men from the Salisbury Military Academy, one to represent each of the 13 original states, who were to escort him through Charlotte to Salisbury. At their head was Charles Caldwell, whose autobiography contains the following account of his meeting with Washington:

"As I approached the President, an awe came over me, such as I had never before experienced. Not only did I forget my oft-rehearsed address, but I became positively unable to articulate a word. I received him in silence, with the salute of my sword.

"Quick to perceive my embarrassment, Washington returned my salute with marked courtesy, and, speaking kindly, paused for a moment, and then desired that we might proceed, I riding abreast of him, on his left, and the privates of my escort falling in double file into the rear."

Washington was at the time riding a horse to relieve the tedium of riding in his coach. As they rode along together Washington, in speaking of the country through which they passed, said.

"During the late war, if my information is correct, the inhabitants were true to the cause of their country, and brave in its defense."

Young Caldwell replied, "Your information is correct, sir. In Mecklenburg county, where we now are, and in Rowan, which lies before us, a Tory did not dare to show his face. It was in a small town, through which we shall pass, that Lord Cornwallis lay encamped, when he swore that he had never been in such a damned nest of Whigs—for that he could not, in the surrounding country, procure a chicken or a pig for his table, or a gallon of oats for his horse, but by purchasing it with the blood of his soldiers, who went in quest of it."

"Pray, what is the name of that town?" Washington inquired.

"Charlotte, sir, the county town of Mecklenburg, and the place where independence was declared about a year before its declaration by Congress; and my father was one of the Whigs who were concerned in the glorious transaction.

"We shall arrive at Charlotte tomorrow morning, where you will be enthusiastically received by the inhabitants of the county; a large portion of whom served, in some capacity, in the Revolutionary war—several of them, I believe, as officers and privates under your own command."

Caldwell reports General Washington in his account of the battle of Ramseur's mill (8 miles from Maiden, N. C.), "in which about 300 Whigs, then fresh from their homes, and who had never before been in battle, attacked and defeated 1,200 Tories, and made 600 of them prisoners.

"He at length inquired of me whether he might expect to meet at Charlotte any of the leading members of the convention which prepared and passed the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. I replied that my father was dead, and that Dr. Brevard, the author of the Declaration, was also dead; that, of the members of the convention still living, I knew personally but two—Adam Alexander, who

had been president of the body, and John McKnitt Alexander, his cousin, who had been its secretary; that they were far advanced in life, and lived some distance from Charlotte, but that I felt confident they would be in Charlotte to greet him."

President Washington reached Charlotte about 3 o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, May 28, 1791. Records state that the streets and adjoining roads were lined with men, women and children for hours before his arrival because the exact time of his appearance was not known. One account says that Washington was met on the outskirts of the town by a group of Charlotte's leading citizens, headed by the Revolutionary patriot, General Thomas Polk.

As the presidential party rode through the cheering throngs General Polk, upon reaching Independence square, where the old court house was then standing, told Washington:

"From the steps of that building over there, sir, I had the honor of reading what we Mecklenburgers regard as the first overt assertion of freedom from the British rule," and added, "The people were so enthusiastic that they threw up their hats in all directions, and some of them fell on the roof of the court house."

At the handsome residence of General Polk, which had been used as headquarters of Cornwallis in 1780, and long a landmark on South Tryon street, an elaborate repast was served al fresco, the rooms of the house being too small to accommodate the crowd invited for the occasion. Those present are said to have included Adam Alexander, John McKnitt Alexander, Robert Irwin, Nathaniel Alexander, afterwards governor of North Carolina, General Joseph Graham and his brother, General George Graham.

After the reception which followed this open-air dinner the President was escorted to the inn operated by Captain Isaac Cook, as throughout his trip Washington declined to accept quarters in private homes in the towns where he stayed overnight, stating that he did not wish to discommode the inhabitants.

Another reason for thus declining private hospitality was probably because he wished to avoid the inevitable local jealousies that would have resulted from his acceptance. The site of Cook's inn, as you probably know, is in the first block of West Trade street, on the north side.

It is recorded that the President, after powdering his hair as was the custom of the time, "neglected to replace the box in his valise, and it became the property of Mrs. Cook, who amused herself with powdering the heads of the Charlotte girls and your ladies who rushed to the inn after the departure of the great hero to hear the news, remarking to each one as she applied the puff, 'Now you can always remember that you had the distinction of having your hair powdered from General Washington's box.' "

Early the next morning, Sunday, May 29, Washington was waited upon by the Hon. John Steele, representative in Congress from the Salisbury district, and later Comptroller of the United States under Washington, Adams and Jefferson. According to Washington's diary, Steele "was so polite as to come all the way to Charlotte to meet me."

The President left Charlotte at 7 o'clock, and dined at the home of

Colonel (later General) Robert Smith, 15 miles away. This was the Robert Smith who is said to have been a captain in the first regiment of Revolutionary troops organized in the colony of North Carolina. It was at this place Washington, according to his diary, discovered that he had left his powder box and powder puff in Charlotte.

Of the country through which he passed between Charlotte and Salisbury Washington wrote in his diary.

"The lands are very fine, of a reddish cast and well timbered, with but very little underwood. Between these two places are the first meadows I have seen on the Road since I left Virginia and here also we appear to be getting into a Wheat Country."

You may be sure that the Charlotteans of that time were as excited over the visit of George Washington, the hero of the Revolution, as would be the people of Charlotte now if they should have the privilege of entertaining at the end of the present war General Douglas McArthur, the hero of the Philippines.

MY PRAYER

I pray that I will ever be
As proud; yet humble as a tree,
A tree who holds its head up high,
And looks forever towards the sky;
Forgetting not, that down below
It's roots, and trunk and branches grow.

A tree within whose branches fair
The wild folk may find shelter there;
Where joyful birds forever sing,
And squirrels their autum nuts might bring,
A tree who weathers storm and strife
To amount to something good in life.

A tree whose praises to its King,
Forever in its heart will ring,
A tree who's not afraid to try,
Or love or dare or even die.
Dear God, grant that I'll always be
As proud, yet humble as a tree.

—Carol Bessent.

THE RESTORATION OF WASHINGTON'S WILL

By H. M. Hobson

American statesmen and historians regard George Washington's will as the most pirecless personal document in the world. "As a charter of good citizenship and patriotic purpose, this last will and testament has been an inspiration to me," wrote President Harding. "I commend its thoughtful reading to whoever would emulate his example—especially to young men preparing to become good citizens. This will and testament was the last word of the Christian citizen, the loving husband, the devoted kinsman, the wise, provident man of business, the far-sighted statesman, the soldier, and the great executive. Studied with his farewell address they afford a complete key to one whom all mankind has learned to revere."

Washington wrote his will with his own hand, without legal aid or advice. It was written at Mount Vernon the summer before his death, and is far more than a mere legal paper, disposing of goods and chattels. It is more than a great state paper; it is the declaration of faith of a man whose simple trust in God from his youth to his life's evening, kept the greatest man of his age always bigger than anything he did; kept him always unafraid of his own fame; unawed by his own achievements.

Washington's will covers twenty-one pages, and each page is signed, these firm, clear signatures being the finest that he left in the world. The will became the property of the State of Virginia when it was presented for probate in Fairfax County, Virginia, on January 20, 1799, by Samuel Washington, Lawrence Lewis and George Steptoe Washington.

For sixty-two years this priceless document reposed in peace and safety in Fairfax Courthouse, where it was treasured as carefully as crown jewels are treasured. Then came 1861, the eventful year that the Federals entered, and the Confederates left, Fairfax, Virginia. The county clerk had little time, but he used what he had to good purpose, and by so doing he saved Washington's will. He wrapped the beloved document in a neat package and wrote upon it the terse endorsement: "This is the original will of General George Washington. To be returned to me, or to someone legally appointed to receive it." He signed his name and sent the package to Richmond, where it was stored with other valuable state papers. When peace came again to this country, Washington's will was brought home to Fairfax, there to resume its proud position as the state's most prized document.

Washington's fame increased with each passing year, and as a result the will he had written with such love and care was read by steadily increasing throngs. Some of the readers were awed and reverent; many were merely curious; few were careful in handling the fragile document. It was kept in a small wooden box with a glass cover, and light and air did their destructive work, ably assisted by the

careless fingers of the steadily increasing multitude who wished to touch, if not to read, the famous will.

By and by scholars were horrified to discover that the will was going to pieces. The pages were broken where they were folded; pieces of the margins had fallen away; and the well-meant, but clumsy, efforts to repair the document had only made its condition worse. Bits of paper had been pasted across the broken places; then they had been sewed with long stitches, coarse thread and a big needle. Many letters had been entirely "punched out" by the needle.

When word went forth as to the tattered condition of the will suggestions as to what to do came from all over the country. Many urged that the United States Government take charge of the beloved old document, and have their manuscript experts repair it. But the State of Virginia flatly refused to let Washington's will leave the Fairfax County Courthouse. It was then that the Library of Congress offered to have the will restored, free of cost. To this the State of Virginia agreed—if the manuscript experts would come to the will, because the will was not going to the experts! So it was that the Library of Congress sent Mr. William Berwick to Fairfax County Courthouse to repair the last will and testament of General George Washington.

Mr. Berwick was regarded as one of the greatest manuscript surgeons in the world, with such uncanny ability that he could almost mend a butterfly's wing. But even he, with all his awesome skill, shook a discouraged head when he looked in the tiny wooden box and saw the worn and broken pages of what had once been an exquisitely written document. With infinite tenderness and care he lifted the tattered sheets, and is quoted as saying that "never in his whole experience with priceless documents had he ever felt such awe and reverence as thrilled through him when he first took Washington's will in his hands."

The will was photographed, each page being taken separately. Then the ink was "set," the sheets receiving a chemical bath that made the ink forever impervious to water, light and air. Next, each page was split in two, this seemingly impossible work being accomplished with knives of the finest steel, whose slender blades were thinner than the paper they worked upon. After being split, each gossamer-thin sheet was patched. This part of this truly incredible restoration work is one of the marvels of present day art and science. The old paper upon which the will was written had grown yellow with age, and paper experts went forth to seek, and find, paper that would match it.

The most awesome thing connected with the restoration of Washington's will is the finding of some old paper in a bookstore in Alexandria, Virginia. So right was the size, the color and the texture that Mr. Berwick was puzzled. He was also amazed, because his uncanny fingers told him something his eyes and his mind refused to believe. He placed the newly found paper over a powerful light, and realized that his fingers had spoken truly. Washington had written his will on paper that was made especially for him, each page bearing his own private watermark. The impossible had happened; for the few sheets of old paper found in the bookstore were of Washington's own private

stock, and each page bore his water-mark!

As work on the tattered will progressed before the amazed eyes of historians and scientists the worn and broken pages were literally made over. Minute patches were put on with superfine glue, the brushes used being as dainty and delicate as fairy paint brushes. Each patch taken from the old sheets of paper was "patted" in place, pressed until it was practically invisible, and then pumiced to a perfect evenness with the rest of the paper. After being patched, each of the split sheets was laid between pieces of crepeline. This is a gauze so delicate that, like gold-leaf, it has to be "breathed" into place. It is transparent, made of silk and linen, and despite its delicacy, is one of the most durable materials developed by modern science. It possesses the odd ability to become one with a paper or parchment upon which it has been properly placed. In a short time it is so much a part of the other material it is almost impossible to detect its presence without the aid of a powerful glass. Crepeline is tough and durable, so papers that have been crepelined by an expert are unbreakable and practically unwearoutable.

After being patched and crepelined, each page of Washington's will was laid in a powerful press and left until it was dry and as smooth as when it had left its author's hands When taken from the press each sheet was mounted upon fine cardboard, the entire document being bound in book form and inclosed within covers It is now in its home, in Fairfax Courthouse, kept safely within a steel safe that is set in concrete. The safe was made under the direction of the government, and is light, air, and burglar proof.

Restoring Washington's will was the greatest piece of work ever done by William Berwick. He worked with his heart and mind as well as with his hands, and has sent down to posterity one of this nation's most priceless documents. The covers of the will bear only the terse statement that it is the last will of General George Washington. Below this is a line saying it has been restored to its present perfection by William Berwick.

Thousands visit Fairfax Courthouse each year to stand in reverence before this great paper, written by our first president. It is, next to our Declaration and Constitution, our nation's best loved document, bearing out the truth of Chevalier Carrutti's words: "The will of General George Washington completes his great life story, and every line in it contains a mighty moral lesson."

———:———

Just to be good, to keep life pure from degrading elements, to make it constantly helpful in little ways to those who are touched by it; to keep one's spirit always sweet, an to avoid all manner of petty anger and irritability—that is an ideal as noble as it is difficult.—Exchange.

THE WISDOM OF WASHINGTON

By Gilbert Patten Brown

In August, 1777, the half-insane King of England, George III, had caused to be landed on the Capes of Delaware fifteen thousand of John Bull's fighters. They were chiefly Irishmen, Scotchmen and Hessians—not Englishmen. They were good fighters, and these soldiers defeated General Washington's army at Brandywine, Chadd's Ford and at Germantown, and went on and occupied Philadelphia for the winter. The Continental Congress was compelled to adjourn to Baltimore in Maryland.

On December 1, 1777, Major-General (Baron) Von Steuben arrived at Portsmount, N. H., and at once started for Washington's headquarters at Valley Forge, Pa. He became drillmaster of the Continental Army. Brigadier-General Benedict Arnold was appointed as military governor of Philadelphia, and he being a widower, the winsome and pretty Peggy Shippen began to court him. She was the daughter of a Tory, and she won him away from the patriot cause. A charming woman can turn the heart of a brave man, and this is Arnold's sad story.

But there were other generals almost equally disloyal to General Washington. General Horatio Gates was one of these. Gates was an Englishman, haughty, ambitious and jealous. He finally showed his hand, and General Washington called his bluff. He had come to America at the time of General Edward Braddock's defeat, and had been given charge of the Northern division of the American Army, and the English General John Burgoyne had surrendered to him at Saratoga.

Immediately he became a candidate for Washington's position as Commander-in-Chief, and continued to conspire against him, and to plot for the place, until he was disastrously defeated by Lord Cornwallis at Camden, South Carolina.

Major General Charles Lee, another Englishman who had sided with the Americans in the hope of better advancement, was also thoroughly disloyal to General Washington. He was captured by the British, and would have been shot as a traitor to England except for Washington's intervention. In spite of this he was traitorous both to Washington and to the American cause.

General Thomas Conway, an Irishman who had served many years in France, was another conspirator. In France he had become a lay member of the Society of the Jesuits. Rideling writes: "Though the three plotted long and secretly, their conspiracy was foiled by Washington's evident honesty and sincerity, and the Conway cabal, as it was known, dissolved in deep disgrace." Mrs. Washington had discovered a plot of Conway's to poison her husband's food during the encampment.

Meanwhile the British were enjoying themselves hugely in Philadelphia. They had entered the gay city in a parade that was most imposing. "Lord Cornwallis," says Washington Irving, "marched into Philadelphia with a brilliant escort, followed by splendid legions of British and Hes-

sian grenadiers, long trains of artillery and squadrons of light dragoons stepping to the swelling music of 'God Save the King.' "

Fredick II, King of Prussia, sent his best general, Baron Von Steuben, to aid Washington, and sent by him a sword with this language: "From the oldest General in Europe to the greatest General on earth." General Nathaniel Greene, Washington's most beloved and trusted General, schooled him in English.

The Prussian general so drilled the troops at Valley Forge, in the deep snows and the freezing weather, that this little army was able to defeat the crack forces of King George III at Monmouth. He was a master soldier and a master tactician.

The seductions of the city demoralized General Howe and his army. For six months the British devoted themselves to pleasure in Philadelphia. They attended balls, concerts, theatrical performances, and delighted in luxuries. War for them was a primrose path.

It was not so for Washington and the American army, however. They spent the winter in Valley Forge—neglected by Congress, and enduring every hardship and suffering from every privation.

For the Christmas holidays Washington's army at Valley Forge was without meat and a large number of them were without bread.

General Anthony Wayne, who spent his own private money on supplies for the men, reported to Congress that their outer garments hung upon them in ribbons, and a third of them had "no shirt under heaven."

Their shoeless feet left trails of blood in the snow.

Dysentery and smallpox were rife and often many persons died on the same bed of straw before it was changed.

The diary of Dr. Albigence Waldo, a surgeon at Valley Forge, of the First Connecticut Regiment, relates the circumstances under which the Christmas holiday were spent:

"December 14. I am sick—discontented and out of humor. Poor food — hard lodging—cold weather—fatigue—nasty cloathes—nasty cooking —vomit half my time—smoaked out of my senses—the devil's in't—I can't endure it—smoke—cold—hunger and filthyness. A pox on my bad luck. Here comes a bowl of beef soup—full of burnt leaves and dirt — sickish enough to make a Hector spue—away with it boys."

"Dec. 22. The Lord send—that the commissary of purchases may live—on fire cake and water—till their glutted innards are turned to pasteboard."

"Dec. 26. Why don't His Excellency rush in and retake the city—in which he will doubtless find much plunder? Because he knows better than to leave his post and be catch'd like a d——d fool cooped up in the city."

On Dec. 23, Washington reported 2,899 men—one third of his army—unfit for duty on account of illness.

And those that were not ill lacking clothes in the daytime and sitting up by the first at night because of lack of blankets.

Washington wrote to Governor Geo. Clinton:

"For some days past there has been little less than a famine in the camp.

"Naked and starving as they are, we cannot enough admire the incom-

parable patience and fidelity of the soldiery."

Washington was one day found by an old soldier in a secluded spot by the roadside on his knees in prayer and with tears running down his cheeks.

The old man on returning home related this, and said that the army and the nation would surely survive their trials because if there was anyone on earth the Lord would listen to it was George Washington.

The contrast between the two armies was great.

The British army was feasting and enjoying itself in Philadelphia.

The little Continental army was starving and suffering at Valley Forge with only 6,000 men in the spring fit for duty.

The Americans should have been discouraged.

But it was the British who were discontented

A London newspaper said:

"We are often told that Mr. Washington's army is inferior to the British in numbers—that it is sickly, ill-clothed, dying, dispirited, and by no means as well armed as our troops.

"Why have not the valiant, highly-disciplined and well-appointed royal veterans swept such rabble off the face of the universe?"

King George, too, began to see that the warning words of Chatham might be true:

"You cannot conquer the Americans.

"You talk of your powerful forces to disperse their army.

"Why! I might as well talk of driving them before me with this crutch.

"You have got nothing in America but stations.

"You have been three years teaching them the art of war, and they are apt scholars."

Politicians move slowly except where their own interests are concerned, but by spring the Continental Congress had acted to improve conditions in Washington's army and before summer the men were properly nourished and clothed.

General conditions improved also, but smallpox alone had taken many.

A treaty was made with France which provided that if war should occur between France and England, both the French and the Americans should act in concert and make no truce with the enemy until the independence of the United States was accomplished.

This was great news for the heroes of Valley Forge, and the alliance was duly celebrated there.

An officer who was in attendance at the time wrote of Washington's presence there during the ceremonies, and said:

"When the General took his leave there was a universal clap with loud huzzas which continued until he had proceeded a quarter of a mile, during which time there were a thousand hats tossed in the air.

"His Excellency turned round with his retinue and huzzaed several times."

The great chieftain now felt the time for action had arrived, and on June 28, 1778, the Battle of Monmouth was fought at Freehold, N. J.

At 5 o'clock in the morning Washington learned that the British were on the move.

He ordered General Charles Lee (the traitor) to open the attack upon them.

Lee brought his troops in contact with the enemy, and then suddenly

retreated in the most shameful manner.

When Lafayette protested, Lee replied:

"Sir, you do not know the British soldiers.

"We cannot stand against them."

The young French general immediately sent word to Washington that his presence was urgently needed.

As Washington received Lafayette's message, he met American soldiers who said they had been ordered to retreat by General Lee.

Washington angrily rode forward until he encountered Lee, then demanded an explanation of the unaccountable retreat.

Lee replied "that the attack was contrary to his advice and opinion in council."

Washington promptly ordered Lee to the rear, and personally took charge of operations of the entire army.

He stopped the retreat, formed a second battlefront, like Napoleon at Marengo.

He rode along the line urging the men to overcome the enemy and promising them every support from the Southern troops now rapidly advancing.

Thus, in spite of Lee's disobedience and retreat, the American Army was rallied and victory was theirs.

The ragged Continentals fought like heroes and completely redeemed the day.

It was at this battle that Molly Pitcher rose to fame.

At one gun six men had been slain.

As the last one fell, his wife who was carrying water, took his place, seized the ramrod and carried on the work of an artillery man.

On the successful result of this important battle, Washington wrote:

"Before this will have reached you, the account of the Battle of Monmouth will probably get to Virginia —which, from an unfortunate and bad beginning, turned out to be a glorious and happy day."

On this trying occasion Washington lost something of his usual calm and serenity.

When he learned of Lee's treachery, it is credibly reported that he actually swore.

"Yes Sir," said an officer who was present, "he swore on that day 'til the leaves shook on the trees."

Make a note of that, you journeymen historians who depend for your cheap publicity on overthrowing a nation's idols.

Make a note of it, you gossipy literary old maids, male and female, who love to disparage the great in the hope of bringing them down to your own low level.

Forget that he won the battle, forget that he saved the nation and remember only that at the Battle of Monmouth, when the traitor Lee almost succeeded in betraying the American cause, George Washington actually swore.

His trials were like those of Joshua of old. The wisdom of George Washington cannot at this time be fully told by mortal pen. Not even a Jeremiah nor a Dante could fully describe the bravery, zeal, honesty, valor and wisdom of the world's most unique soldier. Modesty, too, became him well. He was far-seeing and wise when he said many years after the conflict of 1775-1783: "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace."

THIS LITTLE CHEST WENT TO CONGRESS

By H. M. Hobson

It was on Thursday, April 18, 1844, that a tiny wooden chest went visiting the Congress of the United States of America. It went in much state, escorted by ex-president John Quincy Adams, and after being introduced to the solons, sat down upon the clerk's desk from which perch it held up the admission of Texas into the Union, for two days.

The odd little visitor was about twenty-one inches long by fifteen inches wide. It was worn and dingy; its hinges were rusty, its lining was faded and frayed, and its leather cover was battered and scratched and faded and torn. But representatives stood around it in groups, tears in their eyes; and their voices, when they tried to speak, were choked with emotion. The most famous men in the United States gazed at it with a reverence that was close to awe.

For the little chest that went to Congress was General George Washington's own camp cooking chest, that had gone with him up and down the land through the terrible years when this country was coming into being as a nation.

After Washington's death his effects were sold at Mount Vernon. There Colonel Henry Maynadier bought the chest which he presented to Colonel Lavin Winder, who had served immediately under Washington. Colonel Winder had cherished the tiny chest with tender care, and had left it to his son, who in his turn, bequeathed it to the nation. The tiny relic had lived in such a strict seclusion that its very existence had been forgotten. And when it went to Congress the members felt almost as if Washington himself were in their midst.

When the little chest started out on its history-making trip, to the United States Congress, its first port of call was the desk of John Quincy Adams. Representative Adams was a busy man, but he took time that day to make this entry in his diary: "April 18, 1844. I am laboring with preparations for the ceremony of presenting to the House and thereby to Congress, in the name of the late William Sidney Winder, the camp chest of General George Washington. There are circumstances of deep feeling to this transaction—" He then notes that "This day at 3 P. M. is fixed for the presentation."

The saga of the little camp chest is taken up in the Congressional Globe of that same date. It records:—"Mr. Adams said that in compliance with one of the clauses in the last will and testament of William Sidney Widner, of Maryland, now no more, he rose to present to the House and through the House to Congress of the United States, the camp chest of General George Washington. The chest, Mr. Adams said, 'was intended to supply the wants of the physical nature, and for the preservation of life. It was also useful for dispensing to others the good offices of friendship, and the sacred rites of hospitality. To all such purposes this identical chest,

and its contents, had been frequently put in the times that had tried the souls of men.' "

On April 19, 1844, the little chest journeyed in much state across the Capitol to the lovely and dignified Senate Chamber. It was welcomed with solemn joy, and this resolution was read: "Resolved by the House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress Assembled, that the camp chest of General George Washington which he used during the Revolutionary War, bequeathed by the last will and testament of the late William Sidney Winder to the Congress of the United States, be and the same is, hereby accepted, and the same be deposited as a precious relic to be preserved in the Department of State."

Senator Pearce accepted the unique gift for the Senate and said, "The relics of our past history are few and simple. That which is now tendered is associated with recollections of privation and suffering; of want, approaching famine; of poverty in almost every form, most patiently, patriotically and nobly borne by the officers, soldiers, and citizens of our country during the darkest, but perhaps proudest period of her history. This little chest tells of disaster and reverses heroically sustained and gloriously retrieved. This tiny camp chest was Washington's companion in the retreat through the Jerseys. It was with him in the hutted wilderness of Valley Forge. It followed him to Monmouth, then on and ever on to Yorktown Though it be simple and mute, this companionship makes it an eloquent memorial of the great soldier and patriot, General George Washington. As such I hope the Senate will consent to receive and preserve it." The record closes with the simple statement: "The Resolutions were then read the third time and unanimously passed."

No material object owned and used by Washington seems so endearingly a part of the man himself as does his little camp cooking chest, known officially as "Washington's Mess-Chest." The tiny scarred relic is on the floor of a large display case in the National Museum. Above it hangs the handsome uniform that Washington wore when he resigned his commission in the Revolutionary forces.

The chest is a sturdily built trunk, of wood, covered with heavy brown leather. It has a mighty iron hasp-lock, and its corners are well braced with metal. It has several compartments, and its contents are truly amazing in quality, kind and number. The chest is twenty-one inches long, fifteen inches wide and ten inches deep. Into it may be stored sixteen tin plates, three large platters, three sauce-pans, a broiler and a skillet. There are tea and coffee pots; containers for coffee and tea, sugar and spices, pepper and salt, and "savories for soup." There are many knives and forks and spoons. The forks are "two-tined," with wooden handles that have grown black with use and age. In some of the fat "cruets" are the condiments that were there when they were last used by Washington.

The tiny chest leaves one rather breathless, because it is animate with a great tradition. It grew old and battered from personal use and vital service to George Washington. It served him in his daily life when he bore the weight of a nation upon his shoulders. Its sturdy service kept him

strong and well physically, able to carry on—even when every path seemed closed before him. Like truth and honor and integrity, the little chest has no money value. Like the great virtues, it lives and moves and has its being in the realm of those things beyond price.

———:———

If frequently happens that he who is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, dies with a fool's cap on his head.

———:———

HISTORIC CAROLINA TREES

By Mary Vanstory Elzemeyer, in The State.

Within the boundaries of North Carolina are a number of old trees of historical and legendary interest.

Outstanding among them are three which are located at the Guilforl Battleground, formerly known as Guilford Court House, near Greensboro.

The date of the battle was March 15, 1781. **The Battleground Oak** measures approximately 20 feet in circumference. We can state with a fair degree of authority that General Greene was stationed near this tree during the battle, and his horse was tied to it. The twisted top of the tree even now bears testimony to the effect that the General's horse did eat the top out of it.

The Persimmon Tree, also at Guilford Battleground, marks the spot where General Cornwallis' horse was shot from under him. The Battleground owns ten feet all around this tree, so it is regarded as an authoritative historical spot. The oak, mentioned above, is now owned by the Battleground Association but belongs to members of the Osborne family.

The third tree of interest is a noted poplar. It is very large and marks the spot where the first line of battle began and where Colonel Arthur Forbis, of Greensboro, was killed.

The next link in interest and association are two trees at Guilford College. They certainly add substantiating history to our "hall of fame." First the Liberty or Revolutionary Oak which stands in the graveyard of the Old Quaker Meeting House, known then as the New Garden or Friends burying ground. At the foot of this giant oak is the grave of 26 Revolutionary soldiers, 13 from either side; and a tablet is inscribed thereon.

The second tree is in Mrs. Roxie D. White's yard, and is the traditional Dolly Madison Oak. It was quite a small tree when Dolly Madison played under it. We also know the Revolutionary soldiers passed along this way and some wounded ones were cared for at the New Garden Meeting House.

The Cornwallis Sycamore at old Jamestown, a large and beautiful tree stands between the old George Mendenhall house and the western end of

Jamestown. This tree is of especial interest as it is alleged that as a small branch it was used by Cornwallis as a riding whip, which he tossed away at this spot. It was picked up and stuck in the ground, and took root.

The Burnt Poplar— estimated to be between 600 and 700 years old—is the only marker of the old Danville-Salisbury Road, the oldest known thoroughfare through that vicinity. It lies about 50 yards south on a dirt road near the present Greensboro-Winston highway. Historians say this is the only known living tree that had its top shot out by a cannon ball from the batle of Guilford Court House.

The **Brownstown "Election Tree"** on the outskirts of Winston stands at the very center of the little village where the roads crossed. It is a huge oak tree; "a green robed senator of the mighty woods." Under the spreading branches were held town meetings, elections, political speakings, debates, entertainments, vocal and instrumental musicals. In short, this was the town hall, the auditorium, the opera house and the open forum. Under the shade of the tree the boys played marbles, the men pitched horseshoes and the girls played with their dolls.

On all occasions of any importance, Joseph Brown and family furnished the music. All civic matters were disposed of here in the manner of the New England town meetings. Under the tree it was said that Washington, General Greene and other worthies have rested.

The Davie Poplar at Chapel Hill, is a leaning yellow poplar (Tulip) tree growing on the campus of the University of North Carolina. Under this tree the commissioners under General Wm. Richardson Davie tied their horses when they rode out from Raleigh in 1793. The tree is still in fairly good condition; a tablet or marker tells the story. On the 12th of October in the year 1793 great things were happening at the site of New Hope Chapel, 12 miles southeast of Hillsboro in Orange County. That day was to witness the laying of the cornerstone of Old East, the first building erected and used by the University of North Carolina.

Tradition says that at noon on the day of the cornerstone-laying, General Davie and the official party had lunch under a large poplar tree near the newly erected building. From that time down to the present this tree has been known as the Davie Poplar.

The Henry Clay Oak is in Raleigh. This is a magnificent white oak, declared to be one of the largest in the state, standing in what was formerly the yard of Col. A. B. Andrews on North Street. It is said that in 1844 Henry Clay, while sitting under this tree, wrote the memorable letter opposing the annexation of Texas, which was said to have kept him from being elected president. His host was the Hon. Kenneth Rayner.

Large Cypress, Lenoir County. This large tree cut down about 1914 was 11 feet across the stump four feet above the ground. Its age probably was around 900 years.

Tory Oak, Wilkes County. This black oak tree stands at the back of the Wilkes County Courthouse in Wilkesboro, but partly from age and partly from recent grading opera-

tions, it is in very bad condition. Most of the branches have died in recent years. On this tree five Tories are said to have been hanged by Revolutionaries under Col. Ben Cleveland.

The LaFayette Oak, Wake County. This oak is associated with the visit of General LaFayette to Raleigh in 1826 or 1829.

The Eagles Nest Pine, Roanoke Island, Dare County. This is a large gnarled long-leaf pine, growing on the edge of Fort Raleigh, Roanoke Island. It is claimed that on this tree was engraved the letter "C" which indicated that the colony established here by Sir Walter Raleigh had moved away with the Croatan Indians or had been captured by them.

The Dram Tree, New Hanover County. This is a cypress tree standing on the right bank of the Cape Fear River, a few miles below Wilmington. It is said that the passing of this tree by the in-bound vessels was the signal for taking a "dram" by everybody aboard.

The Live Oaks at Fort Johnston, Southport, Brunswick County. These oaks stand on the site of Old Fort Johnston at Southport. This was one of our colouial fortresses.

Line Poplar, this has always marked the boundary line between North Carolina and Tennessee.

The Cypress at New Bern. A large cypress tree near an old wharf on the Neuse, on the premises of Mr. Samuel Smallwood, but originally the property of the Spaights. Under this monarch, tradition says the first vessel in North Carolina was built. Under its shade have stood General Washington and Nathanael Greene, during trying times to his command; John Wright Stanly, who lost fourteen vessels during the Revolution, the Spaights, Hon. Edward Everett, and many other prominent citizens. It is claimed to be over 700 years old and its history is linked with New Bern Since colonial days.

The Washington Live Oak, Pender County. This handsome tree stands on highway No. 30, three miles northeast of Scotts Hill. Under it Washington was said to have camped.

The Big Poplar, Yancey County, connected closely with Dr. Elisha Mitchell, and the **Big Poplar** on Reems Creek are of traditional history. The Big Poplar is a giant yellow poplar 190 feet high, said to be one of the largest deciduous trees in the world. It is located a short distance from Asheville.

Scores of scientists have come to Asheville to view the mammoth tree. Six inches above the ground, it measures 36 feet around, and six feet from the ground it is 33 feet in circumference. The first limb of the tree is 100 feet from the ground.

Boundary Pine, Columbus County. This tree was marked as a boundary tree between North and South Carolina in 1729. It was cut down in 1928, following a dispute by a fisherman as to where the interstate line reached the Atlantic Ocean. A piece of this tree bearing the surveyor's marks is now exhibited by the State Historical Commission.

Davidson Oak. Endeared to the hearts and minds of Davidson County is the grove of Real Century Oaks, known as "Lowe's Grove," which have watched the pageant of the years and the many historical events that have transpired.

These are but a few of the trees

notable in our history and tradition. Almost every state in the union possesses two or three or more which are linked in some way with its history. You have probably heard of the ones I have been able to find the history of in our own state, which I hope we will learn to cherish and reverence as being of sacred import.

CALL FOR HUMAN SALVAGE

(The Dispatch.)

Unquestionably the state of North Carolina needs to do something more adequate for its mentally retarded children. Nearly a thousand of these have already been pronounced as having reached the stage where applications have been made for admission to the one institution the state maintains for this general group. That institution is charitably termed a training school. Unfortunately, the press of those needing aid has been so strong that only those least likely to be trained, and rehabilitated have been admitted, according to such information as is available.

There is said to be very definite belief among those who have had the most opportunity to study this phase of the social problem that the state should now start a school for those in the sub-par mental group demonstrated by proper tests to be capable of absorbing such training as would enable them to become self-supporting individuals when they reach adulthood.

It patently would not serve the call for human salvage to mix up the several grades and put them all into one general classification as feeble-minded. Maybe it would be more realistic, but it does not fill the need now.

Consequently, if the Legislature is to make provision—as it undoubtedly should—for more adequate training and care for children of this group it should not merely be content with an effort to enlarge the facilities at Kinston. Local desires should not be permitted to outweigh the need of the state for more comprehensive and scientific means of dealing with the problem. Court officials throughout North Carolina know how costly the problem now is for the taxpayers. Many a child should have an opportunity for proper guidance training that will give it a useful skill, in something it can do, before its unguided feet lead too easily in the path of evil. How many adults have you heard who have come before the courts for serious crimes whose mentalities have been pronounced of juvenile grade? The ordinary processes of our public school system can hardly be geared to meet the need of these without excessive cost in time and money, or at the still greater cost of retarding the many who can go ahead at normal rate.

This is a problem that calls for more than patchwork treatment.

WILLIAM TYNDALE, TRANSLATOR OF BIBLE INTO ENGLISH

(Selected)

Few English-speaking readers of the Bible know of its cost to William Tyndale, who was the first to translate it into that tongue.

Born in the vicinity of Gloucester, England, near the end of the 15th century, he was graduated with the M.A. degree at Oxford in 1515. After studying at Cambridge, he was ordained to the priesthood.

It was not long after he entered the priesthood, and while serving as chaplain and a domestic tutor, that the church authorities suspected him of being heretical in his theological views. His observations led him to believe that the leaders of the Church were corrupt. A remedy for such a condition, he concluded, was to translate the New Testament into English and place it in the hands of the people for their own interpretation. To this end he worked, but, unable to get his translation published in England, he went to Wittenberg, Germany, in 1524, where he visited Martin Luther. At Cologne, he succeeded in having printed a quarto edition of his New Testament. When the Church authorities learned of this, they prevailed upon the Senate of Cologne to prohibit further printing of the Testament.

Although Henry VIII and Cardinal Wolsey were cautioned by the Church leaders on the Continent to watch the English ports, thousands of copies of the English translation were smuggled into the country.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of England destroyed every copy they could find in that country, and the copies they ordered purchased on the Continent met the same fate.

Ecclesiastical hostility against Tyndale increased as he widened his activities in the cause of the English Reformation. In the meantime, he went to Antwerp, where English authorities demanded his surrender. However, he kept on revising his translations of the Scriptures until he was betrayed by a man who pretended to embrace his doctrines, and was thrown into prison at Vilvorde Castle, near Brussels. There he was tried for heresy, condemned, strangled at the stake, and his body burned.

Tyndale was one of the greatest forces of the English Reformation and one of the greatest leaders for freedom of thought. To him who labored four centuries ago in the cause of that great movement the world owes much more than it is able to conceive. Believing in immortality, the followers of the Christian faith may be sure that this great heroic soul has no pangs of regret for what he suffered in order that the Scriptures might be enjoyed by his fellowmen.

———:———

He only is great who can neglect the applause of the multitude, and enjoy himself independent of its favor.—Steele.

INSTITUTION NOTES

"Foreign Correspondent," a United Artists production, was the attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show at the School last Thursday night.

—:—

During the past week or ten days, when the weather permitted, quite a number of boys were engaged in pruning fruit trees in our orchards, and some of the grape vines were given similar treatment. This work will be continued on a large scale when the weather becomes a little warmer.

—:—

The recently organized Boy Scout troop at the institution held its regular weekly meeting last Monday night. Mr. Ralph Mullinax, who is acting as Scoutmaster, reports that the lads are showing much interest and enthusiasm in the work. This project promises to be a success at the School. The lessons taught in Boy Scout work are most valuable in molding character.

—:—

Beginning last Sunday morning and continuing for several days, this section of the state was visited by some real winter weather, the most severe of the season, with the thermometer registering within twelve degrees of the zero mark. It being too cold to carry on the usual outdoor activities, most of the boys on the outside forces remained inside during working hours. It was necessary, however, for the barn boys to spend one day hauling coal from our railroad siding to various buildings on the campus. Several frozen pipes were reported, but they were given prompt attention, and no damage resulted.

—:—

Dr. A. A. Husman, of the U. S. Bureau of Animal Industry and Dr. Faulhaber, of the State Department of Animal Industry, visited the School last Wednesday. The purpose of this visit was to make T. B. and Bang's tests on our herd of cattle. It will be several days before we know the results of these tests, but they will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

—:—

Mr. J. M. Neese, of Raleigh, Director of the Division of Institutions and Correction, State Board of Charities and Public Welfare, was a visitor at the School last Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Neese succeeded Mr. Wade N. Cashion, who recently accepted a position with the U. S. O. While here, he visited a number of the cottages and shops.

—:—

We recently received a card from Mr. William E. Poole, a member of the School's staff of workers for several years, who is now in the United

States Army Air Corps, stationed at Tucson, Arizona. He writes as follows:

"I am out on the Arizona desert, cooking for a bomb cquadron, about 1,000 men. They train here on Liberator Bombers. We have nice weather for the most part, but this morning there was snow on the mountains—and oranges growing in the valleys. Remember me to all at the School."

This was the first time we had heard from Eddie since he joined our country's armed forces, and were glad to learn that he was getting along well. His many friends at the institution join in sending best wishes.

—:—

A letter recently came to The Uplift office from John M. Koontz, formerly of Cottage No 2, who left the campus to enlist in the United States Army, last November. "Koontzie" writes in part, as follows:

"Just wanted to let you know that I am getting along fine. Had a little sick spell but am all right now. Sure do miss the officers and boys, and hope to see you all when I get a chance to come home. Please remember me to all the boys, officers and matrons at the School, and may God bless all of you."

Koontz is now stationed in the state of Oregon and would be glad to hear from friends at the School. His address is: Pvt. John M. Koontz (34436-370), Company E, 363rd Infantry, A. P. O. 91, Camp White, Oregon.

—:—

Bill Morgan, who left our printing class to enlist in the United States Navy, last November, recently wrote that he had been transferred from the Great Lakes Naval Training Station to a Navy Training School, Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. He writes as follows:

"Just a note to let you know that I am now in the best and highest ranking radio school in the U. S. Navy. Am sure glad to be sent here, for we have the best of everything. Our teachers are the best to be had. From here we will go to an advanced school, either for aviation radio and gunnery, as operators on battleships, destroyers and sub-chasers, or to a submarine school for advanced study. The training here may take a year or a little more.

"Tell Red and all the boys in the shop "hello'. Wish I could see you all. I'd give almost a million bucks to be able to spend one day working in the old print shop, just like I used to do. Those were good old days, but I didn't realize how good they were at the time. Best of luck to you and the boys, and please write soon."

For the benefit of those at the School who would like to write Bill, we give his address, as folllows: William S. Morgan, seaman second-class, Division 5, Section 2, Naval Training School (radio), Miami University, Oxford, Ohio.

—:—

A short time ago we received another letter from our old faithful correspondent, Clyde A. Bristow, who was a member of our printing class about seventeen years ago. His letter on this occasion contained the sad news that his brother, Necola, also a former student here, died suddenly at the

Granville Hospital, Oxford, on January 27th. We very pleasantly recall Necola as a little fellow with us at the time Clyde was here. He was admitted to the School, February 10, 1925 and was permitted to return to his home in Durham, August 13, 1929. While here he was a member of the Cottage No. 7 group and was employed on the poultry yard force. At the time of his death he was nearly thirty years old, and had been employed on a national defense project near Durham for some time. We were very sorry to learn of the passing of this young man, and to his mother and other sorrowing relatives we tender our deepest sympathy.

Clyde is a staunch supporter of the Jackson Training School and its work, and never fails to put in a good word for The Uplift, to which he has been a regular subscriber for several years. That this little magazine is frequently heard from in unexpcted places is quite evident from this paragraph in his letter: "Had a letter from a Miss Stephens, who happened to read a copy of The Uplift which had been sent to a reading room, and still had my address on it. Her comments were A-1 on all material printed therein. She gave no personal address, but from her short note, The Uplift made a 'hit'. "

—:—

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. For the Scrip-

Rev. Mr. Summers, at the beginning of his remarks, stated that he felt that he must pause for a moment and compliment the four Training School boys who played so well at the meeting of the Rotary Club on February 10th. ture Lesson he read Luke 10:38-42, and in his message to the boys he called particular attention to the 39th verse, especially the word "also," and told the youngsters of the importance of the "also's" of life.

The speaker, in commenting on Jesus's visit to the home of Mary and Martha, pointed out that Mary probably had all of the qualifications of good housekeeping that her sister Martha, had, but she laid aside those duties at the proper time for ministering to the needs of the Master.

Rev. Mr. Summers stressed the different "also's" of life, and said that he had the greatest admiration for people who could do several things well. These "also's," said he, were seven in number, and listed them as follows:

(1) Reverence. This is never to be thought of as fear, but as a mark of respect. We respect the flag of our great country, but are not afraid of it.

(2) Worship. This means that the soul goes out to meet and fellowship with God. It is not to be interpreted altogether as taking part in singing hymns, praying or listening to preaching, but as a proper attitude of the spirit.

(3) Truthfulness. This applies to living the truth os well as to telling the truth. One might falsify so much that eventually his whole life becomes a lie.

(4) Helpful Fellowship. The true meaning of this is that we should be cooperative and helpful to others, rather than being a grouch and at cross purposes with our fellow men.

(5) Fair Play. The speaker urged

the boys to be individuals who could lose and not become angry. Good sportsmanship should prevail in all realms of life.

(6) Gratitude. In speaking of this fine attribute, Rev. Mr. Summers reminded the boys to not expect many nice things to be done for them, at the School or at home, without gratitude on their part. He urged them to always be sure to express their appreciation to others for kindnesses rendered.

(7) Constant Endeavor. This is the spirit that will lead on to certain victory. We should not become discouraged easily, but should always show a spirit of determination.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Summers told his listeners that to pay strict attention to the fine points of character which he had just pointed out to them, would enable them to become successful in life, and they would become citizens of whom all who know them could be proud.

———:———

THE GATE OF LIFE

A Pilgrim once, so runs the ancient tale—
Old, worn and spent, crept down a shadowed vale;
On either side rose mountains bleak and high,
Chill was the gusty air, and dark the sky.
The path was rugged and his feet were bare,
His faded cheek was seamed with pain and care,
His heavy eyes upon the ground were cast
And every step seemed feebler than the last.

The valley ended where a naked rock
Rose, sheer from earth to heaven, as if to mock
The Pilgrim, who crept up that toilsome way;
But while his dim and weary eyes essay
To find an outlet in the mountain side,
A ponderous, sculptured, brazen door he spied,
And tottering toward it with fast failing breath,
Above the portal read, "The Gate of Death."

He could not stay his feet that led thereto;
It yielded to his touch, and passing through,
He came into a world all bright and fair:
Blue were the heavens, and balmy was the air:
And, lo! The blood of youth was in his veins,
And he was clad in robes that held not stains
Of his long pilgrimage. Amazed, he turned;
Behold, a golden door behind him burned
In that fair sunlight, and his wondering eyes,
Now lusterful and clear as those blue skies,
Free from the mists of age, of care, of strife,
Above the portal read, "The Gate of Life."

—S. S. Conant.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending February 14, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

James Jolley
Ira Montgomery
Weaver Ruff
Paul Whitley
Harry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Sterald Cline
Jack Harmon
Leonard Lovelace
James Pitman
Jack Reeves
Leonard Robinson
Kenneth Tipton
Frank Walker
Robert Coleman
Fonzer Pitman

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 4

Leroy Childers
William Davis
William Deaton
Bruce Harper
William Lanning
Robert Muse
Paul Smith
Robert Sprinkle
Ernest Turner
Lee Turner
Edward VanHoy
George Ward
Charles Beal
Hurley Bell
Donald Daniels

COTTAGE NO. 5

Hoyt Newell
Roy Pruitt

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Douglas Daniels
Ralph Gibson
Robert Jarvis
Gerald Kerman
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
Rufus Massingill
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean
Reitzel Southern
John Rhodes
Wesley Turner

COTTAGE NO. 7

Arthur Beal
Olin Brigman
R. C. Combs
Donald Grimstead
Jerry Ray
Edgar Shell
John Tolley
Marion Todd
W. C. Whitehurst

COTTAGE NO. 8

Elgin Atwood
Edward Ballew
Edward Renfrow
Charles Tate
James C. Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 9

Leonard Church
Riley Denny
Edward Guffey
James Hale
Wilbur Hardin
William Hart
Junior Irgram
Horace Johnson
Albert Newton
Troy Parris
Lawrence Rice
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Marvin Bradley
Noah Brown
Velda Denning
Frank Fargis

Fred Holland
Everett Morris
Robert Moses
Clyde Rhodes
Everett Stamey
Fred Stewart
Ray Taylor
Ervin Wolfe
Martin Walters

COTTAGE NO. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13
Thurman Daniels
Millard Ellege
Paul Green
Donald Hobbs
Richard Kye
Burlen Mayberry
Banks McKnight
William Schoppell
Alphonzo Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 14
Robert Bailey
Robert Caudle
Aubrey Fargis
Vernon Harding
Robert Holbert
Edward Kinion
William Lane
Roy Mumford
Robert Moose
Charles Pitman
Peter Tuttle
John Pritchard
Alvis Watkins
Theodore Young

COTTAGE NO. 15
John Linville
Carl Willis
John Watts

INDIAN COTTAGE
Hiram Atkinson
Jack Bateman
Roland Brooks
Raymond Brooks
Frank Chavis
Peter Chavis
James Chavis
Paul Deal
Floyd Fields
Eddie Hall
R. C. Hoyle
Marshall Hunt
Herbert Lochlear
Sam Lochlear
James Lochlear
Leroy Lowry
Eugene Moose
Donald Sides

INFIRMARY
Robert Padgett
Newman Tate
Harlan Warren

JUSTICE

Justice is the great interest of man on earth. It is the ligament which holds civilized beings and civilized nations together. Wherever her temple stands, and so long as it is duly honored, there is a foundation for social security, general happiness, and the improvement and progress of our race. And whoever labors on this edifice with usefulness and distincution, whoever clears its foundations, strengthens its pillars, adorns its entablatures, or contributes to raise its august dome still higher in the skies, connects himself, in name and fame, and character, with that which is and must be as durable as the frame of human society.—Daniel Webster

APR 20 1943

(2) Dean R. B. House
University of North Carolina

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 27, 1943 NO. 9

SATISFACTION

There is no thrill in easy sailing
When the skies are clear and blue;
There is no fun in doing
Things most anyone can do.

But there is one satisfaction
That is mighty sweet to take
When you've reached a destination
That you thought you couldn't make.

—Author Unknown.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
THE TELEPHONE MAN	By A. Hoyt Levy	8
CAROLINA SUPERSTITIONS	By Ada D. Foust	10
APPRECIATION OF VALUES	By Dr. H. B. Blakely	12
WHAT KIND OF EDUCATION	(News & Observer)	14
LO, THE POOR EDITOR	(Selected)	15
A VOTE FOR THE QUAIL	By R. E. Wicker	16
THE MANDARIN ROBE	By Dorothy C. Glenn	17
THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM	By G. A. Gordon, D. D.	23
INSTITUTION NOTES		25
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

A DREAM COME TRUE

There was a dream—that men could one day speak the thoughts of their own choosing :: There was a hope—that men could one day stroll through the streets at evening, unafraid :: There was a prayer—that each could speak to his God, in his own church :: That dream, that hope, that prayer became—America! :: :: :: Great strength, youthful heart, vast enterprise, hard work made it so. Now that same America is the dream, the hope the prayer of the world. Our freedom, its dream; our strength, its hope; our swift race against time, its prayer! :: We must not fail the world now. We must not fail to share our freedom with it afterwards. Keep singing. Keep working. And fight for America!—Selected.

———:———

THE SHOE QUESTION

The announcement of rationing shoes certainly brought about a jittery feeling. Despite the fact that the government allowed three pairs of shoes annually per person, people grew panicky and rushed to shoe stores prior to the date when rationing would be effective, and bought to their own satisfaction. All of us are familiar with the old expression, "It's an ill wind that blows no good," and we really believe it since learning that the "shoe hospitals," or repair shops, are simply cluttered with old shoes, and are turning away customers until the work on hand is finished. We heard from a reliable source that a local shoe shop had two hundred and fifty pairs of shoes to be mended. This story really makes one feel that all of "God's chillun had shoes," and a few more pairs than were necessary. It is quite evident that many closets in homes have been pretty well cleaned of discarded shoes.

Before this global war is over, the American people will realize they have been spendthrifts, and in the future will act more soberly

and wisely. Conservation is the watchword of America, and will continue to be until peace is declared. The comfort and care of our boys on the battlefields are first in the minds of all people. They must be fed, they must be properly clothed and supplied with armaments to fight the enemies of freedom.

The people of the United States and Great Britain must continue to make sacrifices after the war's end, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt commented recently; also that the English must prepare to accept rationing for three years after the war in order to feed other nations. In an address before a forum of women students at Syracuse University she said: "Most people think the day war comes to an end all sacrificing will end. After the war there will be a complete state of chaos throughout the world. Woman's responsibility of citizenship has been greatly increased since the war, and it may lie in the hands of women to determine our peace because of their power of vote and election for the next few yeors."

* * * * * * * *

A NOTABLE VISITOR

The fact that the birthday of Thomas A. Edison was nationally observed on February 11th, called to mind a visit he made to Cabarrus County in the late 80's. Mr. Edison was looking for a mineral sometimes found in a gold vein, to be used in perfecting his incandescent light. While here he spent some time in the home of a citizen of Mt. Pleasant. He also visited Concord, and during the ministry of Rev. Wright G. Campbell, one of the most scholarly and interesting speakers of his time, at St. James Lutheran Church, he attended services there. This information was recently given to us by Mr. C. A. Cook, of Concord, who is one of the old members of this congregation. Mr. Cook said: I recall seeing Mr. Edison, accompained by one of the Gibson brothers, occupying a pew midway in the auditorium, on the right-hand side, as one entered." We give this as general information that will prove of interest to local historians, and future generations.

The old church in which Mr. Edison worshipped has been torn down and replaced by a new limestone structure, modern in every detail. This church occupies one of the most conspicuous sites in

the city of Concord, and in the month of June the congregation of St. James will observe its 100th anniversary.

* * * * * * * *

THE POINT SYSTEM

The new rationing system will go into effect about March 1st, and it is accepted as the best system devised by the government. It is known as the "Point System," making it possible for every person to get an equal share of commodities. The one who does the food buying for family will have to be familiar with the method of using stamps. It is a complicated system, and it will require considerable study in order that not a point of one's rationing card be unwisely used. This whole procedure will be hard for the American people, a freedom-loving people, to conform to, but it will prove fair and adequate. While we have a heritage to burgeon out our own way of living, our boon for this heritage impels us to sacrifice and fight for the same.

* * * * * * * *

MEMORABLE DATES TO BE OBSERVED THIS WEEK

February 21, 1801 was the birthday of John Henry Newman, a Catholic divine of England, and known the world over as author of one of the most popular and most used hymns ever written, "Lead Kindly Light." Cardinal Newman was affiliated with many of the outstanding schools of his country for many years, and the author of many outstanding articles and books in his day.

February 21, 1885 is the date on which the Washington Monument was dedicated. It is the tallest monument in the world, being 555 feet in height. An elevator carries passengers to the top, where there is ample room to circle around and look down over the city. If one prefers, he may walk up the spiral stairway which leads to the top—there are 900 steps. The monument was constructed at a cost of $1,187,710.

George William Curtis, famous American writer, orator, and publicist, was born, February 24, 1824, in Providence, Rhode Island. He is best known as the author of the "Editor's Easy Chair" in

Harper's. Following the Civil War he was one of the most conspicuous figures in civil service reform.

Charles Pinckney, who was born in Charleston, South Carolina, February 25, 1746. He is held in high esteem by every South Carolinian as three times times governor of that state. At the age of twenty-one he was chosen to the provincial legislature and to the Continental Congress. He also served as United States Senator, minister to Spain, and as a member of the state legislature.

* * * * * * * *

The call for blood is being sharply stepped up. A well-implemented request is going out over the entire nation for 2,500,000 pints of blood this year as over against the 1,250,000 pints collected in 1942. Most of last year's supply, it is reported, has already been used, which is a more impressive and ominous commentary on our casulaties than any numerical reports and percentages issued up to the present. The desire to have the supply doubled this year speaks eloquently of the heavier casualty list anticipated. Overtones of cheer are sounded in the low mortality rate among the wounded so far. The reduction from seven per cent, as in the World War, to the less than one per cent in the present global war is significant. Even the casualties from abdominal wounds have been reduced from 60-80 per cent to five per cent, a situation produced by the use of sulfanilamides in part, but chiefly by blood plasma. Its emergency application begins less than 500 yards behind the firing line. So our blood fights for us thousands of miles away.—The Lutheran.

* * * * * * * *

FUTURE DEVELOPMENTS

A contract which envisions the placing of North Carolina among the important metal producing areas of the nation has been entered into between Herman A. Brassert Company, internationally noted engineers, and the State of North Carolina, the terms of which call for an exhaustive study of the mineral deposits in North Carolina, the most feasible methods of producing vitally needed metals therefrom, with specific recommendations regarding con-

struction of plants. This survey will be started immediately, it was announced recently by Governor J. Melville Broughton.

Prominent among the metals which are now needed in the war effort are sponge iron and magnesium.

Sponge iron will help answer the need for scrap iron, necessary for the production of steel, and magnesium is the tremendously important metal which combines the qualities of aluminum and steel.

Mr. Brassert's preliminary report substantiates opinions expressed previously by engineers who had investigated possibilities of a huge metal industry in North Carolina. Mr. Brassert, who has built blast furnaces in almost every metals area in the world, is emminently qualified for this investigation, and his report will have important acceptance by engineers and the metals industry generally.

That the people not only in North Carolina but throughout the nation are keenly interested in the possibilities of this new industry is evidenced by the response received by the Department of Conservation and Development since first announcements were made concerning North Carolina's long-neglected minerals.

THE TELEPHONE MAN

By A. Hoyt Levy

However you may be inclined to criticize the movies, they do educate us as text-books never have done. Now I had always pictured Alexander Graham Bell as a man of distinguished mien, his face covered with white fluffy whiskers neatly parted in the middle. But that was before I knew the inventor of the telephone as the movie historians found him. For there he was, smooth faced, handsome, as good looking as, let us say, Don Ameche, and entirely unlike the image I carried through my adolescent years. But as to my preference, I had rather continue to remember Alexander Graham Bell, whiskerly decorated, as I knew him before the movie historians took over the Department of Education.

I well remember the first time I heard a voice over the telephone. I had stopped in a store on my way to school to buy a pencil. The lady who conducted the business was speaking through a newly installed telephone—the only one in our part of the town. She must have been touched by my wide-eyed interest when she asked me if I would like to speak into it. She turned a crank at the side of the box beneath the mouthpiece which caused a bell to tingle, and held the receiver to my ear. A voice came through—"Hello, number please." Like a scared squirrel, I turned and scampered through the door as fast as my skinny legs could propel the rest of me.

Children born in this age have lost much that goes with great adventure. They can never know the thrill of conversing through the telephone when that instrument was still in its infancy; they will never experience the sensation of seeing for the first time a horseless carriage; or the unbelievable sight of a wooden crate with a man seated in the front, rising from the ground and flying away like a strange mammoth bird. Nor will they ever feel the exciting quiver of catching a faint voice from the air with a "cat's whisker." Frankly, I feel sorry for the kids of today born into a period of adventureless sophistication with no more thrill in life than they can get out of the rhumba.

Although the telephone is recognized, and justly so, as an American invention, Alexander Graham Bell was not a born American. From Scotland, the land of his birth, he came to this country at the age of 24. Born into a family of voice teachers, his father, brother, uncle and grandfather all having taught elocution in the Universities of Edinburg, Dublin and London, Alexander had little difficulty in obtaining a professorship in vocal physiology at the Boston University where he introduced a method invented by his grandfather, to teach the deaf to speak.

Vistors to the World's Fair will recall the exhibit of the Bell Telephone Company where a young lady at an instrument which looked like a piano, pressed a series of keys emitting sounds which actually "talked." This would have been old stuff to Alexander Graham Bell if he could have been transmigrated to Flushing Meadows where thousands milled about the exhibit that bore his name. For when Alexander was a youngster, he and

his brother Melville learned to manipulate their dog's throat so as to create a combination of sounds such as "ow-ah-oo-gamma" which when run together would have the dog solicitously asking, "How are you, grandma?"

The road of the inventor is beset by detours and paved with skeptics. A red light stops him at every turn. Heavily clothed in wet blankets, gifts from his well-meaning friends, he continues to plod along, confident that somehow, some day, he will hit the trail that leads to the bright, broad highway of Success. Westinghouse peddling his air-brake, Morse his telegraph, Howe his sewing-machine, the Wright brothers their flying-machine, Bell his telephone—these, like every other great inventor, had to run the gauntlet of scoffers and to suffer privation before the world would accept the gifts of immeasurable value, that they offered.

Like many of the world's great inventions and discoveries which came unsought to the inventor, the invention of the telephone was an incident in a series of Bell's experiments with the newly invented Morse telegraph. It was while experimenting with "multiple" telegraphy that he stumbled upon the trail that led to the invention of the telephone. The story of his discovery is too well known to warrant retelling here.

To Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, the world owes a debt of gratitude. After having been rebuffed by many, and even by so keen a man as Chauncey M. Depew who could see the telephone only as a child's toy, Bell managed to obtain an obscure space in the Exhibition Hall of the Centennial Exposition held in Philadelphia in 1876. There must have been a kind and wise angel in the Emperor's party who, unseen, guided His Majesty to Bell's exhibit. Upon Bell's invitation, the Emperor took the receiver placed some distance away, while Bell spoke into the mouthpiece the immortal lines of the moody Dane, "To be or not to be, that is the question."

From that moment, there was no further "question." The answer, so far as the telephone was concerned, was "to be." Don Pedro's enthusiasm was contagious. Bell received the award for the most outstanding exhibit at the Centennial. In presenting the award, the speaker predicted (no doubt, rashly, he must have thought) that some day the telephone would carry a voice "hundreds of miles." Bell lived to experience a conversation from New York to San Francisco with his old friend Watson, who had been his helper and companion in the days of his hardest trials.

It is interesting to note that the first public demonstration of Bell's telephone was made at Salem, Mass., associated in history with the practice of witchcraft. The thought occurs that if Bell had been born in the Puritan Period, he would in all probability, have been accused of being in contact with evil spirits and sentenced to a ducking in Salem Bay.

Curiously, Bell deplored the fact that his invention was a nuisance in that it "could 'rouse people from their dinner tables or beds against their wills." With which complaint we all agree. Still, there are compensations.

Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, died in 1922 at the age of 75.

CAROLINA SUPERSTITIONS

By Ada Davis Foust, in The State

Modern scientifically trained people have all but rejected the world of the occult—all but, but not quite. It is true our modern world has more stability and security. For instance we do not observe the flight of birds to find out when a journey is propitious: railroads and automobiles are too dependable: even a blow-out in a tire is attributed to the worn fabric rather than to a witch. But modern life still has its uncertainties and even in a world where science gives us confidence in many things, superstitions still creep in.

Superstition is the word we use to speak of the modern survivals of ancient magic. The unseen forces, mostly evil but sometimes good and friendly, still linger on. Few of us are completely free from occult beliefs and practices. Among the more isolated folk there are many of these beliefs and practices. Some are still quite seriously accepted, but many are now regarded more lightly, and some even playfully. Superstition is dying, but it dies slowly. It has been dying for three hundred years, and it may not be dead for another three hundred.

While teaching sociology at the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina my students undertook at one vacation period to record whatever superstitions they could recall having heard, believed, or practiced. They gathered similar records from other white folks in their communities. Each student followed a simple but specific plan for recording information.

There were 258 persons from 108 different North Carolina communities, dotted over every section of the state, who turned in 8,705 superstitions; some of them partial repetitions, of course. Of the 8,705 superstitions 5,185 were believed by the recorder as a child, while 1,216 of them were still believed when recorded; 4,004 of them were practiced by the recorder as a child, while 2,137 of them were still being practiced when recorded.

The superstitions turned in dealt with such subjects as death, sickness, good luck, bad luck, marriage, weather and success. Let us look at the 515 which dealt with death. These came from 108 North Carolina communities, and they contained 99 distinct themes connected with the death prediction. One hundred eighty-six of the 515 connected death with a horse, a rabbit, a flying squirrel, a rat, a cat, a singing bird, a dove, a black bird or crow, a whippoor-will, a cow, a bird beating against something, a chicken, a buzzard, a rooster, a bird in the house, an owl, or a dog.

Two hunderd sixty-nine of the 515 death omens connected 22 other types of incidents or objects with death. There appeared the influence of the hearse, Friday, odd numbers, umbrellas, mirrors, falling pictures, trees, falling stars, dreams and of funeral cars. Death was also related to such incidents as replacing a window by a door, wearing a new dress to a funeral, cutting nails, cutting hair, taking pictures, carrying tools into the house, remodeling homes, working between Christmas and New Year, stepping over someone, sneezing,

counting funeral cars and hearing a ringing in the ears.

Superstitions which showed similarity of theme showed variations in the exact conditions necessary for death to occur, or variations in the identity of the one to die when those conditions were met. In the buzzard theme sometimes the buzzard only needed to fly over the house. Sometimes he must circle the house, and sometimes he must light on the house. To ward off the evil effects of the hooting owl you would need to throw a lighted piece of pitch over your left shoulder and over the house or put your shoe bottom-side up on the hearth, or place a shovel in the fire, or tie a knot in your shirt-tail or tie a knot in the sheet. The dog which appeared in 50 cases was a howling dog. Sometimes the howling was at night, or without reason, or at the full moon season, or three nights in succession; or in the house; or in the middle of the night or late at night, or around the house, or just before dawn. Sometimes the dog must be a hound; sometimes he must roll over and howl; sometimes he was required to look into your eyes and howl.

The 98 cases in which a dream was an omen of death included dreaming of a burning house, yellow clay, a hat, nude persons, negroes, running water, deep water, muddy water, a fall, a white horse, teeth, or of a wedding. Variations also occur in these. Sometimes you must dream of falling a great distance and hitting bottom. Sometimes you must fall into water. Sometimes the dream signifies you will die, or someone of your acquaintances in particular will die.

Wherever there was duplication of theme there was also variation in details. Sixty of the 515 death omens were in no way duplicated. These came from many different sections of the state.

The study shows among other sociological facts of interest that here in North Carolina we are still living in two worlds, as has been the case with man always. The one world is understandable and stable. The other is precarious, capricious or dangerous. The latter, being full of uncertainties, tends to be the world of the occult, the hidden, the mysterious, the supernatural. Men tend to deal with this shadowy world of the occult by means of superstition. It is a populous world, inhabited by fairies, imps, brownies, demons, evil spirits, angels, witches, and many other beings. It is the realm of curses, blessings, divinations, luck, and charms to bring good fortune to keep away evil, sickness, or accident, and to secure success in gambling, love, hunting, farming, or even horse racing.

Although superstition is dying slowly in the Good Old North State there are still those among us who cringe when the black cat crosses our path.

———:———

Any departure from truth results in intellectual suicide. The real penalty of being a liar is not the fact that no one believes him, but that he loses the ability to recognize truth and to distinguished it from falsehood.

APPRECIATION OF VALUES

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakeley

One of the things that the right kind of education can do for people is to help them cultivate an appreciation of values. It is the unusual individual who consistently is able to put first things first. Most people spend their time choosing things of third or fourth rate value, while the very best things of life continually are eluding their grasp.

People usually get what they strive for. One may live as did the man in Warwickshire, England, whose tombstone carries this inscription:

"Here lies a miser who lived for himself
And cared for nothing but gathering pelf.
Now, where he is, or how he fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares."

On the other hand one may make great choices, as did that heroic soldier of Britain whose epitaph in St. Paul's Cathedral reads:

"Sacred to the memory of Gen. Charles Gordon, who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, his heart to God."

For a long time American people have been mudding up life's values. We finally became so confused that many began to wonder if there were any real and lasting values at all. When we are at our best and are thinking clearly, we have no desire to live frivolously or futilely. We wish to know what the real values are. Where lies the way to a full life? Where can the road to happiness be found? What keys will unlock the treasure chest of real living? What are the things worthwhile, lasting, satisfying?

A short time ago I spent a delightful day with Waldensian friends at Valdese, N. C. Since then I have been reading a history of the Waldensians, and in this story you find how men have placed supreme values upon freedom. For more than a thousand years they were persecuted, but the love of liberty could not be quenched in their souls. Hounded to death in their Alpine valleys, between France and Italy, the Waldensians sought religious and political liberty far and wide across the earth. Today at Valdese, North Carolina, we can be proud of a settlement of noble men and women, descendants of those who put the value of liberty before that of life, and in all this state there is no more loyal and progressive group of citizens.

The education which teaches the appreciation of values must not only present facts but it must interpret and evaluate the facts. It must show how happiness comes not hapazardly but as a result of following recognized causes. History and biography furnish material to illustrate the result of choice as it works out in life. The great novelists have understood human nature in a remarkable manner, and they present the pictures of wise and foolish choosing. Philosopy concerns itself largely with values, instructing in what is worthwhile.

Religion helps most of all in dis-

covering the things of true worth. Life may be lived narrowly, selfishly, unhappily; but Jesus teaches, life can be lived in large dimensions, unselfishly, sacrificially, heroically. Life grows stale on our hands if at its center we put ourselves and live merely to gratify our personal desires. A man's self is too little for any human being to center his heart on. But if at the center of life one will place God, the cause of right, of truth, of purity, of peace, and the welfare of all mankind, then life is worth living.

———:———

THE WICK HOUSE

In the Jockey Hollow section of the new National Historical Park at Morristown, New Jersey, is the old Wick House. It has stood for almost two centuries as a treasured specimen of the sturdy farm-house built by our Colonial ancestors; and as the scene of a delightful old tale of girlish pluck and ingenuity—the story of Tempe Wick.

Gril Teller painted a picture of the old house—not as most people will probably see it, robed in the summer green of the tourist season, but under a wintry sky, as it looked when Tempe Wick saved her sick mother and her favorite saddle-horse, in one bold adventure.

During the winter of 1780-1781, at a time when mutiny had broken out among the Revolutionary soldiers encamped in the near neighborhood, it happened that Mrs. Wick fell ill, and there was no one but Tempe to go for the doctor. Unafraid, in spite of the lawlessness in the countryside, she saddled her horse, the darling of her heart. She reached the doctor's house in safety, but as she mounted for her return trip, two or three army stragglers, drunk and reckless, tried to commandeer her fine horse. By pretended willingness, she got her bridle free from the detaining grip, and was then off in a flash for home. Eluding her pursuers, she led the horse into the house by the back door, and stabled him, behind closed shutters, in the ground floor bedroom. She threw down a feather bed to deaden the sound of his hoofs; but even so, the hoof marks remain in the floor.

Here, says the story, Tempe, one of the Revolution's heroines, kept her horse safe for several days, while the baffled soldiers searched barn and paddock for the coveted prize.—Selected.

WHAT KIND OF EDUCATION

(News and Observer.)

In these days when suddenly men from 18 to 38 are the main reliance, and college attendance is reduced, the question of "What is education " is coming in for discussion and definition. In the early days of the war, in engineering and chemistry and military science and like subjects were quickly called to action as officers. Students who had majored in languages, humanities, law and the like found much difficulty in knowing where they fitted into the national need.

This situation has demonstrated that, while all students should have a foundation of liberal education, the colleges of the future need to place more emphasis upon those subjects that directly fit the graduate for his life work. We have too long neglected the education of the hand and thereby given too little honor to the mechanic and electrican and agriculturist. The pendulum has swung too far toward the old curriculum devised when most college graduates became lawyers, doctors, teachers and preachers. It would be a calamity if it swung to a system where technical education lacked the foundation of broad learning. The future must include three H's—the Head, the Hand and the Heart. We have too long separated them.

When Harvard, the oldest college in America, was founded the Heart was given first place, the charter, declaring:

"Every student is to be inistructed that the main end of his life and studies is to know God and Jesus Christ, and therefore to lay Christ in the bottom, as the foundation of sound knowledge and learning."

When Jefferson established the University of Virginia his aim was stated to be "to harmonize and promote the interests of agriculture, manufacture and commerce," with more emphasis on the head than on the heart as this declaration of its aims attest:

"To develop the reasoning faculties of our youth, enlarge their minds, cultivate their morals and instill into them the precepts of virtue and order; to enlighten them with mathematical and physical sciences, which advance the arts and administer to the health, the subsistence and the comforts of human life, and generally, to form them to habits of reflection and correct action, rendering them examples of virtue to others and of happiness within themselves."

But there was little instruction of the Hand at either Harvard or other private institutions or State universities, and little that practically advanced them "to administer to the subsistence and the comforts of human life." It was because neither instruction in agriculture or mechanics existed at Chapel Hill, or in any other institution of higher learning in North Carolina that 50 years ago "the college of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts"—now called State College—was established in Raleigh. Earlier, the State of Massachusetts seeing the need of the education of the Hand as well as of the Hand and Heart—a need not found in Harvard—established the

famous Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Polytechnic Institute at Worcester. These two institutions largely account for the long supremacy of Massachusetts in textile and other manufacturing.

From the lowest grade in public schools to the highest university course, the future complete education must embrace the Head, the Hand and the Heart.

———:———

You can't pet a boy and make a man.

———:———

LO, THE POOR EDITOR

(Selected)

Consider the editor! A child is born unto the wife of a merchant in the town. The physician getteth 10 plunks. The editor writeth a stick and a half and telleth the multitude that the child tippeth the beam at nine pounds. Yea, he lieth even as a centurion. And the proud father giveth him a Cremo.

Behold, the young one groweth up and graduateth. And the editor putteth into his paper a swell notice. Yea, a peach of a notice. He telleth of the wisdom of the young woman and of her exceeding comeliness. Like unto the roses of Sharon is she and her gown is played up to beat the band. And the dressmaker getteth two score and four iron men. And the editor gets a note of thanks from the sweet girl graduate.

And the daughter goeth on a journey. And the editor throweth himself on the story of the farewell party. It runneth a column solid. And the fair one remembereth him from afar with a picture postal card that costeth six for a jitney.

Behold, she returneth, and the youth of the town fall down and worship. She picketh one and lo, she picketh a lemon. But the editor calleth him one of our promising young men and getteth away with it. And they send unto the editor a bid to the wedding, and behold the bids are fashioned in a far city.

Flowery and long is the wedding notice which the editor printeth. The minister getteth 10 bones. The groom standeth the editor off for a 12-months subscription.

All flesh is grass and in time the wife is gathered unto the soil. The minister getteth his bit. The editor printeth a death notice, two columns of obituary, three lodge notices, a cubit of poetry and a card of thanks. And he forgetteth to read proof on the head and the darned thing cometh out, "Gone to Her Last Roasting Place."

And all that are akin to the deceased jumpeth on the editor with exceeding great jumps. And they pulleth out their ads and canceleth their subs, and they swing the hammer even unto the third and fourth generations.

Cans't thou beat it?

A VOTE FOR THE QUAIL

By R. E. Wicker, in The State

Considerable material has been published in magazines and newspapers of late in connection with the selection of an official state bird for North Carolina.

Mr. Dudley's letter in a recent issue of The State, dismissing the quail as merely something to be shot at and then eaten, forces me to write in defense of this friendly and friendless little gentleman.

Having had one or more pet quail in our home for the past six years, where they have been constant companions of the members of our household, and being appreciative of the many fine qualities of our other feathered friends as well, I feel that I can speak with more than ordinary authority.

"Petunia," the first of these pets, whose picture and story appeared in the dailies and magazines a few years ago, is dead. She died where she most enjoyed sleeping—atop the dresser, near the bed, where she would carry on with Mrs. Wicker a whispered discussion of the strange and awesome noises of the night. The barking of a dog, the mewing of a cat or the voice of a stranger always brought a softly-toned inquiry, which would be continued until she heard the reassuring voice of the person whom she loved.

Having raised two covies—one of seven and one of thirteen—she finally succumbed to what must have been the infirmities of age. Her death took place nearly five years after she came to us as a woebegone and frightened little mite, a day or two old.

We now have three quail as pets. Two of them are very gentle. Of these, one is somewhat shy, but neither of them has Petunia's personality. And don't raise your eyebrows when I say that a quail has personality, because such is most assuredly the case. The third member of the trio is a cock: very tame and aristocratic in manner, but inclined to be somewhat of a bully. At times he actually seems about to attack strangers who come into the house. So far as his dealings with members of the family are concerned, he is a friendly and charming little gentleman.

All this is preliminary to casting my vote for the quail. He is unfortunate in being misunderstood and unknown. His courtly manner, beautiful plumage and his seven distinctive calls and chrips are little appreciated.

But the time will come when he will be properly appreciated and protected as are his more gaudy and aloof kinsmen, the cardinal and the jay. For in him we have a rare combination of personality, friendliness and intelligence, far beyond the knowledge of the cursory observers.

Many people think of a quail as merely something to eat. It is because of this fact that they lose sight of the many fine qualities of the bird. Referring to Mr. Dudley's letter again —that the quail is merely something to be shot at and then eaten—I might add that the wild turkey is our national bird, and it is considered just as much of a delicacy as is the quail.

Let us toast the quail, therefore, be-

cause he is not only an aristocrat but also a gentleman. I think that North Carolina would honor herself by naming him State Bird, and I sincerely hope that when the time comes for the Legislature to vote on this proposition they will vote for the quail by a big majority. And I might add that I am not alone in the way I feel about the quail. In all the polls I have seen mentioned in the newspapers, the quail apparently is the favorite. If we are going to have a State Bird, let us have one that the majority of our people want.

———:———

If a man does anything really worthwhile, it is because he first did something when he was a boy.—Knox.

———:———

THE MANDARIN ROBE

By Dorthy Clayton Glenn

Two girls sat on the window seat that overlooked the broad campus, a fat edition of Hamlet between them.

Enid Randall's eyes were closed and she chanted, " 'To be, or not to be, that is the question: Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer.' Oh, dear!" Her eyes flew open. "If only Shakespeare had never been born, we'd not have to memorize this old soliloquy for English!"

"There'd have been somebody else to take his place," Dina Carson consoled. "Maybe someone not as good as William."

"If only I were bright like my roommate, I'd not have to labor so over—" Enid began, but just then the roommate herself breezed in, spruced in a new riding habit.

"Hi-yuh, bookworms!" she greeted breathlessly and began peering hurriedly through the stack of music on Enid's bureau. "We're having final glee club rehearsal and Miss Davis needs something Chinese tomorrow night at the pageant, so that song cycle of yours." She suddenly found what she was looking for and bolted toward the door with it.

"Be sure to bring that back, Madge Payne, for tomorrow's my radio tryout, remember!" Enid cautioned. "I'd be lost without that music."

"O. K., roommate," Madge grinned, dashing out.

The two girls' eyes met significantly and for a moment they were silent.

Then Dina snapped Hamlet shut with violence. "If she were my roommate, I'd lay down the law against her constant borrowing," she burst out. "You're a blockhead to let her get away with the things she does."

"But it's so hard to be angry with Madge," Enid demurred. "She's so cute and good-natured and generous, herself. She borrows right and left, that's true, but she expects us all to do likewise from her. There's not a selfish bone in Madge's body and I'm lucky to be her roommate, except that she puts me in the shade with her charming personality."

What Enid said was true. Madge Payne, the newest pupil at the Dagsboro Academy, was the motherless daughter of an Arizona cattleman and had been reared—and waited on—in a world of men on the ranch. Her happy-go-lucky background, carrying with it no sense of responsibility, was reflected in her radiant, carefree disposition. The dormitory chambermaids had affectionately dubbed her "Cyclone," for every morning they grumblingly but patiently went around on all fours picking up books and clothes wherever she had tossed them. Thoroughly under her spell, they would grin awkwardly when she thrust bonbons into their mouths or patted their cheeks or hung over their arms blouses she had tired of, chirping, "There, there, milk can!" (Madge had set the fashion for naming everybody according to a peculiarity. This particular maid always wore a strange hat whose appearance suggested the soubriquet.) Or, "There, there, battle-ax! You're such a good housekeeper and I'm such an abominable one, you must forgive me. Have a chocolate!"

Enid got up from the window seat. "There is one thing, though, that I'll never forgive Madge for. It's this." From the bottom drawer of her bureau she took an exquisite torquoise blue Spanish shawl embroidered with rich amber roses. "It's the only thing daddy brought back from Spain for me when he took his sabbatical year's leave from the university."

Dina examined the beautiful wrap ecstatically. "Too gorgeous for fair-to-middling looks like ours!" she sighed. "It must have cost a fortune."

"I'm sure it was more than daddy could afford," Enid said quietly. "Professors never are paid what they should be. That's why I see red whenever I look at this."

She turned the shawl around so that Dina could see a group of tiny holes in the very center. "Safety pins," she explained tersely. "Madge wore it to that Mexican party, pinned it around her waist before I—"

"Where's Madge?"

The question was an infuriated bellow. The intruder was the school's cheer leader, Rosemary Hill, whom Madge had blithely dubbed "thunder-on-the-left."

"Rehearsing for her pageant. What is all the hullabaloo?" Enid folded the shawl into the drawer.

"This!" Shaking with rage, Rosemary tapped a package of films she carried. "You know that photographic contest I was going to enter? Well, she's ruined my only chance of winning! Just got back my developed negatives from the store."

Enid's face fell. "You don't mean that one you took of Tommy and Trigger?"

The whole dormitory had helped with that snapshot of the headmaster's baby in the perambulator with the Academy mascot, an enormous Airedale. The human interest value (young Tommy feeding the bespectacled Trigger from his own milk bottle) would have won any judge's heart. And the girls had labored so trying to keep both the baby and the dog still long enough for Rosemary to snap her camera. It had been baby and a pup to hold still simultaneously.

"Just how?" Dina swallowed hard. She had eagerly looked forward to seeing that picture ever since she had contributed her horn-rimmed glasses for Trigger and turned cartwheels to focus Tommy's attention.

"Madge borrowed my camera. I told her to turn the key to the next number, but she didn't. It made a double exposure."

Forlornly the girls huddled at the foot of Enid's bed. They adored Tommy, and they wouldn't see him for several months. Why, he'd not be a baby any longer when he returned from Florida! And now they had no picture of him at all. And beloved Trigger! What a lamb he had been, sitting there against the blue satin pillow, meekly pulling on the nipple Master Tommy was offering.

"This is the last thing of mine Madge ever touches," Rosemary declared bitterly. "You remember that wedding veil I wore in 'The Pageant of the Brides' at church? Well, it was my mother's. I had it lying in tissue paper on my desk the day after the pageant and it disappeared. I discovered later that Madge arrived here before her trunk, which had covers and doilies galore in it. Well, she decided she needed something temporarily to cover her bare dresser with. So she helped herself to my—my mother's wedding veil." Rosemary's voice trembled a little. "When she returned it, she apologized because her nailfile had caught in it and torn it. Of course, it was mended, but it was the sentiment. Mother had been reluctant to let me have it in the first place, so I felt as if I had abused her trust in me."

"A wedding veil!" Dina breathed, shocked.

"But of course, Madge didn't know," Enid found herself feebly defending her roommate. "Living with her, I've learned to know how adorable, how true-blue she is. It's just this one fault of hers." Her voice trailed off, for both girls were looking at her hostilely.

"Evidently she hasn't wiped her feet on you enough, doormat!" Rosemary snapped and indignantly stalked out.

"Madge went in town with Miss Davis to get some last-minute things for the pageant and will not be back till late this afternoon," Rosemary answered Enid's frantic question the next morning. "Why?"

"Because I've searched everywhere for that Chinese song cycle she borrowed!" Enid kept her temper with an effort. "Because I have to practice it for my audition that's scheduled in an hour! Because it was one of the few copies ever printed and I can't buy another! Because the accompanist at the radio station can't play it by heart! Because—"

"Couldn't you substitute something else?" Rosemary suggested cautiously.

"No!" Enid snapped, her patience exhausted. "I've practiced those songs till I'm blue in the face, but they're all I have practiced. I'm not ready to do another thing well enough to make an impression. You know that station director didn't seem any too eager to have me try out, in the first place. And then, when I finally do get the chance."

Rosemary's brows knit. "Did you search the dressing room backstage? Maybe Madge left it there after dress rehearsal last night."

Like a flash Enid was out of the room, headed for the auditorium.

As she flung open the dressing-room door she stopped short and stared.

Carefully laid across the only chair was a magnificent mandarin robe of

royal Chinese blue, embroidered with heavy golden peacocks. This must be Madge's costume! At the sight of it, Enid felt a pang of guilt, for her roommate meant to keep her costume a secret from all but the cast. So this was why the pageant was called "The Mandarin Robe." Gingerly Enid touched the wide, rich sleeves and the high buttoned collar. Leave it to Madge to do things with a flourish!

A sudden temptation reared its head. Without this mandarin robe, the pageant could hardly go on. This would be a good way to teach Madge a lesson. Impulsively she clutched at the costume, and then, as suddenly, her hands fell limply to her sides.

"What a cheap trick!" she muttered, and turned on her heel, went slowly out of the dressing room.

In a moment she was speaking into the office telephone. "Mr. Woodside? If it would be possible for you to postpone my tryout, I would certainly appreciate it. Something unexpectedly happened to. . . . No, I'm not ready. The score disappeared and . . . No, another is not obtainable at such short notice . . . No . . . I'm sorry if . . . Can't I . . . ?"

But the radio station director had hung up on Enid's protests and she stood staring dully at the dead instrument, flushing with humiliation.

"Madge Payne just better keep out of my was today," she growled savagely to herself. But all the time she was blinking back tears.

Nearly every student had taken her seat in the auditorium and the school orchestra was just coming in when Madge appeared suddenly between the stage curtains. For a moment she hesitated, then singling out her roommate in the audience, beckoned frantically for her to come backstage.

Sensing trouble, and oblivious of her animosity toward Madge, Enid raced toward the wings.

For the first time since Enid had known her Madge's good nature was missing.

"My costume has disappeared!" she gasped. "The show can't go on! Have you seen it? A blue mandarin robe—"

"But it's eight o'clock and everybody's waiting," Enid expostulated.

"How can a pageant called 'The Mandarin Robe' go on without a mandarin robe?" Madge demanded tartly. Her habitually radiant face was now haggard with anxiety.

"Where had you put it?"

"I hung it over a chair in the dressing room last night. Oh, and by the way, your music is on the chair where I left it under my costume. At least, that wasn't taken! Maybe it would be a good idea for you to sing some of those Chinese things while we scour the campus for the robe. To keep the audience at peace . . ."

But Enid wasn't hearing Madge's last words. Her music under the costume all the time! The irony of it! Had she yielded to the temptation she had felt, she would have discovered her score, had her tryout and perhaps. . . .

"Can you imagine anybody being so contemptible?" Madge's waxing fury crashed in upon Enid's deliberation. "Cousin Ned sent me that robe all the way from Shanghai expressly for tonight. Surely no one would play a trick."

"Perhaps someone borrowed it," Enid found herself saying in a level tone.

"Would anybody borow a lovely

thing like that without asking first?" Madge flared.

"I have known someone to borrow a lovely Spanish shawl without asking first." Enid's voice was apathetic. "Some important sheet music, too."

Madge's jaw dropped and she stared at her roommate with sudden comprehension. "Enid! Your tryout this afternoon! I forgot!" Then a calcuating look crossed her face. "So that"s it! You're paying me back by hiding . . ."

"Nonsense!" Enid flashed. "What do you take me for? Not that you deserve any consideration when you're forever— Oh, heavens!" she sighed wearily. "Here we stand bickering while the audience is waiting. Anyway, there's no use in my singing if the pageant's ruined."

"Pageant—ruined?" Madge's echo faltered with tragedy. "But Enid—how I've slaved on this, counted on it."

"As I did my radio program," Enid reminded, and felt petty for saying so. Instantly her voice warmed sympathetically. "What!"

She parted the curtains and stepped out to the footlights. A hush of anticipation fell over the audience.

"A blue satin mandarin robe embroidered in gold has been lost," Enid announced briskly. "The pageant must be delayed till it is found. If anybody has seen it, will she please notify Madge Payne immediately?"

The student body stirred restlessly. Back at the rear, Dian Carson rose made a dramtic, unfathomable gesture toward the platform, then scuttled out the fire escape exit.

Enid leaned down and spoke to Miss Davis in the orchestra.

"Miss Davis asks that the student cabinet take time out for thirty minutes to search the campus," she spoke again. "If at the end of that the costume is not found, the pageant will be postponed. During the interim the orchestra will play."

She turned back to Madge, who clasped her hand gratefully. "You're a brick, roommate!" she whispered. "After the hit-and-run way I've treated you and your possessions, to—"

"Fiddlesticks!" Enid laughed, and pulled Madge along with her on the hunt.

Outside, the campus was dark, but already two figures from the student cabinet could be seen headed for the gymnasium in the hope of unearthing the renowned mandarin robe there.

The tumult that suddenly rose came from the direction of the lake straight ahead. Both girls stopped dead in their tracks, then darted forward as they recognized the voice as Dina's.

In a moment they were upon the scene.

Trigger, the Academy mascot, was kept in a luxurious kennel by the lakeside. It was here that Dina was kneeling, in one breath coaxing Trigger to come out into the open, and in the other shouting for help to oust the noncompliant Airedale.

"He's got it, I'm sure!" Dina announced. "I saw him with something blue and yellow in his mouth this afternoon when—"

"His mouth!" Madge gasped. "Why didn't you—"

"I didn't know what it was. I supposed it was another old comforter someone had wished on him. I saw it only from a distance. Here, Trigger, Trigger, Trigger!"

"He must have sneaked into the

dressing room with the cleaning women and dragged it to his kennel," Enid figured out, dropping upon her knees.

Madge produced the bait from her pocket—a chocolate bar, Trigger's weakness.

The treasure was joyously abandoned while Trigger waited for his good fairy to tear off the wrappings. While he gulped down the candy, Enid snatched the rumpled Oriental finery from its cache.

Madge held it up in the feeble light. One of the gold-threaded peacocks which had been stitched down on the sleeve hung loose.

"Lucky!" she pronounced, gay with relief as they turned to speed back to the melodious auditorium. "A few dabs with an iron, a few stitches, and all is well!"

Enid slapped her arm through her roommate's. "And while you're plying the needle and iron, I'll usher in the proper atmosphere by singing something from my Chinese song cycle for you!"

———:———

GERMAN WRITERS OF PAST LAID GROUND FOR HITLER

Long before Hitler appeared in the horizon, the German people had been steeped in a tradition that they were a super-race and that war was a sublime calling. This has been dinned at them by popular and impportant German writers since Prussia rose to the position of an important power.

Pure Hitlerism is the quotation from Treitchke that "the German is a hero born. He can hack and hew his way through life." Again, Karl Wagner preached many years ago on a theme that Hitler has made most familiar. "The efficient peoples must secure themselves elbow-room by means of war, and the inefficient must be hemmed in, driven into reverses where they have no room to grow, where they may crawl slowly towards the peaceful death of early and hopless senility."

On the subject of war, Hitler needed only to draw upon the writings of many Germans of an earlier day. "Nothing is more immoral than to consider war an immoral thing; war is the mother of all good things," is the way Professor Haase put it. Even more outspoken was Von Gottberg, who wrote: "War is the most sacred of human activities. Still and deep in the German heart must the longing for war endure." Bluntly, Reimer wrote: "All chatter about Peace and Humanity must remain nothing but chatter."

The ruthless methods of war as employed by Hitler were certainly forecast by Von Hartmann: "Whoever enters upon a war will pay no heed to any so-called International Law. He will do well to act without consideration and without scruple."

Small wonder that the German people followed Hitler. The ground-work had been well laid by German writers over a period of years.—New South Wales Freemason.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

By George A. Gordon, D. D.

The first reason why I love the Twenty-third Psalm is because it is nameless. Neither author, nor date, nor locality is attached to it. It has become the voice, not of an individual, but of an age and a race. The genius that produced it has been lost in the service rendered. It is a lyrie fragment, detached from all time, and place, and authorship, that has come down to us singing its way on the unrelated wings of time. Its namelessness is part of its power. It is universal; it is of an era; it is of a race; it is of a world that is gone.

2. The second reason why I love this Psalm is because for it religion is primarily an experience. This representative soul had found in this wild universe safety, a guide into rectitude. What greater discovery could any soul make than that? A sense of the bounty of the world, peace, quiet; for him death had been reduced to a shadow—a shadow filled with the Presence of the Infinite. And he had a spirit of prophecy in his soul that cried out—

> "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;
> And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

The universe had become God's house, in which he was to dwell forever. Inside the iron boundary of natural law, inside the order of physical limitation, pain, suffering, loss, and death, this man had found another universe, in which there was bounty for evermore, in which there was safety, rectitude, a home in the Infinite.

I love the Psalm because religion is a great experience. What is religion worth otherwise? What is the use of our going to church Sunday after Sunday, discussing a few ideas that we may like, unless they are paths to human safety, to rectitude of heart, to spiritual bounty, to the sense of the Presence that shadows cannot conceal, and to the spirit of prophecy that this universe is God's house and that we are to he his guests forevermore? What we all need, every one of us, is a soul alive, greatened, immeasurably greatened and immeasureobly ennobled, an experience within of the eternal worth and the eternal compassion altogether beyond anything we yet have had. Give man religion, and he is a conqueror for evermore. This man had a religion, and because of that fact I love to read his words.

3. I love this Psalm because it is old. I do not particularly fancy everything that is old. A thing must be useful and beautiful as well as old. The chairs, tables and other furniture alleged to have come over in the Mayflower do not appeal to me, especially when I am invited to use them; they are uncomfortable in the extreme; then, too, I remind myself that there are old lies, and old methods of deception, and old fallacies, and a whole old world with which I want nothing to do. But if a thing is useful and and beautiful, then it is old it carries with it an immense addi-

tion of meaning. Thus with this Psalm, the first vision is of mothers from time immemorial fashioning the early accents of their children by its wonderful words. What a vision that is. Motherhood, in its sense of the awe of that relationship, and its power to do or undo God's work, teaching the infant lips to utter those great and beautiful words. I do not know any vision that goes deeper into the heart of a true man than that.

Then there is the other vision of the Psalm: It is cherished by the aged in their infirmity, and by its words goes back to the mystic beginning of life, bathing their poor, wearied souls in the primeval life and love, and enabling them again in the morning of existence to hear the birds singing, to see the flowers blooming, to listen to the voices—those deep, tender voices that have long ago been hushed. Who can read the Psalm without thinking of that second vision?

BOY WANTED

A boy who stands straight, sits straight, acts straight and talks straight.

A boy whose fingernails are not in mourning, whose shoes are polished, whose clothes are brushed, whose hair is combed and whose teeth are cared for.

A boy who moves quickly and makes as little noise about it as possible.

A boy who whistles on the street, but does not whistle when he ought to be still.

A boy who is polite to every man and respectful to every woman and girl.

A boy who does not smoke and has no desire to learn how.

A boy who never bullies other boys nor allows other boys to bully him.

A boy who looks you right in the eye and tells you the truth every time.

A boy who is eager to read good books.

A boy who would rather put in his spare time in the gym than to gamble for pennies on the street.

A boy who does not want to be smart nor attract attention.

A boy whom other boys like.—Exchange.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night was "Babes On Broadway", and a comedy, "Good Bad Boys," was shown at the same time. Both are Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions.

—:—

A considerable number of garments, made for the School at the WPA sewing room, Charlotte, were delivered to the School last Wednesday. This constitutes the remainder of a previous order, most of which was brought to the institution several weeks ago. All garments have been placed in our supply room.

—:—

Marvin Matheson, of Cottage No. 9 and Olin Helms, of Cottage No. 11, were taken to Concord last Monday, where Dr. R. B. Rankin removed their tonsils. Both lads returned to the School the same day, and were placed in our infirmary, where they are doing nicely. They will be sent to their respective cottage homes in a few days.

—:—

Roy Patton, Robert Bass and Carl Willis, of Cottages Nos. 4, 6 and 15, respectively, were taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, last Tuesday, for observation. Patton suffered a badly injured hand some time ago while employed in the textile plant, and Willis, injured his arm while at work in the dairy about a month ago. Bass had been treated for a hip infection at Duke University Hospital, for some time before his admission to the School, later receiving treatment at the Gastonia institution. Upon examination by the doctors at the Orthopedic Hospital, these lads were all found to be getting along nicely.

—:—

We received a card the other day from Luther McIntyre, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who was allowed to return to his home in Norwood a few months ago. Mac stated that he was going to school and was getting along fine. He also asked to be remembered to all the boys and officers and asked that a copy of The Uplift be sent to him occasionally.

—:—

The Concord Daily Tribune, issue of February 21, 1943, carried a picture of Hoyte W. Rogers, of Concord, now serving his country in the United States Army Air Corps. Hoyte has completed his course of training at the Aviation School, Goins Field, Boise, Idaho, and is now located at Walla Walla, Washington. This young man, now twenty-two years old, has attained the rank of sergeant.

Hoyte came to the School, December 16, 1935, and remained here until February 20, 1937, when he was conditionally released to return to Concord to live with his father. During his stay with us he was a member of

the Cottage No. 3 group, and worked on the barn force. For some time after leaving the institution he was an enrollee in a CCC camp.

—:—

We recently received another letter from Ivan A. (Tiny) Morrozoff, a former linotype operator in our printing class, who is now in the United States Army Air Corps. His letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: This leaves me well and hoping you and everyone at the School are the same. Time sure flies in the Army, and we don't have much time to write. Received the copies of The Uplift you sent and sure did appreciate them. The other boys like them, too. They make good reading. Please send some more. I have just about completed my technical training here. Don't know yet just what I'm going to be in this war, but I'm trying to learn all I can, and when called upon, will do my very best. Am enclosing a couple of snapshots of myself and some friends. Hope you like them. Write when you can. You all have my best wishes for health, happiness and success. Your old friend, Tiny."

—:—

Captain George L. Barrier, who for a number of years was a member of our teaching staff and officer in charge of Cottage No. 7, called at The Uplift office recently. Accompanying him on this visit was his son, George L., Jr., a fine little fellow, about two years old.

Being a reserve officer, Captain Barrier was called into service in the United States Army shortly after the Japs made their cowardly attack on Pearl Harbor. During the greater part of the time he had been stationed at Camp Claibourne, Louisiana, but at the time of his brief stop here, he stated that after spending a few days with relatives in Cabarrus County, he would take up a new assignment at Fort Knox, Kentucky. In the evening, following his call here, while walking down the street in Concord, we chanced to meet Captain and Mrs. Barrier, the latter also a former member of the School's staff of workers, and the most recent member of the Barrier family—a fine four-months-old boy. He was sleeping soundly at the time, but had every appearance of being a fine youngster. We were very glad to see the Barriers, and trust their stay with us may be a little longer the next time they are in this section of the country.

—:—

A brief note came to this office the other day from Caleb Hill, formerly of Cottage No. 7, and a member of the poultry yard force. He was admitted to the School, March 15, 1935 and was granted a conditional release, June 27, 1939. He is now a little more than twenty years of age. Shortly after leaving us he became an enrollee in a CCC camp, and was located in the Yosemite National Park for more than a year. While there he received a number of promotions and at the time he left was the official photographer for the camp paper. More than a year ago he returned to North Carolina, and since that time has been employed by the North Carolina Ship-

building Company, Wilmington. He writes in part, as follows:

"I guess you still remember old 'Fat' Hill, who used to be in Cottage No. 7. Am still working for the shipbuilding company here, and am now what you might call a full-fledged shipwright. I have put in sixteen months in the yard, fifteen of which has been on the night shift. Don't think I shall be here much longer because Uncle Sam is going to be calling soon. Received my induction order December 6th to report for induction on the thirteenth, and went home. On the 11th, the yard wired me to come back to work, which I did. My deferment expires March 9th, and I'm not looking for another. Have seen our old friend, Sam Carpenter, several times. He is working in the same department, but on the day shift. I ran up on Johnnie Capps the other day. He is doing fine. Please answer soon and spill all of the news to an old friend. Sincerely, Caleb Hill."

—:—

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrew's Lutheran Church Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Acts 9:19-30, and as the text for his message to the boys, he selected the 21st verse.

In the course of his remarks, the speaker talked about the habit of boasting—both the right and the wrong sort. Generally speaking, said he, boasting is not a virtue of which one should be proud, unless the right motive was behind it. The habit of boasting is not becoming, and is usually done to cover up an inefficiency.

The great Apostle Paul gloried in his infirmities, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, and was rather boastful concerning his ability to do great things through Christ. As we go through life we shall find that a truly great person is one who is modest and keeps himself in the background.

The speaker then called attention to that great American character, Abraham Lincoln. Reared in poverty, he overcame hardships, and became one of our greatest Presidents. He was a man who avoided the limelight. When told of his nomination for the Presidency, he remarked: "I do not consider myself fit for the office." With all his humility, Lincoln rose to great heights at a time when it seemed that our beloved Union was to be dissolved.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then pointed out how Paul's enemies sought to put him to death on one occasion, and his Christian friends rescued him. Paul trusted them and they in turn believed in him. His rescue took place in the night, when he had to rely on the Lord to direct his friends in their mission. Shortly after Paul's conversion, he began to preach with great power. His major purpose was to save others from going through such experiences as had been his lot. In other words, he wanted then to see the light and become followers of Christ without such suffering.

Just as there were Christian people in Paul's day ready to help the cause, there are many people today giving their entire lives in supporting the work of the church. Ministers have to depend upon this type of people for success in their ministry.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner stated that while Paul held to his end of the rope, his friends were holding firmly to the other end. This same principle should prevail today. The Kingdom of God will succeed in the end only by the steadfast faith of loyal Christians who are always ready to share the hardships of others, doing their best at all times in guiding and helping in this great work.

—:—

In the issue of January 9th, we ran an article about Willard M. Newton, of Pasadena, California, who was a student at the School from December 8, 1911 to August 30, 1916. As was stated in this article, Bill is the only former Jackson Training School boy on record as having served his country in World War I and in the present global conflict. We recently received the following letter from him:

"I spent last week-end down home and while there went through some accumulated mail, including several copies of The hplift which you had been kind enough to have mailed to me. I was especially pleased with the many kind words you had to say about me in your issue of January 9th.

"I re-enlisted in the Army the first of last August, and have been here (Camp Roberts, California) since August 6th. Have completed the thirteen week basic training course and the four-week course of the infantry officers' school here, given to all men selected as officer candidates. Am expecting to leave here at any time for the Adjutant General's Officer Candidate School, at Fort Washington, Maryland.

"I wish you would enter my name on your list of subscribers, effective with the January 2nd issue, and mail the magazines to me at 5713 North Huntington Drive, Los Angeles, California, and mail the bill for this annual subscription to my wife at that address.

"Kindly remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Boger when you see them, and to any of the instructors who may remember me. With all good wishes, I am, Sincerely yours, Willard M. Newton."

In addition to the fact that Bill has the record of being the only old Training School boy to serve in both World Wars, he has the distinction of having a son, Willard M. Newton, Jr., now serving his country in the United States Navy. Enclosed in his letter was a clipping from the Pasadena Star-News, issue of August 13, 1942, showing pictures of this father and son now fighting for their country, with the following interesting write-up:

"There really should be three pictures with this story for Mrs. Janette H. Newton is a soldier, as well as her husband and son. Having consented to both her men folks entering the service, she took a secretarial course and now is ready to go to work and maintain the family home at 427 Waldo Avenue while her men are fighting.

"Willard M. Newton, Sr., a veteran of the first World War and mail carrier here for the past 14 years in the downtown business district, enlisted August 1st as a private in the 87th Infantry and is now stationed at Camp Roberts. His son, Willard M.,

Jr., enlisted in the Navy, May 23rd, and is now at sea somewhere in the Pacific.

"Born in Gibson, N. C., July 1, 1900, the elder Willard Newton enlisted for service in the First World War, April 16, 1917, at the age of 16 years, and served with the 105th Engineers, 30th Division, in France and Belgium, taking part in the battles of Bellicourt, Ypres-Lys, the Somme, and others. On his return from France he re-enlisted in the Medical Corps, 48th Infantry, Fort McPherson, Georgia, and served for another year. He came to California in 1923 and has resided in Pasadena since January, 1927. He is a member of American Legion Post 13, and has served as post historian and canteen chairman. His older brother, Giles Newton, served in France in the last war and his younger brother, Corporal Benjamin Newton, is now with the A. E. F.

"Willard M. Newton, Jr., was born February 23, 1922 at Yosemite and has lived in Pasadena since he was two years old. He attended Grant, Hamilton, Longfellow and McKinley Elementary Schools, McKinley Junior High School, and Pasadena Junior College. For four years he played the snare drum with the McKinley band and orchestra. He was in the eleventh grade at Junior College when he enlisted in the Navy, which had always been his ambition. He is a member of Boy Scout Troop No. 26, and has a record of four years perfect attendance. He had attained Star rank, and was junior assistant scoutmaster."

To say that we are proud of the record Bill Newton has made since leaving the School would be expressing it very mildly. Our hats are off to both he and his son as they take their places in our country's fighting forces, and with them go the best wishes of Bill's many friends at this institution. We also have a word of commendation for the wife and mother who is carrying on at home. May the world soon be at peace, and the members of this family be happily re-united.

———:———

Show me a country where every man is a father, and every father the owner of his own land, where every house is a home, where around every fireside at night is the influence of song and a mother's face, visions dropped from the benedictions of God; show me a land sacred and secure in the valor of such citizenship, ruling themselves by the grand principles of intelligent and patriotic equality of all men, and I will show you a patriotosm which the allied armies and navies of a hundred worlds like this would never destroy. A man will die for the home he loves, and in death will tell his boy to take the sword from his dying hand.—John E. Burton

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending February 21, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

William Barrier
Donald Jolly
Ira Montgomery
Lee St. Clair
Paul Whitley
Harry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Thomas Barnes
William Butler
Sterald Cline
Leonard Lovelace
Durwood Martin
James Pitman
Jack Reeves
Kenneth Tipton
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Charles Beal
Hurley Bell
Dewey Bunn
Clyde Bustle
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Joseph Dew
Burlen Edmondson
Robert Hobbs
William Meeks
Ralph Powell
Samuel Pritchett
Elbert Russ
Earl Smith

COTTAGE NO. 4

Jack Bright
Leroy Childers
William Davis
William Deaton
Bruce Harper
Elster Jones
William Lanning
Robert Muse
Roy Patton
Paul Smith
Robert Sprinkle
Lee Turner
George Ward

COTTAGE NO. 5

Charles Brookshire
Coley Johnson
John Mazoo
Hoyt Newell
Leroy Pruitt
Willford Seegers

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Douglas Daniels
Ralph Gibson
Gerald Kerman
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
Rufus Massingill
Jacob Myers
Reitzel Southern
John Rhodes
Wesley Turner
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7

Arthur Beal
Donald Grimstead
John McLean
Jerry Ray
Edgar Shell
Marion Todd
John Tolley
W. C. Whitehurst

COTTAGE NO. 8

Elgin Atwood
James C. Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 9

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 10

Arcemias Hefner
James Spears
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Marvin Bradley

Noah Brown
Velda Denning
Frank Fargis
Horace Guffey
Fred Holland
Olin Helms
Everett Morris
Robert Moses
Clyde Rhodes
Everett Stamey
Fred Stewart
Ray Taylor
Ervin Wolfe
Martin Walters
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Thurman Daniels
Millard Ellege
Paul Green
Donald Hobbs
Richard Kye
Banks McKnight

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Fred Bostian
Robert Caudle
Vernon Harding
William Harding
Robert Holbert
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William E. Lanford
Roy Mumford
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pitman
Walter Stansberry
John Pritchard
Robert Travis
Alvis Watkins
Theodore Young

COTTAGE NO. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hiram Atkinson
Raymond Brooks
Robert Brady
Frank Chavis
Peter Chavis
James E. Hall
R. C. Hoyle
Marshall Hunt
Samuel Lochlear
Herbert Lochlear
Leroy Lowry
Eugene Moose
Donald Sides

INFIRMARY

Harlan Warren
Robert Padgett
Newman Tate

———:———

THE WINNER

The man who wins is the man who goes ahead with his work each day, who's never struck by his adverse luck, but makes his labor play. From early dawn he toils right on, turns neither left nor right, and he sings a song as he goes along, for it sharpens his appetite.

The man who wins is the man who smiles, and sees the sky is blue. He's always there with a generous share of deeds that are big and true. He never growls and he never howls that the world is out of gear, but he meets the shocks and the jealous knocks with a great broad smile of cheer.—Exchange.

MAR 8 1943
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C. MARCH 6, 1943 NO. 10

THE CHIP

Learn this now before you are older:
Don't go through life with a chip on your
shoulder,
Always aggrieved and ever offended
Fancying wrongs that are not intended.
Let not a sense of humor desert you,
Take it that nobody means to hurt you;
Find no insult in idle chatter,
Pass it over, it doesn't matter.
Look for the best in everybody,
Value the wool, forget the shoddy;
Get in the habit of liking people,
Love is the spire on every steeple.

—Arthur Guiterman.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES		8
INSTRUCTIONS REGARDING TRAINING AND DISCIPLINE	By S. G. Hawfield	12
BENEFACTOR OF PUBLIC WELFARE	By Dr. H. B. Blakely	14
WRECK OF THE AARON REPPARD	By A. W. Drinkwater	16
THE MAN BEHIND THE GUNS	By Jess Comer	21
MALNUTRITION STILL GRAVE PROBLEM	By Dr. H. N. Bundesen	23
INSTITUTION NOTES		24
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

A PLEDGE OF LOYALTY

We offer to you, America, our hands: Hands that can fashion a flying fortress and build tanks; hands that can guide a plow, sow seed in the spring, reap harvest in the fall.

We offer to you, America, our eyes: Eyes that can see the sunlight on working men and trusting children; that can reach through a telescope for a distant star; that can reach through a microscope for secret formulae.

These eyes are looking toward and soon will see the dawning of a freer and finer day.

We offer to you, America, our ears: Ears that can hear the words spoken by wise men or a piston knock in a victory engine; ears that hear the brutal clank of the tyrant's heel; that hear more clearly still the deathless whispered hope of the unconquerable conquered.

We offer to you, America, our voices: Voices that shout encouragement to the enslaved peoples of the earth.

From 130,000,000 free men and women we offer to you, America, our minds.

These minds that control and direct hands and voices upon the basis of what we see and hear shall work for your brave purpose and your great future—together with millions of other Americans, for we know that we are not alone in this promise.

This is our pledge, America, in return for everything you have been and everything you must become, all that we are and ever hope to be are yours.—Selected.

———:———

SUPERINTENDENT'S MESSAGE

From the office of Superintendent S. G. Hawfield, a letter has been released to each employee of this institution, emphasizing the highest ideals for the reclaiming of the boys, the future citizens of the Old North State, committed to the care of the Stonewall Jackson Training School. The thought incorporated in the letter relative

to the management and development of the boys reflects plans made in the genesis of the School. One readily understands after reading this letter that Superintendent Hawfield has a clear understanding as to his duties, and hopes to meet conditions so that our boys may have an equal chance with other boys of the state of higher social rank. Elsewhere in this issue, the superintendent's article is given for the benefit of friends of the underprivileged boy. No work in the state offers a finer opportunity for inner-mission work. It is a practical demonstration of religion in action.—M. N. C.

* * * * * * * *

LOVE SHOULD REPLACE HATRED

There are times when righteous indignation is necessary so that conditions may be clarified and started out on a just and fair basis. The lesson taught when Christ threw the money changers from the temple was drastic, but tempered with mercy and love for those obsessed with the spirit of greed. This quotation from Scripture: "Love your enemies and do good to them that hate you," will prove "a lamp unto thy feet and a light unto thy path." There is nothing that will melt the bars of hate, or the spirit of revenge, but love. The causes of the global war that now encricles the universe are hate and revenge, the aftermath of the First World War. Therefore, unless there is a better understanding of the needs and conditions of the many nationalities and plans laid accordingly, toleration is impossible, and hatred will exist for generations to come. What will be the results: A continual uprising of brother against brother until there is another outbreak of hostilities the equal of this conflict in cruelty, or perhaps more barbarous. For that reason the teachers and ministers of the Gospel ought to emphasize tolerance and love for our enemies. Hate, like a cankerous sore that eats deep into the vital organs of the human body, also destroys every sweet impulse that enriches the spiritual life. We must, like the soldiers of the Cross, fight to suppress the enemies of everything that is good, but it must be done in the spirit of love. Even in our social life, if we lose the game we should be good sports and accept defeat without malice.

Out of the heart of man are the issues of life. Not out of the

heart of the masses of our humanity but out of the heart of the individual. The history of the world remains largely the history of its men and women, genuinely noble, truth-loving and liberty-loving as they strive to live in all good conscience before God and man.

* * * * * * * *

AMERICAN RED CROSS

The local chapter of the American Red Cross has made complete plans for the current campaign for war funds, to meet the demands at the Federal Government. The goal set for Cabarrus County is $36,000.00. Mr. Brice Willeford, of Kannapolis, is chairman for Cabarrus County; Mr. Ray Roberts, for Kannapolis; and Mr. L. T. Hartsell, Sr., for Concord. The time set for this drive is from March 1st to 9th, inclusive. Hundreds of co-chairmen and canvassers have been appointed to touch every spot in the county, so then no one will miss the opportunity to contribute to this most worthy cause. The annual membership drive, scheduled for last Fall, was postponed, and the present movement will combine that campaign with the present one for urgent war needs. It is hoped that throughout the nation more than $100,000,000.00 will thus be raised. We all thoroughly understand that these funds will be used chiefly to relieve emergency cases on the many battle fronts. Cabarrus County has always measured up to the quota requested, and there is no reason to expect any less of these fine citizens at this time.

* * * * * * * *

SCIENCE IS MARCHING ALONG

After the war is won by the Allies the people of the world are going to be surprised by the progress science has made in spite of the war. Science has been going right along in inventing new things to make life easier for the average man and woman.

Automobile engineers tell us that the post-war car will get more mileage to the gallon of gas. Inner tubes will be a thing of the past in tires. The tires will be made in one piece and give two or

ee times the mileage they do now. All kinds of plastics have n invented but of course they are being used in the war effort at present time. Many labor saving devices for the housewives will ut on the market as soon as the war is won. Life is going to be a more pleasant. Air conditioning and air transportation will m. Television will come into its own. Static will be abolished from o with frequency modulation.

es, the American public is going to be surprised at the progress nce has made while the country has been at war. But now the ntists are busy with instruments of death.

ne of the quickest ways to end the war is to buy your share of bonds and stamps. It takes a lot of money to make weapons. sooner the war is over the quicker our boys will be home to y the pleasures of the American way of life. Do your part —Morganton News-Herald.

* * * * * * * *

TOLERATION NEEDED

he allied forces of this general war stand with hats off to salute Russian warriors who have proved themselves to be well train- courageous and untiring in the hope that right may subdue the it of the brutal aggressors. The stubborn defense of the Rus- n army against the Nazi gangsters shows that they were fully ared to meet the emergencies of war. Having a self-satisfied ng, the people of America, are often prone to discredit the ity of a class termed "foreigners." After reading the following cannot refrain from saying the lessons learned therefrom are thy of emulation. Let's be more tolerant and emphasize the hehood of mankind, regardless of nationality. Read:

> Soviet Russia has been using a high degree of medical science reduce the human losses due to war. Its progress has been markable. With 20,000 doctors twenty years ago, it had 0,000 in 1940 at the beginning of hostilities, and has boosted e rate by 42,000 in the last sixteen months. When Russia as invaded, its medical schools were moved intact, less the ildings, beyond the Ural Mountains. To the doctors have n added 500,000 "feldschers," partly-trained doctors—half whom are women. Their emergency services are chiefly

responsible for the remarkable record by which, of Russia's 5,100,000 casualties, 2,000,000 are back in the ranks, 70 per cent of whom are fighting again, and only 1.5 per cent have died. These "feldschers," equipped with shovels, transfusion and first aid supplies, are right behind the firing line. They crawl to the wounded as they fall; dig a fox hole if necessary to protect the wounded for the emergency aid, and then at the first opportunity crawl back with the wounded. One, Alexandra Kalenina, carried 100 men off the field in a single day of battle. This work is supplemented with flying ambulances and para-doctors, who jumpt from planes with the troops. By such prompt attention mortality from brain wounds has been reduced to five per cent.

* * * * * * * *

Nothing is too trivial to be commandeered for total warfare. But the trivial things at that may have special value and inmportance. James Worth, in the London Daily Mirror, thinks spiders belong in that category. Certain species of garden spiders, he says, are among the highest essentials. Experts are needed to detect and gather the right kind. The thread they spin is carefully wound on a frame by skillful operatives as the spiders spin it, and it is stored "safe from heat and damp, and vibration" until needed. Delicate as it is, each thread must—most of it—be separated by special workers into three parts—none more than 1-10,000th part of an inch in diameter. Strangely enough, at that thickness and properly placed they are stronger than steel wire would be at the same thickness. These divided threads are used as cross-threads on "gun-sights, bomb-sights, range-finders, and periscopes," and they do not break when once placed, under any extreme of temperature or shock. The life and health of these spiders are carefully guarded; none is ever destroyed. Usually, when set to work, these spiders will spin anywhere up to 100 yards of thread before becoming exhausted. When their process slows up, they are put back among the plants so that they may recuperate.—The Lutheran.

WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES

The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that two employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

Staff Members

Patterson, James L. (Army)
Query, James L. (Army)

Former Staff Members

Barrier, Captain George L. (Army)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G. (Navy)
Parker, Major Samuel I. (Army)
Poole, William E. (Army Air Corps)
Wingate, Wm. J. (Army Air Corps)

Former Students

Adams, Clyde (Navy)
Adams, Felix (Army)
Alexander, J. Mack (Army)
Alexander, Robert (Army)
Almond, Odell H. (Navy)
Allen, Julian Herschel (Navy)
Allen, Grady C. (Navy)
Allen, Wayne (Navy)
Allred, James R. (Army Air Corps)
Andrews, Julian (Marine Corps)
Ashley, Arthur (Army)
Atkins, Richard (Army)
Atwell, Robert (Navy)
Atwood, Earl (Army)

Barber, Winfred V. (Army)
Batson, Jack (Navy)
Barkley, Joel (Army)
Barrett, Allen (Army)
Branch, Glatley (Army)
Baynes, Howard (Army Air Corps)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Beach, Ernest (Army)
Beaver, Albert (Army)
Beaver, Walter (Army)
Bell, William G. (Navy)
Benson, John (Navy)
Bordeaux, Junior (Army)
Bowman, Charles (Army)
Branch, Horace (Army)
Brantley, Elmond A. (Marine Corps)
Bray, B. Odell (Army)
Britt, Jennings (Navy)

Brogden, Norman (Navy)
Broome, Jack (Army)
Broome, Paul (Marine Corps)
Broome, Shannon (Army Air Corps)
Brothers, William (Naval Air Corps)
Brown Aldene (Army)
Brown, Harold (Army)
Burke, Ensign William H. (Navy)
Burkhead, Dermont (Navy)
Burrow, John B. (Navy)
Butner, Roy (Marine Corps)

Capps, John T. (Army Air Corps)
Carter, Douglas (Army)
Carter, Fred (Army)
Causey, Floyd (Army)
Chapman, Edward (Army)
Chattin, Ben (Army)
Cherry, Herman (Army)
Cobb, Frank E. (Army)
Coffer, Robert (Army)
Collins, Glenn L. (Army)
Connell, Harry (Army)
Connell, James (Navy)
Cooke, George C. (Army)
Cooper, Walter (Army)
Cox, J. C. (Marine Corps)
Craft. Arthur (Army)
Crawford, Louis (Army)
Cunningham, David C. (Army)

Dalton, James (Army)
Daubenmyer, Nelson (Army)
Davis, Duke (Army)
Davis, James (Army)
Dodd, Carroll (Army)
Donaldson, Harold (Marine Corps)
Dorsey, W. Wilson (Army)
Driver, Malcom (Army Air Corps)
Dyson, Fred (Navy)

Earnhardt, Donald P. (Navy)
Edmondson, Arthur (Army)
Efird, N. A., Jr. (Army)
Elders, James R. (Marine Corps)
Elmore, A. C. (Marine Corps)
Evans, John H. (Army)

Faggart, John (Marine Corps)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)
Faschnat, Mose (Navy)
Ferris, Russell (Army)
Fisher, Edward (Army)
Fisher, John H. (Army)
Flinchum, Monroe (Army)
Freeman, Richard (Army)
French, Ian (Army)
Furches, William (Marine Corps)

Gaddy, William (Navy)
Gardner, Horace T. (Army)
Gatlin, Britt C. (Army)
Glasgow. Mumford (Army)
Glasgow, Norwood (Navy)
Glasgow, Ramsey (Army Air Corps)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)
Glover, Henry (Marine Corps)
Godfrey, Warren (Army)
Godwin, John T. (Navy)
Godwin, Paul D. (Army Air Corps)
Goodman, Albert (Army)
Goodman, George (Army)
Greene, Giles E. (Army)
Gregory, Charles J. (Army)
Griffin, Charles (Army)
Griffin, James H. (Marine Corps)
Grooms, J. B. (Army Air Corps)

Hall, Joseph (Army)
Harris, Edgar (Army)
Hawkins, William T. (Navy)
Head, Elbert (Army)
Hefner, Charles (Army)
Hefner, Eugene (Navy)
Hendren, Isaac (Navy)
Hendrix, John (Army)
Henry, Charlton (Navy)
Hicks, Garland (Army)
Hill, William (Army)
Hodge, Dallas (Army Air Corps)
Hogan, Gilbert (Army)
Holland, Burman (Army)
Holland, Donald (Army)
Holmes, John (Army)
Hulan, Norman (Navy)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)

Irvin, Raymond (Army)

Jackson, Edgar (Marine Corps)
Jackson, William (Navy)
Johnson, Hugh (Navy)
Jones, Mark Twain (Navy)
Jordan, James E. (Army)

Keen, Clinton (Army)
Keith, Monroe (Army)
Keith, Robert (Navy)
Kelly, Jesse (Army)
King, Cleo (Army Air Corps)
King, Frank L. (Army)
Kinley, Robert (Marine Corps)
Knight, Thomas (Army Air Corps)
Koontz, J. Milton (Army)
Kye, George (Army)

amar, A. G. (Army)
and, Reuben (Army)
and, Wilfred (Marine Corps)
ndrum, Luther H. (Army)
ane, Floyd C. (Marine Air Corps)
ngley, William (Army)
awrence, Robert (Marine Corps)
agon, Harry (Army)
dford, Harvey L. (Army)
e, Valton (Army)
tt, Frank (Army)
wallan, Paul R. (Army)
ng, Loyce (Army)
ng, Stacey L. (Army)

artin, Willie H. (Army Air Corps)
atthews, Douglas (Army)
ay, George O. (Army)
edlin, Clarence (Army)
edlin, Ervin J. (Army)
rritt, Edgar (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
ller, Latha (Navy)
ontgomery, Samuel (Navy)
oose, Claude L. (Marine Corps)
orrow, Chas. W. (Army Air Corps)
orrozoff, Ivan (Army Air Corps)
organ, William S. (Navy)
urphy, Lemuel (Army)
urray, Edword J. (Army)

cBride, Irvin (Army Air Corps)
cCain, Edward G. (Navy)
cColl, Vollie O. (Navy)
Coy, Hubert (Army)
cEntire, Forrest (Marine Corps)
cGee, Norman (Army)
Iver, Jordan T. (Navy)
cKay, John C. (Marine Corps)
cKee, Thomas R. (Army)
(Enlisted 1937)
cNeely, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1933)
cPherson, Arthur (Navy)

lson, Larry (Navy)
ewton, Willard M. (Army)

ven, Fred, Jr. (Marine Corps)
endine, Earl (Navy)

adrick, William (Navy)
ge, James (Army)
tterson, James (Navy)
ak, Harry (Marine Corps)
arson, Flay (Army)
ennington, Grady (Army)

Plemmons, Hubert (Army)
Pope, H. C. (Army)
Pyatt, Jack (Marine Corps)

Quick, James (Navy)
Quick, Simon (Navy)

Ramsey, Amos (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Rivenbark William W. (Army)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)
Rhodes, Paul (Army)
Roberts, Lonnie (Navy)
Robinson, Perry (Army Air Corps)
Rochester, Nicholas (Navy)
Russ, James P. (Army)

Sands, Thomas (Navy)
Scism, Arlee (Navy)
Seibert, Fred (Army)
Scott, Archie (Army)
Shannon, William L. (Navy)
Shaver, George H. (Navy)
Shropshire, Hassell (Army)
Simmons, Horace K. (Navy)
Sloan, Lonnie (Army)
Small, Clyde E. (Army)
Snuggs, Charles L. (Navy)
Springer, Jack (Army)
Stack, Porter (Army)
Stanley, Brown (Coast Artillery)
Stepp, James H. (Navy)
Strickland, Robert W. (Army)

Tessneer, Calvin C. (Navy)
Thomas, Harold (Navy)
Thomas, Richard (Army)
Threatt, Sidi (Army Air Corps)
Tucker, Joseph (Army)

Waldrop, Ned (Army)
Walker, Glenn (Army)
Walker, Oakley (Army)
Walsh, Harold (Army)
Walters, Melvin (Army)
Ward, Eldridge (Army)
Ward, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1928)
Watkins, Floyd A. (Army)
Watson, Lieut. Lemuel (Army)
Watts, Boyce (Army)
Webb, Charles R. (Army)
* Whitaker, William E. (Army)
White, Marshall (Coast Artillery)
Whitener, Richard M. (Army)
Whitlock, Winfred (Army)
Widener, Charles (Navy)

Wilhite, James	(Army)	Wilson, W. J.	(Ar[illegible]
Williams, Everett L.	(Army)	Winn, J. Harvard	(Na[illegible]
Williams, Samuel R.	(Navy)	Wood, Leonard	(Ar[illegible]
Williams, William R.	(Navy)	Wrenn, Lloyd	(Ar[illegible]
Williamson, Everett	(Navy)		
Wiles, Fred (Enlisted 1927. Now a Recruiting Officer)	(Army)	Young, Brooks	(Ar[illegible]
		Young, R. L.	(Marine Co[illegible]
Wilson, John C.	(Army)		
Wilson, Thomas	(Navy)	Ziegler, Henry F.	(Na[illegible]

(*) Killed in action, November 9, 1942, while American forces were invading North Africa.

FIGHTING MEN

They were boys just yesterday!
Now to war they march away,
And of them the writers pen:
Brave and glorious fighting men!

They are teaching them to fly
And do battle in the sky;
War on land with great machines;
Sail the deep in submarines.

Boys are better, we are told,
For such hazards than the old.
They are braver under fire,
And are not so quick to tire.

They were boys just yesterday
When we watched them march away.
When they come to us again
They will all be grown to men.

—Edgar A. Guest.

INSTRUCTIONS REGARDING TRAINING AND DISCIPLINE

By S. G. Hawfield

I. Introduction.

The problem of determining the best methods of controlling and disciplining the boys at the Jackson Training School is one of very great and grave importance. Obviously it is one that calls for much patience, wisdom and understanding. One should always be mindful of the fact that the entire program of training and rehabilitating the Training School boy is naturally related to the ways and methods of disciplining and controlling boys. Generally the boys, before coming to the Training school, have been the victims of unwise parental guidance and the lack of leadership; they have frequently been the victims of cruel punishment unwisely administered. Definitely those who work at the Training School must be wise enough and judicious enough to rise above the level of management or mismanagement generally found in the underpriviliged and disrupted home. In other words, we must not continue with the boys in our hands the very methods of control which have always failed in their homes.

Every reasonable person will realize that it is absolutely essential for the Training School boys to always show proper respect for authority. At all times there must be good order and proper obedience. On the other hand, everyone will heartily agree that brutal and barbaric methods of correction and punishment do not promote the development of ideals and good character. Recently in a conference with Governor Broughton he stated that in his opinion "there can be no value in the correctional institutions of the state in using brutality, harsh words, and cursing." With this declaration I thoroughly agree.

II. Corporal Punishment.

It is the aim and purpose of the Jackson Training School officials to completely eliminate corporal punishment. It can easily be understood that to sanction or authorize any corporal punishment, except under the direction of the Council, would inevitably lead to dangers and abuses. There is never any justification, regardless of circumstances, when any staff member should slap a boy on the head, or in the face, or box or pull his ears. To do so is brutal and senseless. There are several methols of punishment which are much more effective, and which will always prove more satisfying to the officers in the long run. I am most eager for staff members to rely more and more upon the policy of individual counseling and constructive leadership for training and character development. There is a direct relationship between how much trouble staff members have with boys both on worklines and in cottages, and the quality and quanity of guidance offered to them. The well regulated cottages will offer wholesome recreation, sympathetic friendship and other features of a good home.

III. Regulation Behavior in Work Experiences.

A major purpose of the Jackson Training School is to train the boys in the various departments of the

School. Most often the work cannot be successfully done unless the officers in charge participate actively in the work themselves. It will never happen that the boys will do a good job or accomplish very much if they are left to do the job alone while the officers sit around or stand still with no interest in the activities on their part. It should be remembered that frequently many adults, who are drawing pretty fair wages, will cut corners and do shabby work. Many of our boys are irresponsible and have never learned to work or to like to work as they should. Hence the need for close supervision and guidance by all staff members. In other words, it is not enough to stand by idly and wait for some boy to make a failure as a signal for caustic reproach and reproof. Training boys represents a bigger job than that.

Here at the Training School we will always face the necessity for training new groups of boys. We have no choice in this matter. Frequently the boys who become the most effective and dependable workers are those who are nearest the point of being ready to be released. This is often very discouraging to the officers. However, this is a fact which must be faced realistically since this is a "training school."

IV. Regulating Cottage Behavior.

In the various cottages the staff members who have the least trouble are those who do the most constructive work with the boys in the way of planning, guiding and directing them in worthwhile activities. It is possible to provide these through directed reading periods, wholesome indoor games, listening to radios, programs working picture puzzles, etc.

It is a serious mistake to ever have the boys in bed before nine o'clock. To do so invites and promotes bedroom troubles of various kinds. This means that they should not be expected to prepare for going to bed until 8:30 or later.

Our purpose here at the School is to provide books, radios and games for the cottages in order to help solve this problem with credit and profit to all concerned.

V. Conclusion.

I shall be more than glad to discuss these matters further with any members of the staff. These instructions represent no radical departure from former policies. On the other hand, these suggestions are based upon careful study and also upon the suggestions of state officials to whom all are ultimately responsible. Most of the staff members here have already been fulfilling their obligations regarding these matters. I hope that in the future everyone will.

———:———

The wisest thing, I suppose,
That a man can do for his land,
Is the work that he likes, under his nose,
With the tools that lie under his hand.

BENEFACTOR OF PUBLIC WELFARE

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

Public announcement was made a short time ago of a benefaction to education by the late Capt. James Parks Grey. A successful manufacturer, Mr. Grey established a large hosiery business at Bristol, Va. Amid the many details and pressure of a successful business career, he maintained a growing interest in education, recognizing that, "As goes this throng of youth, so in the years to come goes the nation."

Several years ago Mr. Grey planned a handsome gift for his alma mater, and today on the campus of Davidson college stands a memorial to his father and mother, the Hugh A. and Jane Parks Grey Memorial library. Mr. Grey, a few months before his death, had the great joy of being present and of participating in the dedication of this beautiful and useful building. The library of a college is the very heart of the institution, for as said Thomas Carlyle, "The true university of these days is a collection of books." Mr. Grey, with that keen business appreciation which had made him a successful manufacturer, knew that a successful library needed more than a good building, so in his will he provided for a trust fund, estimated as at least $100,000, the income from which should be used to maintain efficiently the Grey Memorial library. After this is done, any remainder of the income is to be used at the discretion of the trustees for general college purposes.

Mr. Grey also provided for the education of young women by leaving a trust fund of some $50,000 to Queens college. The income from this trust is to be invested in endowment by the trustees of the college. The first $15,000 of income will establish three memorial scholarships: the first, in memory of his mother, Jane Parks Grey; the second, in memory of his sister, Lula Jane Grey; and the third, in memory of his paternal grandmother. Jane Rea Grey. After these scholarships have been established, the income from the trust is to be invested in the general endowment fund of the college. In the long years to come three women will have their memory and their influence perpetuated continuously in the lives of young women, for each year at Queens college three girls will be preparing themselves for useful and efficient living; and, without this financial assistance, they might not be able to secure a college education. Not only does the gift of this man provide assistance continuously for three worthy young women, but he recognized that colleges must have additional income from endowment to maintain their efficiency and to improve their work. With wisdom and foresight his bequest strengthens Queens college at her foundation, the general endowment.

Capt. James Parks Grey has shown wisdom, as well as generosity, in his bequest.

In the first place, colleges and universities have proved to be among the most enduring of manmade institutions. They have survived wars, depressions, the stress of changing times, even the downfall of nations.

For this reason they provide an unequalled opportunity for establishing enduring memorials.

Secondly, these institutions are peculiarly associated with life: with the fresh eagerness of youth, its friendships and laughter, its high ideals and hopes and ambitions, its stirring visions and eternal courage.

A gift to a college, therefore becomes in a unique sense a living, as well as a lasting,memorial.

Education is the shaping of things to come—better things—a better community, a better nation, a better world. For it is primarily upon the training of leadership that the larger achievements of tomorrow depend. To invest in education is the surest way to invest in mankind's finer future.

Said that great American jurist, Daniel Webster: "If we work upon marble, it will perish: if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal souls, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of the Creator and love of fellowmen, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten all eternity."

COUNTRY EDITOR'S SPARE TIME

Uncle Sam asked, and Editor Carl Broome of the Brantley (Ga.) Enterprise, a weekly newspaper, answered—in detail.

Filling out an occupational questionnaire for selective service, he gave his duties as:

"I write news, editorials, advertisements, keep books, pay bills, read proof, clean type, set headlines, set advertisements, set news and editorials, pay bills, set jobs, feed press, cut paper, wrap bundles, solicit advertisements, solicit subscriptions, pay bills, repair presses and linotype (jackleg repairing), splice belts, saw metal cuts, pay bills, chisel cuts, make up newspaper, order supplies, tell people where the local draft board is, tell others where the town's lawyers might be, tell others that silly rumor they were excited about was only a silly rumor, pay bills, wash forms, distribute type, solicit job printing, pacify irate subscribers whose paper failed to arrive, pay bills, edit bungled copy, collect bills, pay bills, sort mail, scan the exchanges and may clip an item.

"Then in my spare time I hunt and fish and play checkers."

—Selected.

WRECK OF THE AARON REPPARD

By A. W. Drinkwater, in The Dare County Times

The shattered keel and a few jagged oaken timbers of a ruined vessel lying 100 yards above low-water mark on Hatteras Island, North Carolina, two and a half miles below the Gull Shoal Life-Saving Station, mark the locality where the three-masted schooner Aaron Reppard was totally destroyed on the 16th of August, 1899, during the prevalence of a West Indian hurricane, pronounced by the observer of the United States Weather Bureau "the most severe in the history of Hatteras."

Eight days before the wreck of the Reppard the same storm had spread almost unprecedented devastation over the island of Porto Rico, and during the intervening period had slowly progressed northward carrying more or less of destruction on its evil wings. By August 13 its center was off Juniper Inlet, Florida, and in the meantime all interests in its line of advance were advised by the weather bureau of its calculated movements, and all shipping bound for the South Atlantic was informed of the danger of sailing for that region.

Whether Captain Wessel of the Reppard was actually aware of the advancing tempest is not known. He left Philadelphia at two o'clock p. m., Saturday, August 12, bound for Savannah, Georgia, and was towed as far as Reedy Island, 45 or 50 miles down the Delaware River, where he anchored and remained until Monday, August 14. At about five o'clock in the morning of that day he got under way and proceeded out of the capes of the Delaware, standing south with an easterly wind until past Fenwick Island Light-ship, when he hauled to south by east and stood so until 8 p. m., and then kept away south.

At that moment the coming hurricane was raging around the port of his destination, only a few hundred miles to the southward, and he was sure soon to be involved in its dreadful swirl, if he continued on his course. At eight o'clock that night the wind was from the east and already of sufficient force to require all the light sails to be taken in and preventer stays to be set up. The next morning, Tuesday, the vessel was by calculation somewhere off Cape Henry.

If the captain had any knowledge of the weather signals flying when he sailed, the increase of the wind and fall of barometer might well have caused him to take refuge inside the capes of the Chesapeake and await developments. At four p. m., the hurricane, still sweeping northward, was furious around Cape Hatteras, while two hours prior to that time the wind was so heavy off Cape Henry, where the Reppard then was, that the captain hove his vessel to. She had been so strained already that the crew were kept at the pumps two-thirds of the time, and it was now too late to seek a harbor. She remained hove to during the night on the starboard tack under fore staysail and mainsail with the helm lashed hard down, and on Wednesday morning the mizzen storm trysail was set to hold her up.

The weather was thick, rain was falling heavily and the wind was blowing fiercely from the eastward during

all the forenoon of Wednesday, and the already doomed vessel was constanly drifting shoreward, although the proximity of the land was not definitely known to those on board. About one o'clock p. m., however, breakers were reported astern. The captain quickly ordered the staysail to be taken in, and both bow anchors to be let go, which done, leaving the mainsail and trysail still set in order to keep the schooner's head to the wind. Although 90 fathoms of chain were run out on each anchor both of them could not hold her against the tremendous sea, and she slowly dragged them for about fifteen minutes, when she reached the first line of breakers, which was very heavy.

At this juncture the mainsail halyards were let go so that the sail would run down, and all hands leaped into the shrouds to escape being carried overboard by the sea which now swept the decks. Besides the crew, which numbered seven men, officers included, there was one passenger, named Cummings, who is said to have belonged in Charleston, South Carolina. Captain Wessel, Mate Johnson, Steward Robinson, and seamen John van der Graaf, Pedro Lachs, and James M. Lynott took to the forerigging; one sailor, Tony Nelsen, to the main rigging, and the passenger, Cummings, to the mizzen rigging. Van der Graaf was the last man to reach the rigging, and he says that when he got aloft he could plainly see the shore astern, where he counted some 20 people, although he had little idea of the distance.

The heavy hull, laden with some 700 tons of anthracite coal, pounded with terrific force, and still continued to drag farther and farther into the breakers. The persons visible on the shore were the life-saving crews of the stations located at Gull Shoal, Little Kinnakeet, and Chicamacomico, who had assembled with their apparatus to render such aid as the almost hopless adverse conditions might permit.

The Reppard was first seen by surfman William G. Midgett, who was day patrol south of Gull Shoal Station. He says she was then about a mile and a half offshore, southeast of the station, heading about north, and "doing the best she could", now making a little headway and then dropping back. He was able to make her out for an hour, at intervals when the weather would lighten up, before she anchored. "As soon as she did that," he says, "I knew she would come ashore, and I then made my way to the station and reported her," leaving the patrolman of the Little Kinnakeet Station on the beach to watch her. The distance he had to travel was about a mile and a half to the northward, and so heavy were the conditions that, although he was mounted and drove his horse as hard as he could, it took him fifteen minutes to cover the ground. He was in ample time, however, so far as movements to effect a rescue were concerned.

Captain Dave M. Pugh immediately telephoned Little Kinnakeet Station, next to Gull Shoal on the southward, and Chicamacomico, next to the northward, requesting keepers Ed. O. Hooper and L. Ban Midgett to join him with their crews abreast of the wreck. Then he attached his own horse to the beach-apparatus cart, and those of surfman G. L. Midgett and Davis L. Gray to service carts loaded with additional equipment, and

in five minutes after the wreck was reported set out vigorously for the scene, where he and his crew arrived within half an hour and found the position of the vessel and men on board as above described. Within not more than ten minutes later in either case, the other crews, who had also utilized their horses to insure speed, also arrived.

Captain Pugh testified that the schooner then lay about 700 yards distant, stern toward the beach, "riding to two anchors, but slowly dragging shoreward." This portion of the land consists of two banks about 50 yards apart with a gully between them, and the sea, which is described as being "high as it possibly could be," was frequently sweeping completely over the land from the ocean side into the sound. In view of the fact that the survivors and the members of the life-saving crews agree that the employment of a boat under the conditions was clearly beyond all possibility, that question need not be here considered. No number of men, no matter how many or how skillful, could have launched a boat.

Where the schooner then was no life-saving ordnance in the world could reach her, and therefore all that the life-saving crews could do was to make ready their apparatus and await the moment when she should drift within range. When she was within about 500 yards, as nearly as could be estimated, the Lyle gun was fired with a six-ounce charge of powder and a No. seven shot line. The line parted, however, close to the shank of the projectile, which went on its way and was lost. A second attempt was then made, and the line stood the test, but the shot fell "at least 75 yards short."

Wisely concluding, therefore, that the line was too heavy to carry the requisite distance, the gun was again charged and fired with a cartridge of the same weight but with a No. four line attached to the projectile, which laid it safely across the head stays of the schooner. Van der Graaf, one of the surviving sailors, said they saw the line perfectly well and knew what it meant, but by no possible skill or courage could any of them have reached it. He declared in his testimony that if it had fallen close to him he could have done nothing with it. "She was pounding so heavily that it took both hands to hold on." "This must have been about thirty minuates after we reached the beach," said Keeper Pugh, "and even if they had secured the shot line I am satisfied they never could have hauled off the whip. The only thing they could have done was to haul off life-preservers.

It was soon evident that the wreck was about to go to pieces, and the only thing the lifesavers could now hope to accomplish was to rescue the shipwrecked men from the surf when the last desparate moment should arrive. Even in this they were doomed to an extremely painful degree of disappointment. Seaman Van der Graaf said that first the deck house went by the board, then the hatch coamings and the decks, and then the bulwarks. While this destruction was going on the passenger, Cummings, in the mizzen shrouds, was caught by one leg in the ratlines and "slammed back and forth" until dead before the mast fell, which was the first to go, and went over the port side. He was never seen again.

The mainmast shortly followed the mizzenmast, first breaking in two pieces and causing the sailor, Tony Nilson, who was in its rigging, to fall among the debris, where he was seen by Van der Graaf, who says that, although he was badly wounded, he worked himself clear of the wreckage and got over the side, but then disappeared. Before the mainmast fell Captain Wessel jumped overboard from the fore-rigging and made a brave effort to swim ashore. The men watched him all the time, now making a little progress, and now sorely baffled by the backlash of the seas until he evidently found that he must fail, when he turned about and tried to regain the vessel. In this last struggle for his life he so far succeeded as to get within five yards of her, but then threw up his hands and sank out of sight.

While this tragedy was being enacted the life-saving keepers had decided that three surfmen from the Gull Shoal Station, two from Little Kinnakeet, and two from Chicamacomico, should put on cork jackets, and each taking from 40 to 50 yards of shot line, wade out as far as possible into the surf, while each line should be held by two surfmen on the beach. The three men just mentioned as alive among the remnants of the foremast alongisde the Reppard clung to such pieces of wreckage as they could lay hold of, and were gradually tossed near enough to the shore to be rescued by the life-savers in the surf.

Tame as these operations may seem when stated in cold and formal terms, they were by no means free from great peril to the rescuers. Heavy pieces of ragged wreckage filled the surf—planks, timbers, and broken spars—and were hurled about with deadly force in every direction, so that the surfmen had to move rapidly and with great skill to avoid them. Indeed, the veteran keeper of Little Kinnakeet Station, Captain E. O. Hooper, who refused to heed the entreaties of his comrades to leave the hazardous work to younger men, rushed in at a critical moment, nearly losing his life, and suffering a fracture of one of the bones of his right leg. However, by dint of courageous and skillful effort all three of the shipwrecked men who escaped from the vessel alive were rescued from the surf. Being too weak to walk, or, indeed, to stand, they were conveyed in beach carts to the Gull Shoal Station. There they were treated with proper stimulants, clad in dry underclothing, and placed in bed, where, after several hours, they recovered from their terrible experience.

The names of the three men saved were Bernard Johnson, Pedro Lachs, and John van der Graaf, and the five who perished were Oscar Wessel, James M. Lynott, W. Robinson, Tony Nilson, and the passenger, Cummings.

The body of only one of the drowned was recovered, that of the steward, W. Robinson, which was buried on the bank north of the Gull Shoal Station.

The fact that three life-saving crews were promptly assembled on this occasion affords excellent testimony to the inestimable value of the telephone system of the Service, which was principally designed for precisely such emergencies. A single crew could not have accomplished what was done, and they could have received no assistance from beachmen, as, to the credit of these ever ready brave men

it should be stated, they often do, for the reason that the storm and consequent furious sea rolling clear across the island compelled the fishermen and other residents to stay at home and devote their utmost energies to the preservation of the lives of their families and themselves. Waste and desolation covered the entire region to an extent hitherto unknown even on that storm-beaten coast.

Lieutenant C. E. Johnston, a most competent officer of the Revenue Cutter Service, who investigated circumstances of this wreck, closed his report with the following paragraph:

There is no doubt that the surfmen did everything possible under the adverse conditions to save the lives of the people on this schooner. The storm was the worst in the recollection of any one now living on the Carolina Banks, and it is little short of a miracle that any one now lives to tell the tale of the wreck. If the master had not anchored, or if he had slipped his cables as soon as he reached the breakers, it is probably that all hands would have been saved, as the schooner would not have stopped until she was right up against the bank. Three other schooners, a barkentine, and a lightship all went ashore in the same general vicinity and in the same storm without anchoring, and the only loss of life from the five vessels was occasioned by a tremendous sea which boarded the barkentine when she first took bottom and washed four persons overboard. All the rest were rescued by the life-savers.

The opinion of the survivors regarding the conduct of the life-saving men appears from the following letter written by one of their members and signed by all, which was handed to Keeper Pugh before they left the beach:

"Gull Shoal, August 21, 1899.

"This is to certify that the loss of the lives of the captain, three seamen, and one passenger of the late schooner Aaron Reppard, wrecked near the above-named station, was not because of any failure on the part of the life-saving crews to do their duty. They were at the scene of the wreck promptly, and put a line over her head stays, but we could not get it, and if we had we could not have done anything, as we had all we could do to hold on, as the vessel was rolling heavy and fast going to pieces. The life-saving crews did all they could to save our lives.

"Bernard Johnson, First Mate.

"Pedro Lachs, Seaman,

"John Van der Graaf, Seaman."

———:———

Honest, constructive criticism should never irritate a really big man, and if heeded must result in improvement. The man who sets himself up as not amenable to criticism is really not a big man, and if he demands that all bow down to him and accept his judgment, is not equipped to do big things, and it is questionable for him to be given too great power or authority.

—Square & Compass.

THE MAN BEHIND THE GUNS

By Jess Comer

We call them the most efficient body of fighting men in the world; and 130,000,000 people cannot be wrong.

They are the sum total of our army our navy, our marine corps, and our cost guard.

They are plain men, willing men, intelligent men; men with a cause and a purpose; men of ideals.

They came from the cities and from the farms, a whole host of them; they left their bookkeeper's desks and their trucks and their engines; they left law offices, their pulpits and their classrooms. They came from the lumber camps, the mines and the oil fields.

They came from all over America, the rich, the poor, the strong, the weak, the white and the black, all races and creeds. The atheist came and the Godfearing man, the politician's son and the son of the janitor.

They came with sober faces and with smiles and laughter; they came with banjos and radios and harmonicas, came with Bibles and books of poetry; they came with their courage and their anxieties.

They came not reluctantly at the call of an omnipotent dictator, but gladly, borne on the magic carpet of traditions and recollections.

The tradition of blood and tears and work and sacrifice that had gone into one hundred and fifty years of American independence.

The tradition of Patrick Henry and Francis Scott Key and Abraham Lincoln and Richmond Pearson Hobson; of a hungry and shivering army at Valley Forge; of the siege of the Alamo; of Manila; of Belleau Wood.

The tradition of Plymouth Rock and the Liberty Bell and Old Ironsides.

Recollections of a carefree boyhood, in a home where love and peace prevailed where no prowling scowling Himmler could search and seize and lash and threaten.

Recollections of democratic and friendly Sunday schools and grade schools and high schools and colleges; recollections of the Boy Scouts and the 4-H clubs and Sigma Phi or Delta Tau Delta, where only a boy's own powers could earn for him his football letter or the Phi Beta Kappa Key.

Recollections of a life free from subservience to a military clique, where you were entitled to your fair share of the sidewalk or the highway or the railway coach or the air lanes, and the common courtesies of common intercourse.

Engraved in their hearts were these traditions and recollections that told of many generations of ideals and aspirations for security and tranquility. And cold against their hearts lay the shadow of danger to the structure of our way of life; and so they came with determination, came with clamorous urgency for action that tolerated no disappointing or inefficient postponements.

They left behind them the free and easy customs of life in peaceful America, to grapple with the disciplined, regimented life of the man who must learn to kill.

They left behind the scruples that had been so carefully developed through the years; left behind all but

a necessary few to guide them through training knowing that when action was joined with the Nazi or Jap scruples were dangerous impedimenta.

They left behind them their sweethearts and their wives, and carried with them the hurt of their beauty and charm and companionship, which memories alone could not ease. Each man carried a dull, heavy ache in his heart. He smiled and talked and laughed above it, but it was always there. It was the aching of war, but a man had to learn to live with it.

They had been learning strange new lessons, in those days before they were called. A year ago they would not have known the difference between a private and a general. Now they know. One year ago Corregidor and Algiers and Guadalcanal would have been remote geography. Now they were fiery red spots on maps before their eyes.

They had learned that the enemy was but a few miles beyond the horizon, that distance to a bomber was measured only in thousands of miles, that a convoy on the Atlantic was as hidden as a canoe upon a pond. And so the maps of the world were clear before them and they could point unerringly to the seas and straits and oceans and continents and even obscure islands.

They answered the call of America, our America, asking but little, but willing to give everything.

They ask only that they be allowed to do the job in the shortest possible time and that the generals and the admirals make their plans accordingly; that when the curtain falls on the final act of the hellish drama they can return to heir homes to patch the broken threads of their lives, secure in the knowledge that peace on earth will not be a dream, but a living, breathing reality.

Surely, this America of ours can give them that in return.

———:———

In every paper we pick up we are sure to find a lot of silly gush about the man who is behind. There is the man behind the counter and the man behind the gun. The man behind the buzz saw and the man behind his son, the man behind the times, the man behind in rent, the man behind the hoe, the man behind the fence. The man behind the whistle and the man behind the bars. The man behind the kodak and the man behind the cars. The man behind the whiskers and the man behind his fist, and everything behind a thing is entered in the list.

But they've skipped another fellow of whom nothing has been said, the fellow isn't even, or a little way ahead. Who always pays for what he gets, whose bills are always signed, he's a blamed sight more important than the one who is behind. All we people and the whole commercial clan, are indebted for existence to this honest nobleman. He keeps us all in business and his town is never dead, and so we take our hats off to the man who is ahead.—Selected.

MALNUTRITION STILL GRAVE PROBLEM

By Dr. H. N. Bundesen

An outstanding medical fact resulting from the study of men in our armed forces is that malnutrition is probably one of the most serious health problems of this nation.

It has been estimated that of 380,000 of those rejected from military service, about one-third were refused because of a deficiency in nutrition, directly or indirectly.

A study made in one large city showed that about three-fourths of the children in schools lack sufficient iron, vitamin C and vitamin G. The diets are inadequate to the children's needs. It is important that parents be aware of the early signs of deficiency in the diet so that when deficiencies do occur, a study by the physician of the physical condition as well as of the kinds of food eaten may lead to correction of the abnormal condition.

There are certain symptoms which parents may note. These include lack of appetite, failure to eat a good breakfast, failure to gain in weight, diarrhea, nervousness, poor sleeping habits, backwardness in school and even pain in various muscles. Then there are other signs which a nurse or a nutrition expert might recognize. For example, lack of fat underneath the skin, wrinkling of the skin, paleness, rough skin, blackheads, and whiteheads around the nose, rapid heart beat or serious trouble with the teeth and gums may occur. In addition, there are other signs that only the doctor might observe, such as loss of muscle strength, bleeding into the skin and redness of the tongue.

Of course, the exact type of food deficiency present will determine the kind of symptoms that occur. As a general rule, however, when one vitamin is missing from the diet a number of the others are also lacking. An insufficient supply of the vitamin B complex causes early loss of appetite, increased tiredness and nervousness. The tongue becomes swollen and red. The surface of the tongue may be smooth and inflamed. In addition, there may be cracking of the skin at the angles of the mouth, constipation and diarrhea.

On the other hand, a lack of vitamin A may cause night blindness, inability to see as well in the dark as does the normal person. Usually there is some anemia or lack of coloring in the blood.

It is always important to find the underlying cause for the poor nutrition and to correct it.

No man can tell whether he is rich or poor turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich according to what he is, not according to what he has.—Henry Ward Beecher.

INSTITUTION NOTES

"The Shepherd of the Ozarks" was the title of the motion picture shown in the auditorium last Thursday night. It is a Republic production.

—:—

Mr. A. S. Crider and a group of boys have greatly improved the entrance to the Swink-Benson Trades Building. Several unsightly shrubs have been removed and a nice bed built up on each side of the walk, in which some fine boxwoods are to be placed. A rock retaining wall has been put into place to keep this bed from washing.

—:—

Just when we had about decided to let our furnace fires go out, along came another cold "spell" a few days ago. For several days we were going about minus a coat, and feeling sorry that we had not also left our vest at home, and then came an unexpected additional breath of winter, with the thermometer reaching to within ten or twelve degrees of the "nothing" mark on one or two occasions. There may be something to the old groundhog superstition, after all.

—:—

A recent progress report on Monroe Flinchum, coming from the welfare department, Draper, N. C., stated that he is now in the United States Army. Monroe entered the School, August 1, 1938 and was granted a conditional release, February 12, 1942, at which time he returned to his home in Draper. While here he was a member of the group in Cottage No. 5 and was employed on the farm and in the carpenter shop, where he made a very good record.

—:—

Arlee Scism, formerly of Cottage No. 1, who left the School in 1941, called at The Uplift office last Tuesday morning. Upon leaving the institution, he went to High Point, where he was employed as a Western Union messenger for about four months. He then did steel construction work for a few months. On January 15, 1942, he enlisted in the United States Navy. He is now a member of a sub-chaser crew, and reports that he likes the rather exciting work they are called upon to do. Arlee said that after spending a short time with relatives and friends in Charlotte he would report to his ship for duty.

—:—

Jordan T. McIver, twenty years old, a former member of the Cottage No. 13 group, who left the School, June 27, 1941, called at The Uplift office last Monday. This lad, who has been in the United States Navy for some time, visited the School in September, last year, shortly after having completed his basic training at the Naval Training Station, Norfolk, Virginia. On this most recent visit he told us that he had been on convoy duty for some time and had seen considerable action, the nature of which could not

be divulged because of war regulations. He stated that after spending a few days with his wife and one-year-old son in Wilmington, he would report back to his ship. We were glad to see this young fellow and to learn that he was getting along fine in the service of Uncle Sam .

—:—

Charles Griffin, one of our old boys, called on us last Tuesday. This young fellow, now twenty-three years old, entered the School, January 2, 1934 and remained here until September 9, 1936, when he was released to return to his home in Anson County. While here he was a member of the Cottage No. 7 group.

Charlie stated that he had been in the United States Army four years, and had spent the greater part of the time at Fort Bragg. At present he is stationed at Camp Sutton. He has developed into a fine-looking young man and appears to be every inch a soldier.

—:—

A recent letter from Horace K, Simmons, formerly of Cottage No. 12, revealed that he is in the United States Navy. This lad came to the School, March 3, 1937 and left on August 22, 1937, 1937. It was quite interesting to note that in this letter Horace told of meeting Eugene Hefner, another of our former students, in San Diego, California, where they were both stationed. In the course of their conversation they soon found out that both of them had been at the School, having been in the same cottage, but two or three years apart.

Horace states that he likes the Navy very much and is eager to get into the combat zone and take a crack at the Japs. He asked to be remembered to the folks at the School, adding that he hoped to get a furlough in April, and thought he would be able to stop in and see old friends here. He is now rated as a seaman, second class.

—:—

We recently learned that Charles J. Gregory, aged twenty-three years, is in the United States Army, having entered the service in September, 1940. Charles came to the School, May 14, 1932 and was allowed to go to his home in Wadesboro, July 12, 1935. He was re-admitted March 26, 1936 and was again conditionally released, October 27, 1937. While here he was a member of the Cottage No. 3 group and worked on the barn force and in the carpenter shop. Judging from the fact that he has attained the rank of staff sergeant, we would say that Charles has been doing very well as a doughboy.

—:—

Due to an oversight we have failed to list Mose Fasnacht, one of our old boys, among those now serving our country. In the Charlotte Observer, issue of April 9, 1942, Mose's name was listed as having joined the United States Navy that week, having been accepted as Machinist's Mate, Second Class. One day last week, the Charlotte News carried an account of his mother's death in that city, the news item stating, "one son, M. W. Fasnacht, who is in the U. S. Navy, sta-

tioned at Camp Elliott, California, will be unable to attend the funeral because of military restrictions."

Mose entered the School, July 27, 1921 and was released, July 22, 1922. A progress report on the lad, dated January 5, 1924, made by Mr. Grier, parole officer, stated that he was making good. He was learning a trade at the McClaren Rubber Company, Charlotte, and was making a good salary for a boy of his age. We had no later reports on Mose until news of his enlistment in the Navy.

—:—

Mr. C. B. Barber, our bookkeeper, reports that when on the Charlotte bus one day last week he met Harold Thomas, formerly of East Spencer, but who has been living in Concord for a little more than a year. Harold stated that he was on his way to Charlotte, where he had enlited in the United States Navy the day before, and was to leave that morning for basic training at a naval station. This was later confirmed by his name being listed in the Charlotte Observer among those who had joined the Navy last week, also by J. E. Huffman, Specialist First Class, U. S. N., who visited the School the other day.

Harold came to us, June 2, 1937 and was released, August 27, 1940. While here he was in Cottage No. 4 and was employed as house boy most of the time. Incidentally he is entering the Navy with the request that he be permitted to attend a bakers' school. Since leaving the Training School this lad's parents have died. He is a fine-looking boy and appears to have what it takes to make Uncle Sam a very good sailor.

Harold stated that his brother, Richard, who entered this institution at the same time he was admitted is now in the United States Army, having been in the service about eighteen months, and had recently been made a staff sergeant. Richard's stay at the School was thirteen and one-half months. He was in Cottage No. 15 and worked on the dairy force. Upon leaving us, July 13, 1339, he went to live with his parents in East Spencer and so far as we have been able to learn, got along very nicely.

—:—

A letter came to the School last week from B. Odell Bray, formerly of Cottage No. 4 and a member of the barn force. He came to the institution, January 15, 1937 and was permitted to return to his home in Winston-Salem, August 6, 1938. He is now twenty years old. Going back to his home, he attended the public schools, and because of the fine record he was making, he was granted a discharge from further parole supervision, April 27, 1939. During part of his stay with us, Odell acted as "nurse" at the little white house, in which boys were placed when ill, before the present infirmary was built. His letter reads as follows:

"Dear Boys: Here's a fellow who used to be at your training school when he was fifteen years old. Since that time I have tried my best to get the most out of life. When I left the school, I went to work on a farm, and made pretty good at it, thanks to the farming experience I received there. Later I went to work on the War Department Building in Washington, D. C. It is the largest office building in the world. While working there, I was married, and just as in every-

thing else, I had to make good in order to be happy.

"Now boys, I am doing the greatest job I have ever had—that of being a soldier in the United States Army, and I'm giving it my best. Your lives and those of the people of the rest of the world depend on the American soldiers, and we are going to win.

"Here's a little message for you boys—Give the work you are doing everything you have. You may not be soldiers in the Army, but you can be soldiers right where you are. Do your very best at all times, and in the end you will find that it paid.

"Would like to have a copy of The Uplift, and would also appreciate hearing from officers and matrons who remember me. Sincerely, B. Odell Bray."

We appreciate the fine letter from Odell, and for the benefit of those among the staff members who would like to write him, we give his address, asc follows: Private Belous O. Bray, Guard and Training Detachment, 357th Infantry, 90th Division, Camp Barkeley, Texas.

—:—

Our good friend, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, came to the School last Sunday afternoon, bringing with him, Rev. N. R. McGeachy, pastor of Sugaw Creek Presbyterian Church, who conducted the afternoon service. For the Scripture Lesson, he read I Corinthians 9:24-27, and in his message to the boys, he told them that he wanted them to think of life as a great race.

He began by stating that history tells us that the Apostle Paul was a very small man in stature, probably a hunchback and rather ugly—just the kind of a fellow who people generally turn away from. Evidently he was what people of this day would term a good sport. Although he never saw football, baseball or any of the games faimliar to us, in all his letters he speaks of races as practiced by athletes of his day, and used a race as an illustration of life itself.

In a foot race, continued the speaker, we see the contestants lined up at the start, all ready to dash for the goal ahead at the starter's signal. For a Christian, life is just like that. We are striving to get ahead in life, and the ultimate goal is that of happier life when life on earth is ended. Just as Paul said, not everyone can come out ahead in this race. Somebody has to be the best, but all of us can do the best we can and run the race as far as we are able. In football practice, coaches generally make the laggards run more so that they will get into shape to go the entire distance, and this also may be applied to the race of life. Laggards must always be prodded along if they are ever going to get anywhere.

Rev. Mr. McGeachy then pointed out how Paul admonished his listerners to be temperate and keep their bodies in good condition at all times. To win a race, a runner must be trained. That is why our football coaches pay close attention to training regulations, because if the players' bodies were not in good shape, there would be no chance of winning contests on the gridiron. We must also be trained mentally. The man who gets ahead in life is the one who knows how. We often see students go through books hurriedly, paying little attention to what they contain, and when they leave college and go out

into life, they are handicapped because they don't know where they are going. To start and not know where one is going is the most helpless feeling a person can have. Without a definite guiding star, we just travel in circles. We must make up our minds where we are going, and then use every ounce of energy in our power to get there.

Paul, continued the speaker, urges us to go after the winner's crown in the race of life with all we've got. He once said: "So fight I, not as one that beateth the air; But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection." Some people are like that. They just stand around and make a fairly good show, but when told to really get to work, they can't do anything. He told the boys to remember not to spend their time in trying to make a show, but to train for their work, know where they are going, and get to work.

In the race of life, said Rev. Mr. McGeachy, there are many obstacles, but the greatest thing that will get in our way is sin. Sin is disobeying God, and it causes more trouble than anything else in the world. We know the rules of the game of life, but sin tells us not to listen to them. Sin has the brakes on to keep us from getting where we are going. There is only one cure for sin, and that is belief in the Lord Jesus Christ. If we want to get anywhere in life, we must line ourselves up on the Master's side. He will furnish the only power that can make us go straight ahead. A man can do all things through Christ. This is not an easy thing to do The very moment we start out to lead a Christian life, sin will try to trip us up, but by heeding the teaching of Christ we can overpower sin, and run the race successfully to the end.

Rev. Mr. McGeachy, who spent some time as a teacher in a Christian school in Africa, prior to entering the ministry, told the following story:

A little African girl came to the school when she was eight years old, and spent ten years there. When she was eighteen she went to the head matron and said, "I want to become a Christian." The matron asked, "Have you counted the cost? In Africa, in order to become a Christian, a person must have a hearing in a native and in an English court. Do you realize that your family will disown you?" The girl replied, "Yes. There is just one thing I want to be and that is a Christian." The head matron went with her to the courts. While this was going on, the word got out that a heathen was going to be a Christian. Her people and members of other tribes came to the school, saw the girl, and told her she was making a foolish move. "You will be lost," they said. She refused to listen to them, saying that she was going to believe in Jesus Christ and go to heaven. They threatened her with all sorts of things, but she was determined. The savages then went into a vancant lot and built a great campfire. They took a blood oath. Each one cut a vein in his or her arm, let it run into a large bowl, and all took a drink of the mingled blood. They swore that so long as a single drop of blood remained in there bodies, to kill that girl, even if it cost them their own lives.

The girl stook firm, and in due time went to church, was baptized, and declared her willingness to become a Christian. Her name was Isha, but

she had them change it to Faith. From that time on, she was in great danger, for her people had sworn to kill her. But she had counted the cost and was willing to be a Christian, even if she lost her life. Rev. Mr. McGeachy said that when he left Africa, she came to the railroad station to bid him good-bye, and was guarded by two policemen, in order that her heathen friends and relatives should not carry out their threat.

In conclusion, the speaker told his listeners, that none of them might ever make a million dollars, nor establish a name that would make them famous, but by keeping the Christian faith they could win in the game of life. It is a winning game, said he, when Christ is with us, and without him it is impossible to win.

This was Rev. Mr. McGeachy's first visit to the School, but he very soon demonstrated his ability to put a worthwhile message over to the boys in a manner that was both helpful and highly interesting, and we trust he may be able to come again in the not too distant future.

Additional features of the afternoon's program were two muscial numbers. Miss Elizabeth Fassitt, of Plainfield, New Jersey, who had been spending a few days in Concord, was present at this service. We had heard for some time that she was quite a talented musician, and after hearing her sing at the morning service at All Saints' Episcopal Church, Concord, decided to ask her to render a vocal number for the boys. She graciously consented, and sang "My Jesus, I Love Thee," in a most delightful manner. Miss Fassitt has a fine contralto voice, and after hearing this number, we decided that she was deserving of all that had been said concerning her ability as a singer.

The other musical addition to the program was a cornet duet by Homer Bass, of Cottage No. 8 and Velda Denning, of Cottage No. 11. These lads, members of our newly-organized band, played "Abide With Me," very nicely, showing they had been making considerable progress during the short time they had been receiving instruction in music.

---:---

While in the tower of London, where he was imprisoned for plotting to kill King James I, Sir Walter Raleigh was one morning visited by the prison barber, who came to dress his beard. Raleigh refused to submit to the tonsorial treatment.

"The King and I," he said, "have not come to any agreement regarding the disposition of my head. Until I find out which of us it belongs to, I do not intend to spend any money on it.

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending February 28, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Ira Montgomery
Weaver Ruff
Lee St. Clair
Paul Whitley
William Barrier

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Sterald Cline
Leonard Lovelace
James Pitman
Jack Reeves
Leonard Robinson
Kenneth Tipton
Frank Walker
William Butler

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Hurley Bell
Clyde Bustle
Paul Childers
Robert Coleman
Dewey Lanning
Williams Meeks
William Pegram
Samuel Pritchett
Elbert Russ

COTTAGE NO. 4

Jack Bright
Leroy Childers
William Davis
William Deaton
Elster Jones
William Lanning
Robert Muse
Roy Patton
Paul Smith
Robert Sprinkle
Jerry Talbert
Eugene Watts
George Ward

COTTAGE NO. 5

Coley Johnson
Jesse King
Hoyt Newell
John Mazoo

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Ralph Gibson
Gerald Kerman
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
Rufus Massingill
Sanford McLean
James Southern
John Rhodes

COTTAGE NO. 7

Arthur Beal
Olin Brigman
R. C. Combs
Donald Grimstead
Earl Hoyle
John McLean
Marshall Prestwood
Leroy Pate
Jerry Ray
Edgar Shell
Marion Todd
John Tolley
W. C. Whitehurst

COTTAGE NO. 8

Elgin Atwood

COTTAGE NO. 9

Cecil Caldwell
Curtis Campbell
Leonard Church
Paul Deal
Edward Guffey
James Hale
Wilbur Hardin
Thomas Ingram
Morris Johnson
Isaac Mahaffey
Charles McClenny
Albert Newton
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

Amon Dryman
Arcemias Hefner
Joseph Patterson
James Spears
Clifford Spriggs
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Marvin Bradley
Frank Fargis
William Guffey
Jack Gentry
Fred Holland
Clyde Rhodes
Everett Stamey
Fred Stewart
Ray Taylor
Martin Walters
William Wilkerson
Robert Goldsmith

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Dewell Cooper
Millard Ellege
Floyd Fields
Donald Hobbs
Robert Hobbs
Banks McKnight

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Fred Bostian
Robert Caudle
Vernon Harding
Robert Holbert
William Lane
William E. Lanford
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pitman
John Pritchard
Peter Tuttle
Ezzell Stansberry
Alvis Watkins
Theodore Young

COTTAGE NO. 15

Harold Blankenship
James Cantrell
William Griffin
Charles Lanford
John Linville
Ennis Miller
Lawton McDowell
Floyd Puckett
James Roberson
John Watts
Carl Willis
Sam Williamson
Evans Watson

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hiram Atkinson
Robert Brady
Frank Chavis
Marshall Hunt
Herbert Lochlear
James Lochlear
Leroy Lowery
Eugene Moose
Charles Pearson
Donald Sikes

INFIRMARY

Harlan Warren
Robert Padgett
Newman Tate

---:---

FRIENDS

As we grew older, the thing that becomes more and more clear to us is the importance of friendships, and one can conceive of no greater satisfaction than that of conducting himself in such a fashion that he may constantly add to his list of friends, and thereby obtain a fuller measure of life. To live for the most there is in life must mean that we cannot live to ourselves alone. If we wish real success we must work and build together.—Selected.

(c) Dean R. B. House
University of North Carolina

U. N. C.
CAROLINA

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 13, 1943 NO. 11

AMERICA FIRST

Not merely in matters material, but in the things of the spirit.

Not merely in science, inventions, motors, and skyscrapers, but also in ideals, principles, character.

Not merely in the calm assertion of rights, but in the glad assumption of duties.

Not flaunting her strength as a giant, but bending in helpfulness over a sick and wounded world like a Good Samaritan.

Not in splendid isolation, but in Christ-like cooperation.

Not in pride, arrogance, and disdain of other races and peoples, but in sympathy, love, and understanding.

Not in treading again the old, worn, bloody pathway which ends inevitably in chaos and disaster, but in blazing a new trail along which, please God, other nations will follow, into the new Jerusalem where wars shall be no more.

Some day some nation must take that path —unless we are to lapse again into utter barbarism — and that honor I covet for my beloved America.

And so, in that spirit and with these hopes, I say with all my heart and soul, "AMERICA FIRST!"

G. Ashton Oldham.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
MAINTAINING AN OVERPLUS	By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely	8
CORNWALLIS IN WACHOVIA	By Edward M. Holder	10
PHILLIPS BROOKS	By Elfrieda Babney	13
IDIOMS OF THE MOUNTAINS	By Eddie W. Wilson	16
HAPPENINGS IN THE HOME	By Earl S. Rudisill	18
THE RAINBOW OF STEEL	By Roy L. Warren	20
WE WON SITTING DOWN	By Harry Griffith	22
THE MEDITERRANEAN, BIRTHPLACE OF CIVILIZATION	(Selected)	24
INSTITUTION NOTES		25
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE RAIN-MAKER

Four centuries ago, the Natchez Indians of North America would club together to purchase favorable weather for their crops from their Tribal Wizard. Their offerings of gifts he would gracefully accept, and then would perform queer antics that guaranteed to please the most critical—but frequently would not produce the desired favorable weather. If rain was needed, the Wizard would fast and dance with a pipe in his mouth filled with water. The pipe was perforated like the nozzle of a watering can, and through the holes the rain-maker would blow the water toward that part of the sky where the clouds hung heaviest. But if fair weather was wanted, he would mount the roof of his hut, and with extended arms, and blowing with all his might, he would chase the clouds away. If the performance failed, he promptly put the finger on some wretched tribesman, accusing him of conduct unbecoming a true Natchez.

We have "rain-makers" today. Whenever things go a little askew, we turn to them with our burnt offerings. It would seem that some of us never grow old enough to realize that the old virtues are the best. They have stood the test of time. We rack our brains to find a substitute for hard work, when we know there is none. Everywhere we look, whether in private or public life, in somebody else's or in our own affairs, the conclusion is the same. Hard work is the formula for success—it is as simple as that!

—Adapted from an Old Almanac, in Sunshine Magazine.

VALUE OF THE RADIO

The radio today, like the automobile, is not classed as a luxury, but a necessity. The information given out by the daily broadcasts keeps all people abreast of the times, both nationally and internationally. The privilege is also ours to hear the voice of the most notable figures of the world. Just lately, we listened to Madame Chiang Kai-shek, wife of the Chinese generalissimo. She spoke perfect English, having been educated at Wellesley, one of the most outstanding colleges for women in the United States. Madame

Chiang showed that she was well versed in history, ancient and modern. Despite the fact that China has for six years suffered the atrocities of ruthless war waged by the Japs, she stressed tolerance. The first lady of China reflected a fine spirit when she said we should not hate our enemies, but hate the evil practices of mankind, or words to that effect.

Not only does the radio give us a speaking contact with the celebrities of the universe, we are kept informed as to the activities on the high seas, and on battlefields in every corner of the world. A radio is a necessity. From every broadcast we can learn something if there is a desire to so improve the mind. A radio should be available for all young people, because it stimulates the mind to dwell upon things worthwhile.

* * * * * * * *

EVERY MAN'S WAR

This question, "has the garbage man been around?" is often heard. Such inquiries are usually made when ashes, clinkers and other refuse matter overrun the containers. Therefore, it is clear that it matters not how menial the job may be, this particular type of man-power is as necessary to any community as the higher executives. From a vantage point one cold morning, made more disagreeable by a downpour of rain, we watched the garbage men lift the large receptacles, filled with clinkers and ashes, and empty them into the truck with all ease, showing they were physically strong. Having an appreciation of the manner in which those stalwart negroes did their work, we felt constrained to commend them. The urge was too strong to strangle, so we said, "You fellows are very faithful, regardless of the weather." The reply was, "Thank you, lady." For no other reason than simply to make conversation, the next thought was of our men in every branch of service. Curious to know their reaction, we asked, "Aren't you men proud of the daring and courage our soldiers are showing?" "Yes, ma'am, we are, and it will not be long before we will be over there in the thick of the fight." This answer came with gusto as the heavy garbage can was lifted and emptied into the truck without a grunt or a groan.

This conversation aroused latent emotions. Yes, we understood

instantly that this war is every man's war, if we are to remain secure from the pangs of fear and want. There is no time to think of caste, for on the battlefields we find the rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, doctor, lawyer, Indian chief, all standing and contending to live free from the shackles of slavery. It takes all kinds and conditions of people to make a complete picture of the universe, if things are to be according to the will of the Creator.

* * * * * * * *

THE WINDY MONTH

There is an old saying, "if March comes in like a lion, it will go out like a lamb." If there is any truth in this time-worn expression, there should be calmer and more balmy weather in store, for truly we have thus far had some "rip-snorting" weather—high winds and a freeze that practically cleared the streets of pedestrians. The forecast is that this cold wave, unusual for this season of the year, will probably continue eight or ten days. While the extremely cold weather makes business for the coal dealer, it works hardship on housewives who are longing for a rest from keeping up fires. There is always a hope, even when things do not seem to go the way we wish. In this instance, the blossoming of fruit trees will not be so early, which gives some assurance of a good fruit yield. A good fruit year will be a boon and a blessing to everyone, since there is an urgent need of conserving canned goods. We are not so good at forcecasting the kind of weather in the offing, but feel the reaction to the present food shortage will turn the attention of all good and thrifty home-makers to canning fruit and all other foods that may be saved for future use. All of us have for the past many years bought our canned products, but there is not a doubt that there will be a surplus of home-canned goods this year if fruits and vegetables are available.

* * * * * * * *

ST PATRICK'S DAY

March 17th is known the world over as St. Patrick's Day. He was born 396 B. C., in the British Roman province of Valentia, where

Dumbarton now is. His life is very obscure, but Bury's history of his life is generally accepted as the most satisfactory. His father was a small farmer, deacon, and magistrate. At the age of sixteen, Patrick was carried off by Irish marauders, and became a herdsman in Ireland, and so had time to meditate on the needs of the Irish people. In a vision he was warned to escape from the hands of those who held him, and so made his way toward the north coast of Gaul, where he engaged in may marvelous adventures.

Some time later he was ordained deacon and returned to Ireland as a reformer. It is said that he founded over 360 churches and baptized more than 12,000 persons. He used a shamrock leaf to illustrate the Trinity, and today it is used as the National Irish symbol. It is said that he "found no Christians in Ireland and he left no heathen." Among the legends connected with his name, perhaps the most interesting is that he drove all the snakes from Ireland.

* * * * * * * *

ANNIVERSARIES OBSERVED IN MARCH

Americus Vespucius, famous explorer was born in Florence, Italy, March 9, 1451. At the age of thirty-one he was employed by Spain as an explorer and sailed along the continent of America for many months. Later he was employed by Portugal to explore South America. Because of his continued interest in the New World, both continents were finally given his name.

Dudley Buck, American music composer, was born at Hartford, Connecticut, March 10, 1839. He studied abroad under famous teachers for a number of years. Returning to this country, he became organist at Boston Music Hall and at Trinity Church. He composed many operas and compositions for the organ.

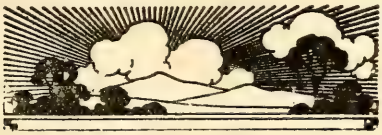
Eli Whitney's cotton gin was patented, March 14, 1794, after lawsuits in defense of his rights carried off all the profit, together with $50,000 voted him by South Carolina. All of which came about when somebody broke into his shop, stole his invention, and had one patented before he could reassemble another. He later got a government contract to make firearms, however, which brought him a fortune.

On March 14, 1804, Johann Strauss was born in Germany. He spent his early years in the study of music. When thirty-eight years old he became conductor of the orchestra for court balls. More than 400 waltz compositions came from his pen, many of which have become world famous. "The Beautiful Blue Danube" was probably his most popular composition.

John Calboun, one of South Carolina's greatest sons, was born, March 18, 1782. He was a lawyer in Abbeville, S. C., and from that county wes elected to the State Legislature. He later went to Congress from that state. Calboun served as Vice-President under John Quincy Adams and also under Andrew Jackson. In 1844 he was appointed Secretary of State by President Tyler, and was largely responsible for the annexation of Texas, and indirectly for the Mexican War. He died in 1850.

* * * * * * * *

Old man Mahandas K. Gandhi's period of fasting reached the twenty-one days' mark on Tuesday of last week, and he is still going strong, according to the following from an exchange: "Though seventy-three years old, he has got along very well, and his six doctors said a day or two ago that he was about the same, as we generally say of one whose condition has not changed much. He said that it appears that God intended him to live and the friends who worried about his condition did not have faith. One of his friends said that he considers himself an instrument of God, and worried more about his faith than about his health. The fast was undertaken as a protest against his imprisonment, which is nothing more than being required to remain in the palace in which he is quartered."



MAINTAINING AN OVERPLUS

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

It is the enriching overplus which makes life meaningful. Success in our work will come from the job's well done; but the joy of living will frequently flow from the things which occupy us when our day's work is done. It is possible so to put all life's energies into the daily task that there is no overplus to make life rich. One can be so busy that he fails to take time out to live.

"You are here to enrich the world," said Woodrow Wilson. If one believes this, he should not get so busy with his work that his own life will be poverty stricken. Living is impoverished if it falls into grooves and gets helplessly into ruts.

In the strain and stress of war it is of vital importance to morale to maintain an overplus. During the years of this tragic war, I have been reading two British publications, and it is remarkable how these sturdy allies of ours have maintained their varied interests. The gloom of war has not been able to shut them up to their losses and fears. They have stubbornly refused to become hypochondriacs.

Every citizen will be fitter for the emergencies if he refuses to get shut up with duties and has time to observe and enjoy the great out-of-doors, especially in the springtime. What an antidote for worry is nature, with birds and flowers, hills and valleys, fish and streams, towering mountains and billowing oceans, and little children. The overplus will get our minds off the daily grind, cause us to relax, and bring us fresh to meet our problems with new vigor.

When gasoline and tires ought to be conserved, when cash is needed for bonds and taxes and living expenses, that is a good time to rediscover the thrill of reading great books. Books offer a sure escape from drudgery—for with books we keep company with the immortals. A book can be the best of companions for no one is offended when it is shut up and laid aside. When in the library you learn to handle books as trusted friends, to know them by sight and touch, to glance within, to taste, and to long to read more, you are cultivating a passion for reading the worthwhile and enriching treasures of the ages which have been conserved for you within the printed pages.

When we cannot run to the ends of the earth, we will discover some amazing people around us, perhaps in the same block. The outstanding people we have known, and who have been our friends, are the priceless memories of which the years will never rob us. Those men and women who, we discover, stand for something, who have vision and character and courage, may now become our friends because neither we nor they can ride at 70 miles an hour going nowhere.

These war days may be our opportunity to recapture some of the great moments of our awakening youth. Why not relive that experience when you first rejoiced in the wonder of a symphony, that day when your soul thrilled to the beauties of poetry, that long evening when out of the dimness of history living character

began to walk across the stage of time, that quiet hour when the values of truth dawned upon you and you pledged eternal allegiance to it, or that experience in which the heavenward door was flung wide open for you?

In such experiences you may maintain the overplus that will keep life meaningful and enable you to face with steady eyes the coming days.

———:———

FUN

Don't get the wrong idea;
All the fun you find in life
Is in the reaching of the goal
And conquering in the strife.
Don't think that all the fun you get
Comes only when you're done
And you have reached the goal you sought
And all your battles won.

Why! Life would be a living death,
If success we first must make;
Where would we get our courage
For the battle that it takes?
Ah, No! The thought of high conceptions
Is such a joyful gleam;
We experience much the pleasure
As achieving our life's dream.

You have the right to pleasure,
And you have the right to fun;
Not only 'fore you've reached your goal,
But after you have won.
So, while we work, let's not forget
To lift our hearts in song;
Not after we have won our dream,
But all the way along.

—Ford Maxwell.

CORNWALLIS IN WACHOVIA

By Edward M. Holder

Blackouts, restrictions on travel, food rationing, and price fixing bring the war close home to the people of North Carolina, but the present conflict is by no means a novelty for this State. Every generation in North Carolina history has known war. Twice its hardship have fallen upon the people much more directly and heavily than in the present conflict. During the Civil War our grandparents did without many of the necessities of life, not because they were rationed, but because Yankee gunboats blockaded the coast. In the Revolution the same scarcity prevailed, with such essential items as salt, sugar, and coffee wholly unobtainable. Nor was this all: in both the Civil War and the Revolution the state was invaded by enemy troops, and both invading and defending forces lived off the country.

In the winter of 1781 Lord Cornwallis crossed the Piedmont portion of the State from Charlotte to Hillsborough, in pursuit of General Greene, who was conduting a strategic retreat to lure the British away from their base of supplies at Winnsboro, South Carolina. Cornwallis passed through Wachovia, the settlement of Moravians in what is now Forsyth County, on the ninth and tenth of February. Records of this invasion have been well preserved. They portray realistically the impact of war upon the everyday life of a peaceable people.

Throughout the Revolutionary War the Moravian towns, the chief centers of industry and commerce in Piedmont North Carolina, had furnished grain, flour, meat, shoes, and other supplies to the American forces. They had on several occasions provided quarters for detachments of the Patriot army. During the month of January, 1781, Colonel White's Virginia cavalry was quartered in Salem, and the congregation infirmary was taken over for a military hospital. The Moravian sisters worked as busily as any Red Cross volunteer center of today supplying surgical dressings—"rags for lint," the record says.

When news arrived that Cornwallis was heading north, the town of Salem dispatched two men to General Greene with a request for a guard to protect against marauders and if possible against the British army. But General Greene, hard pressed by Cornwallis himself and without sufficient forces yet recruited to risk battle, could give no help.

On the ninth of February Lord Cornwallis marched into Bethania, on the northwest corner of the Wachovia tract, from Shallowford on the Yadkin. He had been detained by flood water at Salisbury and forced to move farther upstream to cross the river. His entire army camped in Bethania for the night and moved on next day through Bethabara and Salem to Friedland, on the opposite side of the Wachovia tract, where they camped on the night of the tenth. All available food, cattle, chickens, meal, bread, and brandy in Bethania, and much from Bethabara and Salem, were taken for the two-day encampment. Likewise, all the horses in the community were seized.

The Reverend John Jacob Ernst, pastor of the Bethania congregation, wrote in the church diary as follows:

"About noon the English really arrived here. The officers were divided among the houses. As they arrived order was given that cattle for butchering should be furnished, and as that was neglected, more than sixty were killed during the day, of which thirty were seized here; this did not include the sheep, geese, and chickens which they took. A sharp order was given for twenty good horses by six o'clock. Everything was in the greatest confusion, and no one knew what to do; for all houses were filled with officers and their servants. At dusk the order for horses was repeated with threats. We made an attempt to explain to General Cornwallis that it was impossible to furnish twenty horses; he was not at all moved, but wrote a pass permitting two of our young men to ride to the neighbors and bring in some horses. I had hardly reached the house when an officer arrived to seize me as a hostage until the horses were furnished, but the officers lodging with me interfered, and he went away without me. At two o'clock in the morning the two boys, Jacob Houser and Jacob Stolz, were waked and sent out to try to get several horses. About seven o'clock the army began to march. Instead of twenty horses the colonel of the artillery had to make out with seventeen, and at least six of these had been taken secretly from the English teamsters."—Fries, Records of the Moravians in North Carolina, IV, 1765-6.

One incident of the occupation of Bethania gives a personal touch to the narrative. George Hauser, a young man whose family had only recently joined the Moravians, did not share their conscientious scruples against bearing arms. He had enlisted in the state militia and held the rank of lieutenant in his company. He had fought against the Cherokee allies of the British and against Tory bands, and had commanded a garrison at the army lead mines on New River. Just a few days before the invasion he had returned to his wife and newborn son. On the night of the British encampment he was forced by soldiers to go to his cellar and open up his private store of brandy. Later officers arrived and charged him with purposely getting their men drunk. For this offense he was taken prisoner and forced to stand all night in the rain. Two days later he was released.

Officers were lodged in the dwellings of the village. The soldiers camped in the surrounding fields and during the night burned all the fences on their campfires. The housewives of the village were kept busy all night baking bread and cooking for the soldiers, who the record says, sometimes snatched the bread half-baked from the ovens. All of the younger women and children were gathered in the prayer-hall of the congregation house for safety. Apparently a competent guard was placed at the congregation house, which served also as the pastor's residence, but not so at other homes. One woman, a Mrs. Strub, left her house to go across the street to her father's. Returning only a few minutes later she found her house filled with straw and occupied as a hospital by all the wounded soldiers who could get in.

On the morning of the tenth the

army moved on to Bethabara and Salem, leaving the village of Bethania altogether without food and in complete confusion. Much had been wasted. The grandfather of the late Miss Emma Lehman of the Salem College faculty told later how she and her companions, children at the time, walked out next day and found wagon loads of beef thrown aside. Apparently it was easier for the army to live off the next town than to carry a provision train along. The preacher estimated the loss in Bethania alone at fifteen hundred pounds in good money, about thirty thousand dollars in present-day purchasing value.

The passage of the British army through Bethabara and Salem brought less devastation, principally because the troops did not camp over night but merely marched through. Perhaps greater precautions were taken too, for we read that in Bethabara a guard was placed at the tavern and another at the distillery. But in Salem the clothes were stolen from the wash line of the Brothers' house, and nine head of cattle were taken from one resident of the town. The encampment at Friedland on the night of the tenth was less destructive also, since in that farming community homes were more widely scattered and there could be no concentration of foraging activity.

Weeks later, even after the battle of Guilford Court House on the fifteenth of March, the residents of Bethania were riding to Guilford and to Haw River in a futile effort to recover their horses.

Devastating as the encampment was, the account of it is not lacking in touches of humor. In Bethabara a soldier walked into the kitchen of Mrs. John Henry Stohr and took from the fireplace a pot of cabbage. The good housewife could grow more cabbage, but she could not easily replace the iron pot. Tradition says that she followed the army to Salem, walking the six miles, and appealed to Lord Cornwallis for the return of her cabbage pot. That genial British officer must have sensed the pathetic humor of the incident, or else he had no taste for cabbage. At any rate, he commanded that the pot be returned to the hardy housewife. The cabbage pot is now displayed in the Wachovia Historical Society museum in Winston-Salem.

Another memento of the invasion survives, a buckle from Cornwallis' saddle. During the encampment in Bethania the General required that his saddle be repaired by the local saddle maker. Two buckles from the saddle were kept by the saddlemaker. One of them is now in the possession of Mr. William Dull, of Bethania.

Tradition says that a British officer, under the influence of drink, visited the Brothers' House bakery in Salem to obtain food. While he was there, a small boy by some means got possession of his sword and hid it. It was not found until after the army had left Salem, Unfortunately, the sword has not been kept to confirm this story.

The marks of Cornwallis' invasion have long since been erased, but there still remain in addition to the diarist's record and a wealth of legend, these notable reminders: the house in which Lord Cornwallis lodged in Bethania, now occupied by Mr. Leon T. Butner; two saddle buckles which belonged to Cornwallis; and one cabbage pot.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

By Elfrieda Babney

"Though no orator as Brutus is, it goes pretty glib," wrote Phillips Brooks to his brother after preaching his first sermon in a little mission church at Alexandria, Va. The congregation of poor whites and negroes who heard him saw nothing out-of-the-usual in this parsonette—as they dubbed all the students of the Virginia Theological Seminary—except, perhaps, his remarkable height. For Phillips Brooks stood a full six feet four inches.

Even his fellow students agreed that the sermon, based on II Corinthians 11: 3, "The simplicity that is in Christ," was far from simple and not at all about Christ.

Yet, three years later, at the age of 26, this same Phillips Brooks was week after week packing the largest and most prosperous church in Philadelphia. And within 10 years he was well on the way to becoming America's number one preacher.

Some people remember him primarily as the author of "O Little Town of Bethlehem" which they sing every Christmas. In Boston, however, he is still known as the great rector of Trinity Church, whise name is a household word, and whose statue stands in Copley Square.

Cambridge well remembers him as the man to whom more than one generation of Harvard undergraduates brought their questions of life and God as confidently as if they were inquiring the way to Boston.

Little children of 50 years ago whose tea parties he shared—and there are many of these—remember him for the funny way he had of suddenly dropping his spectacles to the end of their ribbon by a voluntary flexing of the muscles above his nose.

And Helen Keller remembers him as the man she asked to tell her about God. He told her. The little girl clapped her hands eagerly. "I've always known there was a God. I just didn't know what His name was." There began a correspondence that continued so long as Phillips Brooks lived.

He came of a long line of sturdy New Englanders—on his father's side from John Cotton, on his mother's, from the Phillips of Exeter and Andover fame. In 1851 when he left the Boston Latin school for Cambridge, 20 Brookses and 25 Phillipses had been to Harvard before him. By all predictions he should have been a success at almost anything he might put his mind to.

But his first essay at a career was a failure. He was dismissed, after trying desperately for five months to drill a class of boys in Latin and Greek, from his positiion as teacher in the Boston Latin school, his alma mater. To be sure, he was only 19, just four years older than most of his pupils. And the boys had already routed others before him.

Still, the failure was a blow to the eager, once-confident young Brooks.

A year lapsed while he desperately tried to find himself. Dr. A. H. Vinton, rector of St. Paul's, Boston, suggested the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Alexandria, Va. Young Brooks thought it over. Still far

from sure that the ministry was the place for him, he left Boston for the South.

After Harvard, he found the seminary a miserable place. It was not even physically comfortable. His body was too long for his bed, too tall for the garret room assigned to him. Moreover he was shocked on one hand by the students' evangelistic fervor at prayer meetings, and on the other, by their lack of sound scholarship and intellectual discipline. "The boiler has no connection with the engine," was the way he epigrammatically put it.

Nevertheless he stuck out the year. And after a summer's vacation, he returned for a second year. That year decided him. By the time he had completed the third and last year's training at the seminary, he was eager to plunge into his life as a rector.

"I love to preach," he was known to say often in later years. He found his opportunity in the modest little parish of Church of the Advent, Philadelphia. In a few months there was no standing room in the church when he stepped into the pulpit. He was 23, a giant of a man—still a little awkward, but with a magnificent head, clear eyes, and a knack of glorifying the commonplace in men's lives and their relationship with God.

Two years later he was called to Philadelphia's fashionable congregation, the Church of the Holy Trinity. The civil war was just beginning. Those were the days when the prayer for the President could not be read without the sound of rustling silk petticoats of ladies who insisted on getting off their knees at this point in the service. The North, and certainly Philadelphia, was by no means 100% behind Lincoln.

Yet Brooks stood before his congreation Sunday after Sunday, pleading impassionately the cause of the Union, abolition, and racial equality until the parishioners were either convinced or put their pews up for sale.

Those who couldn't hear him speak read what the newspapers had to say about him, or bought printed copies of his speeches as soon as they were off the press.

In 1869 he was called to Trinity Church, Boston, where for the next 22 years he held an unexampled spell over the lives of more thousands and hundred thousands of people. It was not only his eloquence, it was the man behind the words of liquid fire that poured from his lips at the extraordinary rate of 200 words a minute, which held the vast audiences spellbound.

His was a century of vast expansion of knowledge. Research, scientific discovery, and higher criticism had threatened to paralyze the thinking man's faith in God. Some, accordingly, fearing for the future of religion, vainly attempted to argue out of existence newly manifested truths. Others, throwing in their lot with the scientists, denied God.

Phillips Brooks did neither. Searching for the truth, he fearlessly weighed the conclusions of scientists and scholars, and what he found to be the truth he found compatible with faith in God. Thus he infused with new hope unhappy skeptics who wanted a reasonbale faith.

In 1890 he was elected Bishop of Massachusetts, but not without a battle. For all his inherent greatness, denied by no one, he was criticiz-

ed for a peculiar blindness to theological distinction, and the criticism was not without justification.

Yet, when the smoke had cleared and he was duly consecrated, he was happy in his new position of responsibility for many new thousands of souls within his dioceses. "I like this going round from place to place, and preaching to all these new people," he said to Bishop Thomas M. Clark of Rhode Island. "I wish that I could have begun this sort of life 10 years earlier."

Eighteen months later the world was shocked by his sudden death. He was the Bishop of Massachusetts, but his influence went far beyond the boundaries of his diocese.

"Every true Churchman . . ." he said once, "must think of himself as standing in the midst of four concentric circles. He is the center of them all. . . . Outermost of all there is the broad circle of humanity. . . . Next within this lies the circle of religion, smaller than the other, because all men are not religious, but large enough to include all those of every name, of every creed, who count their life the subject and the care of a divine life which is their king. Next within this lies the circle of Christianity, including all those who—under any conception of Him and of their duty toward Him—honestly own for their Master Jesus Christ. And then, inmost of all, there is the circle of the man's own peculiar Church, the group of those whose thought and worship is in general identical with his who stands in the centre, and feels all these four circles surrounding him."

This was the secret of Phillips Brook's power.

THE TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR

The typographical error is a slippery thing and sly,
You can hunt till you are dizzy, but it somehow will get by.
Till the forms are off the presses it is strange how still it keeps;
It shrinks down into a corner and it never stirs or peeps,
That typographical error, too small for human eyes,
Till the ink is on the paper, when it grows to mountain size.
The boss he stares with horror, then he grabs his hair and groans;
The copy reader drops his head upon his hands and moans—
The remainder of the issue may be clean as clean can be,
But that typographical error is the only thing you see.

—Selected.

IDIOMS OF THE MOUNTAINS

By Eddie W. Wilson

Now and then we find writers who treat in a fun-making way the peculiarities of speech occasionally heard from the lips of a member of the older generation of Western North Carolina. I have no patience with such! The truth is: Those writers are only betraying their own ignorance.

The charming idioms to which I refer had their beginning in the fourteenth century when England, restive under the rigid institutions of the Middle Ages—feudalism and the church—was beginning to show a faint effort to cast aside these political, social, and religious ideals. This was the age which produced a Wycliffe and a Chaucer. Then a century later these same expressions were a part of the great Renaissance, that period of re-birth or revival which gave distinction to a man as an individual and brought forth a Caxton, a Tyndale, a Spenser, and a Shakespeare.

It is not surprising that such early English speech has remained so lasting in the mountains of Western North Carolina.

To this magnificent wilderness with its gigantic peaks, its stupendous precipices, deep gorges, and winding streams came a sturdy band of pioneers, predominantly English.

This group, whom Woodrow Wilson called "an indomitable people," came to a region of great fertility, a land abounding in game. Because of the great barrier formed by the Blue Ridge—thus cut off by lack of facilities for transportation—these hardy folk lived self-sustaining lives. Here they built their picturesque cabins. Here, amid hardship, they clung tenaciously to the speech of their ancestors.

The word "farmiliar" meant friendly to these mountain folk just as it did in The Canterbury Tales where Chaucer described the Friar as "Full well beloved and familiar was he." "Hit" for it appears frequently in this same collection of stories. And here, also, may be found such plurals as listes, nestes, and textes—the words being pronounced in two syllables.

Love-making went on in the Carolina mountains and the lovers axed questions of each other as earlier lovers did in the pages of Chaucer. And as the Good-wife of Bath was somewhat deef, this malady was known to exist in Western North Carolina, also.

The melody of Spencer's verse is interspersed with such words as clift, clombe, ketch, lites (lungs), shyned, and misregard—words which were a part of the vocabulary of the English pioneers of the mountains.

Certain of Shakespeare's characters wore shoes called brogues and ate sallet. They allowed a thing to be true and aimed to do a given task. At times they were afeared. Two expressions which changed in form were "ne'er a" and "e'er a"; these became nary and ary.

Yes, the language of the Middle Ages and the Elizabethan period in England may still be heard in Western North Carolina. But imagine my surprise and delight when I was re-

cently carried back to England of the eighth century by hearing one word. Eighth century! You know that was the period when the Angles and the Saxons were overrunning and conquering present England, absorbing the inhabitants, and making the common speech of the English largely Anglo-Saxon.

You see it happened this way: I was visiting my friend Mrs. Mollie Fisher of Cullowhee. Mrs. Fisher—or "Aunt Mollie" as a privleged number of us call her—will be ninety-two on April 7. She is a witty and lively talker, delightfully reminiscent of the past, surprisingly alert to the topics of the present. We were discussing rationing together with our opportunity to go without, if necessary, in order that our men in the service and our Allies may have sufficient food.

"Folks today want too much," said Aunt Mollie. "We used to get along with much less, and we were happy, too!"

"Now, Aunt Mollie," I teased. "You know you would have liked to have had plenty of Coca-Colas in those days!"

"We didn't need such!" she retorted. "We had cider and methiglum."

Were my ears deceiving me? "Methiglum — Metheglin — Mead — Brewed honey and boiling water. Can these all be the same?" I exclaimed to myself. Then I asked, "What was methiglum?"

"Just boiling water poured over honey comb. We let that stand a spell. My, but it made a good drink!"

"Well, Aunt Mollie, your drink was truly an ancient one. Your ancestors brought the recipe from England!" I said. "It is far older than the pattern of the quilt there on your bed, older than the ballads I love to hear you sing."

Indeed, the methiglum of my dear old friend's childhood days was the metheglin or mead which is mentioned so frequently in Beowulf, that remarkable epic of the eighth century, which is considered the greatest of Old England poems—in fact, one of the finest epics of all literature.

For years Aunt Mollie, who was born on Savannah Creek in Jackson County and has lived in that county all of her life, has been telling about the various rich experiences of her long career. And now at this particular time she was opening up an entirely new field—no Elizabethan nor War-Between-the-States associations here! No, her ancestors were even closely linked to the Age of Beowulf!

———:———

Four marines were playing bridge in a hut on Wake Island. Suddenly another leatherneck burst into the room and shouted:

"The Japs are landing a force of about 200 men down on the beach!"

The four bridge-playing marines looked at one another. Finally, one said, "I'll go, I'm dummy this hand."

—Excavating Engineer.

HAPPENINGS IN THE HOME

By Earl S. Rudisill

If a father has no time for religion and ridicules it in the presence of the children, should a mother continue to have grace at the table, family prayers, or any other expression of religion in the home? Should she continue to go to church or Sunday School? Wouldn't it be better to omit all religious expression for the sake of peace?

I should suggest that the mother continue family devotions and table prayers. Certainly this should be done if this is the only matter on which she and her husband are in disagreement. Whatever is done ought to be done in a fine Christian spirit which will not irritate, but give evidence of sincerlty and true godliness. Such an attitude may in the end become very persuasive.

Continuance of church attendance and Sunday school attendance are to be commended also. An occasional kind invitation to the husband, when the children have a part in the services, might have some effect. Let there be no nagging or slighting remarks.

By all means there should be no argument. Arguments may cut deeply or open old wounds. When both are in the right mood, perhaps they could talk over the whole matter to the advantage of the whole household.

It is possible that some man in whom the husband has confidence could do a great deal. He might take him along to a men's meeting, or enlist his assistance in some project in connection with the church.

Some time ago a speaker made the statement that all life comes from an egg. It seemed to be a rather strange statement. Is it true?

The speaker was probably repeating a statement made by Aristotle. It is not entirely true. While most life comes from an egg, and is reproduced bi-sexually, there are exceptions. There are two other kinds of reproduction which are found only in very low forms of life. (1) Some life is reproduced by budding, as in the case of the sea anemone (an animal), in which the way new life grows forth from the parent body, somewhat like a branch from a tree. (2) The tiny one-celled animals, such as the amoeba and the paramecium, reproduce by fission, i. e., the original form divides into two, each being a complete reproduction of the originial.

We have a son who is eleven years old. He goes to Sunday school regularly and attends church with the family, but does not seem to take the church service very seriously. When I consider that he should be confirmed in three years, I am worried to think of how unready he is now, and how poor the chances seem for him to be ready in three years. I wish I knew what to do to bring him to a better understanding of worship and the church, and to an interest in the church.

The course which your son has probably already had in The Christian Life Course and in The Children of the Church Series have given him a considerable background. The three junior courses in the Children of the Church: We Want to Serve,

Getting Ready, and The Children Glimpse the Church at Large, will help, as will the intermediate courses of The Christian Youth Series (for weekday sessions): This Is My Church, Our Pastor's Sermons, How Our Church Helps, Youth's Faith in Action, The Reformation—Then and Now, and Youth Learns to Know the Church at Large. The latter courses come after confirmation, and will serve a real purpose at that time. The Christian Church, a senior course in The Christian Life Course will be helpful at the 15-17 year period.

Help the boy to take all parish education seriously. Your own serious interest in his religious education will help, if you do not nag him. Your own practices and attitudes toward the church will mean a lot. Our conversation, especially in regard to religion and the church, has powerful influence. Encourage the leaders of your church and church school to provide the young people with appealing opportunities to do things for the church. All these matters enter into the development of a real interest and wholesome attitudes.

Then, it is necessary to let boys and girls, at the various ages, have a chance to develop. The natural changes will make quite a difference. They solve many of their own problems if they have the opportunity. Ofttimes, when thrown on their own resources, they surprise us at the good sense they use.

Hatred for the Japanese is today expressed in various quarters Even in our local public schools children are being taught to hate the "Japs." Such teaching and practice is, I believe, unchristian and quite contrary to the teachings of the New Testament and the church. What can Christian parents do about a thing like this? Whatever we do to maintain Christian attitudes, are we not likely to be considered unpatriotic?

Superintendents, principals, and teachers who are Christians, will not encourage or promote hatred of any human being. Such an attitude is unchristian, and in the end defeats its own purpose.

We may despise and hate the sin, but not the sinner. Personality is sacred wherever and under whatever color it is found. Christians must rise above distinctions of color, race, life pattern, political persuasion, or religious conviction. The Japanese offended, and, as in other nations, the helpless innocent have to suffer with the guilty, and perhaps more than the guilty. To hate any race or individual will do vastly more harm to the hater than to the hated.

Assume a Christian attitude in the home. Explain to children that teachers are zealous in their patriotism, and may sometimes go too far. Christian parents could well register their protests to superintendents, principals, teachers, or even the school board. Help them to see that patriotism can better be expressed in other ways which are not blatantly pagan. A P. T. A. might give this matter consideration.

Be noble, and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own.—Lowell.

THE RAINBOW OF STEEL

By Roy L. Warren

Have you seen the rainbow of steel, the already famed Rainbow (Honeymoon) Bridge that spans the gorge of the Niagara a few hundred feet from the roaring cataracts?

To the thousands who have used and are using this bridge since the first of November, 1941, it means a speedy inter-country roadway and a sight-seeing platform from which one can get an unobstructed as well as unsurpassed view of both the Horseshoe and American Falls.

It means even more than that! It has forged another steel link in the chain of international friendship that binds together two great countries.

To one who has never seen this bridge, it is almost impossible to do it justice by a mere description. To begin with it is nine hundred and fifty feet in length and is described as the world's longest fixed-end, steel-arch bridge.

Why is it called a honeymoon bridge? Because so many young newlyweds make this scenic fairyland their headquarters and cross this honeymoon bridge to get a better view of both the Canadian (shaped like a horseshoe) and the American cataracts.

This bridge replaced the forty-year-old Fall View Span, also known as the Honeymoon Bridge, which could not withstand the great ice jam of January, 1938, in the lower gorge and toppled in the river. The ice reached a height of fity feet above the surface of the water and pounded the abutments of the old arch, over which millions of sightseers, tourists and honeymooners had traveled between Canada and United States, until, weakened by years of onrushing water, it could not stand any longer against the tremendous pressure of this vast amount of ice. With a great crash and roar it gave way and was hurled down into the gorge.

The river at the bridge site, forced by the falls through a narrow gorge, races turbulenty past at a speed of twenty-five to thirty miles an hour. This is said to be the fastest natural flowing water in the world. It must have been a big undertaking to build a bridge across the gorge. From the beginning the bridge was a tough job. Engineers and workmen who toiled on the structure from May, 1940, when ground was broken, until it was opened on November 1, 1941, found this huge arch to be a constant challenge.

And was no one hurt? No, they slung a broad net under the bridge and no fatalities were reported during the entire construction period.

Supporting piers which could forever withstand this tremndous strain were deemed impractical for the new Rainbow Bridge. So, to eliminate a disaster similar to that which overtook the old brldge, the Rainbow's piers and approach spans now rest in solid rock which forms the sides of the Niagara gorge. They have no contact with the river and are high above any possible ice jam level.

To make way for the approaches and plazas, an entire block of houses was razed on theAmerican side and

three blocks of buildings were removed along the river in Ontario.

There must have been many complicated engineering problems in getting across the gorge. No "falsework" of trestles was possible, because through the gorge foams water of generally unknown depth, but at least one hundred and fifty feet deep in some places.

This meant pillars could not be used to support parts of the bridge while under construction. The result was a tie-back design—seven thousand, five hundred tons of steel was "tied back" at each end with four hundred and eighty feet of cables.

How was this done? Huge anchors were rammed thirty feet into the ground and cemented in solid rock. From there the cables were swung across the top of one hundred and forty-foot towers and then down to hold the structural steel.

This giant web, which gave the bridge the appearance of a suspension span, was only for use until the arch could support itself. When all sections were in place, an eleven-inch steel keystone was set in the center. Then all cables were removed, so that spectators could have a completely unobstructed view up and down the river.

The deck of the Rainbow Bridge, which got its name because its arch closely follows the arc of the fall's famous rainbow, is one thousand, four hundred and fifty feet long. Two eleven-foot lanes for automobile traffic run in each direction, separated by a four-foot wall for lights in the center. A ten-foot sidewalk for pedestrians runs along the south side of the bridge, facing the falls. Total width of the bridge is fifty-eight feet.

How many lanes for traffic? Twelve approach lanes on the American side--four entrance and eight exits—and fourteen in Canada—six entrances and eight exits.

How much steel was used in this bridge? It took one thousand, eight hundred and twenty-eight tons of steel, twenty-three thousand, five hundred and forty cubic yards of cement, and one hundred thousand rivets.

How much did this bridge cost? The cost was $3,760,000 for the bridge itself and a million and a half for the terminal buildings.

The site of the bridge was dedicated in June of 1939 by King George and Queen Elizabeth of England. The building of this bridge is considered the answer to engineering problems in spanning this tempestuous gorge that were once thought insoluble.

———:———

Ah! When shall all men's good
Be each man's rule and universal peace
Lie like a shaft across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea
Through all the circle of the golden year?

—Tennyson.

WE WON SITTING DOWN

by Harry Griffith in Boy Life.

The crowd shrilled its excitement as Buddy Travers, star forward of Union High basketball team, made an "impossible" leap into the air and pulled down a pass ball. Buddy had already scored twelve points in a tense elimination game against the famous Belden team, and now another leap for the basket and he would have—but there was a sudden moan that silenced the fans, and Buddy was prostrate on the floor.

"What's wrong? Twisted it?" The coach was bending over Buddy.

"I don't know," the boy replied in anguish. There was as much fear as pain in his face. It was his old injury, he knew. They helped him to his feet,, and the crowd applauded. Buddy tried to smile. He hadn't given his ankle proper rest. The doctor had warned him to stay out of athletics for a year. He was paying the penalty now—now when the basketball race was reaching its climax, and Union needed only to win this game to qualify for the state championship tournament.

Buddy Travers knew he was violating the doctor's advice when he entered the season, but he was thinking he could protect the weak member and prevent a recurrence. Howbeit, he had secretly prepared himself for any eventuality. For at the end of the semester, during a two weeks' vacation, every day he went to the gymnasium alone, donned his uniform, and spent two hours on the basketball floor. He thought to tell no one, not even Coach Guyton. Possibly he would need to reveal his secret only in case his ankle went bad again, and then—then he would be ready! No one need know until the proper time. Then he would spring his plan on the coach with a reasonable chance of acceptance.

"There go our chances for the state tourney," someone on the sidelines groaned as they led Buddy to the bench.. For Buddy was the best shot, the best floorman, the coolest head outside Captain Eggerton. No one on the team could match his speed, or his uncanny marksmanship from almost any position or angle.

Excitement prevailed during the time-call period. Buddy watched the demonstration despondently. Despite the desperate courage, there was an atmosphere of gloom among the Union players and fans. Coach Guyton passed among the players to spur them on. Buddy sat next to the coach on the bench as the game was resumed in a storm of tumult. The Belden enthusiasts felt certain of victory with the Union star out. Captain Eggerton put up a fight of bulldog tenacity. Almost single-handed he stopped Belden's attacks time and again. Three fouls had already been called on him, and one more would remove him from the game.

The desperate battle continued. The crowd was continuously on its feet. Belden had a slight lead, only to be wiped out by a Union rally. Then Belden rallied, tied the game, and forced a lead. In quick succession Belden caged three loopers, for a dead lead of ten points.

There was consternation in the Un-

ion camp. "Buddy! Buddy! we want Buddy!" was the deafening cry, for the fans were not conscious of the seriousness of their hero's injury.

Buddy gripped the coach's knee. "I'm going in!" he almost screamed. "No, no! You can't!" protested the coach.

"I can't explain now! I can play! I promise not to twist—let me in!" I promise not to twist—let me in!" Buddy demanded.

Coach Guyton sensed the intensity of the boy's demand. It was Union's only chance—and it was worth a great hazard. "All right, Buddy," he said, almost softly, "it's up to you."

Buddy was off like a flash, mostly in a hop. The crowd convulsed into a mad din. Captain Eggerton wept for sheer joy. "Can you make it on that foot, Buddy?" he asked anxiously as he put his arms around the star.

"I don't need that foot," Buddy retorted impatiently.

The whistle blew. Union got the ball. A guard passed to Eggerton, who spun around and shot to Buddy. The opposing guard ran in to cover. But Buddy promptly sat down and shot from the floor. The ball went through the hoop without touching the rim. Two big points! The crowd yelled. Some thought Buddy was hurt again, but he got up and waved reassuringly to the coach. A moment later the same play was repeated. Union High was only six points behind!

When Buddy got the ball the third time, the opposing guard waited for Buddy to sit down, poising aloof to prevent a shot. But Buddy flashed to his mate under the basket, and another shot went through. Within the next two minutes Buddy sat down on the floor three times in the most unexpected positions, each time foiling the opposition for another basket. And when the final gong sounded, Union High had won by two points.

"We won sitting down!" piped a fan jubilantly when most of the tumult was over. And it was not until the team had retired to the dressing room that Buddy told coach Guyton how, during the vacation period, he accomplished the little trick of shooting sitting down.

———:———

Though an airplane has wings, it needs other wings to help it in a pinch. For example, pilots of the R. A. F. carry homing pigeons with them. They need them for carrying messages back to the home base when other means break down or may not be used. When an airplane is forced down at sea the homing pigeon is usually the only link with the plane base, and the means of calling for help. But the pigeons are delicate creatures. If they get wet feet they easily catch cold and die. For that reason every airplane that carries pigeons is provided with a specially buoyant, water-tight receptacle to keep the pigeons warm and dry for the hour when their service will be required.—Selected.

THE MEDITERRANEAN BIRTHPLACE OF CIVILIZATION

(Selected)

The outcome of the battles in North Africa will determine the control of the Mediterranean.

Ships of many nations have moved back and forth across the Mediterranean for thousands of years; on these ships were carried goods, inventions, ideas, languages, industries and art. These ships from the Mediterranean were the first to sail around Africa and the first to sail westward to discover the New World. Up until 1800 the Mediterranean has been the scene of all the great naval battles. The last naval battle in the Mediterranean was in 1805. From then until 1914 it was peaceful. Now once again it is the scene of a struggle for world power. It is said that the Mediterranean has been and still is a dangerous sea. Down through the ages the Phoenicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, French and British have wanted to control it. Now, in this modern day and age coms the fight between the Axis and the United Nations.

In every struggle on the Mediterranean, certain narrow places and islands have been of great importance. One of these narrow western entrances is called the Strait of Gibraltar. The length of it is 40 miles and the width is only 8 miles at its narrowest part. On the European side at the eastern end is the Rock of Gibraltar. It has been held by the British for 232 years. Gibraltar has long been and still is a symbol of strength and power. The Mediterranean entrance of the Rock is controlled by guns. It has been bombed time and again but its hidden anti-aircraft batteries have driven off the Axis planes.

The next important base is the Island of Malta. Malta has been held by Britain for 147 years. It is the most bombed spot in the world. The Axis have lost hundreds of planes over Malta. It is said that the British have lost more ships carrying supplies and reinforcements to Malta than in any other waters. To lose Malta would mean to lose control over the central Mediterranean.

Next in importance is the Island of Cyprus. The Island is in the eastern Mediterranean. Since 1936 it has been fortified and made an air base.

Located at the southeastern end of the Mediterranean is the Suez Canal, with Alexandria as the only Allied Naval base in the eastern Mediterranean. General Rommel tried desperately to take it but failed.

———:———

Our principles are the springs of our actions; our actions the springs of our happiness or misery. Too much care, therefore, cannot be taken in forming our principles.—Skelton.

INSTITUTION NOTES

"Mob Town" was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night. A short, "Man's Best Friend," was shown at the same time. Both are Universal productions.

—:—

Dr. A. D. Underwood, of the State Board of Health, is conducting a dental clinic at the School. The clinic was started last Monday morning and will probably continue for several weeks. Dr. Underwood has been doing this work here for several years, and has made many friends among both officers and boys.

—:—

An air raid wardens' association was recently formed for Jackson Park, Stonewall Jackson Training School and other territory in the immediate vicinity. This group was organized to work in conjunction with similar groups in Concord and elsewhere in Cabarrus County. The officers and members of the organization are as follows:

Chief warden, S. G. Hawfield; assistant chief warden, D. P. Damerron, and these assistants: W. C. Spence, James Kiser and R. A. Sappenfield, Jr., for Jackson Park; Frank Liske and L. S. Kiser, for Stonewall Jackson Training School; T. F. Blume, John Pharr and Brown Dabbs, for adjacent territory. A test black-out has been announced for March 18th, and these wardens and their assistants will be on duty at that time. When the signal is given, the Training School bell will be rung for a period of two minutes, at which time the wardens and assistants will assume their stations and patrol their respective districts. The bell will ring again when the "all clear" signal is received. It is understood that all people living in this community will cooperate fully with the wardens during black-out periods.

—:—

Dr. Ernest A. Branch, director of the department of oral hygiene, North Carolina State Board of Health, called at The Uplift office last Monday morning. For many years the genial doctor has been a most enthusiastic supporter of the School and its work, and never fails to drop in whenever he is in this section of the state. Several years ago, Dr. Branch got into the habit of visiting this department, and the boys soon learned to love him, as he always had a good word for each of them, and seemed quite interested in the progress they were making. This habit has continued ever since, and we hope there are many more such visits in store for us. No matter how deeply we may be down in the dumps or perhaps not feeling right up to standard, when our good friend, Doctor Branch (red necktie and all) happens to breeze in, with a glad smile and heartly handshake for all, the clouds, whether imaginary or not, seem to vanish, and the atmosphere immediately becomes one of genuine pleasantness. You just can't help feeling that way when you are in the company of that fine fellow.

In these gloomy times, we need more such visitors to pull on our latch-string.

—:—

Mr. Ralph Mullinax, a member of our teaching staff, who is also Scoutmaster of the Boy Scout troop, recently organized at the Training School, makes the following report of the regular weekly meeting, held last Monday night:

The Boy Scout troop, of Jackson Training School met in the library, and the following program was rendered:

Mr. Widenhouse and sixteen of his Scouts, of Concord, were present at this meeting. They were: Gerald Scarborough, Gary Widenhouse, Bobby Greene, Winfred L. and A. B. Lyerly, Jr., Johnny Carriker, Max Sides, Glenn Burris, Gerald Jackson, Franklin Widenhouse, Gerald Lentz, Bobby Slough, Bill Bunis, Bobby Yow, Billy Long, and R. D. Waddell, Jr.

Mr. Widenhouse's patrol, the Flaming Arrow, played the game of skits for the boys, the name of which was "Hot News." Other interesting games were played by the Wolf Patrol. These boys also played the following skits, The Fuller Brush, The Cigar Store, Lion Tamer Wanted, The Horse Thief and The Automobile.

It was decided to take the boys of the Training School troop to Concord to attend one of Mr. Widenhouse's troop meetings at an early date.

Mr. Widenhouse and Mr. Mullinax told stories to the boys present, and they seemed to enjoy them very much.

Some of our boys who have received money from home for their Scout uniforms will be taken to Concord to get them soon. It was announced that they would go on a commando hike a little later.

The meeting closed with all present repeating the Scout Oath.

—:—

Mr. Earl Smith, probation officer, Raleigh, recently sent us the information that Hubert (Buster) Davis, one of our old boys had been in the United States Navy for several years. Hubert entered the School, December 15, 1932, and remained here until January 15, 1935, when he was conditionally released to go to live with his mother in Raleigh. While here he was in Cottage No. 10, and did house work during practically his entire stay with us. When admitted, this lad entered the fifth grade, and was in the seventh when he left.

Reports coming to the School after Hubert's return to Raleigh stated that he made a fine record. Reporting on June 23, 1936, one welfare official said: "This boy is doing better than any boy I have ever handled. He works every day, saves his money, and goes to night school some after working from five o'clock in the morning until late at night." A later progress report on Hubert stated that he enlisted in the United States Navy in 1936. The reason we had not already listed him as being in our country's service was that we were not sure that he had re-enlisted. Since getting this recent word from Mr. Smith, we assume he has been in continuous service for about seven years.

Judging from what Mr. Smith wrote about Hubert now being an officer in the Navy, it would seem that he must have continued putting forth his best

efforts, just as he did in Raleigh after leaving the School. Although he may have just been made some sort of non-commissioned officer, it speaks highly of a lad who started out in life with the cards stacked against him, but kept right on doing his best.

—:—

We have just learned from Mr. Earl Smith, of Raleigh, that Richard Sullivan, a former student at the School, is now in the United States Army. Richard came to this institution, December 15, 1932, and was permitted to leave to be placed in a private home in Wake County, March 7, 1936. He later entered a Catholic orphanage, the address of which is unknown to us. While residing in Wake County, after leaving the School, this lad got along very well. A number of progress reports stated that he was attending school and was doing fine.

It will be recalled that Richard, now nineteen years old, was just a little fellow when he came to the School. He was such a likable little chap that Mr. L. S. Presson, then the officer in charge of the Receiving Cottage, decided to keep him rather than send him out to another cottage. He spent much of his time as errand boy, cared for chickens, and was the constant companion of Mr. Presson's young son, Lawrence, Jr. In fact, he was somewhat of a pet with all the folks at the School. Richard was rather an ingenious sort of little fellow, and we recall that, following a heavy snowfall, he built a sled, to which he harnesed old "Shep," the Presson's pet dog, and would ride all over the campus. On one occasion, after most of the snow had melted, we saw Richard riding past the print shop. Shep had become too tired to go much further, and as an incentive for him to keep going, the lad had fastened a small pole to the harness, to which a fair-sized piece of meat was tied, dangling about two feet in front of the faithful old dog's nose, and he had become almost exhausted, pulling the sled over bare ground just as hard as he could, in an effort to reach that piece of meat.

—:—

We were glad to learn that Richard was in the Army, and feel quite sure that a fellow with such ingenuity should have little trouble in solving any problems the Japs or Germans have to offer.

We were saddened a few days ago upon learning that Douglas Matthews, a former student at the School, had given his life for his country. The news item which came to us simply said that he was killed in action in the South Pacific area, but did not state when. Since the item was taken from a newspaper late in February, we presume that Douglas made the supreme sacrifice some time during that month.

Douglas Matthews entered the School, March 15, 1938, and was conditionally released, July 12, 1940, at which time he returned to his home in Benson, N. C. While a lad here, he was in Cottage No. 3 and worked on the farm and in the machine shop.

Shortly after leaving the School, Douglas enlisted in the United States Army. In August, 1941, Mr. Boger, our former superintendent, received a letter from him, stating that he had

been stationed at Schofield Barracks, The Hawaiian Islands, for suite some time. From time to time thereafter many of the boys heard from his. He spent quite a number of Christmas greetings to friends at the School last year.

While at the School, Douglas made a good record, and was quite popular with both officers and boys, who keenly regret to learn of his passing. Our deepest sympathy is extended to the surviving members of his family in their hour of bereavement.

In a recent letter, Kenneth Conklin, another of our old boys, called attention to the news of Douglas' death, and we appreciate his kindness in passing the information on to us. If other former students would be on the lookout, they could help us considerably in getting names of old boys entering the armed forces for our records, as well as the names of those who may appear on casualty lists, published in home town papers, but which might never reach this office. It is our desire to keep this record up-to-date, and such assistance would be most useful.

—:—

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read I Chronicles 21:7-26. As the text for his message to the boys, "Paying Full Price," he selected the 24th verse: "Nay; but I will verily buy it for the full price: for I will not take that which is thine for the Lord, nor offer burnt offerings without cost."

The speaker began by explaining that David had committed a sin, and God had suggested that he secure a place to offer up a burnt offering. He decided to purchase a threshing floor of a man named Ornan for this purpose. In those days a threshing floor was usually built on the top of a hill. The ground was leveled and the soil packed firmly, and a stone wall built on either side of the space thus prepared. Sheaves of wheat were placed inside, and oxen, pulling a drag, walked back and forth over the grain. The workers would then take wooden forks and toss the trampled grain into the air; the wind would blow the straw and chaff away, and the wheat would fall upon the threshing floor, to be gathered later and put into sacks.

The story read in the Scripture Lesson told of an incident which happened upon the top of Mount Moriah. The threshing floor was owned by a man named Ornan, who was not an Israelite. His people had been conquered by David. Ornan and his four sons were threshing grain when David approached and stated that he wanted to purchase the threshing floor, upon which he desired to build an altar. Ornan replied that he would give it to him, together with oxen, wood or anything else needed. David refused the offer, saying that he would not accept something to offer unto God that did not cost anything, and gave Ornan gold in payment.

Rev. Mr. Arrowood then told his listeners that this was also true in our lives today. Anything worthwhile can be obtained only if we are willing to pay the full price. He first mentioned education, saying that it would be impossible to purchase an education, for as someone has truly said,

"There is no royal road to learning." Education comes only by hard work. He also told the boys that they were at the moment laying the foundations for their lives, and if success is to be obtained, they must certainly pay the full price. We often hear of people having a "pull," said he, but this is not true, as they can succeed only by their own efforts.

The speaker then pointed out some familiar figures in the world who gained success in their respective fields by hard work. He first mentioned Thomas A. Edison, America's greatest inventor, who once said, "Success is one-tenth inspiration, and nine-tenths perspiration." Citing the case of Henry Ford, he stated that as a young man, he started at the bottom, and worked for many years on a little gasoline motor, until he became one of the world's greatest automobile manufacturers. Next we have the case of the Wright brothers. They risked their lives in the development of the airplane, which is playing such an important part in the activities of the world today. Dr. Strickler, one of our greatest preachers, studied eighteen hours every day in the week. All of these great men, and many more, said Rev. Mr. Arrowood, reached great heights because they were willing to pay the price. Their paths to success were not easy. Many hardships confronted them, but they kept on until the goal was reached.

This is also true in the religious world, continued the speaker. The things heretofore mentioned, great as they may be, are of this world, but when we think of spiritual things, we are thinking of that which is real, and of far greater value. To attain success in the realm, we must be saved —but we must also pay the price. Even God paid the price by giving His only son. Can we visualize the hurt in the heart of God when He saw His son suffering upon the cruel cross? When we think of Jesus in the garden, sweating drops of blood, do we realize what is cost him to make it possible for us to live eternally? The main reason why Christians of this day are so weak and the churches so poor is that we are not willing to pay the price.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Arrowood told the boys to remember when they again go out into their positions in life, that their work and lives should be sacrificial, adding that Jesus expects them to follow in his footsteps —to pay the full price. It is only by so doing that men can hope to win the reward of a happy life after life on earth comes to an end.

———:———

He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all the race.

—James Russell Lowell.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 7, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

William Barrier
James Jolly
Ira Montgomery
Weaver Ruff
Lee St. Clair
Paul Whitley
Harry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Thomas Barnes
William Butler
Sterald Cline
Wade Fisher
Jack Harmon
Roy Jones
Leonard Lovelace
Durwood Martin
James Shell
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Hurley Bell
Dewey Bunn
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Albert Hames
Edward Haynes
Rhonda Price
Samuel Pritchett

COTTAGE NO. 4

Jack Bright
Leroy Childers
William Davis
William Deaton
Eugene Watts
George Ward

COTTAGE NO. 5

Hoyt Newell
Willford Seegers

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Ralph Gibson
Robert Jarvis
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
Rufus Massingill
Sanford McLean
Hayes Powell
Reitzel Southern
John Rhodes
Wesley Turner
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7

James Brigman
Donald Grimstead
Earl Hoyle
Amos Myers
John McLean
Leroy Pate
Marshall Prestwood
Jerry Ray
Edgar Shell
John Tolley
Marion Todd

COTTAGE NO. 8

Elgin Atwood
Homer Bass
Cecil Bennett
Jesse Cunningham
Earl Godley
Homer Johnson
Paul Matthews
Edward Renfrow
Vernon Reinhardt
Thomas Sessions
Charles Tate
Lawrence Temple
Eugene White

COTTAGE NO. 9

Cecil Caldwell
James Hale
Wilbur Hardin
Marvin Matheson
Charles McClenny
Robert Owens
Milford Ward

COTTAGE NO. 10

Amon Dryman
Arcemias Hefner

James Spears

COTTAGE NO. 11

Marvin Bradley
Bert Barnhardt
Velda Denning
Frank Fargis
Robert Goldsmith
William Guffey
Fred Holland
Orin Helms
John Moffitt
Clyde Rhodes
Everett Stamey
Fred Stewart
Ray Taylor
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Millard Ellege
Floyd Fields
Robert Hobbs
Donald Hobbs
Richard Kye
Banks McKnight
William Schoppell

COTTAGE NO. 14

Wilton Barfield
Robert Caudle
John Fargis
William Harding
Vernon Harding
Robert Holbert
William Lane
William E. Lanford
James Lineberrier
Roy Mumford
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pitman
John Pritchard
Peter Tuttle
Robert Travis
Alvis Watkins
Theodore Young

COTTAGE NO. 15

Harold Blankenship
Charles Lanford
Ennis Miller
Lawton McDowell
James Roberson
Samuel Williamson
Evans Watson
William Willis
John Watts

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hiram Atkinson
Roland Brooks
Frank Chavis
James Chavis
Eddie Hall
R. C. Hoyle
Herbert Lochlear
Leroy Lowry
Donald Sides

INFIRMARY

Robert Padgett
Lawrence Rice
Newman Tate

When y' fail t' make a home run in th' puzzlin' game o' life
An' yer strength seems all too little fer t' battle 'gainst th' strife;
When yer feelin' blue and lonely, an' y' don't know were t' steer
Fer t' find some true companion who will drive away yer fear—
Jest remember there are fellers who are ridin' in a hearse
Who'd be glad t' have yer chances'—cause conditions might be worse.

—Selected.

C 367
MAR 22 1943
(Orange County)
(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROO

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 20, 1943 NO. 12

DISTRUST

It is a human frailty that prevents one generation from understanding and trusting another. A young man of twenty-five will go into business and surround himself with others of his own age or less. Rarely will he hire men older than himself. He thinks they are fossils. As he ages he continues to feel confdence and faith in his contemporaries. Whereas, at twenty-five he thought men of that age had a monopoly on brains and resourcefulness, so at forty he turns to men of his own age for assistance. By the time he is sixty he distrusts anyone under forty, except for routine work. We need to remind ourselves occasionally that neither young nor old men necessarily know it all. Integrity, imagination and executive ability may exist in full bloom at any age.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
GROVER CLEVELAND	By Allan Nivens	8
ST. PHILLIP'S CHURCH	(The News-Reporter)	12
A WAY OF LIFE	(The Sanatorium Sun)	15
SAMUEL JOHNSTON	By R. C. Lawrence	18
OUR LATIN AMERICAN FRIENDS	(Charlotte Observer)	22
INSTITUTION NOTES		25
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Is life worth living? Yes, so long as there is wrong to right;
Wail of the weak against the strong, or tyranny to fight.
So long as there lingers gloom to chase, or streaming tear to dry;
One kindred woe, one sorrowing face that smiles as we draw nigh.

So long as a tale of anguished swells the heart, and lids grow wet,
And at the sound of churchhouse bells we pardon and forget;
So long as faith with freedom reigns, and loyal hope survives,
And gracious charity remains to leaven lowly lives.

Where there is one untrodden tract
For intellect or will,
And men are free to think and act—
Life is worth living still.

—Selected.

———:———

TRUE WORTH RECOGNIZED

There is nothing that contributes more to the building of a fine neighborhood than genuinely good and wholesome people. A neighborhood makes a community, a community a town, and on and on until we have a great city with all of its ramifications. No one sees himself as others see him. However, there is an admiration for the man walks the straight and narrow way with a high purpose, wishing to do unto others as he would like to be done by. In short, if everybody observed the golden rule there would be few regrets to disturb our slumbers.

Such characters are few and far between, but we have in mind at this time, one, Rev. Robert S. Arrowood, pastor of the McKinnon Presbyterian Church for the past eighteen years, who will soon be

leaving Concord to assume the presidency of Mitchell College, Statesville. During his pastorate this minister of the Gospel has made many friends by his spirit of tolerance and sweet humility. By his faithful ministry in his parish he gave hope to many souls carrying heavy loads, and in return his life has been enriched and his vision enlarged.

Rev. Mr. Arrowood, during his entire stay in Concord, has been deeply interested in the Stonewall Jackson Training School, and never failed to answer the call to come out and talk to the boys. While we shall miss him, our very best wishes for success go with him as he takes up his new work. Wherein Concord has lost a most outstanding citizen, Mitchell College has gained a personality who will prove a valuable acquisition to the institution.

* * * * * * * *

A SERVICE OF LOVE

In last week's issue of The Uplift we carried as general matter the letter written by Superintendent Hawfield to each of the instructors of this institution. The ideals of discipline and training in correctional schools were stressed. Another feature of the letter released for the benefit of welfare minded people was the sympathetic social contact that should exist between instructors and the underprivileged boys. The message to the workers, if one reads between the lines, reveals the duties of parents in homes, an example worthy of emulation. A home with loving parents is one of the most impressive pictures to be visualized by any group of people. When the neglected child is transformed into a strong character for good, a contribution has been made toward the building of better homes. Not a finer service can be rendered by anyone.

We are pleased to note that Superintendent Hawfield's letter was observed by many outstanding welfare minded men and women of this state and elsewhere, and letters commending the same were received. The study of human nature carries many angles and the solution that can be applied, if correction is needed, is love. If there is a spark of love for the delinquent child some way will be found to save that child, whatever his shortcomings may be.—M. N. C.

FOOD CONSCIOUS

The front pages of all newspapers emphasize the necessity of cultivating every inch of soil, and the radio also features the same story, in order that there may be a sufficient quantity of food to meet the demands of soldiers and sailors in every branch of service, as well as those of civilians who are keeping the home fires bright. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed." There is absolutely no excuse for anyone not realizing conditions since hearing high-pressure addresses by government officials, and reading impressive press articles stressing the value of Victory Gardens.

Moreover, plenty of food of all kinds must be available if people meet emergencies at home and on the far-flung battlefields. We believe that after this war, and we pray that the Prince of Peace will soon say, "let there be peace," there will be a far better understanding and higher appreciation of the tiller of the soil. It is the basic fundamental of life that there should exist an interrelationship between every branch of business and the agriculturist.

The Jackson Training School farm has been the pride of the officials of the institution in the past and will continue to be in the future. Already plans have been made for an extended program of activities on the farm to meet the economic conditions that may confront everyone. The goal this year is not alone to have vegetables to serve during the summer, but to can a sufficient quantity of all fruits and vegetables, not only for one season, but for two years, if possible. The grain crop and other varieties of feed for the stock will be likewise emphasized. If the season is favorable there will be bumper crops, and the old saying, "we can live at home and stay at the same place," will be truly experienced at the School.

Unless farming activities are increased throughout the nation, we shall experience greater difficulties in winning the war. Farming is as much a part of our national defense as any other industry.

* * * * * * * * *

ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK

William Jennings Bryan was born at Salem, Illinois, March 19, 1860. He attended three colleges, graduating in 1883 from the Union College of Law in Chicago. He began the practice of his

profession in Jacksonville, Illinois, following graduation, and the next year married Mary Baird, who also had a legal education and who become his adviser in both business and politics. Although a Democrat, he was elected to Congress from a Republican district by a huge majority, and for two terms was a conspicuous member of that body. Three times he was nominated for the Presidency of the United States, the last time being 1908, but each time he was defeated. He was a brilliant speaker, made hundreds of addresses and public appearances, yet with all his determined efforts he failed to accomplish his greatest dreams.

On March 20, 1834, Charles W. Eliot, great American educator was born in Boston. After graduation from Harvard with a very fine record he was appointed a teacher on the staff of that college. A few years later he went to Europe to study the educational methods of other countries. Coming back to America, he was soon honored with the presidency of Harvard, which he completely reorganized. For years he was recognized as the leading authority on higher education in America, besides being widely known as a writer and lecturer.

Grover Cleveland, the twenty-second and twenty-fourth President of the United States, was born at Caldwell, New Jersey, March 18, 1837. He was christened Stephen Grover, but he dropped the name Stephen before reaching manhood. When Grover was preparing to enter college at the age of sixteen, his father died, and he went to work to help support his mother and sisters. For a year he taught in an institution for the blind, and then secured a position as clerk in a law office in Buffalo, New York. He was admitted to the bar in 1859, and almost immediately became conspicuous in local politics, and was elected sheriff of his county. His devotion to duty in this office led to his election as mayor of Buffalo in 1881, where he soon went about performing the duties of that office without regard to "influence." A year in the mayor's office won him the Democratic nomination for governor of New York, and he was elected by the unprecedented plurality of 192,800 votes. He soon became a national figure, and in 1884 was elected President of the United States by a very close margin, the result not being known for several days. In 1888 he was defeated for re-election by Benjamin Harrison, but in 1892 he defeated Harrison by an electoral

college vote of 277 to 145, and was inaugurated as President for the second time in 1893. He died at his home in Princeton, New Jersey in 1908. The beautiful tower of the graduate school of Princeton University is a memorial to him, he having been a lecturer and trustee of the university for ten years.

* * * * * * * *

PAUL GREEN TO WRITE STORY OF RICKENBACKER

Paul Green, of the University of North Carolina faculty, recently returned from a visit of several days in New York, where he and a group of moving picture people had been gathering dramatic material on Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, for a story concerning the famous flyer's life.

One of the major film studios has engaged Mr. Green to write the account of Rickenbacker's adventurous career from which the film will be made. The North Carolina playwright said that he hoped to have the screen treatment finished by late spring. "It has everything," he said. "Rickenbacker is a great man, and the story of his life, truly presented on the screen, ought to be an inspiration to every American boy and girl, and not only to the boys and girls, but to men and women everywhere who are fighting this war in the true spirit of idealism and acceptance of hard fact."—Charlotte Observer.

* * * * * * * *

IDES OF MARCH

When the Ides of March reach us, days lengthen and for three months we will have more of light and less darkness. Days and nights come of equal length which is welcome after long evenings. The Ides started back at the time of Caesar and pertain to his assassination. It was the first month on the old Roman calendar which to us stands more for life than death. March promises warmth from nature with breezes a bit balmy perhaps, birds singing and early blooms pushing through. All about is activity and the barren ground becomes full of beauty as nature opens her palm to show what she has been holding in store for us for these months.

—Mooresville Enterprise

GROVER CLEVELAND

By Allan Nivens, in The Charlotte Observer

There exists a group picture of Grover Cleveland and his Cabinet taken late in his second term—probably in 1896. Cabinets were smaller then than today, and but eight men were grouped around the President. At one elbow sat Richard Olney, Secretary of State, looking—with his grim jaw, stern eyes, and generally pugnacious expression—like a bulldog ready to spring. At the other elbow sat that keen-minded Kentucky gentleman, John G. Carlisle, a quizzical smile on his craggy, homely features; he was Secretary of the Treasury, and his incessant troubles gave him a jaded look. Two men in the group were as handsome as actors—the tall Judson Harmon of Ohio, with deep-dark eyes and well-chiselled nose and chin, and the dapper John R. Francis, with a romantic flowing mustache.

We might name others in the group; for example, the slight, stooped Postmaster General, William L. Wilson, a true scholar in politics. But the most impressive feature of the photograph is the way in which Cleveland dominates it. Squarely in the center he sits, a massive, broad-shouldered, barrel-bodied giant of a man, his huge head thrown well back, his pudgy hands resting on his tremendous knees. His figure, though lacking thrust and alertness, has weight and strength; and the men about him seem puny by comparison.

In much the same fashion Grover Cleveland seems to dominate the whole period of American history between Reconstruction and the Spanish war; dominate it not by bold leadership, but by massive weight of character. It was a period of sharp contrasts. For a dozen years the currents of national life ran smoothly; then under pressure of the hard times after the panic of 1893, they burst up in a geyserlike spout of discontent, class-feeling, and radical demand for change.

Cleveland first came to the Presidency in the midst of the era of placidity, and had one prosperous term to show what he could do for sober, honest, and grimly-thorough reform. Then he stood on the sidelines for four more years while the skies grew darker. He came back into power just as the tempest burst.

In his second term he had to meet a fierce, unyielding depression, riotous strikes, marches of the unemployed, jingo demands for a foreign war, and, most dangerous of all, determined drive to force the nation to a cheap silver dollar at a time when all the other great nations had a gold-standard currency. In his first administration he had been constructive. In his second, 1893-97, he had to be doggedly obstructive to forces that he thought sinister. He hardened his will, and gave his whole mental and moral weight to the task.

No student of Cleveland's career has ever felt any doubt as to the principal quality for which the country will always admire him. His courageous adherence to duty, his stubborn insistence upon principle, lifted him above all the mere politicians of his time. He had his faults, and intellectually he was more limited

than many contemporaneous figures. He was not imaginative, flexible, or resourceful. But he possessed a clear-eyed common sense that with few errors picked out the right course; and when he had once decided on it, he hewed to the line without regard to pleas, cajolery, or threats—without fear or favor. He was John Bunyan's Valiant-for-Truth transferred to the Nineteenth Century.

The illustrations of his blunt, undeviating charge are as refreshing as they are numerous. When, as Governor of New York, he wanted to prevent the renomination of a State Senator who had opposed sound legislation, he did not go through the pretence of appealing to the voters of a machine-controlled district. He sent a frank demand to John Kelly, boss of Tammany, and fought the matter out with him to a victorious conclusion.

It seemed certain in 1883-84 that he would never get the electoral vote of New York State without the support of Tammany, and that he could never become President without the New York electors. Yet he steadfastly opposed Tammany Hall, refused to make a single concession to it in appointments or otherwise, and won votes by the enemies he thus made. When in the heart of the campaign of 1884 a scandal regarding his private life as a bachelor-lawyer some 10 years earlier was suddenly sprung upon the country, he was undaunted. "Whatever you do," he telegraphed his stunned friends in Buffalo, "tell the truth." A little later he wrote one of them that the policy of "not cringing" had been the only possible course—and his manly attitude won him admiration and support.

Some men advised him that year to take steps to conciliate the Greenback-Labor candidate, who was being covertly aided by Tammany. "I would rather be beaten in this race than to truckle to Butler or Kelly," he declared. He never truckled to anybody. The story is told of an editor who came to the White House, tried to get something from him, and departed, declaring: "He is the greatest man I ever met—and he wouldn't do a single thing I wanted."

More than once, in his unfaltering fidelity to what he thought the right course, he seemed about to wreck himself and his party. In 1890-91 the West and South, where the Democratic Party was strongest, appeared insistent upon the free and unlimited coinage of silver. The Senate twice passed a free-coinage bill, with Democratic members furnishing most of the votes. Democratic conventions in more than 20 states voted in favor of such action.

If Cleveland expected to be renominated for the Presidency in 1892, it was apparently necessary for him to fall into line, or at least to keep silent. But expediency in such a matter meant nothing to him. On February 10, 1891, he published his famous "silver letter," in which he flatly warned the country that it would meet disaster if it entered upon the "dangerous and reckless experiment" of free silver coinage.

Some thought he had thrown away the Presidency. But the courage with which he took a determined stand when no other national leader dared do so actually gave him enhanced strength. When re-elected President, his first step was to force a repeal of the Sherman Silver-Purchase act

which was undermining the existent currency system. In doing this he made so many enemies that passage of a drastically reduced tariff, the reform nearest his heart, became impossible. Yet he did not hesitate over what seemed the larger duty. To keep an adequate gold resrve in the Treasury, he floated bond issue after bond issue against the stormiest opposition. The abuse and threats never daunted him.

"I am sure I was never more completely in the right path of duty than I am now," he wrote a friend.

He had a tremendous power of taking punishment, and in the second administration he needed it. He also possessed a capacity for striking heavy blows. Half way through this second administration, although he knew that he was being accused of disrupting his party, he unhesitatingly published a letter declaring that Arthur Pue Gorman, Calvin Brice, and other Senators who had opposed his plans for a lower tariff were guilty of "party perfidy and party dishonor."

In 1898 William Randolph Hearst telegraphed Cleveland that leading naval military officers, some ex-Cabinet members, many senators, 15 Governors, and more than 50 Mayors had accepted membership upon his committee to erect a monument by popular subscription to the dead sailors of the battleship Maine. He asked permission to use Cleveland's name. But Cleveland detested Hearst's tactics in demanding a war with Spain, and instantly telegraphed him: "I decline to allow my sorrow for those who died on the Maine to be perverted into an advertising scheme for The New York Journal."

By the application of his shrewd common sense and his firm love of principle to American affairs, Cleveland accomplished many services to the Republic. The greatest of them may be grouped under four headings. In his first Adimnistration, undertaking the reform of all the government departments, he restored to many of them an honesty and efficiency which they had lost. The Navy, for example, was for the first time given a modern footing; the Interior Department forced the return of vast areas of public land taken from the Government.

As a second achievement, in both Administrations he stood for a fairer taxation system, and in particular did much to educate the public to the need for a lower and more scientific tariff. He got an improved tariff law, though not as good as the one he wanted; he helped put on the statute books an income tax. Later the tariff went back to high levels and the Supreme Court annulled the income tax law. But the work of education he had done persisted.

His third achievement was the maintenance of a high standard of national morality in foreign relations. He refused to let Nicaragua be made a protectorate; he opposed the annexation of Hawaii in 1893 by means that were shown to be unfair and coercive; and he resisted the clamor for war with Spain. Himself upholding the highest ideals in international affairs, he insisted in his treatment of Venezuelan affairs in 1895 that Great Britain should also uphold them.

Finally—and this is perhaps his most striking service—he labored successfully, against titanic odds, to maintain what he regarded as a sound monetary system. In years of almost

unparallelled depression, hardship, and confusion, his invincible determination alone saved the nation from abandoning its old currency standards and going to a 50-cent dollar—an abandonment that would have meant heavy loss and perhaps commercial chaos.

A strong President, fitted by his unyielding courage and sterling honesty to face stormy times—so we can remember Grover Cleveland. And it should be added that he never lost faith for a moment in the nation he served. "The American people appreciate a courageous struggle in their defense," he wrote in 1888. Even in the hardest years he felt confident that any appeal to the country's rectitude and idealism would be answered. "You may be surprised to learn," he wrote a close friend in 1895. when abuse was heaviest, "that in all the darkness I have never lost the feeling that the American people and I have a perfectly fair understanding."

He spoke more than once of the "high and noble mission" of American civilization. Courageous himself, he knew that he could trust America to be courageous; a man of the highest sense of duty, he knew that when Americans once saw their duty they would perform it.

———:———

A STATE BIRD

Carl Goerch recently issued a request in his magazine, The State, for suggestions as to a state bird, and while, as he said, it is not a matter of great importance, it is something that is of interest to many. We have a state flower, a state song, etc., and we should have a state bird.

The reply of Col. Cyrus M. Faircloth, of Clinton, to the request exactly fits our idea in regard to the matter. Col. Faircloth says:

"I am voting in your bird contest, and I am casting my ballot for the cardinal, as I think it should be a red bird. The scarlet tanager leaves us when he senses frost approaching and I just naturally can't go along with him. The cardnial, like the poor, we have with us always, and therefore, I am for him. Yes, I cast my vote for the cardinal. He changes his song to suit the seasons, but he never deserts us."

We cast our vote for the cardinal, too.

The brilliant plumage of the cardinal is symbolic of the rich, red blood which courses through the veins of North Carolinians and his lusty song, which he changes to suit the season, also is symbolic of the hospitable people of the State, who often times change their own plans to be merry with, or comfort, guests in our midst.—Sampson Independent.

ST. PHILLIPS CHURCH IS RICH IN HISTORIC VALUE

(The News-Reporter)

When its little band of members gather to worship at old St. Phillip's church in Southport each Sunday they use an altar rail, baptismal font, altar cloth, collection plates and other church furniture brought from England more than two hundred years ago.

St. Phillip's Episcopal church at Southport is not so old, not having been built until 1850. The explanation of its having the old fixtures lies in the little known fact it inherited both the name and fixtures from Old St. Phillip's at Orton, this original St. Phillip's having been built in 1730 to serve the people of Brunswick, oldest town in the Cape Fear county.

Brunswick, where the original St. Phillip's was built, once had a population of about seventeen hundred souls. The huge church, according to estimates, would easily have seated a congregation of a thousand pepole. Brunswick, now but a ghost town a mile below Orton, still has its site indelibly marked by the four stark walls of St. Phillips. Three feet in thickness and built out of brick brought from England in the 1730's, St. Phillip's walls bid fair to be standing as they are now a couple of hundred years in the future.

The original church was built through the efforts of the people of Brunswick, aided by the Church of England, and the then ruling Archbishop of Canterbury in London, with the King himself assisting. A little known fact is that the church was not always called St. Phillip's. It was originally called: "His Majesty's Chapel in the Carolina's." At that time both North and South Carolina were designated simply as the Carolina's, there being no dividing line between the two States.

The first Rector of St. Phillip's, alias His Majesty's Chapel in the Carolina's, was Rev. Christopher Beris, who ministered to the people for a number of years and was succeeded by a settled clergyman, Rev. John McDowell, in 1754. The Reverend McDowell was in charge of the Parish until 1763. Thereafter there is little record of activities at St. Phillips and services there finally ceased with the growth of Wilmington and the building of St. James Church in that city. Practically all of the inhabitants of Brunswick moved to Wilmington about the time or preceding the building of St. James. Pirates at the mouth of the Cape Fear River, especially on Bald Head Island, had inspired a feeling that the town was unsafe and it was abandoned.

At about the same time residents of Charleston, named for King Charles, of England, concluded that their town was also unsafe. Some of them moved up and across the river and aided in settling the new town of Wilmington. Still others of the inhabitants of Charlestown returned to England. Less than a year later they returned from England to the Carolina's, sailed up the Cooper River and founded a new Charlestown.

This is the Charleston, S. C., of today. The original Charlestown in the Carolinas was on Town Creek, in what is now Brunswick county. The location was about five miles above Orton and six miles above the town of Brunswick and St. Phillip's church. The site of Brunswick is now a part of the Orton Plantation.

The walls of St. Phillip's church are today the most outstanding evidence of a once thriving town. The walls are some 18 feet high, and in the huge interior large trees are growing. At one time the writer counted seven squirrel nests in the trees that grow inside the walls. The doors, windows, floor and roof have, of course, long since vanished. Only the walls remain.

Twenty yards away, partially surrounding the cemetery and the church, are the old Civil War breastworks. The church was occupied by armed forces during both the Revolutionary and Civil Wars, also during the Indian uprisings and attacks by pirates. The river side of the church still bears the marks of cannon balls.

In the cemetery, just outside the church walls, two Governors, Dobbs, of the Colonization period and Smith are buried along with Supreme Court Justices and other famous people of early settlement day. "King" Roger Moore, one of the founders of the town of Brunswick and builders of St. Phillip's, is not buried at St. Phillip's. His tomb is two miles further up the river at the northern end of the famous Orton Gardens. "King" Roger was the builder of Orton. His original "mansion" still exists as part of the present beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lawrence Sprunt.

"King" Roger's" also still exists, so far as the dam and pond is concerned. The mill itself, built to grind corn for the settlers of Brunswick, was destroyed by the British under Lord Cornwallis in 1781. The mill dam also provided water for the irrigation of the celebrated Orton rice fields. The water, then as now, covered 1,300 acres. Today the pond is famed far and wide among sportsmen for the freshwater fishing that it affords.

A few hundred yards north of St. Phillip's church is the marker erected by the D. A. R. to mark the site of the residence of Governor Tyron, Colonial Governor of the Carolina's. At this marker, rocks and brick that were part of the foundation of the Governor's Palace are still in evidence.

Scattered about the old town site are piles of earth, with a few stones, marking the place of the chimneys to the homes of the people who lived there. In those days most of the chimneys were built of mud and sticks. Stone was practically unknown in this part of the coastal country and brick were hard to get. All of the brick used in the various construction of Brunswick town was brought from England, along with the brick for St. Phillips.

The newer St. Phillip's church in Southport is all wood and hardly more than a third of the size of the original structure at Brunswick county court house, fronting on the Fort Johnson lot.

No records seem to be available as to just how and when the wooden collection plates and various fixtures in the new St. Phillip's church were inherited from the original church. Still, there is no doubt or question of such being the fact. The altar cloths and baptismal fonts are so highly

prized that they are kept in a vault and used only on ceremonial occassions. The altar rail and collection plates, however, are in constant use. The altar rail is of some beautiful hand-carved English wood. The collection plates, also of wood, are likewise hand carved. They are more in the shape of bowl than a plate.

Six years ago the Rt. Reverened Bishop of Canterbury, in London, wrote a local citizen to ask for all the information available about the Old Church of His Majesty in the Carolina's, of which there are records in London. He also asked concerning other churches that may have arisen to serve after St. Phillip's. He was informed that St. James in Wilmington. St. Phillip's at Southport and probably most of the other Episcopal churches in North Carolina, except those in the Albemarle section, owed their parentage to St. Phillip's at Brunswick, alias His Majesty's Chapel in the Carolina's.

———:———

THE STUFF

The test of a man is the fight he makes
The grit that he daily shows,
The way he stands on his feet and takes
Fate's numerous bumps and blows.

A coward can smile when there is nought to fear,
When nothing his progress bars,
But it takes a man to stand and cheer
While some other fellow stars.

It isn't the victory after all,
But the fight that the brother makes;
The man, who, driven against the wall,
Still stands up erect and takes

The blows of fate with his head held high.
Bleeding, and bruised, and pale,
Is the man who will win in the by and by
For he's not afraid to fail.

—Selected.

A WAY OF LIFE

(The Sanitorium Sun)

Banish the future; live only for the hour and its allotted work. Think not on the amount to be accomplished, the difficulties to be overcome, but set earnestly at the little task at your elbow, letting that be sufficient for the day; for surely our plain duty is "not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to what lies clearly at hand." Such was the personal creed of Sir William Osler, the great Canadian physician, whose name has become a synonym for equanimity in working and living.

The power to do each day's task well without concern for the morrow is the secret of success in many of life's undertakings. It should be the working principle of every tuberculosis patient's "way of life." For the sooner the patient becomes reconciled to the minor details of the cure and the sooner he learns to adapt himself to the routine of treatment, as it unfolds day by day, the sooner will he be able to claim victory over his disease. The long battle against tuberculosis calls for a happy, courageous outlook and this is the very essence of the Oslerian philosophy.

William Osler was born July 12, 1849, at Bond Head, Upper Canada. On his seventieth birthday, as he was nearing the end of a long service to humanity, he summed up his career as follows: Toronto, Montreal, London, Berlin, Vienna as a student; Montreal, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Oxford as a teacher. Most Americans remember him for his outstanding achievement at Johns Hopkins University, where he labored unceasingly at teaching, writing, and attending patients. At the Baltimore hospital he created a great medical clinic and there he published his famous textbook, "The Principles and Practice of Medicine." This great medical work has been translated into many foreign languages and is still an authority for students throughout the world.

Dr. Osler married a granddaughter of Paul Revere. Revere, his only surviving son at the time of the first World War, was killed on the Ypres salient. The saddened father died of pneumonia in 1919 after a protracted illness.

To find in Osler's precepts an excuse for indolence or lack of vision would be a false interpretation of his creed. Few men have accomplished more in any field than did this great scholar and humanist in his beloved profession. Osler made use of every minute of the day. Yet throughout his busy life he seemed to be practically tireless. The development of a mental poise that makes possible an effortless expenditure of energy in the day's tasks—this is what Dr. Osler meant by his "way of life."

Always interested in tuberculosis, Osler took an active part in anti-tuberculosis campaigns. While in England, he worked for the formation of the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption. In the United States he helped to establish many societies for the study and prevention of tuberculosis.

About thirty years ago when he was Professor of Medicine at Oxford University, Dr. Olser came to this

country to deliver a series of lectures on the history of medicine. He spoke to the students at Yale University one Sunday evening and the subject of his discourse was "A Way of Life." If, by some miracle, this great physician could return and give a message to all the patients in tuberculosis hospitals everywhere it seems very likely that he would address them in much the same terms as he spoke to the students at Yale so many years ago.

In "A Way of Life," published by Paul B. Hoeber, Inc., is found a part of Dr. Osler's talk or "lay sermon," as he called it:

Fellow Stundents: Every man has a philosophy of life in thought, in word, or in deed, worked out in himself unconsciously. It is not philosophical, nor is it strictly moral or religious, yet in a way it is all three. So simple indeed is it that some of you may turn away disappointed as was Naaman the Syrian when told to go wash in Jordan and be clean.

You know those composite tools to be bought for fifty cents, with one hand to fit a score or more of instruments. The workmanship is usually bad, so bad, as a rule, that you will not find an example in any good carpenter's shop; but the boy has one, the chauffeur slips one into his box, and the sailor into his kit, and there is one in the odds-and-ends drawer of the pantry of every well-regulated family. It is simply a handy thing about the house, to help over the many little difficulties of the day. Of this sort of philosophy I wish to make you a present—a handle to fit your life tools. Whether the workmanship is Sheffield or shoddy, this helve will fit anything from a hatchet to a corkscrew.

My message is but a word, a Way, an easy experession of the experience of a plain man whose life has never been worried by any complex philosophy. I wish to point out a path in which the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err; not a system to be worked out painfully only to be discarded, not a formal scheme, simply a habit as easy—or as hard!—to adopt as any other habit, good or bad.

A few years ago a Christmas card went the rounds, with the legend, "Life is just one 'derned' thing after another," Which, in more refined language, is the same as saying, "Life is a habit," a succession of actions that become more or less automatic. This great truth lies at the basis of all actions, muscular or psychic. Lift a seven months' old baby to his feet—see him tumble on his nose. Do the same at twelve months—he walks. At two years he runs. The muscles and the nervous system have acquired the habit. One trial after another, one failure after another, has given him power. We can deliberately train parts of our body to perform complicated actions with unerring accuracy. Watch the musician playing a difficult piece. Batteries, commutators, multipliers, switches, wires innumerable control those nimble fingers. The same great law reaches through mental and moral states. "Character," which partakes of both, in "long-standing habit."

Now the way of life that I preach is a habit to be acquired gradually by long and steady repetition. It is the practice of living for the day only, and for the day's work, life in day-tight compartments. "Ah," I hear you

say, "that is an easy matter." Not as I shall urge it, in words which fail to express the depth of my feelings as to its value. A man who has filled chairs in four universities, has written a successful book, and has been asked to lecture at Yale is supposed to have brains of a special quality. A few of my intimate friends really know the truth about me, as I know it! Mine, in good faith I say it, are of the most mediocre character. But what about those professorships, etc? Just habit, a way of life, an outcome of the day's work.

Someone has remarked upon the trifles by which men's lives are influenced. One of the circumstances which changes my outlook was picking up a volume of Carlyle at a time when I was much worried about the future. On the page I opened was a familiar sentence, "Our main business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand." This was the starting point of a habit that has enabled me to utilize to the full the single talent entrusted to me.

The workers in Christ's vineyard were hired by the day; only for the day are we to ask for our daily bread, and we are expressly bidden to take no thought for the morrow. I am prepared to urge the literal acceptance of this advice, not in the fatalistic mood but in the modernist spirit, as a way of life, a habit, a strong enchantment at once against the mysticism of the East and the pessimism that too easily besets us. Change that hard saying "sufficient unto the day is evil thereof," since the chief worries of life arise from the foolish habit of looking before and after. I urge you to learn to live with "daytight compartments" as the most certain way to ensure safety on life's voyage.

The load of tomorrow added to that of yesterday, carried today, makes the strongest falter. Shut off the future as tightly as the past. The future is today—there is no tomorrow! The day of a man's salvation is now—the life of the present, of today, lived earnestly, without a forward-looking thought, is the only insurance for the future.

The acquisition of this habit takes time, and the way is one you must find yourselves. I can only give general directions and encouragement in the hope that you may have the courage to persist.

———:———

A professor was once accosted by a dirty little bootblack, who asked, "Shine, sir?" The professor was disgusted by the dirt on the lad's face, and he said, "I don't want a shine, my lad, but if you will go and wash your face, I'll give you a dime." "Right, Guv'nor" replied the boy, as he made his way to a neighboring fountain. Soon he returned, looking much cleaner. "Well, my boy," said the professor, "you have earned your dime; here it is." "I don't want your dime, Guv'nor," replied the boy. "You hang on to it and git your hair cut."—Sunshine Magazine.

SAMUEL JOHNSTON

By R. C. Lawrence, in The State

Some historians acclaim Nathaniel Macon as the greatest of our Colonial statesmen; others contend that to Samuel Johnston should be accorded the primacy. It all depends upon the political point of view; but I suggest that you consider the following skeleton sketch of his great life and determine the question for yourself.

The city of Dundee in Scotland is famous as the birthplace of William Wallace, and is also famous as the place within whose walls he first took the heroic stand which finally won for the land of his nativity freedom from English oppression. Here Samuel Johnston, patriot and champion of independence from English oppression, was born in 1733; but when he was three years old his parents emigrated to North Carolina, where his brother Gabriel was Governor of the Colony. He was educated at New Haven, but to what extent or in what institution is not known, as the only evidence concerning this is that contained in a letter from the Royal Governor Josiah Martin to Lord Germaine: "This Gentleman, My Lord, was educated in New Engliand where it may be supposed he received that bent toward Democracy which he has mainfested upon all occasions."

He settled at Edenton in 1754, where he read law under Thomas Barker, husband of Penelope, famous for her activity at the Edenton Tea Party; and Chowan henceforth became the theatre of his life's activities.

As early as 1759 the young and brilliant Johnston began a public career which, for length of service, extremes of political fortune, and lasting contribution to the welfare of the State, still stands unsurpassed in our history. He was twelve times a member of the General Assembly; Clerk of the Court for the Edenton District; Deputy Naval Officer for the Province, from which office he had the honor to be removed by the Royal Governor for his activity in the revolutionary movement; and he was a member of the committee on Continental Correspondence named by the General Assembly. He was a member of the first four Provincial Congresses, and he served as the President of the third and fourth. It was the first Provincial Congress which took the first steps toward independence taken by any of the Colonies. The body met in open defiance of the royal authority and in total disregard of the proclamation of the royal Governor forbidding the meeting. In 1775 the Provincial Congress elected him as Treasurer for the Northern District; and in the same year he was selected as member-at-large of the Provincial Council, the executive head of the revolutionary movement. In 1776 he was appointed as commissioner to codify the statutes. Thrice during the Revolution he represented Chowan County in the State Senate.

In 1781 he was elected as a delegate to the Continental Congress, and he was tendered the Presidency of that body, although he had been a member but six months. At that time the Congress was the supreme power of the Confederation of the Colonies, and

its President exercised the authority of the chief executive. But on account of the chaotic conditions in Eastern Carolina and the distressed condition of his family, Johnston felt impelled to decline the election. So eminent had his figure become on the field of the nation that he was selected by New York and Massachusetts as Commissioner to settle a boundary dispute between the two colonies.

Thrice was he elected as Governor of our State, resigning this position only to accept election as first United States Senator of our Commonwealth. While yet serving as Governor he was elected President of the two Constitutional conventions which met at Hillsboro and Fayetteville to consider ratification of the Federal Constitution. He was one of the original trustees of the University; and for three years served as Superior Court Judge; and he could have continued in the service of the public had he not voluntarily chosen to spend the sunset of his life free from the cares of state. So beloved was he of his people that when the first Masonic Grand Master was to be elected, two names were placed before the delegates to the Grand Lodge: Richard Caswell and Samuel Johnston; and Johnston was elected. Here is an unparalleled record in office holding, but something more than mere office holding is required for a man to write his name in the album of fame, and the name of Johnston is renowned not because he held high public office, but for his achievements while so doing.

The battle for independence had an early origin in Carolina and was waged on three important local measures which involved: the financial policy of the province, the running of its southern boundary line, and the jurisdiction of the Colonial courts. On all these questions the King had issued positive instructions, and the Assembly was supposed to merely register the royal will.

The Assembly peremptorily refused to obey the royal instructions, and in reaching this momentous decision Johnston stood abreast of the foremost in maintaining the dignity of the assembly, the independence of the judiciary, and the right of the people to self-government. He urged the appointment of a committee of correspondence between the Colonies, and favored the calling of a Continental Congress.

When, in the Spring of 1774, John Harvey, foremost revolutionist of his day, suggested the calling of a Provincial Congress, Johnston gave to this proposal his powerful support; and when this body met in open defiance of the royal authority and had concluded its labors, Johnston was authorized in the event of Harvey's death to summon another Congress whenever he should deem it necessary. In 1774 even such patriots as Samuel Adams of Massachusetts and Patrick Henry of Virginia scarce breathed the word, "independence," but Johnston wrote letters boldly declaring that the contest between England and the Colonies was a dispute "between different countries," and threatening an appeal to arms to determine the issues involved. In taking this attitude he risked his life itself, as he was not an obscure person safe from the royal wrath, but a man whose name was familiar to many of those who gathered in the council chamber of the British monarch.

Harvey's death in 1775 left Johns-

ton the undisputed leader of the revolutionary party, and he soon issued a call for a Congress to meet at Hillsboro, of which he was unanimously chosen President. For a fourth time Johnston summoned the Congress into session, and again he was unanimously chosen as President. It was during this session at Halifax on April 12, 1776, that there was adopted the famous "Halifax Resolves," the first declaration in favor of independence to be adopted by any American Colony. This Congress named a committee to prepare a temporary Constitution and Johnston was a member of this committee.

But Willie Jones and his faction were determined that Johnston should not have a seat in the Congress which was to meet the ensuing November; and so high did factional and partisan feeling flame, even while the Colony was engaged in a life and death struggle for liberty, that Johnston was not only defeated for election to a seat in the Congress, but the Jones faction celebrated their triumph by burning Johnston in effigy!

The reaction in his favor was sharp and swift. His own people immediately sent him to the State Senate; the General Assembly elected him as Treasurer; the Governor appointed him to the bench; the General Assembly elected him as a member of the Continental Congress, of which body he was tendered the Presidency, which would have constituted him ex-officio President of the Confederated Colonies.

The reaction culminated in his election as Governor in 1787, and in his reelection to two other terms. As Governor, he had to contend with the settlement of the Indian affairs, the adjustment of the war debt, the treatment to be accorded the loyalists, and the cession of the western territory to the Federal Government.

While he was serving as Governor, the convention which was called to consider the ratification of the proposed Federal Constitution met at Hillsboro in 1788, and the leaders of the two factions found themselves once more arrayed against each other, as political feeling was rapidly crystalizing into the formation of the Federalist and Anti-Federalist parties. The Antis controlled the Convention by a large majority, but in deference to his office, Johnston was elected as President. Johnston's position in favor of ratification was supported by James Iredell, William R. Davie and Richard Dobbs Spaight; while the opposition was led by Willie Jones and Thomas Person.

Johnston did not deem the proposed Constitution perfect. Like Jones he was anxious to have certain amendments adopted; but he took the position that the State would have more influence in securing the adoption of such amendments if she were in the Union than if she remained out of it. But again the Jones faction triumphed and ratification was decisively defeated.

But again the eclipse of Johnston was short lived. With wise foresight, Iredell and Davie caused the debates to be published, and through this medium appealed to the public. This aroused sentiment to such an extent that the Legislature called another convention, and when this met at Fayetteville in November, 1789, the Federalists had a larger majority than the Antis had the year before. Again Johnston was elected as Presi-

dent, and after a session of only six days that body ratified the Constitution by 195 to 77 and our State was at last in the Union.

It was the privilege of Johnston to transmit the resolution of ratification to President Washington and to receive from him acknowledgement of his sincere gratification. When the time came to elect United States Senators from our State, Johnston was elected and served one full term in that body, where he took high rank among the leaders of the Federalists.

THIS GLORIOUS THING

This is the time to bring out the old words and dust them off. Words like Liberty, Democracy, Freedom, Independence—battle-cry words that served us through the darkness of other wars.

This is the time, too, that we take stock of the stuff these words are made of. Words, even the greatest, wear thin with use. We need new inventories of the things they mean. It isn't definitions we want—they are for dictionaries. You can't "define" freedom for a man—you have to point it out to him.

Freedom is a man at the lathe, or at the desk, doing the job he likes to do, and speaking up for himself.

It is a man in the pulpit, or on the street corner, speaking his mind.

It is a man puttering in his garden in the evening, and swapping talk with his neighbor over the fence.

It is the unafraid faces of men and women and children at the beach on Sunday, or looking out of car windows speeding along a four-lane highway.

It is a man saying, "Howdy, stranger," without looking cautiously over his shoulder.

It is the people of the country making up their own minds.

It is a soprano singing the Star-Spangled Banner off key, and meaning every word of it.

Freedom is the air you breathe and the sweat you sweat. It is all the things you might have done, and all the things you will do if the breaks are right.

Freedom is you, and 130 million people like you, with your chins up daring anybody with a funny haircut to take it away from you.—Selected.

OUR LATIN AMERICAN FRIENDS

(The Charlotte Observer)

Nicaragua, set in the middle of "Middle America," is the largest —yet proportionately the least populous—of the six republics that lie between Mexico and the continent of South America. About the size of Michian, it has, after Panama, the longest seacoast, amounting to some 500 miles on both Caribbean and Pacific sides.

Like its neighbors, Nicaragua joined the war against the Axis shortly after the Japanese attack in the East. It early offered territory for the use of United States navay and air bases.

In southwest Nicaragua are two "Great Lakes," one of which is among the largest in the Americas. Lake Nicaragua has an area nearly three times that of Rhode Island. It contains several of the country's many volcanoes, whose cones rise dramatically against a vivid tropical background of blue skies and rich green vegetation.

It was by way of Lake Nicaragua that the long projected Nicaragua canal, linking Pacific and Atlantic waters, was routed. Such a canal—to stretch from the Caribbean port of San Juan del Norte (Greytown) along the San Juan river valley, and thence across the lake and over the narrow land bridge to the Pacific—was under consideration as a competitor of the Panama canal before the latter finally won the decision.

Just north of Lake Nicaragua, and linked to it by the River Tipitapa, is smaller Managua lake, on which the Nicaragum capital of the same name is located. The city of Managua, with a population of more than 100,000, became the national capital in the middle 1800's, to settle the long-standing rivalry between the old colonial cities of Leon and Granada. Its modern appearance is the result of much rebuilding following the disastrous earthquake and fire of 1931.

Most of Nicaragua's less than a million inhabitants live in the lake and volcano region of the west. The center of the republic's political and social life, the fertile west also produces such -valuable crops for home consumption as corn, beans, wheat, rice, sugarcane, sweet potatoes, and other vegetables. Its coffee provides the nation's second ranking export.

On the broad and lagoon-fringed plains of the hot and rainy east coast is concentrated the largely foreign-owned and normally flourishing banana industry. The Nicaraguan interior forms a broad band of hills and mountains, whose spare population adds to the transport problems. No railway joins the two coast, although a paved highway is now under way across the southcentral districts. From north and east-central areas comes the gold that is Nicaragua's leading export, while western slopes are rimmed with cattle ranches.

Nicaragua has many potentially valuable natural resources, including minerals, timber and such forest products as industrial gums, medicinal plants, and wild rubber. So far the raw material wealth is little developed, because of labor shortage, lack of transport facilities, and lately war shipping problems. The United States has been lending a helping hand, however, by loans or cash and technicians,

and supplies wherever possible. Projects are under way to improve health, sanitation, and transportation, as well as to increase foodstuffs through introduction of new crops and more efficient farm methods.

Compared with much of Latin America, Costa Rica is a country of "little landers." Although there are big United States and locally-owned plantations in both the Caribbean and Pacific coastal areas, the majority of the Costa Ricans are small-scale farmers living in the valleys and plateaus of the central areas.

The nation which Columbus named Coast Rica (Rich Coast) has had a record of hard work and individual effort since the earliest days of its conquest. Spanish colonists, settling in the more heathful highlands back from the steaming tropical shores, found there no great mineral wealth or large native population to serve in labor battalions. Faced with a choice of work, starvation, or flight, they abandoned the idea of the hacienda or plantation life, such as flourished elsewhere in Latin America. They tilled their own soil, and taking advantage of the excellent pasture available, introduced cattle and other domestic animals that became the forerunners of the modern dairy and cattle industry.

Today, Costa Rica still has its centers of political and economic life in these upland regions of perennial spring, where some three-quarters of the republic's total population of a little more than 650,000 are concentrated. Many live in and around the old Spanish city of Cartago (founded in 1564) and the modern capital, San Jose, situated near by. San Jose, with a population of about 76,000, lies in a beautiful, volcano-framed valley, almost in the geographic center of the nation. Nearly 4,000 feet high, this city is strongly Spanish in architecture and tradition, yet one where Old World habits are tempered by New World ambition and progress.

The people of the central highlands form one of the most densely settled rural populations on the American mainland. Because most of the hostile Indians were wiped out during the early Spanish struggles for possession of the land, and many of the other died from disease and overwork, the modern Costa Ricans are largely of pure Spanish stock. It is only along the coasts that other racial strains are noticeable, in the mixture of Indian and Spanish blood on the Pacific side, and in the Neogro element — once brought in for labor on the first plantations — found in the Caribbean areas.

On the Caribbean shore is Costa Rica's leading port, Puerto Linon. There, in July, 1942, a ship was torpedoed and sunk by an enemy submarine, making this Central American republic the first to feel the direct impact of war at home. Because its Congress met early in the morning of December 8, 1941, Costa Rica even outpaced the United States in declaring war on Japan. It joined the war against Germany and Italy on December 11th.

Costa Rica (which has an area about equal to that of West Virginia) is endowed with extraordinarily "good earth" for producing all kinds of crops, including the useful subsistence foods of corn, beans, rice, and potatoes, sugar and native fruits. Its fertile volcanic soil is especially adapted to coffee growig.

This country was the first of the Central American states to introduce coffee raising on a commercial scale. The coffee boom which occurred not long after Costa Rica won its independence from Spain in 1821 was in fact, a great boon to the young republic then badly in need of a paying industry. Coffee became the nation's chief export crop, a position it still holds.

At present, the United States, in line with the Hemishere policy of wartime and general economic co-operation, is working with the Costa Rican governmen t to pronote greater diversity in farm output, as well as increased production in such strategic materials as abaca (Manila hemp) and rubber. One phase of the program aims at increased food exports to Panama, where the demand has been greatly accelerated.

———:———

DON'T FORGET THE IMPORTANT THING

Recently I stopped in the office of a friend, and found him sitting at his desk with his face as dark as a thundercloud.

"What in the world is the matter?" I inquired.

He started, laughed self-consciously, and tried to pass off his mood as unimportant. Finally he told me what the trouble was. He had discovered that one of the men who worked for him was moving, and although the man was needed badly at the office my friend arranged for him to take the day off. The employee had accepted the favor, but he had failed to thank my friend.

"I suppose it's a little thing, and I shouldn't let it bother me," my friend explained, "but to tell you the truth, it made me 'sore'. He might at least have said 'Thank you'."

I agreed heartily with my friend. The employee's conduct was unpardonable. And how foolish he was to annoy the man for whom he worked, by a bit of carless ingratitude!

Those little words, "Thank you," are often more important than you know. Make them a habit.—Sunshine Magazine.

INSTITUTION NOTES

A local saw mill was moved to the School grounds last Monday morning. Some timber is being cut and sawed, and the lumber thus provided will be used later in making repairs to our buildings.

—:—

Two suits of pajamas, very pretty in design and of good quality, have been issued to each boy at the School. According to reports coming to this office, the boys are well pleased with this addition to their wardrobes.

—:—

Marvin Matheson, of Cottage No. 9, was called to his home in Shelby a few days ago because of the death of his father. To this lad and to other members of the family, our deepest sysmpathy is extended.

—:—

"The Day the Bookies Wept" was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night. A short, "Silent Wings," was shown at the same time. Both are R-K-O productions.

—:—

Mr. W. M. White, our purchasing agent, and his store-room boys have been quite busy lately, getting the point-rationing system in operation. All food issued to the cottage kitchens will be given out according to government regulations.

—:—

Ivan A. (Tiny) Morrozoff, a former member of our printing class, now in the United States Army Air Corps, wrote the other day that he had been transferred from Camp Lee, Virginia, and would let us know his address when permanently located. Tiny stated that he liked the air corps very much and was getting along fine.

—:—

John Holmes, formerly of Cottage No. 7, who has been in the United States Army for the past two years, sent us a post card a few days ago. At the time he was on manuevers in California, but since he gave the same old return address, Camp Livingston, Louisiana, we presume he will be back there shortly.

—:—

During the past two months, quite a number of boys have been taken to Concord to have their tonsils removed. Last Monday morning, Frank Fargis and Robert Travis, of Cottages Nos. 11 and 14, respectively, were taken over for that purpose. All of these operations were performed by Dr. R. B. Rankin. Frank and Robert were brought back to the School the same day, and were placed in our infirmary, where they are recuperating nicely.

—:—

Lemuel Murphy, a former Cottage No. 2 boy, who has been in the United States Army since the National Guard units were called into service, recently sent us a copy of "The Thirteener," a bi-monthly paper published by members of the 513th Parachute Infantry, located at Fort Benning, Georgia. When Lemuel called at The Uplift office more than a year ago, he was a member of a field artillery unit, and was stationed at Fort Jackson, South Carolina. He is now a member of HQ Co. 1, First Battalion, 513th Parachute Infantry. Since he has attained the rank of

sergeant, he must be doing pretty well the paratroopers.

—:—

Bill Morgan, formerly the chief linotype operator in our printing class, who enlisted in the United States Navy last November, wrote us a few days ago. He is now receiving training in radio at the U. S. Naval School, Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, and states that he likes it there and is getting along fine. He asked to be remembered to all the officers and boys at the Training School, and wants them to write him. Bill is still very much interested in the work going on here, as was evidenced by the fact that he enclosed two dollars for a year's subscription to The Uplift. We have been hearing from Bill quite frequently since he became one of Uncle Sam's gobs, and always enjoy his breezy letters.

—:—

We recently learned that James Ledford, one of our old boys, has been a member of the United States Marine Corps for about eight months. James was admitted to the School, November 1, 1940, and remained here until January 10, 1942, when he was released to return to his home in Asheville. From several progress reports received from the welfare authorities there, he has been making good. During his stay with us, James was in Cottage No. 15 and was employed on the dairy force. He had completed the seventh grade work at the time he was allowed to go home. We recall that this lad, now a little more than seventeen years of age, was a well-built youngster—just the type to be depended upon when chaps like the marines decide to take things in hand, and we hope he will continue his good record in the service of our country.

In going about the campus for the past two weeks we have noticed practically all of the smaller boys, and many of the larger ones, busily engaged playing marbles. This is always considered a sure sign that spring is here. These lads, like all other normal American boys, love this business of shooting marbles. As they go marching along, whether at work, in school, or at play, one can hear great pocketfuls of marbles rattling. In other words, they are always loaded, ready for a game when the opportunity presents itself. It is interesting to watch some of the matches, for there are a number of experts in our large family of boys. If they continue to be such crack-shots, by the time they are eligible for service in our country's armed forces, the fellows on the other side had better watch their step.

—:—

The regular weekly meeting of the local Boy Scout troop was held in the library last Monday night. Since Scoutmaster Mullinax was in Concord attending a pow-wow, the meeting was in charge of Mr. Corliss.

Part of the time was spent in reviewing the various ways of paying proper respect to the United States Flag.

The Hawk Patrol and the Flaming Arrow Patrol put on some skits for the entertainment of the boys, and some Scout baseball was played.

The meeting was closed with the reading of The American's Creed.

Mr. Mullinax later reported that at the Scoutmasters' pow-wow, held in the Morris Building, Conocrd, plans were discussed for a summer camp. He also stated that it was decided to have a course of study for Scoutmasters in April, the dates to be

announced later. The various troops in Concord and vicinity will soon put on a contest for attendance at the next Court of Honor.

—:—

It again becomes our sad duty to report another casualty among former Training School students while serving this country in the present war. The latest to be reported to this office was Wilson, Medlin, twenty-three years old, who had been in the United States Army about three years. An item in the Charoltte News, issue of March 13, 1943, stated that the boy's father had received word from the War Department that his son, PFC Wilson Medlin had been missing in action in the North Africa area since February 14th, and that additional information would be sent when received. This young man had been in the Army for about three years, having been overseas since landing in England last August. He later went to Casablanca, Morocco, being a member of the United States forces included in the big 850-ship convoy carrying the first large contingent of Allied forces to North Africa. Wilson is survived by a father, stepmother and several step-brothers and half-brothers, to whom the entire personnel of the Training School extends deepest sympathy.

—:—

When the Training School Band was first organized and practice sessions started, last December, something was said in these columns concerning the weird sounds emanating from the band-room, directly over our sanctum sanctorum. To tell the truth about it, to attempt to read proofs while band practice was going on, as our radio friend, Andrew H. Brown, would have said, was really somethin'. Patience usually has its reward, and now from the same quarters we hear some far better sounds. Under the direction of Mr. Ralph Brausa, director of music in the Concord City Schools, these lads have made rapid strides. They have progressed beyond the "oomp-pa" and "ta-dee-a-ta" stage to such an extent that the strains of tuneful marches and waltzes now come floating in through the printing department windows. And just a few days ago we heard such melodies as "America the Beautiful," "Old Black Joe," and a few familiar hymns, followed by "The Star-Spangled Banner." Both the boys and their instructor are to be commended for the progress already made, and we hope it will not be long until we can make the announcement that our band will render a first-class concert. Keep up the good work, lads.

—:—

Several weeks ago a number of the members of the Training School staff took a course of instruction in First Aid, under the direction and regulations of the American National Red Cross. Mr. Sam Jones was the instructor for this course.

Certificates of credit have just been received and awarded to eighteen members who successfully completed the course. A number of others attended parts of these sessions, and derived a world of good from the period of study, but because of conflicting engagements and duties, they were unable to put in the required number of hours to entitle them to certificates.

In addition to the staff members here, Mrs. W. C. Spence, of Jackson Park, received credit for the instruct-

or's course. Dorthy Jane Carriker and Jesse C. Fisher, Jr., were accredited for having completed the junior courses. Those receiving instructor's certificates are listed as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Liner, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Carriker, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Carriker, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Hawfield, Mrs. L. S. Kiser, Mrs. A. S. Crider, Mrs. J. H. Hobby, Ralph P. Mullinax, Jr., Sam B. Kennett, Thomas B. Finley, W. W. Johnson.

Mr. R. H. Walker received a standard certificate.

—:—

Homer Bunn, formerly a house boy at Cottage No. 1, called on friends at the School last Tuesday afternoon. He entered the institution, November 15, 1933 and was granted a conditional release, July 22, 1935, when he went to live with his mother at Chesterfield, South Carolina. He worked on a farm for several months, and then became an enrollee in a CCC camp near Mytle Beach, South Carolina. After leaving camp he drove a truck for a while, worked in a cafe several months, and then spent some time in a furniture factory in High Point.

On December 17, 1940, Homer enlisted in the United States Army, and since that time has been stationed at the following military post: Fort Jackson, South Carolina; Fort Sill, Oklahoma; Camp Bowie, Texas, Camp Hood, Texas. After spending some time on manuevers in Lousiana, he returned to Camp Bowie, where he is now stationed. For the benefit of friends at the School who might like to write him, we give his address, as follows: Corporal Homer Bunn, 818th Tank Destroyer Battalion, Camp Bowie, Taxes.

Homer has developed into a fine-looking young man of twenty-three years, measures six feet three inches, and has the appearance of a first-class soldier. He seemed pleased at having the opportunity of renewing old acquaintances at the School, and we were very glad to see him. He remarked that he liked Army life just fine, and that his present location was swell, but expressed his eagerness to get over to North Africa and "help those boys out some."

—:—

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the seventh chapter of St. John's Gospel, and as the text for his message to the boys, he selected part of the eleventh verse, "Where Is He?"

At the beginning of his remarks he told the story of a little girl, whose father was a doctor. Someone came to the house one day asked where her father was. She replied that she did not know the exact place but added, "He is where there is somebody sick. The same thing applied to Jesus Christ when he was on earth. He could always be found in places where humanity's needs were greatest.

We could still ask the question about Jesus—"Where Is He?"—and the answers would be as follows, said the speaker:

(1) We can find him in places of prayer, the place where people may get in fellowship with him.

(2) We find him particularly in temples, churches and all places of worship.

(3) As he was found by the Pool

of Siloam, so is he now present where there is illness.

(4) We find Jesus in churches, at the altars of consecration.

(5) He may be found in places of sacrifice today, just as he was crucified on Calvary's Cross, many years ago.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Summers urged the boys to try to find Jesus when they needed a friend. There is none so sympathetic or more willing to help when we are in trouble.

An additional feature of the afternoon's service was the rendition of some very fine vocal numbers, and one instrumental selection.

Miss Virginia Terry, a student at the University of North Carolina, where she is president of the Choral and Glee Club, who was visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Johnson, was present at this service, and rendered several numbers. She sang "Fairest Lord Jesus," "Open My Eyes That I May See," "I Would Be True," "What A Friend We Have In Jesus," and "The Old Rugged Cross." This talented young lady has a fine contralto voice, and the manner in which she sang those grand old hymns was most pleasing. Although we were not present, reports coming from a number of boys indicate that her singing was highly appreciated, and they are all hoping she will come again.

Brown Harris, of Cottage No. 10, rendered a clarinet solo, "Beautiful Dreamer," and we are told that he, too, did very well. Miss Mary Frances Redwine, accompanied the soloists at the piano.

---:---

LIFE'S GREATEST JOY

Have you ever helped another?
Ever earned a grateful smile?
Ever asked a weary brother
In to ride with you a mile?
Have you ever given freely
Of your riches and your worth?
If you haven't, then you've really
Missed the greatest joy on earth.

Has a thrill of pride possessed you?
Have you felt your pulses run,
As a weaker brother blest you
For some good that you had done?
Have you seen eyes start to glisten
That were sad before you came?
If you haven't, stop and listen—
You have missed life's finest game.

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 14, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

William Barrier
Donald Jolly
Ira Montgomery
Weaver Ruff
Richard Shehan
Lee St. Clair
Paul Whitley
Harry Wilson
A. B. Woodard
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Thomas Barnes
William Butler
Wade Fisher
Jack Harmon
James Pitman
James Shell
Kenneth Tipton
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Hurley Bell
Dewey Bunn
Robert Coleman
Arthur Ingle

COTTAGE NO. 4

Eugene Ballew
Leroy Childers
William Davis
William Deaton
Bruce Harper
Elster Jones
William Lanning
Lee Turner
Eugene Watts
George Ward

COTTAGE NO. 5

Eugene Kerman
Hoyt Newell
Willford Seegers

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Douglas Daniels
Melvin Fowler
Ralph Gibson
Gerald Kerman
Chester Lee
Rufus Massingill
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean
Reitzel Southern
John Rhodes
Wesley Turner
Joseph Turner

COTTAGE NO. 7

R. C. Combs
Charles Edwards
Wallace Foster
Donald Grimstead
Amos Myers
Jerry Ray
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 8

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 9

Riley Denny
Fred Grimstead
Edward Guffey
Wilbur Hardin
Thomas Ingram
Marvin Matheson
Albert Newton
Robert Owens
Milford Ward

COTTAGE NO. 10

Fred Carswell
Amon Dryman
Jack Evans
Brown Harris
Arcemias Hefner
James Spears
Clifford Spriggs
Joseph Willis
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Marvin Bradley
Robert Goldsmith

Fred Holland
Orin Helms
Everett Morris
John Moffitt
Clyde Rhodes
Leon Rose
Ray Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Adrian Carter
Thurman Daniels
Millard Ellege
Floyd Fields
Paul Green
Donald Hobbs
Robert Hobbs
Richard Kye
Banks McKnight

COTTAGE NO. 14

Wilton Barfield
Fred Bostian
Robert Caudle
John Fargis
Vernon Harding
William Harding
Robert Holbert
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William E. Lanford
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pitman
John Pritchard
Robert Travis
Peter Tuttle
Alvis Watkins
James Lineberrier

COTTAGE NO. 15

Harold Blankenship
James Cantrell
Charles Lanford
Ennis Miller
Hugh Roberts
James Roberson
William Willis
Leroy Willetts

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hiram Atkinson
Roland Brooks
Frank Chavis
Peter Chavis
James Chavis
James E. Hall
R. C. Hoyle
Herbert Lochlear
Leroy Lowry
Charles Pearson
Eugene Moose
Donald Sides

INFIRMARY

Robert Padgett
Lawrence Rice
Newman Tate

THE FAREWELL ADDRESS

A minister in a certain town in Alabama took permanent leave of his congregation in the following manner:

"Brothers and sisters, I come to say good-bye. I don't think God loves this church, because none of you ever die. I don't think you love each other, because I never marry any of you. I don't think you love me, because you have not paid my salary. Your donations are moldy fruit and wormy apples, and 'by their fruits ye shall know them.'

"Brethren, I am going away to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary. 'Where I go ye cannot come, but I go to prepare a place for you,' and may the Lord have mercy on your souls. Good-bye."—Selected.

MAR 29 1943
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROO

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 27, 1943 No. 13

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

A FRIEND OF ALL

A word of encouragement to the sick; a kindly word to a beggar; a pat to a friendless dog; a smile to some lonely one, will recommend you to the coming day and will add much to your credit to-morrow. It is a pleasant task for any one to be going about in search of those who need these little services, and showering them upon the unfortunate. Not as a professional charity peddler to whom giving is a duty; not as a publicity seeker who expects to get his picture in the papers every time he does a decent deed; but as a friend of all living things. It is a pleasant task and it prepares you for tomorrow better than anything else I know of.—Tony Wons.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
CAPTURED JAP SUBMARINE SEEN AT THE SCHOOL	By Leon Godown	9
BUILDING OF THE BETTER WORLD	By Dr. H. B. Blakely	13
NORTH CAROLINA'S EDUCATIONAL GOVERNOR	By Geraldina Coburn	15
YOU AND I	By L. A. Swann	17
UNDER THE DRIER	By Margaret A. J. Irvin	19
THE GRAVE OF A DOG	(Alabama Baptist)	21
THINGS NOT TO FEAR	(Chicago Tribune)	23
PAPER	(Selected)	24
INSTITUTION NOTES		25
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

OPPORTUNITY

No man ever had to wait for opportunity. Many men have been so blind to other possibilities that they have wasted much time in getting their eyes opened. Some have tried to deceive themselves by using their waiting as an excuse to cover their laziness.

Opportunity is not limited to locality, by time, or by conditions. Men are succeeding in every possible circumstance, in places and at periods where and when other men claim that no opportunity exists. The difference between the men who succeed and those who fail under similar conditions lies in the ability of the former to discern opportunities when they present themselves.

It is sometimes said that successful men make their own opportunities. This is not an exact statement, as all opportunity comes from a divine source. But successful men are those who have power to see the opportunity that to other eyes may be hidden by seemingly negative conditions.

The knowledge of the spiritual origin of opportunity should be an incentive for one to develop a power of spiritual discernment that will enable him to look beyond deceptive appearance and see clearly the road to progress. Opportunity it omnipresent, as God is omnipresent; it is eternally new, it is constantly within the reach of him who has eyes to see.—The Educator.

ANOTHER TOUCH OF LANDSCAPING

The approach to the Swink-Benson Trades Building, one of the best and most substantially constructed buildings on the campus, has been greatly improved. The walk has been raised by filling in low places with gravel. The finishing touch to this particular piece of landscaping were the placing of rows of Old English Boxwood on either side of the walk, together with several rows of pansies and periwinkle, that will in due time cover the slopes and protect the same from washing during heavy rains. As an additional retainer, a rock wall was built on the lower sides.

It is quite true that the works of mankind, great or small contributions to the uplift of humanity, are not recorded in books, but in converting some arid, barren spot into a place of beauty. We say

without reservation the natural beauty of the grounds surrounding the Stonewall Jackson Training School cannot be surpassed. The far-sighted individuals who were instrumental in selecting the site for the institution visualized the natural beauty of the hills, slopes and boulders, and also sensed the possibilities of greater development of scenic beauty. The planting of trees and shrubs, with an intermingling of colorful flowers has been an annual custom.

The former program of campus beautification will continue with greater emphasis, realizing that order and beauty are contributing factors toward developing a well balanced citizen. One's life is dull and drab without an understanding of the beauties of nature and the value of the finer arts.

* * * * * * * *

CHURCHILL BACK AT THE HELM

Last Sunday afternoon, Winston Churchill gave his first radio address following his illness. One could easily tell that his voice was just a little husky, and he did not show the same vigor as in former speeches. However, his interest in his people and all of their allies seemed to "pep" him up to a degree of his old-time earnestness and forcefulness. He did not forget to thank the people for their kindly interest in him during his illness.

Chruchill warned his listeners all over the world against becoming too optimistic concerning the success of the Allied Nations. He said many people felt that the morale of the Nazis had reached a breaking point, but stated that we have no reason for believing such a statement, as we had to believe at any time the German people had a high morale.

The British Prime Minister urged us never to relent for one minute our war effort, adding that our only aim is definitely to win this war.

At the close of his speech, Churchill said, "I have just received a message from General Montgomery in North Africa, stating that the long-expected offensive was on at the moment."

Speaking for forty-six minutes, following a severe illness, Churchill showed that not only does it take physcial strength to perform a duty, but the spirit of intense interest will carry one on.

ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK

March 22, 1817 was the birthday of one of North Carolina's most famous soldiers—Braxton Bragg—a lieutenant colonel in the Mexican War. At the opening of the Civil War he was appointed brigadier general in the Confederate army, and was placed in command at Pensacola, Florida, and later succeeded General Beauregard in command of the army in the west. General Grant defeated him at Chattanooga and he resigned from command. Shortly afterwards, President Davis called him to Richmond as his military adviser. After the war he became chief engineer for the state of Alabama.

It was on March 23, 1775 that Patrick Henry delivered his famous speech in which he cried, "Give me liberty or give me death." In school, Henry was no scholar, and out in the world of men he was no stateman of broad views and mighty insights; yet no one came before or after him with greater power for swaying an audience. He was a natural born orator, and was as fearless as he was eloquent.

Oklahoma first opened her doors to settlers on March 27, 1889. This opening withnessed the greatest rush for land ever experienced in this country. More than 50,000 people entered the territory and filed claims on that particular day. Cities arose like mushrooms over night, and from the day of her opening Oklahoma grew and prospered, but was not admitted as a state until November 16, 1907.

* * * * * * * *

TREACHEROUS MARCH

Instead of March 21st being the first day of spring it was truly the last day of winter, with a varied program of weather, ranging from balmy temperature on the previous night to a freezing point on that day. Adding to the picture were cold rain, sleet and a flurry of snow that made the chills course up and down one's spine. March has been called a treacherous month, and on this occasion it measured up to this estimate.

Looking backward, we recall a snowfall to a depth of fourteen inches in March, 1927. This snow started early in the evening and continued throughout the night.

FARMERS MUST BE ALERT

The one subject uppermost in the minds of people today is the cultivation of the soil and the conservation of food stuff raised on the farms. Farming is truly an art, and the fellow who thinks just anyone, regardless of training or experience, can be successful in this line of work, does not understand. In fact the soil has to be treated kindly, and the seasons for cultivation, planting and gathering of crops must be studied carefully if there is to be neither a loss in production nor a loss of time. Fruits, vegetables and other crops must be gathered in the nick of time or the farmer realizes a wholesale loss. We call attention to the following timely suggestions from the Mecklenburg Times:

> Officials believe there are enough seeds and plants for all who want gardens to have them. But this is no time to waste any seed. Do not plant more than you can care for and do not plant more seed in the row than is necessary for a good stand. Then see that the growing plants are cultivated and cared for so that none will be wasted. Large numbers of small gardens were planted last year in soil that was not properly prepared and these gardens were never worked.
>
> A garden that is not worked and cared for means wasted seed and energy. This is no time for waste of anything. Every particle of food that can be grown is needed. If you are not going to work the garden and care for the growing plants, then it would be better that the seed not be planted. If the seeds are wasted someone will not have what he needs for growing food for his family.
>
> Grow a garden but do not waste any seed.

* * * * * * * *

LENT

Lent is the period observed by Christians in preparation for the great church festival of the year, Easter. It is when these conscientious ones devote time to special prayer and fasting and as a season of self-denial. Lent has been so observed since the early church was founded and universally dates from the ninth century. Though in various churches it is not observed in the same way, perhaps this year Lent will give to all humanity refreshment from doubt and sorrow which is about us. For six weeks preceding

Easter, which is the accepted period of Lent, we might come closer in understanding and thought.—Mooresville Enterprise

* * * * * * * * *

We are told that the various branches of military service had to take so many doctors that, from now on increasingly, medical services must be "rationed" for the duration of the war. This does not mean that we should pass up necessary medication or surgery. But it does mean that those with money should give up luxury service, in order that the available doctors and nurses may care for cases of real need.—Selected.

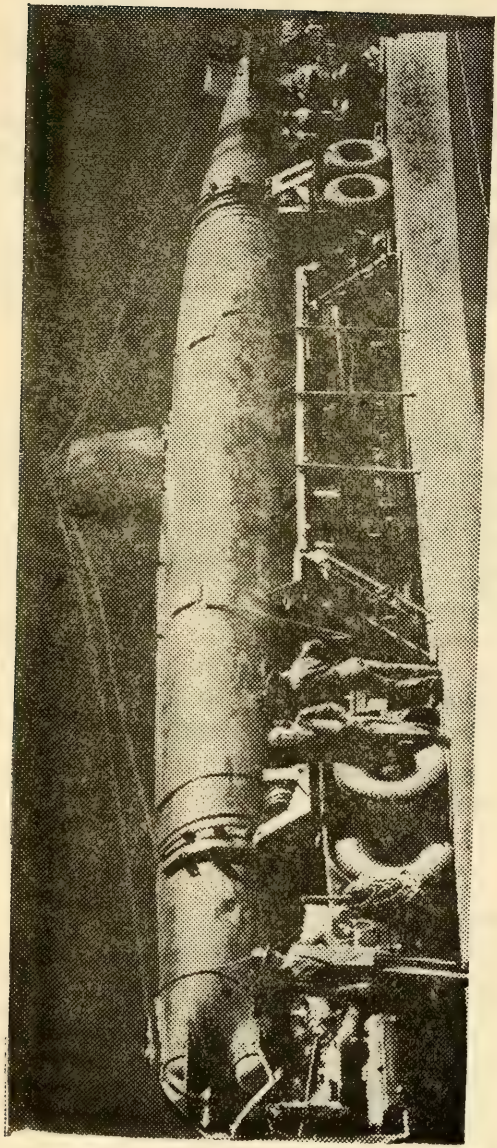
* * * * * * * * *

Those who realize the value of time, comprehend the importance of employing it to best advantage. Recently a magazine writer wisely appropriated time in the following manner:

"Take time to live, for that is what time is for; killing time is suicide. Take time to work; it is the price of success. Take time to think; it is the source of power. Take time to play; it is the fountain of wisdom. Take time to be friendly; it is the road to happiness. Take time to dream; it is hitching your wagon to a star. Take time to look around; it is too short a day to be selfish. Take time to laugh; it is the music of the soul. Take time to play with children; it is the joy of joys. Take time to be courteous; it is the mark of a gentleman."—Sunshine Magazine.

* * * * * * * * *

In the other war came the question, What profit to have one's pockets full of money but little for the stomach? The same urgency is upon us now. It does begin to appear that Congress is going to do something to keep labor on the farms. Old mother earth is still our hope for food.—N. C. Christian Advocate.



CAPTURED JAPANESE SUBMARINE

This two-man enemy underseas craft was captured at Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941. While on a nation-wide tour for the purpose of stimulating the sale of War Bonds and Stamps, the sub stopped at Stonewall Jackson Training School on March 19, 1943.

CAPTURED JAP SUBMARINE SEEN AT THE SCHOOL

By Leon Godown

On Friday, March 19th, the boys of Jackson Training School enjoyed the privilege of seeing the captured Japanese submarine, now on a nation-wide tour for the purpose of boosting the sale of War Bonds and Stamps. When it was learned that this two-man underseas craft would be in Concord, Superintendent Hawfield immediately contacted the committee in charge, and made the arrangements to have it stop at the institution on the way from Charlotte to Concord.

While no attempt was made to sell bonds or stamps when the sub stopped here, it might be of interest to note that the boys at the school, like loyal and patriotic youngsters in all corners of our country, have been contributing their share toward the success of the war effort. In view of the fact that their means are limited, we are pleased to announce that a recent check-up revealed that fifty-five boys had purchased defense stamps totaling $136.20. This is not a staggering sum, of course, but when one considers that the majority of these lads have very little or no money to use during their stay at the School, they are to be commended for their contribution. These stamps were purchased with small sums of money sent to some by the folks at home, while others managed to earn an occasional dime or quarter by performing some little extra tasks for the people who are employed here. They certainly deserved the opportunity to see the sub, which was the chief topic of conversation among them for several days thereafter.

Immediately after breakfast on the morning of the 19th, our entire group of 340 boys, accompanied by 50 or more members of the School's staff of workers, assembled along the highway to await the appearance of the much talked-of enemy submarine. Shortly after nine o'clock it came along, and stopped for ten or fifteen minutes.

Accompanying the captured sub were Herbert Gahagan, of the United States Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Abernethy, Raleigh, of the North Carolina State War Savings staff; Claude Causley and Robert Treetner, drivers of the huge truck upon which the vessel was mounted. State highway patrolmen Reynolds and Logan were on hand to see that traffic was stopped long enough for the boys to have an opportunity to see the small craft, nicknamed by Uncle Sam's sailors as "Togo Cigars."

As the boys crowded around this strange craft, Mr. Gahagan, using his portable microphone, explained many of the details concerning the capture of the sub at Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941. He told how it was taken into custody; pointed out the purpose it was supposed to have served; and described many other interesting features. Surrounded by a bunch of curious youngsters, he was naturally plied with many questions, but he graciously answered as many

as he could without revealing any military secrets. After presenting the other members of his party, Mr. Gahagan expressed his pleasure at having been able to stop at the School, thanked his youthful listeners for their kind attention, and added that as they were pressed for time, must be on their way to Concord.

Mr. Gahagan gave us a number of facts concerning the submarine, released for publication by the Navy Department, which we are pleased to pass on to our readers, as follows:

The Japanese two-man submarine now on tour for War Savings is 81 feet long, 6 feet in diameter, and now weighs 17½ tons. Normal weight of this type submarine is 32 to 35 tons. Difference in weight now is that the Navy Department removed the torpedoes, the demolition charge, the heavy storage batteries and the motor, substituting in their stead, in exact replica, a lighter material. In substance the sub is as it was when captured. It carries two torpedoes, 18 feet long, 18 inches in diameter, each of which weighed 1750 lbs, and a 300 lb nitroglycerin charge to blow itself up.

104 storage batteries, in four banks, furnished power for navigation. An electric motor turned a dual drive shaft spinning two propellers in opposite direction to give the sub additional speed and power, prevent torque, and to keep it on an even keel.

The cruising range was 150 miles, surface speed 14 knots, submurged 6 to 8 knots. No way to recharge batteries. When energy was expended sub had to surface. The torpedoes were discharged by compressed air. Each tube had a 5,000 lb air compression chamber.

After firing the torpedoes the sub would seek a third target, dive under it, or come alongside it and the officer would touch off the demolition charge, destroying the crew, the sub, and the target.

These subs do not ram a target. The firing power is controlled by the officer from his station directly beneath the conning tower. The navigation of the sub is also controlled by him from there. The mechanic has for his sole duty the keeping of the motor running.

The dive is accomplished by means of horizontal fins on the stern of the sub. At no time is water ballast taken on for a dive. The diving depth is only 15 feet.

After firing a torpedo, sufficient water is taken on through a small door beneath the bow of the sub to compensate for the loss of weight and maintain balance.

The braces in front of the sub are there for two purposes: to prevent the war heads of the torpedoes from striking a floating object and exploding, and for cutting steel anti-submarine nets.

The torpedoes are loaded from the outside and are set to explode upon contact. The prong between the two torpedo war heads is there for towing purposes only. These subs were towed in groups to a target area and then released, never to come up.

The maximum height within the sub is directly beneath the conning tower and is only 5 feet 1 inch.

The only means of entrance or exit is through a 15½ inch hatch opening atop the conning tower.

The equipment, painted blue-gray,

on the outside of the sub was put on by the Navy Department for touring purposes. The circular track running around the bow and stern and set in cradle-like rests are there so that the sub may be rolled over on its side when encountering a low overpass or bridge. It turns 90 degrees in a minute, reducing its 15 foot 6 inch clearance to 10 feet 6 inches.

The portholes were cut by the Navy and covered with plexiglass so that the public might view the interior of the sub.

The sub comes in three sections, the bow, housing the firing power, the midsection, housing the storage batteries and the control room; and the stern housing the motor and drive shaft. These three sections are bolted together. The hull is of steel plates, one quarter to three eighths inches thick, electrically welded. The overall length of sub and truck is 94 feet; the weight 76,500 lbs.

We have clipped an eye-witness story of the capture of the sub, told by Captain Eugene E. Wilson, of the United States Air Force, as appeared in a recent issue of the Concord Daily Tribune, as follows:

"I was on duty at Hickham Field, Pearl Harbor, when the Japanese attacked on the morning of December 7th. I was then Inspector General of the Hawaiian Air Force. Early the next morning I had a call from an air installation on the ocean side of a headland near Pearl Harbor that a Japanese submarine was just outside the reef a few hundred feet offshore.

"By the time I got there, an Army plane had dropped a light bomb on the seaward side of the sub and had washed it onto the reef—a neat trick if you can do it. The idea was to capture the sub instead of merely blowing it into the flowery kingdom come, which would have been easy.

"The officer who had been in the submarine had managed to swim ashore, where Army men were waiting for him. He was in his underwear. He made the usual Japanese request to be allowed to shoot himself, in that he had failed in his mission, but our men did not seem to care for the idea. The prisoner spoke fairly good English, but said that he had learned it in Japan. There was no trace of the enlisted man who had been in the submarine.

"Soldiers of the Air Force and ground troops were paddling out to the sub on the rubber rings that our planes carry as lifeboats, and were attaching lines to the foundering sub. In about two hours, with the rising tide, they were able to haul the sub over the reef and into shallow water on the beach.

"A Navy detachment, for which the Army had put in a call, handled the sub with two heavy tractors onto the beach. Two men got through the fifteen and one-half inch hatch in the conning tower and inspected the inside of the sub. I tried to get in, but proved to be not quite Japanese size."

The Navy carted the submarine away, and it was later mounted on concrete cradles at the submarine base at Pearl Harbor. It is very fitting that this Japanese sneak-boat, our first trophy of the war with Japan, should now be making the first overland submarine cruise in history in order to stimulate the sale of War Savings Stamps and Bonds. During the few hours it stayed in Concord more than five thousand dollars were thus raised, and we are told that it

is meeting with similar success at all stops. This proves that quite often something started with evil intent, by our enemies, becomes a blessing in disguise, working in our favor. An old Chinese proverb goes something like this: "Do not throw mud. It will soon dry and become dust, and then blow back into your eyes." Those two little yellow rats started out on a one-way voyage, prepared to die a fanatic's death for their Emperor. Had they managed to get into Pearl Harbor, they might have sunk an American ship and killed many more American people. But the two little men have been "taken care of" and their small craft is now contributing a large part toward helping Uncle Sam stamp out the yellow pests of the Far East, by increasing the sales of War Bonds and Stamps, which will eventually set the Rising Sun, and put the Yellow Kingdom into a dark, dismal eclipse.

———:———

"OLD GLORY WILL ALWAYS BE STREAMING"

Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light
What this must have meant to Key,
As over the ramparts he solemnly watched,
Waiting for Victory?

And conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
Means the same to us today.
We're in it, let's win it,
And our cause, "they begin it,"
And this we truthfully say:

This scrap with the Japs,
And the Huns on the run,
And the Italians held at bay;
We're sure to come through
For the Red, White and Blue,
And the good old U. S. A.

We won't say can you see
By the dawn's early light,
Or, either, the starlight's last gleaming,
For with might, shot and shell
We'll do the job well,
And "Old Glory Will Always Be Streaming."

—William Hill

BUILDERS OF THE BETTER WORLD

By Hunter B. Blakely

Today men hope for a better world. It is an age old longing of the human race. Each step forward that mankind takes leads on to new visions of a better day of larger happiness and less misery. God speed the day when leaders shall arise of such character and wisdom that from the errors and failures of our past mankind may be led onward to a more complete realization of God's holy puprpose for men; such is the prayer of multitudes. Within that better day of hope there lies the vision of the time when "they shall beat their swords into plow shares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nations shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war anymore."

It is not in the Bible alone that we find the vision of a better future. Four notable books have been written presenting utopias. These great books attempt to picture the ideal commonwealth, where perfection will be found in government, laws, and social constitution. They were all written in periods of transition where amid failures men were longing for a better world.

Plato wrote his Republic in the years that followed the great Periclean Age, when Athens through wars and corruption was losing her glory. Amid Athens' dying splendor Plato sought a way by which society could be so reshaped that man might realize the best that was in him. Cicero, using the theme and thoughts of Plato, three hundred years later wrote his Republic in the declining years of Roman democracy, when the Republic of the people soon was to be transformed into the Empire of the Caesars. Four hundred and fifty years afterwards St. Augustine began his City of God when Alaric and his Goths had sacked the city of Rome. He finished it some thirteen years later when the Vandals having overrun the Roman province of North Africa, modern Tunisia, were approaching the capitol Hippo, of which Augustine was Bishop. Amid the burning embers of the Roman Empire he envisioned a City of God which the fury of man could not destroy. After a thousand years, amid the corruptions of the reign of Henry VIII and the quickening stimuli of the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the discovery of America, Sir Thomas Moore wrote Utopia. It was a satire on the existing government and society, in which the evils of society were contrasted with the good of the ideal community where the interests of individuals were sacrificed to the common good. After he had dreamed of a better world, he finished with this world under the executioner's axe wielded at his king's command.

The Boman Cicero, the North African Augustine, and the English Thomas Moore each turned back to the Greek Plato for inspiration. Of the three only Augustine's City of God is comparable in greatness with Plato's Republic, and both of these books belong to the immortals of literature. Plato stands in dim pagan antiquity pointing men toward an ideal society. Augustine stands on the confine of two worlds, the pagan

classical and the Christian and points the way to the Christian. We stand at another turning point in human destiny, and Plato and Augustine become great reading as we try to think our way forward into a new day.

Certainly one of the most famous passages of Plato's Republic is his answer to the question of how the ideal state can ever be brought into existence. He said, "Unless either philosphers become kings in their countries or those who are now called kings and rulers come to be sufficiently inspired with a genuine desire for wisdom; unless, that is to say, political power and philosphy meet together, while the many natures who now go their several ways in the one or the other direction are forcibly debarred from doing so, there can be no rest from troubles for states, nor yet, as I believe, for all mankind; nor can this commonwealth which we have imagined ever till then see the light of day and grow to its full stature."

Plato's better society would come into existence when Philosphers become Kings or Kings become Philosophers. The philosopher of Plato's thinking if far removed from the common idea of the armed chair professor who lectures out of books, exists in an ethereal nowhere, and has no contacts with actual life. Plato's philosopher was the man who loved wisdom and had a passion to see the whole of truth. He not only looked for information; he diligently sought to discover the good and beautiful and true. He looked for the first causes of all that is good in the universe and sought to put these causes into the hearts and lives of men. Their wisdom was not for Pl[illegible] intellectual; it was also for him moral and spiritual. The Philosopher King is he who is best in character, clearest in thinking, most devoted to the public interest, and therefore is selected to rule by his superior qualities of intelligence and goodness. Men of wisdom and goodness, according to this Greek thinker, were the only people capable of developing and governing the ideal state.

By one of the beneficient good fortunes of history, perhaps the nearest approach to the rule of the "Philosopher Kings" was when a remarkable group of intelligent men of unselfish purpose and of high character gathered together and wrote The Constitution of the United States and The Bill of Rights. The beginning of this nation was no accident. It was the deliberate intent of intelligent and noble statesmen. Our Founding Fathers could both think and they could be trusted. Among them were masters of history and all of them dared to create something new upon the earth.

In this twentieth century, at another great turning point of history, we need "Kings who are Philosophers." Our most thoughtful, most intelligent, most courageous citizens now must serve the public welfare. We need such men in office. They must be persuaded to serve. The little minds and faint hearts must be retired to private life, and men of the caliber of Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, and Madison must be called to the service of the Republic. A time like this demands of public leaders daring vision, large wisdom, consecrated devotion to the public good, and utter unselfishness.

NORTH CAROLINA'S EDUCATIONAL GOVERNOR

By Geraldine Coburn

Charles Brantley Aycock is known as North Carolina's educational governnor. By profession he was a successful laywer, but his constant devotion to education for all, regardless of race, creed, or color, is the main reason he is remembered today. To some North Carolinians his name signifies education.

Aycock, one of ten children of Benjamin Aycock and Serena Hooks, was born on November 1, 1859, near Nahunta (now Frement) in Wayne County. Descended from a long line of substantial farmers, he could plow a straight furrow as well as anyone, and, figuratively speaking, he never deviated from this course spiritually and morally. There were no public schools in the State in his youth, but he received his preparatory education at the schools in Fremont, Wilson, and Kinston, which enabled him to enter the University of North Carolina in 1877 at the age of sixteen and to graduate three years later as the best debator in the University student body.

A year after graduation, Aycock was admitted to the bar and opened his law office at Goldsboro. (Frank A. Daniels, a brother of Mr. Josephus Daniels, was his law partner for many years.) His first public office, however, was that of superintendent of schools of Wyane County, and this was the origin of his fight for the promotion of education. Also he was interested in politics and public affairs and won fame as a presidential elector and an elector-at-large for the Democratic Party. In 1893 President Cleveland recognised his ability as one of the most capable lawyers of the United States and appointed him United States District Attorney for the Eastern District of North Carolina.

In the year 1901, the beginning of the new century, Aycock became governor of the Old North State, and there was a new birth for education in the State. In the new governor's inaugural address he pledged the strength, heart, and wealth of the State to universal education. He said; "I shall devote the four years of my official term to the upbuilding of the public schools in North Carolina. I shall endeavor for every child in the State to get an education." When speaking of education as being the first duty of the State he said: "It is education that finds and brings out for us the noblest and the best.. It stimulates us to our greatest efforts. I believe in universal education. I believe in educating everybody. What do we mean by education? We mean the bringing out of a thing the best that God has put into it. We must educate everybody in order that we may have the benefit of competition and appreciation."

During his term of office he sinerely tried to fulfill his promises, and more than 1,200 new schoolhouses were built, teachers were better trained and received higher salaries,

the school term was lengthened, libraries were started in rural communities, better school books were obtained, and the Negroes were given more educational opportunities. Also, under Aycock's administration, all the State institutions were improved. The penitentiary was placed on a paying basis and better care was given to the insane, the blind, and the deaf.

For seventeen years, before and after Aycock served as chief executive of the state he was a trustee of the Goldsboro Public Schools, serving most of the time as chairman. When his term of office as governor expired in January, 1905, he returned to Goldsboro to resume his law practice with Frank A. Daniels, but four years later he was back in the capital of the State as a law partner of Robert W. Winston, and never in his legal career did he forget the cause of education. Often other states called on him to give lectures on education. In Birmingham, on April 4, 1912, while addressing the teachers of Alabama he said: "I always talked about education," and with education as his last word, his heart failed and and he fell dead. What better climax for this champion of public education?

On Easter Sunday he was buried in Oakwood Cemetery, in Raleigh, along with five other North Carolina governors, but his menory and accomplishments live on. On Capitol squar there is a large bronze statue of him, which reminds one that the public schools of North Carolina show no discrimination, but provide universal opportunities for all.

———:———

In the conservation of shipping space these days every little helps. One contribution by Britain has been the saving of 1,500,000 tons of shipping space by getting the same crop production from 5 per cent less land, and then planting that 5 per cent saved in wheat. Another contribution has been effected by the reduction of livestock to minimum needs, since one acre planted to human food crops will save from five to fifteen times as much shipping space as ground devoted to stock-feeding crops. Britain also has its farm labor problems. Farms with more than half of their land under cultivation have only one man for labor on each one hundred acres. To us the problem may seem small when we realize that the farms of North Dakota would hold all Britain's cultivated land three times over, in spite of Britain's 60 per cent wartime increase in acreage. These facts are offered in the December issue of The Outpost, published by Americans in Britain.—Selected.

YOU AND I

By Chaplain Lightner A. Swan

Army life has many phases. Primarily, aims to prepare men for battle and to defeat the enemy. The technical phases of preparation engage most of the soldier's time. Accuracy and deftness in handling the machinery of war are essential to victory. There is no question about that. The enemy is a deadly foe, and the soldier must be prepared in every way to meet his deadliest weapons.

But there are other phases of Army life that are also important. After all, it is not machinery, guns, ships, and airplanes that we are trying to protect. These are just instruments, inanimate objects, a means to an end.

There is a human side, even to war. Let us not forget that. While the destruction of the enemy is an immediate aim, yet back of that is an ideal, a hope, a plan. A plan and a hope that once the enemy is out of the way, then life may proceed harmoniously and happily. A life that will include all human beings. A life not for Americans, Englishmen, Russians and Chinese alone; but a life for the Japanese, the Germans, and the Italians as well. It is this life of human compatibility between all races, creeds and colors for which we are fighting. This is a life and death struggle between the forces of human brotherhood and the forces of tyranny, hate and greed. While we feel sure that our objective is wholesome, we will do well to orientate ourselfs to that idea. In other words, a soldier will do well to become accurate in focusing his attention upon the goal of human brotherhood. Every bomb that is dropped on the enemy is a bomb to liberate even the enemy himself from his self-imposed bondage. Americans can no longer fight wars to save the "American Way of Life" only. Wars are fought now to save the wellbeing and happiness of the whole human family.

Then there is a personal phase of Army life that is important to every soldier. Let the soldier never lose sight of his individuality and his personal well-being. You are important. While you are called to do the fighting, at the same time your interests are at stake as much as those of other people. Your life need not be thrown away with careless abandon just because you are facing possible death in the struggle. The important thing for you to consider is that you strike a balance of character as a soldier.

A morbid introvert is of no value to the Army. A man who shuts himself up inside, away from other men, refuses to mingle with them, is a drag on any outfit. Just one or two in any organization will turn the spirit of a squadron like this sour

On the other hand, the slapstick extrovert who goes all out for hell and its curses can soon break down the morale of any group. The old colonel who said, "A soldier who doesn't know the details of his job, is an enemy, not a colleague," might also have said that a soldier who goes out and brings back a case of social disease is just as injurious to the war effort as one who would pack up all the S-2 material and deliver it to Hitler or Tojo.

Army life doesn't necessitate a man

going either to the extreme of a morbid introvert or a dangerous extrovert There is a balance of character to be found; and happy is the soldier who finds it. To become a well-balanced social being is just as important to victory as is our technical training.

And then there is the faith side of Army life. Faith in God. No soldier is equipped to do his best who goes out to battle without God. Even if he wins, he loses. He loses his hold on eternity. That soldier, that squadron that leans squarely on God is invincible. Without God, the ideals of human liberty, justice and equality fade out with the smoke of battle; with God they flower into reality.

You and I are called upon to take our places as men in the U. S. Army. It is our honor. God help us to be honorable. We have a job to do. We may not be here to see the fruit of our labor. We may enter the battle to give others a chance to live. If so, the philosophy back of the following verses might help us carry on.

"An old man traveling on a lone highway
Came at the evening cold and gray
To a chasm vast, deep and wide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim
For the sullen stream had no fear to him;
But he turned when safe on the othe side
And built a bridge to span the tide.
Old man, said a fellow traveler near,
You're wasting your time in building here.
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide,
Why build you this bridge at eventide?
The builder lifted his old gray head,
Good friend, there followes after me today, he said,
A fair-haired youth whose feet must pass this way.
He too must cross in the twilight dim.
Good friend, I'm building this bridge for him."

Don't flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies; they are ready enough to tell them.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

UNDER THE DRIER

By Margaret A. J. Irvin

The rest of the performance is really preliminary. The brushing and combing, the sudsing and rinsing, the slicking and setting are leading up to the moment when you will be led quietly but firmly to the drier.

Your ears have been covered with cotton to make the ordeal as painless as possible. In fact, you are shown every consideration. The tubular steel chair yields gracefully to your bulk. The operator can't be expected to know by instinct that that subtle swaying makes you seasick, and you are too polite to tell her. You take comfort in the thought that the country can't be in such dire need of metal as alarmists would lead one to believe. There is a rich, ready-mined supply in the thousands of beauty parlors strectching from sea to shining sea. You try not to think about seas or oceans or great lakes, in the hope that this time you may escape. Perhaps you won't be sick this time.

If the chair is long and you are short, a footstool is provided. The towel is tucked close about your neck. With a roar, the wind springs at you. The moment has arrived.

The attendant hands you the large bulb-like switch. You glance at the markings, "Off—Cold—Warm—Hot." You note that she has set the indicator at "hot." You rehearse mentally the motions necessary to change the temperature to something slightly less torrid, just as you note the "Exit" signs when taking your seat in a theater. You are taking no chances, for you remember very well the "good old days" when you were permitted to ring a bell as an S. O. S. only when you could stand the frying sensation no longer. In those days, if your distress signal went unheeded, your only help lay in struggling out from under the huge metal hat until you were sufficiently revived to risk bobbing back into the inferno once more. Now and then your antics turned into what looked like a strange game of "hide-and-seek." Other customers were likely to look at you with the condescending pity of those whose troubles are bearable for those whose woes are not. "Can't she make less fuss about it?" asked their eyes—until their own necks or ears or scalps began to burn. Then it became a different story. Apologetic smiles confessed, "We're all in this thing together," as they joined you in a sort of weird ballet.

So with gratitude you grasp the switch the operator hands you nowadays. She smiles and leaves you alone with the rushing wind and the literature they offer you.

It is hard to tell whether it is the air swirling around your head with such violence that it seems almost inside your cranium or the literature on the table beside you that makes you feel like a case of arrested development. Movie magazines by the dozen are filled with extravagant "true life" stories of the stars. "Slick paper publications" recount the social triumphs and idiosyncrasies of what is left of society. You wonder why they print such stories; then wonder whether you are the only

woman who comes in who finds them supremely boring. You begin to think that you are out of step with all the rest of your sex. You begin to survey your companions with half-concealed hostility.

The woman in the next chair catches your eye. She shouts something you don't hear. You shake your head. She shuts off the current on her drier and motions for you to follow suit. In the sudden lull, her voice comes out with unexpected loudness.

"Read this? Fascinating. Best one I've read yet."

The book is How to Win the Peace, by C. J. Hambro.

You confess that you havn't read it, but you smile happily as you say it. You can relax. You aren't out of step with all the other women in the country. There are women who are feeding their brains something besides the vanilla-flavored sawdust of the screen journals. You are not alone. You are not queer—at least no queerer than your friendly neighbor. And she looks like an attractive person in spite of the pin-curls all over her head. She'll probably look very nice after she's combed out.

Your spirits rise. You brace yourself to turn on the current. The drier thunders on.

———:———

"OLD GLORY"

Symbol of fervency, ardor and zeal,—
Qualities ever with stirring appeal;
Color of blood shed for woe or for weal;
The RED of Old Glory!

Composed of all colors,—spotless, serene;
Stripes of sheer beauty with reds intervene;
An emblem of purity fit for a queen:
The WHITE of Old Glory!

Suggesting loyalty,—friendship benign;
Symbol of truth,—of pure ethics a sign;
Heavenly color, with stars ranked align:
The BLUE of Old Glory!

Of thirteen States born, and their founders true:
Forty-eight radiants,—silver on blue.
To all let us bledge our allegiance anew:
The STARS of Old Glory!

—E. E. Hedblom.

THE GRAVE OF A DOG

(The Alabama Baptist.)

George Matthew Adams, in his syndicated column, tells of a man in Canada who wrote the Ontario Argus as to the best place to bury a good dog. A columnist in the Argus answered by saying: "A good place to bury a good dog is in the garden, under a cherry tree or apple tree. Then when the tree blooms in the spring and drops its flowers the grave of the dog will annually be covered with the same." But the same columnist later said that the best place to bury a good dog is "in the heart of his master."

And thereby hangs a tale: When the editor of this paper became pastor of the First Baptist Church at Florence, Ala., on New Year's day in 1918, the church had no pastor's home and one had been rented. The next day after we had entered the house there came into it a beautiful old Setter dog. Even some dogs (as well as men) have more kindly dispositions than other, and we at once saw that this was a very friendly and gentle dog. The next day when the house was opened he came in again, and the next, and from then on he made our home his home. We wondered about this dog and made inquiry and was told that his master had gone to the first World War and, like 60, 000 other soldiers in that war, he never returned. The mother of the master of the dog lived a block away but his master had lived in the home now occupied by our family and when the home was open the dog left the home of the mother of the soldier and came back to the home where he had formerly lived with his master.

We learned that in days past he had been the most fameus Setter in all north Alabama. While pointing birds he had been shot over so much by the hunters the sound of the guns had made him almost completely deaf. We learned from the mother of the soldier who owned the dog that his name was "Ned," and when we learned the story of old Ned and saw that he had come back to the home where he had formerly lived he was adopted as a member of our family and he had the run of the house—living-room, dining-room, kitchen and all.

But Ned was old and full of days.

One afternoon when we were returning home our youngest son, then a little lad of about six, came running and before he was in speaking distance he began to cry, "Old Ned is dead; old Ned is dead." We went in the back yard to see Ned and there he was lying dead on the lawn—of old age—his hind feet under him, his front feet stretched forward and his head lying between his front feet on the green sod.

The children in the community had lost a faithful friend and our older son, a lad of twelve, collected the other boys and with their own hands made a casket for Ned and they buried him under a huge oak not far away. But Ned was really buried in the hearts of all the children or that community and indeed he was buried in the heart of this writer.

How wide in implication is this idea! Our blessed boys dying and will die now in all parts of this world and the

places of scores of thousands of their graves will never be known. But they are all buried in the hearts of those who loved them best and indeed in the hearts of 130,000,000 people who live and enjoy a way of life with its dignity and freedoms made possible by their death.

WHEN

When will we cease to write in books
Of murmuring, gurgling, twisting brooks,
Of winds that sigh and moan and beat,
Of the beautiful madens' dainty feet.

Of crowds that surge and wagons that clatter.
Of waters that whirl and birds that chatter,
Of his firm jaw and his modest ties,
Of her sunlit hair and her heavenly eyes.

Of fleeting clouds that fleck the sky,
Of loves that wait but never die,
Of lips that tremble and quiver and curl,
Of bosoms that heave and lips like pearl.

Of engines that puff and throb and groan,
Of the villain's hiss, and his low tense groan,
Of the dying sun's last flickering beam,
Of the pale moon's mellow, tender gleam.

When, my friend? When the world is dead.
When the brooks are dry, or gone instead,
When the sun doesn't shine and the moon
doesn't show.
There you have it, my friend, and now you know.

—Popular Educator

THINGS NOT TO FEAR

(Chicago Tribune)

1. Don't be afraid of work; it is healthy, physical and mental exercise.

2. Don't be afraid to hustle; be glad of the chance.

3. Don't be afraid of being turned down.

4. Don't be afraid to change a man's opinion, but be careful how you do it.

5. Don't be afraid of failure. Keep on though you fail a dozen times.

6. Don't be afraid of a difficult undertaking. Be glad of the opportunity to display your mettle.

7. Don't be afraid of honest competition. It's competition that makes progress.

8. Don't be afraid to do more than is required of you.

9. Don't be afraid that your efforts will not be appreciated.

10. Don't be afraid to play the game honestly. Honesty is always the best policy.

11. Don't be afraid to go out of the way to do a good turn for a friend.

12. Don't be afraid to begin at the bottom. It's the safest way to climb.

13. Don't be afraid to think out new ways. Originality is appreciated.

14. Don't be afraid to do your best. The best is none too good.

15. Don't be afraid to tell the truth. It's a part of your honor.

16. Don't be afraid to think before you act.

17. Don't be afraid to use your time to advantage. It is given you for that purpose.

18. Don't be afraid of imiators. Originality always bears a trade mark.

19. Don't be afraid to risk. The great successes are born of chance.

20. Don't be afraid to make your goods known.

21. Don't be afraid to admit you are in the wrong.

22. Don't be afraid to obey. A man must learn to obey before he can hope to command.

23. Don't be afraid of experience. It's the best teacher.

24. Don't be afraid of pleasure. It's necessary for good work.

25. Don't be afraid of censure. We all need toning down as well as toning up.

26. Don't be afraid of rivals. Things may be crowded below, but there is always room at the top.

27. Don't be afraid to fight against odds. Most things worth having are hard to get.

28. Don't be afraid to be polite at all times and under all circumstances. It is no disgrace to be called a gentleman.

29. Don't be afraid of rebuffs. This may be your employer's method of trying your grit.

30. Don't be afraid to trust your boss. Confidence is a necessary part of success.

31. Don't be afraid of fear.

———:———

It is in refinement and elegance that the civilized man differs from the savage.—Johnson.

PAPER

(Selected)

The Chinese and Japanese people were the only paper makers in the world for centuries. An Arab adventurer strayed into China and brought back the secret to the Moslem empire. It was a great discovery to the Arabs, who were scholars as well as warriors, and anxious to spread religion throughout the world. For a long time, between the 8th and 9th centuries, Damascus was the great paper-making center. Then the Moors usurped the trade and kept it until they were driven out of Spain and the industry was swallowed up by Spaniards. At first the Spaniards had no great luck with the new product, and while they were struggling with it the French mastered it, and about the thirteenth century took the first place at paper-making. Holland followed and later, England, through her close contact with the Dutch, learned the art. Lastly America entered the field and at the present time is greatest paper making nation of the world.

The revolution caused when paper was first made can hardly be realized by one living in our day. At that time the masses of people were uneducated. There were no newspapers, and few books. What books there were were laboriously written by scholars or monks on bleached napkins, or parchment, and illuminated by hand. The minstrel brought the news over the country and was very welcome wherever he went He was both the book and the newspaper of the day. People liked stories quite as well as we like them now—perhaps even better: and since they had so few opportunities to gratify this craving they not only listened eagerly to the ballad singers but they painted all sorts of tales into their pictures and church windows, and wove stories of battle and adventure into their tapestries. Then hand in hand came the making of paper and the invention of printing. The story of paper-making has improved throughout the years and if the opportunity comes visit a mill and see how it is made.

Fifty years ago the lamented James Bailey Upham, founder of the defunct "Youth's Companion," wrote the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag, now recited in every public school in the nation. He was one of the first to advocate that the national flag fly over every schoolhouse. The Pledge of Allegiance was first used officially on October 12, 1892.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The barber shop, located just across the hall from the printing department, has been a busy place this week, as Mr. T. R. Adams and his group of youthful assistants have been giving all the boys hair-cuts.

—:—

The feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show, held in the auditorium last Thursday night, was "Great Guns," which the boys thoroughly enjoyed. A short, entitled, "The Old Oaken Bucket," was shown at the same time. Both are Twentieth-Century-Fox productions.

—:—

In going about the campus during the past few days, we noticed a number of boys tossing baseballs, also a few of the older folks were seen limbering up the muscles and "jints." In a short time regular practice will be started, and it is hoped that the Training School will be able to put a good team on the field this season.

—:—

Mrs. Hattie M. Brown, our librarian, was called to Johnson City, Tennessee, last Wednesday, on account of the illness of her father, Mr. Wiley Mast. Shortly after reaching home, word was received from Mrs. Brown that her father had passed away. The entire personnel of the Training School joins in extending deepest sympathy to the members of this sorrowing family in their hour of bereavement.

—:—

William T. Barrier, formerly of the Receiving Cottage, who left the School about a week ago to enlist in the United States Navy, recently sent a card to Mr. T. R. Adams, his former cottage officer. He stated that he liked the Navy very much, and asked to be remembered to all his friends at the School. His address is: William T. Barrier, Apprentice Seaman, Co. 4126, Barracks 430, Bainbridge, Maryland.

—:—

Jack Hainey, a former member of the Cottage No. 10 group, called at The Uplift office last Thursday. He entered the School, October 2, 1937, and was allowed to return to his home in Burlington, July 17, 1941. Upon going back home he secured employment in a cotton mill, where he worked four months. He then worked in a theatre for several months. Jack enlisted in the United States Marine Corps, August 7, 1942, and was sent to Parris Island, South Carolina, for basic training. He was later transferred to the Marine Barracks, Jacksonville, Florida, where he is still stationed, and will return there after spending a few days with relatives in Burlington and Hickory.

—:—

Mr. C. B. Barber, our bookkeeper, reports that he has received another letter from Harold Walsh, one of our former students, who has been in the United States Army for several months, a member of a medical detachment stationed at Moore General Hospital, Swannanoa, N. C. Harold stated that he had been promoted to the rank of Private First Class about a month ago, and had been recommended for appointment as Technician Fourth Grade. He also said that he had been getting along fine

and liked Army life very much. We were glad to learn of this young chap's promotion and his many friends here are "pulling" for him to receive the further step up the ladder for which he has been recommended. Harold sent his regards to all of his acquaintances at the School and expressed a desire to hear from them.

—:—

The Charlotte Observer of March 24th carried a report that Ernest L. Beach, of Morganton, was listed as missing in action in the Tunisian area, February 14, 1943. His mother, Mrs. Carrie P. Beach, was notified to that effect several weeks ago, but more recently she has been informed that Ernest is a prisoner of war, having been captured by the Italian forces.

Ernest entered the School, March 15, 1935, and remained here until July 10, 1938, when he was honorably discharged. Soon after leaving us he became an enrollee in a CCC camp, where he spent quite some time. A report on Ernest, dated June 11, 1940, stated he had "joined the Army."

During his stay at the School, this lad was in Cottage No. 5 and worked in the carpenter shop. He was in the sixth grade at the time he left.

We were very sorry to learn that Ernest had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the enemy, and trust he may soon be exchanged, and be able to return to his old outfit.

—:—

During the recent Red Cross War Fund Drive, members of the School's staff of employees contributed $91.50. Upon taking into consideration the fact that this campaign was put on at the time we were all "digging down" for funds to pay income taxes, we think this was a fine contribution, and wish to take this opportunity to thank all who made it possible to raise this sum.

The quota for Cabarrus County—$36.000—has not yet been raised, and the officials in charge have decided to stick to the job until the entire amount is subscribed, and we believe the good citizens of this county will rally to the call, and not go on record as being among those counties who failed to meet the demands of their country.

This means that we shall be called upon to make further contributions, and should any of the employees at the School desire to increase their donations, they are requested to bring it to The Uplift office, from whence it will be turned over to the proper authorities.

—:—

Just a few days ago there was found in the files in the office a copy of an interesting bit of news concerning Paul Briggs, one of our old boys which, through an oversight, failed to appear in these columns at the proper time. It was a news item from Raleigh under the date of October 23, 1942, carried in the Charlotte Observer, which stated that Paul had been recruited for service in the United States Marine Corps through the Raleigh station.

Paul entered the School, June 2, 1937 and remained here until August 23, 1841, when he was conditionally released to go to live with his sister in Greensboro. While here he was in Cottage No. 4, and worked in the laundary during his entire stay with us. On recommendation of the Guilford County Welfare Department, Paul was granted an honorable dis-

charge from further parole supervision, March 25, 1942. At that time he was working on a farm in Randolph County.

We would have missed publishing the news of Paul's enlistment in our country's service had not another former Training School boy, also in the Marines, while visiting us recently, spoke of seeing him in uniform at Parris Island.

—:—

We recently heard from Bill Morgan, a former member of our printing class, now in the United States Navy, stationed at a naval radio school, Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. His letter, dated March 20, 1943, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Just received your letter and was glad to hear from you. Have been out taking some pictures on the campus this afternoon. It is really beautiful here. Oxford is a small college town, with just enough stores to take care of the average student's needs. The buildings are fine and are surrounded by beautiful trees and shrubbery.

"Was glad to learn about Red. Had a letter from him the other day. Tell him I will write him just as soon as I get a chance.

"We have the finest instructors in the country here and I am getting along well in all my studies.

"Am enclosing a picture of myself, snapped on the campus the other day. While not so good, it is the best I have at present. Am having some made and will send you one when I get them. Will also send you some snaps of scenery around here for your book.

"Since I have shot my spiel, I'll have to do as all other people should do when they run out of something to say, and close this epistle. Give my best regarde to all the folks at the School. Please write me soon, as I enjoy your letters a whole lot. They sort of take the place of the letters I would get from my dad, if he were living. Sincerely yours, Bill."

—:—

H. Erwin Cole, of Raleigh, one of our old boys, was in this section last Sunday, and stopped in and had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Johnson. Erwin left the School in 1924, returning to his home in Raleigh, where he worked for one year for a grocery store chain. He entered North Carolina State College in 1925, taking an electricial engineering course, and was graduated in 1929. He then went to work for the General Eliectric Company, and has been employed by that firm since that time. By sticking to his job and doing his best he was promoted from time to time, and now holds the position of district sales representative.

Erwin stated that he expected to sell his home in Raleigh and move to Charlotte in the near future. He is now thirty-five years old, has been married ten years, has a son, five years old, and says that he looks just like his dad.

This young man has developed into a fine-looking fellow—just the type to make a very good impression wherever you see him. In speaking of the days spent at the School, Erwin said that he did not regret one minute of his stay here. The training received at the institution, he added, was just what he needed to give him the right kind of start in life.

The old-timers on the local staff of

workers will remember this chap as "King" Cole, a tall, good-natured, good-looking boy who played the big bass horn in the School band. His sunny disposition made many friends for him here, and they are delighted to learn that he has been getting along so well.

—:—

Thurman Knight, twenty-eight years old, who left the School, July 11, 1932, called at The Uplift office last Tuesday. Upon leaving the institution, he returned to his home in Charlotte, and shortly thereafter secured a position with Ringling Brothers' Circus. While with the circus, he spent several years traveling all over the United States. He then left that position, and drove a large transfer truck for a couple of years.

On December 9, 1940, Thurman enlisted in the United States Army. In an issue of the Charlotte News, dated December 20, 1940, his name was included in the first group of boys answering the call of the Selective Service Board of that city. He was first sent to Fort Bragg, where he stayed one month, and was then transferred to Fort Jackson, South Carolina, and with the exception of a three months' period of schooling at an Army Motor Base, he has been stationed there ever since. He is now a staff sergeant in the Service Detachment, Supply Division, Section No. 1, Fort Jackson, South Carolina.

We recall this young man as a little fellow during his stay at the School, but he surely has advanced far beyond that class, and now measures more than six feet, and tips the scales at 237 pounds. Like most of the fat people we know, he is extremely good-natured and seems to get a lot of real enjoyment out of life. Thurman informed us that he had been married seven years and had two children, Donald Thurman, aged six years, and a two-months' old daughter, Carole Diana.

Thurman told us that among his duties as staff sergeant, he spent much of his time on troop trains, carrying the Army's newly-inducted men from Fort Jackson to posts along the western coast of the United States.

—:—

Rev. R. C. Whisenhunt, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. The theme of his message to the boys was "Growing," and as a text he selected II Peter 3:18—"But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt began by calling attention to the fact that we are now in that season of the year when trees, shrubs, flowers and vegetables are beginning to burst forth in new growth. There are two elements which are fundamentally needed to make this growth possible. One is the seeds from which plants grow, and the other is the soil in which they grow. It is from the soil that plant life gets the greater part of its food.

In the spiritual realm, said the speaker, the Bible is the soil which feeds our souls. Jesus stands right in the midst of the New Testament and faces one whenever the book is opened. Plants have their roots which dip into the soil and gather necessary food. Likewise, human beings have souls which are fed by the great truths found in the Bible.

Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt then spoke briefly of Hawthorne's story, "The Great Stone Face," located in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. In this tale it was foretold that a boy would some day grow up in the community and have embodied in his life the same fine qualities as were represented in "The Great Stone Face." The boy's name was Ernest. As a lad he sat on the doorstep with his mother, who inspired him to so live that he could appropriately represent "The Old Man of the Mountains." The boy grew to manhood, and the people among whom he lived declared, "Here is one man in our community who truly resembles The Old Man of the Mountains." He embodied in his life such noble virtues as kindness, gentleness, sympathy, courtesy and honesty, and was greatly respected by all who knew him.

In conclusion, the speaker advised his listeners to look into the Bible and study the life of Jesus Christ. He told them that, like the boy in the story who became great in the community in which he lived, they could become like Christ and be respected by their fellowmen.

———:———

WHO WILL BUILD THE WORLD ANEW?

Who will build the world anew?
Who will break tradition's chains?
Who will smite the power of gold?
Who will chant the spirit's gains?

War and hatred, let them go!
Caste and creed have had their day;
Pride and lust will lose their power—
Who will find the better way?

Who will preach that might is weak?
Who will teach that love is power?
Who will hail the reign of right!
This his day and this his hour!

Faithless priests and warring lords
Are, as Babylon and Tyre,
Making way for prophet hosts
Shouting truth in words of fire.

Who will live to slay the false?
Who will die to prove the true?
Who will claim the earth for God?
Who will build the world anew?

—Thomas Curtis Clark.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 21, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Raymond Davis
Ira Montgomery
Weaver Ruff
Richard Sheehan
Lee St. Clair
Paul Whitley
Harry Wilson
A. B. Woodard
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Everett Benfield
Donald Carland
Sterald Cline
Wade Fisher
Jack Harmon
Roy Jones
Leonard Lovelace
James Shell
Kenneth Tipton
Frank Walker
William Butler

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Dewey Bunn
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Albert Hames
Dewey Lanning
William Meeks

COTTAGE NO. 4

Eugene Ballew
Jack Bright
Leroy Childers
William Deaton
Bruce Harper
Eugene Watts

COTTAGE NO. 5

Hoyt Newell

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Douglas Daniels
James Eller
Ralph Gibson
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
Stanford McLean
Reitzel Southern
John Rhodes
Wesley Turner
Joseph Turner
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7

Albert Allen
Joseph Case
R. C. Combs
Charles Edwards
Leroy Pate
Marion Todd
Milton Talley

COTTAGE NO. 8

Jesse Cunningham
Homer Johnson
Edwin Peterson
W. C. McManus

COTTAGE NO. 9

Cecil Caldwell
Curtis Campbell
James Hale
Charles McClenny
Marvin Matheson

COTTAGE NO. 10

Fred Carswell
Arcemias Hefner
Clifford Spriggs
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Robert Goldsmith
Fred Holland
Everett Morris
Clyde Rhodes
Leon Rose
Everett Stamey

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Millard Ellege
Donald Hobbs

Robert Hobbs
J. B. Smith

COTTAGE NO. 14

Wilton Barfield
Fred Bostian
Robert Caudle
John Fargis
William Harding
Robert Holbert
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William E. Lanford
Roy Mumford
Robert Moose
Charles Pitman
Peter Tuttle
Robert Travis
John Pritchard
Alvis Watkins

COTTAGE NO. 15

Harold Blankenship
Charles Lanford
Lawton McDowell
Ennis Miller
J. D. Smith
John Watts
Carl Willis
Evans Watson

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hiram Atkinson
Raymond Brooks
Robert Brady
Peter Chavis
James Chavis
R. C. Hoyle
Samuel Lochlear
Herbert Lochlear
James Lochlear
Charles Pearson
Eugene Moose
Donald Sides
Walter Thomas

INFIRMARY

Robert Padgett
Lawrence Rice
Newman Tate

---:---

LIFE CANNOT STAND STILL

Science, economics, world politics, finance, labor, social theories and many other complexities of a rapidly advancing world force themselves on the average man, sweeping him along with the torrent of modern living.

An institution dedicated to the service of children cannot stand still, either, if it is to keep step with the rest of the world. It must be ever growing, even broadening its service, ever extending its horizons. It must have vision unlimited, yet keep its foundations solid. All of the great things of the past are merely a prelude to the greater things to come. To give the child of today a design for living in that vastly changed world of tomorrow is the greatest contribution that we can make. Today is important, but it is "what we are going to do tomorrow" that will determine the future.

—The Shunshine Monthly.

1943

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 3, 1943 NO. 14

(c) Dean R. B. House
University of North Carolina

A LITTLE WORD

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word—a look—has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear—the thought you bring—
The heart may heal or break.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES		8
THREE OUTSTANDING MEN	(Sunshine Magazine)	12
WHERE WAS ANDREW JACKSON BORN	By Ashton Chapman	15
IRON INDUSTRY ONCE IMPORTANT IN STATE	By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough	18
THE GREAT MATERIALIST	By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely	22
THE FATHER OF MODERN CANNING	By Vincent Edwards	24
INSTITUTION NOTES		26
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

CLEANING THE CELLAR

How can any one place become so cluttered and disordered For some weeks before tackling the Herculean task, I view it with alarm, but hope to be able to point to it with pride after the job is done. I determine this time I am really going to be hardboiled, and git rid of all those things that are "too good to throw away," and yet not worth keeping. Yet I know my weakness. Too often in the past I have hung everything hangable, stuffed everything stuffable, piled everything pilable, and shelved everything shevable. I really should arrange to build a few more shelves.

Coming to think of it, our lives are very much like our cellars. Go down into the basement of your life sometime and take a good look at the junk and refuse! Old grudges, groundless fears, foolish superstitions, silly prejudices, uncharitable intolerances, unchristian bigotries, and unfound jealousies so clutter up the life that there is no room for the really worthwhile things.

Some day I hope to have my cellar looking like the pictures in magazine advertisements. That can be done if one is not a trash-saving addict. And lives that are almost bursting with rubbish could be rather decent after a thorough housecleaning.—J. S. Royal.

———:———

A FINE LETTER

There is nothing the equal of a kindly expression of approval of work when one's spirit needs a boost. There are dull moments when working with young people, and especially so with the underprivileged. All of us know that the fellow who is down does not always elicit sympathy, or more plainly speaking, there are few who extend a helping hand to lift one to the peak of hope. We should never forget the slogan of the Salvation Army, "A man may be down, but he is never out." There are times when the body is physcially exhausted and we feel we are at our wits' end, but letters such as the following, conveying such expressions of interest, always give courage to carry on:

Raleigh, N. C.
March 22, 1943

Mr. S. G. Hawfield, Superintendent
Stonewall Jackson Training School
Concord, N. C.

Dear Mr. Hawfield:

I am writing to express through you to the boys in the newly organized Jackson Training School band my very deep interest in this band and my appreciation of the effort the boys are putting forth in order to make this one of the best bands in the State.

Hon. Alexander B. Andrews, of Raleigh, who is deeply interested in the School, has been kind enough to make available for the band the orchestration of "The Old North State." I am pleased to enclose this orchestration herewith, and have thanked Mr. Andrews for his kindness.

Please give my greetings and best wishes to all of the members of the band and say to them that I hope to be privileged to hear them play at some early date.

Cordially yours,

J. Melville Broughton
Governor of North Carolina

* * * * * * * * *

CLIMBING THE LADDER

Everybody appreciates inspirational stories. This is especially true if the incidents recorded reveal the life of an outstanding executive who has by his push, pulck and perseverance, gone from the bottom rung of the ladder to the top. We recall a jingle about ships sailing the high seas, and the closing lines were something like this: "It is the set of the sail, and not the gale, that determines the way they go." Every human being has a goal, and that goal is reached only if the inner urge is strong enough to keep one steady in purpose. A chain, we all know, is as strong as its weakest link, and the success of a person is determined by the courage shown in surmounting the handicaps of life. We should keep in mind that our success consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

In this country there are opportunities for all, and if those opportunities are not grasped it shows a lack of vision or will power.

From the pages of Sunshine Magazine there can be found brief biographies of characters who came from homes of limited means, and in this issue of The Uplift we carry on page 12, sketches of the careers of Eddie Rickenbacker, William M. Jeffers and William Carey, taken from that splendid publication.

We particularly emphasize the success of these men for the edification of our boys. We have in this institution many bright and talented lads, and all they need is a gentle touch and kind word to start them out on the right foot. President Garfield, once said, "one never knows just what is buttoned up inside a boy's vest." We who have advanced in years, with worlds of experience, must build bridges over the chasms in order that our younger brothers may find their way safely, and thereby become valuable assets to our country.

* * * * * * * *

A RICH MAN

An old superannuated minister had unwittingly told of his wealth and fortune, and the fame of his possessions got to the ears of the tax assessor. One day the government's representative came to the door to press him for a statement of his wealth.

"It is so," began the assessor, "that you have capital?"

"Yes," said the preacher, "I am a rich man."

"In that case," said the visitor interestedly, pulling out his book, "I shall have to assess you. What are your possessions?"

"I am enjoying good health," said the man, "and health is worth very much."

"Well," said the caller, "what more have you?"

"I have a good wife—worth more than diamonds."

"Congratulations," exclaimed the tax man, "but don't you own more?"

"Yes, I have healthy, intelligent, upright sons and daughters, and that is a possession of which any man can feel rich."

"Do you own anything else?" asked the inquirer.

"Yes, I own citizenship in the United States, and an assured inheritance in heaven. What more could a man own?"

"But don't you own any money or real estate?"

"No, otherwise I own nothing," said the man happily.

"My friend," said the assessor, as he closed his book, "you are indeed a rich man, and your riches no man can take away—not even the government."—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

NATURE A PHYSICIAN

"Nature is a great rest-giver," said Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, "and Nature is a great physician. In the city we become excitable and hot. We move at a headlong pace. The interruptions and collisions are many. We need a physician who can take the fever from the brow and the fret out of the heart. Nature has remedies for all who are sick. The pessimsm and cynicism of great cities are the result of continous contact with human tragedies and miseries. Something is always going wrong; vice is always flaunting itself in one's face; crime is always being committed; some one is always suffering; some one is always dying. It is difficult to keep serene and sane in such a bedlam of a world. We need Nature. She is sensible and strong. She has no vagaries, no hallucinations, no delusions. She indulges in no fads. She wastes no time in speculations and guesses. She keeps forever an even pulse. We need her. To think of her quiets the heart; to gaze on her calm face is refreshment and power." This makes one long for some shady nook, or some mountain glen where amid the ferns laughing waters tumble over the rocks while oak and hemlock lift tall trunks toward the sky.—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK

Raphael, one of the greatest painters of all time, was born in Urbino, Italy, March 28, 1483. He received his first instructions from his father who was a painter of merit. Beginning at the age of twelve years he studied under many celebrated artists, among them being Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci. His most celebrated picture was the Sistine Madonna. While working on his last picture, The Transfiguration of Christ, he died at the age of thirty-seven. His unfinished painting now hangs in the Vatican, just as he left it.

Hans Christian Anderson, famous Danish novelist, was born April 2, 1805. Coming from a poor home, he had to go to work at an early age, but by much reading and self-study he picked up the first essentials of an education. Later friends became interested in him and sent him to school. At the age of thirty he brought out his first book of fairy tales. Andersen did not like children, nor were they attracted to him, yet few people could write more entertainingly for children than he. Unlike many other writers, his brilliance was recognized before his death, and he received enough glory and honor to make up for the hardship and suffering of his boyhood years. He was proudly called "friend" by the king and queen of Denmark. At his death, at the age of seventy years, men women and children all over the world felt as grieved as though they had lost a personal friend.

On April 4, 1818 the United States flag was adopted by Congress, and the present status of our flag was fixed: ""Resolved, That the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union have twenty stars, white, in a blue field; that on the admission of every new state one star be added to the Union of the flag, and that such additions shall take effect on the fourth of July next succeeding such admission."

God bless our flag wherever it may be.
Oh may it stainless wave, the emblem of the free!
And may the brave and true protect it by their might,
Till all shall bend their knees to justice, truth and right.

* * * * * * * *

America has been a great "melting pot" of the nations. The marvel has been how we have been able to incorporate the peoples from so many nations into one nation. Though the work has not been perfect—it is not even complete, much less perfect—but no little headway has been made. Now we are beginning to dream of such transformation in the corporate life of other peoples. Some, after the war, speak of a co-operative century in which there will be neither an American century, nor a British century, nor a Russian century, nor a Chinese century, but a new man, and that man —free. Of course this a wild dream of the world that is to be.

WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES

The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that two employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

Staff Members

Patterson, James L. (Army)
Query, James L. (Army)

Former Staff Members

Barrier, Captain George L. (Army)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G. (Navy)
Parker, Major Samuel I. (Army)
Poole, William E. (Army Air Corps)
Wingate, Wm. J. (Army Air Corps)

Former Students

Adams, Clyde (Navy)
Adams, Felix (Army)
Alexander, J. Mack (Army)
Alexander, Robert (Army)
Almond, Odell H. (Navy)
Allen, Julian Herschel (Navy)
Allen, Grady C. (Navy)
Allen, Wayne (Navy)
Allred, James R. (Army Air Corps)
Andrews, Julian (Marine Corps)
Ashley, Arthur (Army)
Atkins, Richard (Army)
Atwell, Robert (Navy)
Atwood, Earl (Army)
Barber, Winfred V. (Army)
Batson, Jack (Navy)
Barkley, Joel (Army)
Barrett, Allen (Army)
Barrier, William T. (Navy)
Branch, Glatley (Army)
Baynes, Howard (Army Air Corps)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
‡ Beach, Ernest L. (Army)
Beaver, Albert (Army)
Beaver, Walter (Army)
Bell, William G. (Navy)

Benson, John (Navy)
Bordeaux, Junior (Army)
Bowman, Charles (Army)
Branch, Horace (Army)
Brantley, Elmond A. (Marine Corps)
Bray, Relons Odell (Army)
Briggs, Paul (Marine Corps)
Britt, Jennings (Navy)
Brogden, Norman (Navy)
Broome, Jack (Army)
Broome, Paul (Marine Corps)
Broome, Shannon (Army Air Corps)
Brothers, William (Naval Air Corps)
Brown Aldene (Army)
Brown, Harold (Army)
Bunn, Homer (Army)
Burke, Ensign William H. (Navy)
Burkhead, Dermont (Navy)
Burrow, John B. (Navy)
Butner, Roy (Marine Corps)

Capps, John T. (Army Air Corps)
Carter, Douglas (Army)
Carter, Fred (Army)
Causey, Floyd (Army)
Chapman, Edward (Army)
Chattin, Ben (Army)
Cherry, Herman (Army)
Cobb, Frank E. (Army)
Coffer, Robert (Army)
Collins, Glenn L. (Army)
Connell, Harry (Army)
Connell, James (Navy)
Cooke, George C. (Army)
Cooper, Walter (Army)
Cox, J. C. (Marine Corps)
Craft, Arthur (Army)
Crawford, Louis (Army)
Cunningham, David C. (Army)

Dalton, James (Army)
Daubenmyer, Nelson (Army)
Davis, Duke (Army)
Davis, Hubert (Navy)
Davis, James (Army)
Dodd, Carroll (Army)
Donaldson, Harold (Marine Corps)
Dorsey, W. Wilson (Army)
Driver, Malcom (Army Air Corps)
Dyson, Fred (Navy)

Eaker, Arnold Max (Army)
Earnhardt, Donald P. (Navy)
Edmondson, Arthur (Army)
Efird, N. A., Jr. (Army)
Elders, James R. (Marine Corps)
Elmore, A. C. (Marine Corps)
Evans, John H. (Army)

Faggart, John (Marine Corps)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)
Faschnat, Mose (Navy)
§ Ferris, Russell (Army)
Fisher, Edward (Army)
Fisher, John H. (Army)
Freeman, Richard (Army)
French, Ian (Army)
Furches, William (Marine Corps)

Gaddy, William (Navy)
Gardner, Horace T. (Army)
Gatlin, Britt C. (Army)
Glasgow. Mumford (Army)
Glasgow, Norwood (Navy)
Glasgow, Ramsey (Army Air Corps)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)
Glover, Henry (Marine Corps)
Godfrey, Warren (Army)
Godwin, John T. (Navy)
Godwin, Paul D. (Army Air Corps)
Goodman, Albert (Army)
Goodman, George (Army)
Greene, Giles E. (Army)
Gregory, Charles J. (Army)
Griffin, Charles (Army)
Griffin, James H. (Marine Corps)
Grooms, J. B. (Army Air Corps)

Hall, Joseph (Army)
Haney, Jack (Marine Corps)
Hardin, Wilbur (Navy)
Harris, Edgar (Army)
Hawkins, William T. (Navy)
Head, Elbert (Army)
Hefner, Charles (Army)
Hefner, Eugene (Navy)
Hendren, Isaac (Navy)
Hendrix, John (Army)
Henry, Charlton (Navy)
Hicks, Garland (Army)
Hill, William (Army)
Hodge, Dallas (Army Air Corps)
Hogan, Gilbert (Army)
Holland, Burman (Army)
Holland, Donald (Army)
Holmes, John (Army)
Hulan, Norman (Navy)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)

Ingram, John E. (Navy)
Irvin, Raymond (Army)

Jackson, Edgar (Marine Corps)
Jackson, William (Navy)
Johnson, Hugh (Navy)
Jones, Mark Twain (Navy)
Jordan, James E. (Army)

Keen, Clinton (Army)
Keith, Monroe (Army)
Keith, Robert (Navy)
Kelly, Jesse (Army)
King, Cleo (Army Air Corps)
King, Frank L. (Army)
Kinley, Robert (Marine Corps)
Knight, Thomas (Army Air Corps)
Knight, Thurman (Army)
Koontz, J. Milton (Army)
Kye, George (Army)

‡ Lamar, A. C., Jr. (Army)
Land, Reuben (Army)
Land, Wilfred (Marine Corps)
Landrum, Luther H. (Army)
Lane, Floyd C. (Marine Air Corps)
Langley, William (Army)
Lawrence, Robert (Marine Corps)
Leagon, Harry (Army)
Ledford, Harvey L. (Army)
Ledford, James (Marine Corps)
Lee, Valton (Army)
Lett, Frank (Army)
Lewallan, Paul R. (Army)
Long, Loyce (Army)
Long, Stacey L. (Army)

Martin, Willie H. (Army Air Corps)
* Matthews, Douglas (Army)
May, George O. (Army)
Medlin, Clarence (Army)
Medlin, Ervin J. (Army)
§ Medlin, Wilson (Army)
Merritt, Edgar (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Miller, Latha (Navy)
Montgomery, Samuel (Navy)
Moose, Claude L. (Marine Corps)
Morrow, Chas. W. (Army Air Corps)
Morrozoff, Ivan (Army Air Corps)
Morgan, William S. (Navy)
Murphy, Lemuel (Army)
Murray, Edword J. (Army)

McBride, Irvin (Army Air Corps)
McCain, Edward G. (Navy)
McColl, Vollie O. (Navy)
McCoy, Hubert (Army)
McEntire, Forrest (Marine Corps)
McGee, Norman (Army)
McIver, Jordan T. (Navy)
McKay, John C. (Marine Corps)
McKee, Thomas R. (Army)
(Enlisted 1937)
McNeely, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1933)
McPherson, Arthur (Navy)

Nelson, Larry (Navy)
Newton, Willard M. (Army)

Owen, Fred, Jr. (Marine Corps)
Oxendine, Earl (Navy)

Padrick, William (Navy)
Page, James (Army)
Patterson, James (Navy)
Peak, Harry (Marine Corps)
Pearson, Flay (Army)
Pennington, Grady (Army)
Plemmons, Hubert (Army)
Pope, H. C. (Army)
Pyatt, Jack (Marine Corps)

Quick, James (Navy)
Quick, Simon (Navy)

Ramsey, Amos (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Rivenbark William W. (Army)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)
Rhodes, Paul (Army)
Roberts, Lonnie (Navy)
Robinson, Perry (Army Air Corps)
Rochester, Nicholas (Navy)
Russ, James P. (Army)

Sands, Thomas (Navy)
Scism, Arlee (Navy)
Seibert, Fred (Army)
Scott, Archie (Army)
Shannon, William L. (Navy)
Shaver, George H. (Navy)
Shropshire, Hassell (Army)
Simmons, Horace K. (Navy)
Sloan, Lonnie (Army)
Small, Clyde E. (Army)
Snuggs, Charles L. (Navy)
Springer, Jack (Army)
Stack, Porter (Army)
Stanley, Brown (Coast Artillery)
Stepp, James H. (Navy)
Strickland, Robert W. (Army)
Sullivan, Richard (Army)

Tessneer, Calvin C. (Navy)
Thomas, Harold (Navy)
Thomas, Richard (Army)
Threatt, Sidi (Army Air Corps)
Tucker, Joseph (Army)
Tyson, William E. (Navy)

Waldrop, Ned (Army)
Walker, Glenn (Army)
Walker, Oakley (Army)
Walsh, Harold (Army)
Walters, Melvin (Army)

Ward, Eldridge (Army)
Ward, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1928)
Watkins, Floyd A. (Army)
Watson, Lieut. Lemuel (Army)
Watts, Boyce (Army)
Webb, Charles R. (Army)
* Whitaker, William E. (Army)
White, Marshall (Coast Artillery)
Whitener, Richard M. (Army)
Whitlock, Winfred (Army)
Widener, Charles (Navy)
Wilhite, James (Army)
Williams, Everett L. (Army)
Williams, Samuel R. (Navy)
Williams, William R. (Navy)
Williamson, Everett (Navy)
Wiles, Fred (Army)
(Enlisted 1927. Now a Recruiting Officer)
Wilson, John C. (Army)
Wilson, Thomas (Navy)
Wilson, W. J. (Army)
Winn, J. Harvard (Navy)
Wood, Leonard (Army)
Wrenn, Lloyd (Army)

York, John R. (Army)
Young, Brooks (Army)
Young, R. L. (Marine Corps)

Ziegler, Henry F. (Navy)

(*) Killed in action.
(§) Missing in action.
(‡) Prisoner of war.

OUR FIGHTING MEN

A succession of legions
Go forward to fight our foe,
O'er the world's regions;
See them as they go.

Forward into the battle
Gallantly they strive,
To keep the torch of liberty
Flaming and alive.

Everywhere they carry
Our banner of liberty,
These fighting Sons of America,
The most valiant of the free.

—The Mentor

THREE OUTSTANDING MEN

(Sunshine Magazine)

It was in North Platte, on a street named Locust. There was a family of nine children, among them a boy of fourteen. The father was earning fifty-five dollars a month, which meant that each member of the family was living on five dollars a month. Money had to be earned, so the boy marched forth. He went to the shops of the Union Pacific railroad, where the foreman looked him over and entrusted him with the job of sweeping out. He went to work at seven in the evening and was through at seven in the morning, and the salary was $15.00 a month, rain or shine, dust or no dust.

But this boy's job was not finished when he left the shops in the morning. After getting his sleep, he went back and helped the telegraph agent—for which the agent taught him telegraphy. The agent said he was a "right promising" boy; no other boy was willing to do more than he was paid for.

Two years passed, then came the day when a new clerk was needed in the maintenance department, and the boy put his broom away. He followed the same principle here, a little more than he was paid to do. He soon took on some of the work for the timekeeper. Time passed, and so did the keeper, and the young man became time keeper.

In his new job he had the same spirit, the same willingness to do a little more than the pay envelope called for, and he was moved up to train dispatcher; then to chief dispatcher. Now his salary was $120.00 a month—an improvement over the broom days.

He continued to practice the art he had acquired. They needed a thainmaster at Green River, Wyoming, and looked around for someone to fill the job—and they selected the young man who did a little more than he was paid to do.

So he was in Green River, and it was not long before they needed a trainmaster in Denver, Colorado, and Green River lost a man who did a little more than he was paid to do. He got out and walked every mile of the main line, and many of its branches. This was considered odd, for his predecessors had studied the roadbed from the rear platform of their private cars.

Up and up went this man with the strange philosophy. And now—everybody knows his name, for he is our rubber administrator—William M. Jeffers is the president of the famous "Union Pacific." And the street in North Platte that was Locust is now Jeffers Street.—Homes Croy.

* * * * *

A policeman was ringing a doorbell. When the woman came to the door, he took off his hat respectfully, lowered his voice, and spoke slowly and haltingly, for he brought bad news. Her husband had lost his life in an accident.

One of the seven children was a sickly boy, but there was no choice in the matter, and he had to find work to help support the family. He

went confidently, for he was now twelve. He signed his name impressively, Edward Vernon Rickenbacker.

"Eddie's" heart was set on getting work in one of those oddities called an automobile factory. There was one in Columbus, so he went there and told them how anxious he was to work for them; and the foreman told him how anxious he was not to have him go to work for them. And the foreman won. But Eddie came back, and the foreman had his way again.

Then one morning the foreman did not have his way, for Eddie seized a broom and began to sweep with vigor. "I want work here," he said. "I've got to work here—and I'll work for nothing!"

He did work for nothing—but not for long. He worked so carefully and well behind the broom handle that he was soon shifted to the stock room.

One day the owner of the factory, during the noon hour, passed through the stock room, and at a box in the corner sat Eddie Rickenbacker poring over charts and figures. The owner paused. H'm! That was odd. "I don't recognize this as part of our plant routine," he remarked pleasantly.

Eddie blushed, for it wasn't. It was a correspandence course in engineering.

"Must be something to that lad," the owner remarked to his assistant. He gave him a chance to advance, and from that moment Eddie Rickenbacker had his feet on a ladder. The rungs were foreman, assistant engineer, trouble shooter, branch manager. Then came the auto racing era. Rickenbacker plucked off eight firsts in one year.

Then the airplane, and Eddie became the No. 1 ace, for he laid twenty-six enemy ships low in World War No. 1. He was the hero of heroes, and was given the Croix de Guerre, the Cross of the Legion of Honor, the Distinguished Service Cross, and the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Today—well, even Providence was good to him, for he was recently miraculously saved from a watery grave in the Pacific Ocean when faulty mechanism sent his ship off its course. But Eddie never would have gotten into all his difficulties if he had not been so conscientiously precise about his work. It ought to teach him a lesson.—This Week.

* * * * *

Once upon a time, before your grandfathers and grandmothers were born, there was a little English boy who liked flowers so much that he spent most of his play time in making a garden. He used to go out into the fields and woods and bring home flowers. He planted them carefully, watered them, and weeded them. It wasn't always easy work, for sometimes the sun was hot, and sometimes it rained. But the boy kept on working. Soon his garden, filled with different kinds of flowers, was so beautiful that people came to look at it.

When he was fourteen, this boy, whose name was William Carey, had to give up His garden. His father and mother were poor people, and little William had to learn to work for his living. He did his work faithfully and well.

When he was a little older, he studied to be a minister. He knew there were many people in far-off lands who had never heard of God.

He decided to go to India, where he could help some of these people. It was a long trip to India, and he had a hard time after he reached there, for the people were afraid of him.

But he kept at his work just as he had kept at his garden when he was a boy. He taught the people many things. He showed them how to have better schools. He taught them how to print books. Then, he showed them how to make gardens. This time he made a very large garden. It had trees in it from many different countries. It had potatoes in it, which the Indian people had never seen before. There were beautiful flowers in the garden. Friends in England sent Mr. Carey tulips and daffodil bulbs, and many kinds of seed to plant with the Indian flowers. Soon he had another beautiful garden, which people came from all around to see.

People in India are still grateful to William Carey for his garden. But they are more grateful to him for telling them the best way of life.—Bethann B. Faris.

SUCCESS FOR SALE

You want success. Are you willing to pay the price for it?

How much discouragement can you stand?

How much bruising can you take?

How long can you hang on in the face of obstacles?

Have you the grit to try to do what others failed to do?

Have you the nerve to attempt things that the average man would never dream of tackling?

Have you the persistence to keep on trying after repeated failures?

Can you cut out luxuries? Can you do without things that others consider necessities?

Can you go up against skepticism, ridicule, friendly advice to quit, without flinching?

Can you keep your mind steadily on the single object you are pursuing, resisting all temptations to divide your attention?

Are you strong on the finish as well as quick at the start?

Success is sold in the open market. You can buy it—any man can buy it who is willing to pay the price.—Selected.

WHERE WAS ANDREW JACKSON BORN?

By Ashton Chapman, in Charlotte Observer

When members of the Democratic party assemble for their annual Jackson day dinners on March 15, are they observing the birthday of a President who was born in Tennessee, North Carolina, or South Carolina?

In its issue for February 14 of this year a weekly publication for children, Trails for Juniors, which is edited at Nashville Tenn., and which boasts a circulation of over 200,000, contained the following statement in an article by Ruby Ethel Cundiff: "March 15 is a legel holiday in Tennessee because that is the birthday of Andrew Jackson, seventh President of the United States, who was born in Tennessee."

"Old Hickory" is associated so strongly in the popular mind with the State of Tennessee that many persons who have never troubled to investigate assume that he was a native of that state, although it is doubtful that anyone living in either North Carolina or South Carolina would ever fall into that error. Jackson's beautiful home, "The Hermitage," an outstanding example of the Greek revival in architecture, has been visited by thousands of persons, who have come from every state in the Union. Pictures of this mansion have also been widely circulated. Because it is located at Nashville and is now owned by the State of Tennessee, many have regarded it as the birthplace of Andrew Jackson, instead of being merely the home he occupied during the latter part of his life and near which he is buried.

Anyone endeavoring to find out just where Andrew Jackson first saw the light of day is likely to become confused. Some of his biographers as well as some historians, and also various encyclopedias and other reference works, state unqualifiedly that he was born within the present borders of North Carolina, whereas others claim with equal positiveness that the place of Jackson's birth is located in the State of South Carolina. Still others adopt a cautious middle course and state the exact whereabouts of his birth is in doubt and has been the subject of much controversy.

Some of the books that recognize this dispute over Andrew Jackson's birthplace, which has raged for so many years and which appears not yet to have been settled to the entire satisfaction of all, agree that he was born in the Waxhaw settlement, near the boundary line between North Carolina and South Carolina. Others merely set forth that he was born on a Carolina plantation, committing themselves neither to North Carolina nor to South Carolina.

The "Waxhaw settlement" is a nebulous term that was long applied to a wide area, the center of which has shifted from time to time. The Town of Waxhaw is now located in Union County, N. C., a little over two miles from the South Carolina border.

If Andrew Jackson was born on the

North Carolina side of the border, then North Carolina would have the honor of having produced three occupants of the White House, while South Carolina would have none to her credit. James Knox Polk, the eleventh President of the United States, was born in Mecklenburg County, N. C., in 1795; Annrew Johnson, the seventeeenth President, was born at Raleigh in 1808. Polk removed to Nashville, Tenn., at the age of 23, and Johnson left Raleigh to make his home in Greenville, Tenn., when he was 18.

It was, therefore, as residents of Tennessee that Polk and Johnson, both of whom were born in North Carolina, entered the White House, the former to serve one term and the latter to complete Lincoln's unexpired second term. It was also as a Tennessean that Andrew Jackson became the seventh President of the United States, in 1829, to serve two terms.

Jackson took up the study of law in Salisbury, N. C., in 1784, and was admitted to the bar before he was 20. He practiced for a while in Martinsville, N. C., and in 1788 removed to Nashville, having been appointed public prosecutor in what was then the western part of North Carolina, now the State of Tennessee. His early activities within the present bounds of North Carolina are advanced by some as arguments in favor of the fact that he was a native of this state.

In an article with the title "Tarheelia On Parade," published in the August, 1941, issue of the National Geographic Magazine, Leonard C. Roy wrote: "(Andrew) Jackson was born so near the border of North and South Carolina that the latter disputes his Tar Heel nativity."

The father of Andrew Jackson was a poor farm laborer who came to America from Carrickfergus in Ireland, with his wife in 1765 and settled in North Carolina on Twelve Mile creek, a tributary of the Catawba river. He died two years later, only a few days before his son, Andrew, was born on March 15, 1767. After the body of her husband had been interred in an unmarked grave in the old Waxhaw churchyard, the Widow Jackson started for the home of her sister, Mrs. James Crawford, in Lancaster County, S. C. Mrs. Jackson had been offered the position of housekeeper in this home because her sister was an invalid. One story is to the effect that Andrew Jackson was born there.

Another claim is made that the event occured at the home of another sister, Mrs. George McKenney, where Mrs. Jackson had stopped to rest on her journey, and that it was not until the infant Andrew was three weeks old that she proceeded to the home of James Crawford.

The two houses were not far apart. The difference that the distance between their location makes to history is that the site of the McKenney home is on North Carolina soil, whereas the Crawford home was across the South Carolina border. The boundary line between the two states at this point runs almost north and south. Was the baby Andrew born on the east or the west side of this line?

At the time of his birth nobody apparently gave much thought to the matter, for no one concerned could have dreamed that this son of an obscure Irish emigrant would win such

renown in war and in politics that he would one day rise to be head of the government. By the time Andrew Jackson had gained prominence the plantations owned by George McKenney and James Crawford had passed into other hands and neither house was any longer standing. The difficulties of establishing at that late date the spot on which each house had been located resulted in great confusion.

Another thing that has added to the difficulty of establishing whether Andrew Jackson was born in North Carolina or South Carolina is the fact that the boundary between the two states was in dispute for a period of 233 years. It was not until as late as 1928 that a resurvey of the dividing line was made and its exact location at all points finally established to the satisfaction of both states. The province of Carolina was originally one vast area and when, in 1695, it was divided into North Carolina and South Carolina the boundary line separating the two was only vaguely defined. A compromise line was agreed upon in 1737, but it was later discovered that the surveyors employed to extend this line fell into numerous errors.

Last year, M. E. Melvin, a North Carolina writer, in reviewing the history of the boundary lines of the State of North Carolina, wrote in regard to the survey of 1737: "Had the true 35th degree (of latitude) been located and followed west as agreed. . . Andrew Jackson's . . . birthplace would have been in Waxhaw, South Carolina, and not North Carolina."

Andrew Jackson himself held the belief that he was born in South Carolina because, 50 years after the event, he appealed to the "fellow citizens of my native state" when South Carolina threatened dissolution of the Union. At an earlier date he had said, "I was born in South Carolina, as I have been told, at the plantation whereas James Crawford lived, about one mile from the Carolina road," In a letter dated December 24, 1830, and also in his will, he speaks of himself as a native of South Carolina.

By recourse to a land map prepared by Mills in 1820, the site of the James Crawford home was established as being in Lancaster County, S. C., and on the site thus located a memorial stone was erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution in 1828, the year the dispute about the boundary line between the two states was finally settled. The wording on the bronze plaque affixed to his stone reads:

BIRTHPLACE
OF ANDREW JACKSON
BRAVE, TRUCULENT, NOBLE,
ABLE, HONEST
This Marker Erected By
Catawba Chapter
DAUGHTERS of
The American Revolution
Rock Hill, South Carolina
November, 1928

The preponderance of evidence appears to be in favor of the fact that the spot on which Andrew Jackson was born is now located across the border in South Carolina, although in 1767 the house in which he was born may actually have been on land which at that time was claimed by the State of North Carolina.

The claim, however, that "Old Hickory" was born in the State of Tennessee is without any foundation.

IRON INDUSTRY ONCE IMPORTANT IN STATE

By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough, in the Charlotte Observer

North Carolina in the present war as in the American Revolution, the War of 1812, and the War Between the States, has had a large part in the contribution of iron to the war effort.

In this war, however, it has been the accumulation of scrap iron, without which steel cannot be manufactured, rather than the mining and smelting of iron ore as in previous wars.

The existence of iron ore in North Carolina first became known in 1585 when the expedition fitted out by Sir Walter Raleigh landed on Roanoke Island. Thomas Hariot, historian of the colony recorded that in several places by the Neuse River "the ground is found to be very rich in iron ore contente which maie be allowed for a good merchantable commoditie."

Authorities state that as early as 1728 moderate quantities of pig iron were exported from Carolina and by 1736 larger amounts of bar iron were sent over,, sometimes being used as ballast for ships.

Strange as it may seem, hoes and picks made in Carolina were sold in New York long before the Revolution.

Recently Melbourne Smith, Southern representative of Fairchild Publications, said:

"It is not at all improbable that the production of pig iron from the magnetite iron desposits of North Carolina, especially from such properties as the Cranberry mine in Avery County, will be encouraged, because, even with the greatly increased tonnages from the immense Lake Superior iron ranges, there still does not seem to be enough iron for steel making and for other uses.

"Relatively such marginal mines as Cranberry are able to produce only in small quantities but if all such mines throughout the country were placed in operation they would in the aggregate turn out a great quantity of pig iron that would go far toward taking care of the needs. The feasibility of such operations is being demonstrated by the Le Tourneau plant, which makes great road-building machinery at Toccoa, Georgia. Having anticipated difficulty in procuring steel for its own use, this company is now producing steel for gear castings in an electric furnace at Toccoa, from North Georgia limonite ores which are identical in quality with the iron ores of Cherokee county, North Carolina.

"Virtually every product of American industry and ingenuity has an important function in the successful implementating of our emergency program which today seems certain of long duration and of continuous expansion.

"This war is a continuation of the age-old struggle between those who have adequate mineral resources and those who have not. At the very heart of this gigantic enterprise are the metals and minerals, the actual sinews of war. It is indeed a struggle between the strategic minerals and

metals of the totalitarian states and those of the democracies. The United States has within its borders supplies of most of these strategic minerals and metals no less than Germany.

"North Carolina has many of them, some of which are already holding an irreplaceable part in the war program. Others undoubtedly are available and it would seem that no more advantageous time could exist for their exploitation than during this emergency period.

"North Carolina deserves to take a large place as one of the important supply bases for the nation's effort. It needs to be more conscious of its possible estate as an integral part in this effort and it needs also to look to the future when the mineral produts of this state should take their larger place in the arts of peace."

Historians have established the fact that several iron works were in operation in North Carolina before the Revolution, some of which were put out of blast by that conflict. These works were located on tributaries of the Cape Fear, Dan and Yadkin rivers. About 1770, two furnaces were built and put into operation among the great masses of ores in the Chatham region on the branches of Deep River in Orange county. A third furnance at Salisbury was established about the same time.

On Troublesome Creek, a tributary of the Haw river, just north of Guilford and Rockingham county line, there are deposits known as the Shaw belt. The old iron pits which were worked before the Revolutionary war consist of ore beds from one to six feet in thickness. According to analyses, the iron content is more than 50 per cent with about 12 to 15 per cent of titanium.

During the Revolutionary war the mines were operated and the ore was hauled to the Troublesome forge. Several times in 1778 these iron works were attacked by British troops and unsuccessful attempts made to destroy them. The mines were abandoned some time previous to 1871.

A few years ago H. J. Bryson, state geologist of North Carolina, when asked as to the future possibilities of the Troublesome Creek mines, said:

"I believe that some day these titaniferous magnetites will become a very important ore, as some direct method of smelting these ores will be developed so that a high titanium alloy steel can be made. These steels have only been developed recently by the steel industry, therefore they have a good future in the manufacture of titanium steel alloys for use where high tensile strength and hardness are desirable, such as tool steels, steel for the manufacture of implements of war railroad iron and structural steel."

Rerords compiled by authorities on the subject of iron manufacture show that prior to the outbreak of the Revolution, there were 82 charcoal blast furnances in the colonies.

In North Carolina in 1840 there were eight furnances which that year produced 968 gross tons of cast iron, including both pig iron and castings. There were also 43 bloomeries, forges and rolling mills, which produced 963 tons of bar iron.

Ten years later there were about 40 bloomeries and a few forges and they were located in Lincoln, Gaston, Yadkin, Catawba, Surry, Cleveland,

Ashe, Watauga, Rutherford and Cherokee counties. The families of Peter Forney, John Davidson, Alexander Brevard, Joseph Graham and John Fulenwider dominated the industry for three generations after the Revolutionary war. Ten forges and four furnances in Lincoln county in 1830 had a combined output of 1,100 tons. Peter Forney opened a forge in Lincoln county in 1789 and later opened and operated additional ones in various locations on the "Big Orebank."

The pioneer in this immediate section was John Fulenwider, a native of Switzerland who went to Rowan county as a very young man and fought with Rowan troops in the battle of Romseur's Mill and at King's Mountain. He was evidently experienced in the iron industry from early youth and was attracted to Lincoln county by the immense deposits of iron ore. He was a large manufacturer of pig iron and one of the items produced in his forges was cannon, made from iron of his own mining and delivered to the government for use in the war of 1812. He owned a tract of 20,000 acres which together with his slaves, forges and much other personal property, made him one of the wealthiest and most aggressive business leaders of his day.

He was the founder of many forges and furnances, among them the one at High Shoals. He established the Jenny Lind Forge on Maiden Creek in 1806 which was later called the Maiden Forge. The government made large land grants to him for the purpose of encouraging the growth of this industry and he made the plant efficient and prosperous.

After his death in 1826 the Jenny Lind Forge passed to his son, William Fulenwider, who sold it to John Hayes who operated it for years.

His heirs sold it to Robert and Ephriam Brevard, who produced all the forms of iron for farm and other uses common to the day.

In 1853 William Williams of New Jersey came to King's Mountain to take charge of the great iron foundry established by Benjamin Briggs. He was an experienced iron manufacturer and introduced many new and valuable ideas into the iron manufacturing in the south. In 1857 he became manager of the Jenny Lind Forge and three years later bought it from the Brevards and began a full production schedule, making practically every type of metal work used not only in that section, but in other states.

With the coming of the War Between the States, and the demand for munitions, his iron works were pressed into the service of the Confederate government and required to run at full capacity in the production of parts to be used in the construction of gunboats and other implements of war where a superior quality of iron was required.

Limestone, which was used as the fluxing material in the manufacture of iron, was hauled from King's Mountain, but after it was discovered in Lincoln county, this large expense was eliminated and was reflected in lower prices to the consumers. Iron began to play an important part in the development of commerce. The forges became the center of industrial and economic life, buyers coming from the mountains to the sea.

Much labor was employed for

mining the ore, hauling it to the forges and transporting the finished products afterward. The metal was melted in the crucibles by heat from charcoal, the making of which was an art in itself. Pine trees were cut, piled a certain way, covered with leaves and dirt, then fired and allowed to char. The metal iron was poured out on the sand box and as it began to solidify was picked up by tongs, placed on the anvil and beaten into the desired shape by huge hammers which could be heard for miles around.

When the Bessemer process was introduced in Pennsylvania and the railroads were extended into the South, the iron manufactured in the North began coming into this section more cheaply than it could be produced here, and the open furnace, like many other small manufacturing establishments which had made the South prosperous, were forced out of business. The Jenny Lind or Maiden Creek Forge held out until 1880 and was the last in the state to succumb to the competition with the North.

MY WORK

There was no ordination,
No laying on of hands,
No sober rites, no half-dimmed lights,
No pomp, no blaring bands;
I merely found some work to do
And did it—none too well, 'tis true.

And yet my work is sacred,
And God looks down to see
The beads of sweat, nor will forget
My store of energy;
I love to think my Master's eye
Will view good work before I die.

There was no ordination;
I was not set apart;
In my crude task pray do not ask
Some hidden touch of art;
Yet day by day I someway know
That in this humble work—I grow!

—Roscoe Gilmore Scott.

THE GREAT MATERIALIST

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

When I first heard it, the statement hit like a blow: "Jesus is the greatest materialist who ever lived. His philosophy is the most materialistic the world has ever seen. There is nothing like it in history anywhere."

It was the statement of William Temple, the Archbishop of Canterbury, to a conference of Christian leaders. He is universally recognized as one of the clearest and most constructive thinkers in our contemporary world. He doesn't go off the limb very often with words which he cannot back up with sound reasoning.

Could it really be true that Jesus was history's greatest materialist? Is it possible that He who owned not a place to lay His head and who was buried in a borrowed tomb put a larger emphasis on material things than any other great teacher? But certainly if William Temple suggested it, one might well stop and think.

Jesus, as the Lord of history, was telling men of the last judgment in which the final destiny of individuals is to be announced. That event was to draw a dividing line between men on the basis of the use which they had made of material things. His words penetrate our hearts in these contemporary days of suffering, probably unparalleled in all history.

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was hungry, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee hungry, and fed thee? or athirst, and gave thee drink? And when saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in ? or naked, and clothed thee? And when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me. Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into the eternal fire which is prepared for the devil and his angels: For I was hungry, and ye did not give me to eat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. Then shall they also answer, saying, Lord, when saw we thee hungry, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee? Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these least, yet did it not unto me. And these shall go away into eternal punishment: but the righteous into eternal life."

Jesus, "the great materialist," knew that men did not live by bread alone, but He knew that bread was an essential of life. He never got His teaching so far removed from human need that it vanished into an etheral vacuum. His teaching was intimately bound to man's earthly human

relations, his daily bread, and his ordinary duties.

The Christianity which He established took hold of the material universe and transformed it. In His name more hospitals have been built to heal the sick and more homes to house the homeless than in any other name of all history. Through His followers, His hands still reach out to break the bread to the multitudes who hunger. His commands still are revolutionary in the demands which they make upon men in their handling of material possessions. His philosophy if applied to the economic life of the world would bring about a far more pronounced transformation than Marxian Communism.

Jesus was the realist who dealt with life. His great mind and heart comprehended the whole of life. He was not content to deal with segments of life. He knew that to redeem a world it was necessary to transform the whole human living. It is the bigness of Jesus' conception, the daring of His vision, the audacity of His undertaking that grips and holds the attention and the hearts of virile men.

From our contemporary adventures, who with small and selfish purposes are attempting to reshuffle material things, men do well to turn to the Great Adventurer who proposed to create a new earth in which justice and rigtheousness should rule. In the words of a great Christian, "In the coming of Jesus the ligthning flashed, not yet has the thunder of ultimate victory sounded, but the lightning and the thunder are one event."

———:———

DO SOMETHING

Do something today to bring gladness
To someone whose pleasures are few,
Do something to drive off sadness—
Or cause someone's dream to come true.
Find time for a neighborly greeting
And find time to delight an old friend;
Remember—the years are fleeting
And life's latest day will soon end!
Do something today that tomorrow,
Will prove to be really worth while;
Help someone to conquer sorrow
And greet the new dawn with a smile—
For only through kindness and giving
Of service and friendship and cheer,
We learn the pure joy of living
And find heaven's happiness here.

—The Kalends.

THE FATHER OF MODERN CANNING

By Vincent Edwards

Any boy who has been out on a camping trip knows what it means "to live out of a tin can." When his stock of provisions runs low, he usually goes to the nearest grocery store, and by spending a dollar or so, comes back with enough "tinned goods" to live for several days.

In recent years canning factories have put up food in staggering quantities. To accomodate them, American can makers turned out twelve billion cans a year. Picture five Empire State Buildings filled with these receptacles and you will get some idea of what that number amounts to.

Out of the millions who stock their pantries with canned foods, probably not one in twenty has heard the name of Francois Appert. To this all-but-forgotten Frenchman the world owes a lasting debt. He was the first person to perfect the art of canning food.

The exact date of Appert's birth is unknown, though it was sometime after the middle of the eighteenth century. At a very early age this son of a French wool carder began experimenting with foods.

He had only to look about him to see how badly some way of preserving them was needed. For years the food situation in Europe had been very bad. Navies suffered from scurvy, and malnutrition took a heavy toll of the civilian population. In no country did these conditions exist in worse form than in France, and finally its government was moved to offer a prize to anybody who could discover a successful way to preserve food.

After this announcement, Francois Appert worked harder than ever. He stuck to his experimenting for several years, and finally he hit upon the solution. The year 1804 is a red-letter date in canning history, for that was when he made his great discovery.

In order to can food successfully Francois Appert found out that he had only to put food in glass bottles, heat them to boiling-point of water and then hermetically seal the containers.

It sounds simple, doesn't it? Well, it wasn't for Monsieur Appert. He lacked tools; also nearly all our modern scientific knowledge about food. He even had to create new bottles and ways of sealing them tight. Bottles until then had been of impractical sizes and shapes, and what made them worse, there was no way of keeping out air contamination. But Appert persevered, making trial after trial until he had what he wanted.

It was in 1804 that he submitted samples of his canned foods to the French Minister of Marine. This official turn-ed them over to the Board of Health at Brest for a thorough testing. In due time the report came. They were all that Appert had claimed. By 1806 food that he had canned was being successfully carried into the tropics.

The humble canner had won a great triumph. His preserved foods became increasingly popular. The French press and public were outspoken in their praise. One paper even declared: "M. Appert has discovered the art of fixing the seasons. With him spring, summer and autumn exist in bottles

like delicate plants that are protected by the gardener under a dome of glass against the intemperance of the seasons."

But if Appert had any ideas of keeping his great discovery to himself and making money out of it, he gave them up. In 1810 he disclosed all the facts of his experiment in a book, The Art of Preserving Animal and Vegetable Substances. Now anybody who could read could find out how to can. His valuable knowledge was at the service of humanity.

There was no longer any reason why the French government should withhold its prize. Francois Appert had not only found a way to preserve food, but he had even revealed the secret in a book. When his work was published, France awarded the author the sum of 12,000 francs.

With this money Appert was at last able to carry out a long-cherished dream. He built a fine new factory. There, till the day of his death in 1840, he never stopped experimenting with foods.

Some of his discoveries still benefit our hungry age. He was the first man to make bouillon cubes—those tiny, chunklike squares which, dissolved in a bowl of steaming water, turn it into a thin, tasty soup. He succeeded in extracting gelatin from bones without the use of acid. Although the French of his day had not perfected the art of making tin cans, Appert found out a way to tin-plate wrought-iron containers. These he manufactured in shapes that still remain standard in the canning industry—round, rectangular and oval.

Perhaps one of Appert's greatest achievements was the successful transportation of milk from the farms to the city. At a somewhat later day Louis Pasteur, by a series of heatings, perfected the process which we now call "pasteurization," yet these are only minor modification of the method of treatment which Appert introduced in the first place. Pasteur himself acknowledged his debt to the fellow countryman who, along with so important a discovery, was the first to make modern canning possible.

———:———

America will be faced with a great moral problem after this war. The question will be whether we can be great enough to be good. It is true we may be able to conquer half the world. Two or three bloody wars may be necessary to accomplish this, but the thing is quite possible. This is why the post-war will be an age of crisis. It will be a time of unparalleled danger and opportunity.

"We have a long hard bitter struggle ahead of us. We must fight deseperately to maintain our sort of world. We have enjoyed this kind of world too long without having to pay for it. Our forefathers won it through bloody sacrifice, but many of us have come to take it for granted."—Senator Claude Pepper.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our large farm truck was taken to a Concord garage a few days ago, where it will be given a thorough overhauling. It is expected to have it back in service soon, practically as good as new.

—:—

"Captains of the Clouds" was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night. A comedy, "Saddle Silly," was shown at the same time.

—:—

A group of workmen, using the terracing machinery belonging to Cabarrus County, have been working at the School this week. They are leveling a section of ground near the dairy barn, where a cattle pen will be built.

—:—

Last Wednesday, Mr. Crider and a group of boys gathered the first pansies of the season from the several beds on the campus. These blooms were arranged in large bunches and sent to the cottages, and elsewhere at the School.

—:—

Mrs. Hattie M. Brown, our librarian, wishes to take this opportunity to express her appreciation, together with that of her mother and other members of the family, to the entire personnel of the School, for their expressions of sympathy at the time of the passing of her father.

—:—

The members of our farm forces have been quite busy this week planting Irish potatoes. We have not learned the number of acres thus planted, nor the amount of seed potatoes used, but it is understood that the acreage has been considerably increased over that of previous years.

—:—

Superintendent Hawfield and the matrons of the School met in the library last Tuesday afternoon to discuss the point rationing system of food distribution. Food will be issued to the cottages according to government regulations. It has been reported to this office that all matrons are eager to do their respective parts and are cooperating fully as they plan daily menus.

—:—

Two more of our boys have gone directly from the campus to our country's armed forces. Bill Barrier, of the Receiving Cottage, and Wilbur Hardin, of Cottage No. 9, enlisted in the United States Navy, March 15, 1943, and were sent to Bainbridge, Maryland, for their basic training. Both lads have sent cards back to friends at the School, stating that they liked Navy life very much, and were going to do their best to make good in Uncle Sam's service.

—:—

In the Charlotte Observer, issue of March 29th there appeared the names of a number of North Carolina boys who had been taken prisoner by the Japs. This list included the name of A. C. Lamar, Jr., whose home is in Kernersville.

Arthur entered the School, May 16, 1938, and on January 11, 1940, was conditionally released to return to his home. He was in Cottage No. 3 and

worked on the tractor and barn forces during his stay with us. Upon recommendation of the welfare department of Forsyth county, Arthur was granted an honorable discharge, June 17, 1940. He enlisted in the United States Army, January 30, 1941. No further report had been received on this boy until it was learned that he was a prisoner of war in a Jap concentration camp.

—:—

It has just been reported to this office that in a list of names of boys inducted into the United States Army, published recently in a Shelby newspaper, there appeared the name of Arnold Max Eaker, one of our former students. Max came to the School, August 17, 1937 and remained here until June 29, 1940, when he was given an honorable discharge. While here he was a member of the Cottage No. 12 group, and worked on the barn force and as a tractor operator on the farm.

Immediately after leaving the School, Max enrolled with a CCC unit and was sent to a camp in one of the states on the Pacific Coast. He visited the School last year, at which time he stated that he had been driving a truck for quite a while, and would soon return to the West Coast. That was the last we heard from him until learning of his induction into the Army.

—:—

We were all saddened last week to learn of the death of Mrs. Mattie Fitzgerald, a former member of the School's staff of workers. Mrs. Fitzgerald entered the service of the institution, February 7, 1922 and was continuously employed as matron at Cottage No. 7 until October 31, 1941, when she retired. Since the time of her retirement she had been living with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Thomas, at their home near Wadesboro. Mrs. Fitzgerald died suddenly of a heart attack, Sunday night, March 21, 1943. A short service was held at Wadesboro on Tuesday, March 23rd, and the body was then taken to Ruffin for the funeral and burial in the family plot.

During her service of nearly twenty years at the School, "Miss Mattie," as she was called by all who knew her, was a most conscientious worker, and did her best at all times to help the boys placed under her supervision.

—:—

Superintendent Hawfield took fourteen members of the recently-organized Boy Scout troop to Concord last Saturday afternoon, and had them fitted out with official Boy Scout uniforms. They certainly were a fine-looking, happy bunch of youngsters when they got all dressed up in their new outfits.

It might be of interest to note as we write of that incident that we have heard expressions from citizens of Concord who saw the boys on that occasion, as to what a nice-looking bunch of fellows they were. One of the clerks who helped fit them out with uniforms even went so far as to call Mr. Hawfield rather late Saturday night, and tell him what a pleasure it had been to wait on those boys, adding that they were as courteous a group of youngsters as had been in that store in a long time. Scouting teaches boys to be gentlemanly at all times, and it would seem that the members of our troop were living up

to the reputations earned by all good Boy Scouts.

—:—

In the March 31st issue of the Charlotte Observer we noted the names of quite a few North Carolinians reported as missing in action in the North African theatre of war. The War Department stated, however, that it was possible that many thus listed were being held as prisoners of war. In this group was the name of Russell Ferris, formerly a student at the School.

It will be recalled by many that Russell was the little boy in Cottage No. 1 who always had a pleasant smile for everyone he met, who went by the name of "Russ." He entered the institution, January 18, 1928 and remained here until April 1, 1935, when he was released to the superintendent of public welfare of Rockingham county, for placement as she saw fit. He was placed on a farm near Reidsville where, according to reports received here from time to time, he made a fine record. Russell got along fine while here. Upon his admission he was placed in the first grade, and at the time he left, had been in the seventh grade several months. Being so very small, this lad spent a good portion of his time as a sort of "free agent" during working hours, his usual task being that of errand boy for members of the farm forces, but for a little while before leaving he worked in the library.

Having known him as such a little fellow here, it is hard to realize that our old friend, Russ, had reached the age to enter the Army and had already seen service in the war zone, but as the old Negro preacher said, "Tempus sure do fugit," as he is now a young man of almost twenty-three years. He entered the Army through the Charlotte recruiting station, December 3, 1941. Russ's many friends here fervently hope that it turns out that he is still on top of the sod, even as a prisoner of war, rather than having been killed in action.

—:—

Following a custom of more than twenty years, our good friend, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, came up to the School last Sunday afternoon, bringing with him Rev. H. C. Wilkinson, assistant pastor of the First Methodist Church, of that city. Following the singing of the opening hymn, Brown Harris and Edward Loftin, members of our band, rendered instrumental solos, clarinet and cornet, respectively. Brown played "Fairest Lord Jesus" and Edward played "Sylvia." Both boys did unusually well, their playing making an excellent addition to the afternoon's program.

Superintendent Hawfield then presented Rev. Mr. Wilkinson to the boys. This was his first visit to the School, and he made a decided "hit with his youthful listeners by the highly interesting and helpful manner in which he delivered his message. For the Scripture Lesson he read Matthew 16:21-28, and the subject which he selected was concerning the folly of taking the easy way out of the various difficulties of life.

The speaker began by calling attention to the disgusting sight of drunken men as they go reeling and staggering along. The reason men do such things, he added, is that they refuse to face life's difficult problems, and resort to drinking in an effort to forget them. They have not solved

their problems by such acts, but have simply avoided them. When they become sober, they find they must still face the unsolved problems, and by reason of their foolish actions, are in worse physcial condition to meet them, than before they decided upon that manner of avoiding them. In other cases, people get married, and troubles arise in the home, and rather than try to work their way out of trouble they resort to the easiest method—that of getting divorces. We shall never get anywhere, said the speaker, by trying to dodge the hard situations in life.

Rev. Mr. Wilkinson then called attention to a certain class of people who want more money, but are not willing to work for it. They get the idea they can steal it easily and escape detection. In some cases this seems to work out all right, and they think they are getting along well. Then comes the time when they are caught —and it comes to all of them sooner or later—and they find themselves in more trouble than ever before. By reason of their wrong doing their difficulties become greater.

The fellow who is really a man, continued the speaker, is the one who fights his way through life, and by the hardest kind of labor is able to overcome handicaps. This has been the case in the lives of the greatest men in history. The easy road never leads to success.

Rev. Mr. Wilkinson then pointed out three courses to pursue as we face life's problems, as follows: (1) We must understand each other. When somebody says something we don't like, to try to get square with him is wrong. We should try to understand him and help him. (2) We must cooperate with each other, so that what we do will be done for the best interests of all concerned. In that way we not only do good by other people, but help urselves. (3) When we see what is the right, honest, decent and fair thing to do, it is our duty to do it, regardless of what the cost may be. Only people who let this rule govern their lives can hope for happiness when life on earth is ended.

In conclusion, the speaker stated that there will be countless times in our lives when we shall be tempted to do wrong. If we will but listen, we can hear God's voice giving us the proper advice as to the right thing to do. We must face the issues of life squarely and courageously, and not dodge them, if we hope to attain the Christian's reward—a life of eternal happiness with God.

———:———

There is one man you and I will never live long enough to forget. He is the fellow who came to us the morning we tackled our first job, put his hand on our shoulder, and with a smile, said in the friendliest sort of a way, "My boy, you are getting along fine. Take it easy, don't get worried, and if you need any help, just call on me."—Exchange .

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 28, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Raymond Davis
Donald Jolly
Ira Montgomery
Weaver Ruff
Lee St. Clair
Richard Sheehan
Paul Whitley
Harry Wilson
A. B. Woodard
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Everett Benfield
Leonard Lovelace
James Parker
Leonard Robinson
Kenneth Tipton
Frank Walker
William Butler

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Hurley Bell
Dewey Bunn
Robert Coleman
Albert Hames
Dewey Lanning
Ralph Powell
Sam Pritchett

COTTAGE NO. 4

Eugene Ballew
Jack Bright
Elbert Brown
James Burr
Leroy Childers
William Davis
William Deaton
Harry Lewis
Robert Sprinkle
Jerry Talbert
Ernest Turner
Lee Turner
Edward VanHoy
Eugene Watts
George Ward
Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 5

Hoyt Newell
Willford Seegers
Eugene Kerman

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Douglas Daniels
James Eller
Ralph Gibson
Gerald Kerman
Marvin Lipscomb
Rufus Massingill
Reitzel Southern
John Rhodes
Wesley Turner
Joseph Turner
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7

Albert Allen
Arthur Beal
Olin Brigman
Joseph Case
R. C. Combs
Charles Edwards
Donald Grimstead
William Harding
Earl Hoyle
Amos Myers
Marshall Prestwood
Leroy Pate
Marion Todd
John Tolley
W. C. Whitehurst

COTTAGE NO. 8

Jesse Cunningham
Homer Johnson
Edwin Peterson

COTTAGE NO. 9

Cecil Caldwell
Riley Denny
Fred Grimstead
Edward Guffey
James Hall
Thomas Ingram
Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson

COTTAGE NO. 10

Floyd Barnes
Fred Carswell
Jack Clifton
Paul Dockery
Amon Dryman
Brown Harris
Arcemias Hefner
Clifford Spriggs
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Velda Denning
Fred Fargis
Robert Goldsmith
Fred Holland
Orin Helms
Everett Morris
Robert Moses
John Moffitt
Leon Rose
Clyde Rhodes
Everett Stamey
Ray Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Dewell Cooper
Thurman Daniels
Millard Ellege
Donald Hobbs
Banks McKnight
Emerson Sawyer

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Robert Holbert
John Fargis
William Lane
William E. Lanford
Roy Mumford
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pitman
Theodore Young
Peter Tuttle
John Pritchard

COTTAGE NO. 15

Harold Blankenship
James Cantrell
Charles Lanford
Lawton McDowell
Ennis Miller
James Roberson
J. D. Smith
Carl Willis
John Watts

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hiram Atkinson
Raymond Brooks
Peter Chavis
James Chavis
R. C. Hoyle
Marshall Hunt
Herbert Lochlear
James Lochlear
William McManus
Charles Pearson
Eugene Moose
Donald Sides
Walter Thomas

INFIRMARY

Robert Padgett
Lawrence Rice
Newman Tate

———:———

Shakespeare says you can't trust a man who has no music in his soul. A banker will ask how much security he can give before he will trust him. But here's a new test of a man's character that is very good: "He may have on a greasy hat and the seat of his pants may be shiny, but if his children have their noses flattened against the window-pane a half-hour before he is due home for supper, he can be trusted."—Selected.

C364
APR 12 1943
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 10, 1943 NO. 15

(Orange County)
(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

TO EAT AND SLEEP

There is a number of us creep
Into this world to eat and sleep,
And know no reason why we're born
But only to consume the corn,
Devour the cattle, flesh and fish,
And leave behind—an empty dish.
And if our tombstone when we die
Be not taught to flatter or to lie,
There's nothing better can be said
Than that he's eat up all his bread,
Drunk up his drink, and gone to bed.

—John Wesley.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
THE NEW STATE BIRD	By Mrs. Max Abernethy	8
THOMAS JEFFERSON	By Claude Bowers	10
CHARLES DUNCAN McIVER	By Geraldine Coburn	13
THESE WIPE OUT BOUNDARIES	By R. B. Fosdick	15
IN A MEXICAN MARKET	By Peary H. Campbell	16
THE STATE CAPITOL	(The State)	19
WILLIAM LOUIS POTEAT	By Geraldine Coburn	21
CRISIS VERSUS CREATIVE LIVING	(Alabama Baptist)	23
INSIDE OUT	By Margaret A. J. Irvin	24
INSTITUTION NOTES		25
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

MY SYMPHONY

To be aware, ever vibrantly, of the exquisite beauties of the world, and to feel that each time I acknowledge them I am saying, "Thank you," to God;

To fill my soul with all the great and beautiful music that it is possible for me to hear;

To refresh myself with the fine poetry of the masters;

To treasure friendships, and to store away happy memories of them against the times of trouble;

To preserve a keen sense of humor as a buffer against life's little irritations;

To do small tasks graciously;

To adjust myself uncomplainingly to new situations, even if not of my own choice;

To judge kindly, making all due allowance for different viewpoints and training;

To cultivate a sensitivity to the feelings of others, that I may never unwittingly hurt them;

To love all with whom I come in contact as deeply as I can, feeling that by so doing I may be able to counteract some of the hate in the world; and lastly, feeling that I have been given only the talent of being kind, to remember the words of Emily Dickinson:

"They might not need me, but they might;
I'll let my head be just in sight;
A smile as small as mine might be
Precisely their necessity."

—Sunshine Magazine.

———:———

A STANDARDIZED LIBRARY

The library at the Training School has been made more attractive and restful by the recent hanging of new pictures of historical interest. The pictures were given to Superintendent Hawfield by Mr. Rand, a representative of the Rand-McNally Publishing Company. The frames were made by Mr. Alf Carriker and his boys in our carpenter shop. The cost of the frames and glass did not ex-

ceed fifty cents for each picture, which is another evidence that much can be accomplished if money is spent wisely. Economy is always the forerunner of thrift. The library has truly expanded since the early history of the project so nobly sponsored by Mrs. E. E. Peele, of Charlotte. She was untiring in her effort to assemble books for the use of our boys. Having boys of her own, she understood what it meant to have wholesome and instructive pastime for nervous, restless youngsters. The library today has reached the high-water mark of colorful beauty, and has become an indispensable contribution to the development of the boys.

Mrs. Mary Peacock Douglas, superviser of state libraries, saw the library when repair work, carpentering, painting and cataloging of books was under way. A few days ago, she made a return visit to the School, and exclaimed that the results had far exceeded all expectations, in equipment, order and standardization. This approval was most gratifying to the instructors of the School, and especially so to the librarian, because the picture presented as a whole reflected a fine visionary spirit of those in charge.

The new library pictures were chosen with a twofold significance. First, to train the boys to love and appreciate beauty, and last, but not least, to familiarize them with characters outstanding in the world's history. The lessons imparted through vision often shape the course of life or the destiny of mankind.

The following pictures, reproductions of some of the finest works of art, may now be seen on the walls of the library:

Galileo—The founder of modern physics, who was born at Pisa, February 18, 1564. He attended Pisa University as a student of medicine in 1581, but one day while watching the great lamp swinging in the cathedral, the novel idea occurred to him that however far a pendulum might swing, it always made the journey back and forth in the same period of time. As a result of this discovery, he took up the study of mathematics and in 1588 was appointed lecturer of the university because of a treatise he wrote on the center of gravity in solids. Galileo's further astronomic investigations brought forth the discovery that the moon was not a self luminous body, but derived its light from the sun. He died at Arcetri, near Florence, January 8, 1642.

William Caxton—He was the first English printer, and was born in Kent about the year 1422. About 1476 he set up his wooden printing press at Westminster. He had learned to print at Bruges, and in 1474 printed there the first book issued in English. The books he printed are today held as great rarities, and the few copies still left are worth many thousands of dollars each. Caxton died in 1491 or 1492.

Saint Francis of Assisi—Born, 1182; died, 1296. In the 12th century while knights in armor still rode from court to court, and troubadors sang of love and adventure, there was a boy named Francis living at Assisi. He was always merry, and when children of Assisi played at holding courts and tournaments, it was he who led them. He was surrounded by beauty. He would lie in the shade among vineyards and groves of olive trees and listen to the song of the birds. Francis had a great love for all the works of God. He spoke to the birds and flowers and bubbling springs, bidding them do all they could to honor their Maker. Once he was preaching from a balcony, and the swallows twittered so loudly that his words could not be heard. It was late in the evening when he died, but a number of birds that should have gone to roost long before, hovered, twittering about the roof of the chapel.

Robin Hood—He is said to have been born in 1160 and died in 1247. He was an English outlaw, who, according to popular account, together with his followers, inhabited the Sherwood Forest in Nottinghamshire, also in the woodlanls of Barnsdale, in the adjoining West Riding. Robin Hood and his men supported themselves by levying toll on the wealthy and more especially on Ecclesiastics, and by hunting deer. His skill with the long bow and quarter-staff was celebrated in tradition. What basis of fact there is for the story of Robin Hood is doubtful. He figures prominently in Scott's novel, "Ivanhoe," and in "Foresters," a drama by Tennyson.

Joan of Arc—This famous character was born at Domremy, on the river Meuse. She was the most beloved heroine of France. If it had not been for her it is quite possible that England and France might be under one ruler today. At the beginning of the 15th

century, France was torn by civil war. The English King Henry V claimed the throne of France for his heirs, and Charles VI, the King of France, was not strong enough to resist the demands of the English and their powerful ally, the Duke of Burgundy. It was Joan of Arc who roused the French to patriotism and made them feel that an English King had no right to their country. She died in 1431. There are numbers of statues erected in her honor throughout France.

* * * * * * * *

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States, was the son of a planter. He was born at Shadwell, Virginia, April 13, 1743. He studied at William and Mary College, and aftward practiced law. In 1769, he was chosen a member of the Virginia house of burgesses, where he became a supporter of the Revolutionary party. In 1773, as a member of the assembly, he took a prominent part in the measures which brought about the Continental congress, to which he was sent as a delegate, and where he drew up the immortal-Declaration of Independence. During the Revolutionary War, he was governor of Virginia. In 1785, he was sent as minister to France, and was in Paris at the outbreak of the French revolution. He became Secretary of State under Washington. The Constitution had been adopted, and soon the country was divided into two parties. Jefferson at once became the leader of the party in favor of state's rights and a general government of carefully defined powers, known first as the anti-Federalists, then Republicans, and lastly Democrats. Jefferson became Vice-President in 1796, as in the election for President he had received less votes than Adams.

Jefferson became President in 1800. He reduced the government to Republican simplicity, made few removals, and refused to appoint any of his own relatives to office, saying that he "could find better men for every place than his own connections." The most important act of his administration was the purchase of Louisiana from France. At the end of eight years, he retired to his home at Monticello. Here he kept up a large correspondence and entertained visitors from every part of the world, and founded the University of Virginia.

Though born and educated in the first rank of colonial life, he was a Democrat in theory and practice. He held that the "world is governed too much," and that "that government is best that governs least." Though a large slaveholder, he labored to stop the slave trade, to keep slavery out of the territory beyond the Ohio river, and was in favor of freeing the slaves in Virginia. His writings are mostly state papers and letters. His death, as well as that of John Adams, took place on July 4, 1826, when the nation was celebrating the Declaration of Independence, which he had written.

* * * * * * * *

GOOD READING

The State, edited by Carl Goerch, is always full of interesting information relative to the "Old North State," therefore, it is properly named. Every issue is filled from "kiver to kiver" with articles that hold one's interest on and on until the contents have been thoroughly reviewed. On account of its wealth of state history, past and present, it ought to be in the library of every public school in the state. If such magazines of the calibre of The State were available to students the significance would be two-fold. First, a finer understanding of state history would be absorbed, also the habit of reading good, wholesome literature would be formed.

From The State we copy the article captioned "The New State Bird," written by Mrs. Max Abernethy, in order that our boys may learn the interesting facts concerning the naming of a state bird, together with other bits of information referring to important incidents in the history of our great commonwealth.

THE NEW STATE BIRD

By Mrs. Max Abernethy, in The State

From the time that the Great Seal was authorized by the State Constitution, North Carolina has been in no great hurry to add its other official emblems. The state had no flag until the present one was adopted in 1885, nor a motto until 1893 when "Esse Quam Videri" was added to the seal.

In 1927 William Gaston's "Carolina, Carolina" became the State song, and the dogwood blossom was named our official flower in 1941. In 1931, under the sponsorship of the State Women's Club the Carolina chickadee was adopted as the State bird. However, this act was repealed seven days later when many people feared that we might become known as the "Tom-tit state."

This absence of a State bird has particularly upset North Carolina's school children. Each year hundreds of them wrote prim little supervised notes to the various State departments asking the name of our official bird, and when they were told that there was none, they were neither proud nor pleased.

It has remained for the General Assembly of 1943 to put an end to this condition, for just before it closed its session it named the cardinal as North Carolina's official and all-time feathered representative. Thus over a period of more than one hundred and fifty years we have finally adopted our six current state emblems.

You might not think off-hand that selecting a state bird was a matter of too great importance, but with the Garden and Bird clubs, bird fanciers and hobbyists interesting themselves in the selection, there was right much of a bird lobby before the cardinal was finally selected. And now that this scarlet beauty has become a member of our official family it might be interesting to learn something of its life history.

The cardinal may have come over in the Mayflower, but it does not have as old family tree as other birds we could name. For instance, it is not mentioned in the Bible and neither is it one of the better known birds in ancient mythology, but it has been immortalized in modern literature through James Land Allen's exquisite book, "The Kentucky Cardinal," and it is more or less associated with that State.

In Virginia the cardinal is called the "Virginia redbird" and in other localities the cardinal grosbeak. Someone has described him thus: "The bird appears to be a haughty autocrat, a sort of F. F. V. among the feathered tribes. Bearing himself with a refined and courtly dignity, not stooping to soil his feet by walking on the ground like the more democratic robin, or even condescending below the level of the laurel bushes, the cardinal is literally a shining example of self-conscious superiority—a bird to call forth respect rather than affection. But a group of cardinals in a cedar tree in a snowy winter landscape makes us forgetful of everything but their supreme beauty."

In case you are not familiar with the cardinal you will know him by his vivid vermilion scarlet coat. He has a black mask on his face and throat but his large bill and crest are scarlet.

When not overshadowed by the cardinal's more brilliant coloring his mate is not as drab as she might appear in comparison with him. Her feathers are of olive-grayish tone showing a little vermilion on wings and tail. But she has a gift not generally bestowed on her sex—she can sing and warble as well as her mate.

The cardinal usually first wakes you with his "pretty! pretty! pretty!" early in March. His song, which Mr. Allen calls the "most melodious sigh," lasts until September. He makes his home in the undergrowth of open woodlands or in evergreen shrubbery where he builds his nest early in May. The cardinal is not a particular homesteader. His nest is carelessly made of twigs, barkstrips, weed stems and grass, but it is carefully lined with fine grass or hair. However, he is a most attentive mate and serenades his lady beautifully as she sits on her nest and feeds on the fat of the land. Often two broods in a year come forth from the pale-gray, brown marked eggs, bearing what is for them the "fatal gift of beauty." Often the male bird has to tend his young nestlings while the mate is busy with her second brooding, and he is both a wise and indulgent parent.

Fortunate is the gardener who has the cardinal as his ally and assistant, for he destroys all kinds of harmful garden pests and insects. He likes principally besides these things grain, nuts and suet.

The cardinal because he is an able songster as well as a handsome bird, was at one time used quite extensively as a cage bird. Quantities of them were sent to Europe each year where they were known as Virginia nightingales. As far back as 1669 we have a record that they sold as high as $10.00 and that the Spaniards often spent as much as $18,000 on them yearly.

There are several folklore stories about the cardinal but the one that is most appealing is an old legend from the Natchez Indians of Mississippi. It runs like this:

"In order to weather the great flood the Great Sachem with his mate had climbed in the tallest tree on top of the tallest mountain in all the world. He then commanded a pair each of all the birds and animals to take refuge in other trees. They remained there for three days with the water reaching their chins. When the water subsided the Great Sachem and his mate and all the birds and animals came down to a water-soaked world where fire was the thing they needed most.

"Great Sachem sent a beaver to the underworld to bring fire, but the beaver could not carry it for burning his mouth. Then the mountain lion was sent to the high places in the world for the fire that might have escaped the flood but he came back empty-handed. Next a gray bird was selected to cross the void to the campfires of the Great Spirit to bring a coal of the living fires from the altars that were flaming there.

"At the end of the third day the little gray bird returned. All of his plumage had been burned a flaming red from the heat he had endured. His beak was burned to ragged edges and his face and eyes were black from the tortures he had endured, but he carried the live coal that restored fire to the earth. To the Indians he became known as the 'Firebird' and was revered through the ages."

THOMAS JEFFERSON

By Claude Bowers

Lincoln once said that "the principles of Jefferson are the definitions and the axioms of a free society"—a free society that is today being challenged by brute force throughout the world.

In his political concepts, in his militant devotion to democracy, in his love of liberty and independence, in his hatred of religious and racial intolerance, in his contempt for the anarchy of international gangsters, he is the personification and the symbol of the American ideas and ideals that tyrrany and savagery are now trying to destroy.

He made himself the personification of things that are fundamental and eternal and thus his leadership of liberty-loving people even to this day.

And because the things he fought and wrought for in his heroic days have been condemned to extermination by brute force, the genius of Thomas Jefferson is again evoked to lead us in the spirit as he once did in the flesh. His papers and letters are left us for our guidance, and because his words were touched with magic and dealt with elemental things, they might have geen written this morning in direct answer to the challenge of the tyrants now upon the march. Of no other American in history is this quite so true.

He crystalized in law and confirmed in practice the things that go to the making of the American way of life which the despots of today have mobilized utterly to destroy.

We see him seated at the little desk he had designed in the parlor of the simple apartment in Philadelphia where he lived, responding to the unanimous call of his colleagues to write the Declaration of Independence. Others could have drawn the indictment of a mad monarch and a pliant Parliament perhaps as well; but this man saw beyond the ephemeral grievances of the hour to a new day now made possible for the common lot. As his pen raced over the paper before him, he wrote an indictment academically interesting today as a bit of history, but in the preamble, which alone gives the document its immortality, he wrote indelibly the American concept of life. He wrote the covenant of democracy:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are life, Liberty and the pusuit of Happiness. That to sucure these rights, Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Thus he flung the challenge of freemen to the tyrants of all time.

His life thereafter was devoted to giving reality to that creed. Again we see him, a little older now, in Paris, in the service of his country, reading with consternation a new Constitution that made no provision for the protection of the people against the abuse of power. Again his pen spluttered over the paper, writing Washington and Madison that "a Bill of Rights is what any people is entitled to, and which no government

can deny or rest on inference."

A consummate manager and inspirer of men, he wrote in similar vein to friends and followers throughout the country, put the people on the march, and forced into our fundamental law the Magna Charta of American Rights.

He demanded the freedom of speech, to the end that in America men might speak their honest thought without fear or favor.

He demanded the right of peacable assembly, that men might declare to the government resting on their consent, their sovereign will.

He demanded the liberty of the press, that the sovereign people might be put in possession of the facts relating to their interest and freedom.

He made the freeman's home his castle into which the most powerful in the land dare not enter without due process of law.

Thus did he insist on putting the liberty of the people beyond the reach of transitory power.

But even so, the time soon came, for we were not entirely free from fascistic thought, when reactionary forces challenged the Bill of Rights with the Alien and Sedition laws. We see men dragged from platforms and shackles put upon the press for daring to criticize those in power. Even in America, the ermine of the courts was stained in the sentencing of patriots to prison in defiance of the Bill of Rights.

And again we see Jefferson step forth in shining armor to lead the struggle definitely to determine, once and for all, that the Preamble of the Declaration and the Bill of Rights he had championed, defined the American way worth dying for.

After a bitter battle, with demagogic mobs milling in the streets, with the poisoned arrows of hate and fury turned upon him, the prison doors opened to the release of men who had suffered for opinion's sake—the platform again was open—again the press was free.

But this culminative struggle had disclosed that powerful forces with fascistic concepts were at work to make a mockery of the principles of the Preamble to the Declaration. No longer was it safe to rest our democracy on inference. It had to be put to the arbitrament of debate. And for a full decade, the issue was uncertain as the bitterest and most significant battle in American history was fought.

At the head of the democratic columns rode the red-haired author of the Declaration. Scurrility opened its flood gates upon him. He was a "red," he was a "Jacobin," he was an "athiest," he was a "demagogue," —and all this meant he was a democrat. With the consummate political genius that was his, he mobilized, organized, munitioned, armed and led the people in the struggle to determine whether government should rest on the consent of the governed, or be imposed by a selfish, autocratic few. He won the victory which definitely decreed that ours should be a democratic republic.

Thus he was the pensman in the war for national independence; he was the leader in the demand he popularized for a Bill of Rights in the Constitution; he took the gag from the lips of freemen; he struck the shackles from the press; he cleared the way to the platform of popular assemblies; he drew a magic circle around the

cabins of the lowly and buttressed the poorest in the courts with the protection of the law.

And he did something more—he drew the Ordinance of Religious Freedom which ranks with the Declaration of Independence, and gives to every man the sacred right to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience.

Some years ago, at Monticello, on a day dedicated to religious freedom, I witnessed a scene that symbolized his life. There I listened to a Catholic priest, a Protestant minister, and a Jewish rabbi pay tribute to the outstanding champion of religious freedom in our history, and I saw them march shoulder to shoulder from the mansion on the hill to lay a wreath on the grave of the common benefactor of us all.

Now all this is sneeringly assailed by totalitarian gunmen denouncing liberty and democracy and threatening their extermination. The idea of the "new order" is as old as tyranny. In the dark days of our Revolution there were some in Virginia who despaired of the processes of democracy and proposed a dictator with arbitraary power over life and property. And again Jefferson fought for the principles of government by consent.

His comments then might have been written yesterday. A dictator? "In God's name, from whence have they derived this power? A leader may be offered but not impose himself, nor be imposed upon them. Much less can their necks be submitted to his sword, their breath be taken at his will or caprice."

Thus Jefferson's Preamble to the Declaration is a damnation of totalitarianism, and is applicable today; the Bill of Rights he demanded is an indictment of the dictators of today; his Ordinance of Religious Freedom is an arraignment of the racial and religious intolerance and persecution in nations now under the iron heel of despots.

His words live because they are timeless in their application, and eternal in their truth.

In these days of incredible fantasies and savage ideologies, with the lies of poisonous propaganda momentarily confusing the average mind, I often turn to Jefferson and find the heartening language of the Americanism for which generations of our forebears fought, wrought and died. Here we have illuminated the path of patriotic duty. And every word is a summons to the people to the protection of the heritage of freedom—a ringing call to militant resistance to the loathsome creed that any man, by virtue of his cruelty, mendacity and crimes, may mount and ride on the backs of his fellow men over the sacred things of life.

When, with his dying breath, John Adams said: "Thomas Jefferson still lives" he spoke for the ages. For "the spirit of liberty, like the words of the Holy Man, do not perish with the prophet but survive him." Again humanity meets a crisis, and again Jefferson carries the torch to light the way through darkness to the dawn of a new day of the freedom for which he gave his genius and his life.

CHARLES DUNCAN McIVER

By Geraldine Coburn

The Woman's College of the University of North Carolina in Greensboro, one of the largest colleges for women in the United States, was founded in 1892, through the efforts of Charles Duncan McIver, as the State Normal and Industrial School. Today the college stands as a living memorial to its founder.

McIver, as one might guess by his name, was descended from Scottish Highlanders and was born on a farm near Sanford, September 27, 1860, less than a year before the outbreak of the Civil War. His youth was spent doing the usual chores of farm work, but he was fortunate in being able to attend some of the excellent private schools in his neighborhood. In 1877 he entered the University of North Carolina and graduated four years later as an outstanding student.

After graduation, McIver started teaching school in Durham, assisted in establishing the graded schools there, and served as their principal until be resigned to accept a similar position in the schools of Winston. He stayed there only two years, however, before receiving a better position as principal of the literary department at Peace Institute in Raleigh, where he remained until June, 1889. In that year many were awakening to the fact that the State needed better qualified teachers. Petitions and speeches for a normal training school for women were presented to the Legislature, but instead of establishing such a training school, the General Assembly appointed McIver and Edwin A. Alderman to hold teacher's institutes throughout the State. For three years, therefore, from September, 1889, to September 1892, these men spoke on behalf of universal education in every county in the State. They went to every important city and town lecturing and talking to farmers, editors, and politicians. McIver's favorite saying was, "Educate a man and you educate an indivdual; educate a woman and you educate a home." He believed that women set the foundation of human progress and that the State could better afford to have five illiterate men than one illiterate mother.

After continuous labor and effort by McIver and his associates, the Legislature finally passed a bill seting aside $10,000 for the establishment of the College for Women and McIver was elected, president, a position he held for fourteen years. It has been said that "It is doubtful if any other public institution was ever in so true a sense the product of the unselfish love and labor of one man." Under him the college grew from two or three buildings with ten acres of land to eleven buildings with 130 acres, and it has been growing ever since. Today it is a part of the Great University and has 45 buildings and a 110-acre campus, confers five degrees for courses in music, liberal arts, sciences, education, and home economics, and has an enrollment of about 2,000 students.

McIver never worked for money or fame but for the service he could render the State. His Alma Mater, in recognition of his fine service in the field of education conferred upon

him the honorary degrees of Doctor of Letters and Doctor of Laws. He belonged to any number of clubs, associations, and societies. He was president of North Carolina Teachers' Assembly and of the Southern Education Association, but establishing the State Normal and Industrial School was his greatest contribution to the State, for here he devoted his life to something which outlasted his lifetime.

After his death on September 17, 1906, Governor R. B. Glenn issued the following proclamation to the people of the State:

"The lifework of Charles D. McIver is ended. For twenty-five years he served his State with fidelity, zeal and efficiency not surpassed in her annals. No one has rendered the State a greater service."

The educational opportunities now afforded the women of North Carolina should be in a large measure gatefully attributed to McIver.

FLOWERS TODAY

I would rather have one little rose
From the garden of a friend,
Than to have the choicest flowers
When my stay on earth must end,

I would rather have the kindest words
And a smile that I can see,
Than flattery when my heart is still
And this life has ceased to be.

I would rather have a loving smile
From friends I know are true.
Than tears shed around my casket
When this world I bid adieu.

Bring me all the flowers today,
Whether pink, white or red,
I'd rather have a blossom now
Than orchids when I'm dead.

—Selected

THESE WIPE OUT BOUNDARIES

By Raymond B. Fosdick

Although wars and economic rivalries may for longer or shorter periods isolate nations and split them up into separate units, the process is never complete, because the intellectual life of the world, as far as science and learning are concerned, is definitely internationalized, and, whether we wish it or not, an indelible pattern of unity has been woven into the society of mankind.

There is not an area of activity in which this cannot be illustrated. An American soldier wounded on a battlefield in the Far East owes his life to the Japanese scientist, Kitazato, who isolated the bacillus of tetanus. A Russian soldier saved by a blood transfusion is indebted to Landstiner, an Austrian. A German soldier is shielded from typhoid fever with the help of a Russian, Metchnikoff. A Dutch marine in the East Indies is protected from malaria because of the experiments of an Italian, Grassi; while a British aviator in North Africa escapes death from surgical infection because a Frenchman, Pasteur, and a German, Koch, elaborated a new technique.

In peace, as in war, we are all of us the beneficiaries of contributoins to knowledge made by every nation in the world. Our childern are guarded from diphtheria by what a Japanese and a German did; they are protected from smallpox by an Englishman's work; they are saved from rabies because of a Frenchman; they are cured of pellagra through the researches of an Austrian, From birth to death they are surrounded by an invisible host—the spirits of men who never thought in terms of flags or boundary lines and who never served a lesser loyalty than the welfare of mankind. The best that every individual or group has produced anywhere in the world has always been available to serve the race of men.

———:———

CONTENT

A hermit there was who lived in a grot,
And the way to be happy they said he had got.
As I wanted to learn it, I went to his cell;
And this answer he gave, as I asked him to tell:
" 'Tis being, and doing, and having that make
All the pleasures and pains of which mortals partake.
To be what God pleases, to do what is best,
And to have a good heart, is the way to be blest."

—Christian Register.

IN A MEXICAN MARKET

By Pearl H. Campbell

Let's go shopping in a Mexican market. We'll find it very fascinating and different from those we know at home. We begin by changing our dollars and cents for pesos and centavos. A peso is the Mexican dollar, and like our dollar is divided into 100 cents or centavos. But for every American dollar we receive from four to six pesos, depending on the rate of exchange which varies occasionally.

Some of the markets are out of doors, around a plaza or a little square with orange tree in the center and a fountain sending forth its cooling spray. Tiny places, these open air markets are, devoted chiefly to the sale of farm products, fruits, vegetables, poultry and eggs. You will be recognized as an American, and do not be surprised if a merchant tells you that the "eggs are fresh from Chicago." It is just his way of attracting your attention and the black eyes are full of fun as he says it.

Other markets, quite as picturesque, are under cover. The San Juan Market, in the heart of Mexico City, is housed in a building covering an entire block and then overflows into the surrounding streets.

Long before dawn the vendors have been coming into the city. The poorer ones walk, carrying their wares in huge baskets or platters on their heads, balancing them perfectly and never jostling anyone. Others drive their produce before them and it is not uncommon to see a man driving a small flock of chickens or turkeys through the busy, crowded market place with his long whip.

Squatting in the streets and on the sidewalks leading to the market are hundreds of vendors who are too poor to rent space inside, but who spread out their wares on a piece of coarse sacking. Here is a woman offering handkerchiefs and aprons made by hand with exquisite drawn thread work; another has sandals made from old automobile tires and home-tanned leather. These are the footwear of the very poor.

Always outside the market you will find an escriber, with a typewriter, supply of paper and envelopes, and a chair for himself and his customer. Although the authorities have made a determined attempt to educate the people, there are still many who cannot write and who are glad to pay for the services of a scribe or writer.

Inside the building are hundreds of small shops where all sorts of interesting products can be purchased. In the fruit section are many fruits which never find their way to our markets. Here are mangoes and papayas, a kind of enormous pawpaw. It is shaped like a melon and is yellow like a pumpkin. Then there is the mamey with its reddish, custardlike meat and its large brown kernel. Mexican women will tell you that the oil from this kernel beautifies the hair and keeps it from turning gray. You'll find stalks of sugar cane cut into convenient lengths and great heaps of prickly pears, red, yellow, pink or orange, depending upon the variety.

The Mexicans call these pears tunas. They are full of seeds and

very juicy when ripe. Unfortunately the thick outer skins are covered with hundreds of sharp little thorns which make them hard to handle, but if you want to try one, you may buy a tuna and the smiling friendly salesman will remove the thorns and skin for you. The Mexicans not only make candy from the root of this plant, but also remove the thorns from the tender leaves and stew, fry, or boil them. Then they are cut into small pieces and served with salt, chili sauce and tortillas. Because this cactus grows nearly everywhere in Mexico, its leaves may be gathered for nothing or bought very cheaply, so the poor people make a great deal of use of it.

Everywhere in the vegetable section of the market are great heaps of peppers, pimentos, the Mexicans call them, red, green, and black, of every size and shape, ready to be ground into chili and used for seasoning. Many Mexican dishes are too highly seasoned with pepper for American tongues until they become used to them.

Next in interest is the flower market. Here you can buy roses, violets, all the flowers that you know at home, besides orchids and gardenias, all surprisingly low in price. Mexicans are great lovers of beauty and color and even the poorest home will have a tiny flower garden.

Somewhere about the market you are sure to find the strangest of all shops, an "herbolarium." Arranged in neat little mounds are over one hundred kinds of herbs, sixty kinds of roots, seeds, and even ground shells There are orange blossoms and the yellow and white flowers of our common Mayweed. From these a tea is made which the merchant tells you is very good for the stomach ache. Many of the people are too poor to go to a doctor when they are sick or to buy medicine in a drugstore and must depend upon the "herbolarium" for their remedies.

There is a pottery section where you may find enormous water jugs, platters, vases, pitchers, flowerpots, many toys such as tiny birds, and bells that look like dolls. Some are black, others made interesting and gay with artistic Indian designs. Near by are clothing shops displaying sarapes, the blankets worn by men, and rebozos, the long, narrow shawls which women and girls sometimes wear on their heads or wrap around their shoulders. The folds make a convenient place in which to tuck a baby and as you stop to bargain with the mother, you may often see two bright eyes peering out at you and a small brown face wreathed in smiles.

Mexican women and girls, even those of the higher classes, who dress very like their sisters across the Rio Grande, almost never wear hats. Since it is an unwritten law that one must not enter a church bareheaded, they carry in purse or pocket a black lace mantilla, or scarf. Men on the contrary, almost never go bareheaded, wearing the picturesuqe sombrero, which may be of straw or richly decorated felt and nearly always tied under the chin. This broad-brimmed hat keeps off the sun, serves as an umbrella during the long rainy season, anl may be used as a fan when the day is hot and to start a charcoal fire. All sorts of things may be carried in the crown as well, so the sombrero is as useful as it is decorative.

After making the rounds of the

shops you are hungry and you find a great variety of foods offered in the open air restaurants, including the ices and soft drinks we enjoy at home. But suppose we choose something typically Mexican. No meal is complete with out tortillas, thin flat cakes of corn meal. As far back as anyone can remember maize, Indian corn, has been a part of the daily diet of the people and every Indian woman knows how to steep it in lime water and then grind the softened kernels on a slab of stone called a metate. The other part of this crude mill is a stone roller, which looks much like the rolling pin your mother uses in her kitchen.

In more modern homes meal is purchased already ground, but tortillas are made in the same way. The cook makes a little ball of dough, places it on her left hand and pats it into a thin, round cake. It is fascinating to watch the process of shaping it for the motions are quick and rhythmical. When it is very thin and flat it is placed on an earthenware griddle and baked over a charcoal fire. In a few minutes it is ready to eat. But you'll be disappointed when you taste it, for it is very flat and not at all like the corn bread your mother makes.

Wheat grows in parts of Mexico and in the shop of the panadero, baker, you will find buns and rolls very like those at home, including delicious pan dulce, sweet bread. In spite of this the tortilla is the real bread of the Mexican people and they eat it with everything. Among the poor the tortilla serves as a spoon. A sort of sandwich is made by rolling tortillas around a mixture of chopped meet, or cheese, onions and hot pepers. This is an enchilada, much too peppery for your taste, but a great favorite throughout Mexico and sold everywhere in restaurants, market places, and railway stations.

The market is so full of interest that you hate to leave. It's been fun to bargain for curios and the lovely wares in leather and pottery. You smile and say adios to the pretty, dark-eyes girl from whom you bought a scarf with the Aztec calendar on it, and you resolve to come back on Sunday, for that is the busiest day of all.

———:———

In his early days Mark Twain was editor of a Missouri newspaper. A superstitious subscriber wrote him, saying that he had found a spider in his paper, and asked whether that was a sign of good or bad luck. The humorist wrote this answer and published it in the next issue:

"Old Subscriber: Finding a spider in your paper was neither good nor bad luck for you. The spider was merely looking over our paper to see which merchant is not advertising, so that he can go to that store, spin his web across the door, and live a life of undisturbed peace ever afterwards."—Selected.

THE STATE CAPITOL

(The State)

On the morning of June 21, 1831, the State Capitol of North Carolina was destroyed by fire. Although the public records of the State were saved, the State Library, containing many valuable books and manuscripts, was lost.

The citizens of Raleigh naturally bemoaned the destruction of the building, but Governor Stokes did not regard it as a great loss. In his opinion there were some mitigating circumstances. In his message to the General Assembly, when it met the following November, he said that the calamity was not so great, because the old statehouse, built in 1794, was almost ready to tumble down of its own accord, and that perhaps many valuable lives had been saved by its being destroyed by fire instead of tumbling down on the Legislature while in session.

At once, Senator Seawell of Wake brought forward a bill providing for the erection of a new capitol on the site of the old one. At the same time a similar bill was introduced in the House of Commons. As there was a strong sentiment in the state favorable to the removal of the capital from Raleigh to Fayetteville, these two bills to rebuild at Raleigh met with vigorous opposition. Accordingly, Senator Seawell's bill was quickly disposed of. Senator Wilson of Edgecombe moved to table it, and it was tabled. The House bill was longer discussed. The discussion was prolonged for two days, but on a yea-and-nay vote the bill failed, 65 to 68. The Assembly of 1831 refused to rebuild.

A year passed, and the ruins of the old statehouse still marked the site of the former capitol. But the Constitution, or rather the Ordinance, of 1789, located the capital at Raleigh, and the Legislature had no power to move it. It was even questioned with great seriousness whether the Assembly could hold its sessions in the Governor's mansion, at the end of Fayetteville Street, as that was outside of the limits of the town. To move the capitol, a convention was necessary, and a majority of the Legislature was not favorable to a convention.

At the session of November, 1832, the Assembly, by a vote of 35 to 28 in the Senate and 73 to 60 in the House, resolved to rebuild on the old site, and $50,000 was appropriated for the purpose.

William Boylan, Duncan Cameron, Henry Seawell, Romulus M. Saunders and William S. Mahoon were appointed commissioners to have the work done. The commissioners, with $50,000 at their command, did not dally. The rubbish was cleared away, the excavations made and the foundations were laid. On July 4, 1833, the cornerstone was set in place. Up to that time W. S. Drummond was the superintendent and chief architect, and he was one of the principal persons in the ceremony of laying the cornerstone.

After the foundation was laid the work progressed more slowly, and it was so expensive that the appropria-

tion was exhausted. The Legislature at its next session appropriated $75,000 more. To do the stone and finer work many skilled artisans had been brought from Scotland and other countries. Part of the work was conducted under the supervision of W. S. Drummond and another part under Col. Thomas Bragg, but these arrangements did not prove satisfactory, and a year later, in September, 1834, Mr. I. Theil Town, of New York, acting for the commissioners, contracted with David Paton to come to Raleigh and superintend the work.

Mr. Paton was an architect who had come from Scotland the year bebore. He was then thirty-three years of age. He was the son of John Paton, of Edinburgh, who was an extensive builder in that city and vicinity and who had built the greater part of the new town and constructed the famous Dean Bridge across the water of Leith, and he ranked high in his profession. Having received a liberal education at the University of Edinburgh, David Paton took up the profession of his father and was regularly bred as an architect and builder under his father and under Sir John Sloan, R.A., professor of architecture to the Royal Academy of London. He soon demonstrated his capacity. When he first came to Raleigh the cost of overseeing the work on the Capitol was $25 a day. He reduced that cost to $9. Twenty-eight stone-cutters were paid $81 a day. This he reduced to $56. He found himself to be not merely supervisor of the work, but the superintendent; not merely the superintendent, but the bookkeeper and paymaster. He had every detail of the work on his shoulders. And then he had to make the working drawings. He was the builder, the architect, the designer.

Both the commissioners and the architect had large ideas. The former were wise enough to expend the original $50,000, which the General Assembly expected would complete the structure, on its foundation. Their work being severely criticized, they resigned January 1, 1835. Their successors were Beverly Daniel, chairman; Samuel F. Patterson, Charles Manly and Alfred Jones. The Legislature was compelled to make appropriations for the work from time to time. The following is a table of the several appropriations made:

Session of 1832-33	$ 50,000.00
Session of 1833-34	75,000.00
Session of 1834-35	75,000.00
Session of 1835	75,000.00
Session of 1836-37	120,000.00
Session of 1838-39	105,300.00
Session of 1840-41	31,374.46
	$531,674.46

It must be remembered that the stone with which the building was erected was the property of the State. Had the State been compelled to purchas this material the cost of the capitol would have been considerably increased.

———:———

Good humor is one of the best articles of dress one can wear in society.—Thackeray.

WILLIAM LOUIS POTEAT

By Geraldine Coburn

Among North Carolina's leading educators was the great scientist and lecturer, William Louis Poteat, president of Wake Forest College for twenty-two years, who stirred the imagination of many an individual and gave him food for thought. To the world at large he is best remembered as a pioneer thinker, writer, and speaker on the relationship between science and religion.

Poteat was born in Caswell County on October 20, 1856. In his youth he was never required to do any manual labor, for his father, Captain James Poteat, a trustee of Wake Forest College, was a substantial planter and slave owner. The boy's first schooling was under a governess before he attended the village academy at Yanceyville, but by the time he was sixteen; he was off to Wake Forest College to work for his bachelor of arts degree.

One year after graduation, instead of reading law as he had intended, he was elected a tutor by the trustees of the Baptist school, and in a short time he became assistant professor of natural science. By 1883 he was in full charge of the chair of natual history, now the chair of biology, and a few years later he received his master's degree. Poteat tried to avail himself of every opportunity in the field of science. He attended a brief course in the University of Berlin and one in the Marine Biological Laboratory, Woods Hall, Massachusetts, and he also contacted and corresponded with learned men of science. He was the first president of the North Carolina Academy of Science. In 1901 he published *Laboratory and Pulpit, The Relations of Biology to the Preacher and his Message,* and from time to time he published other books such as *The New Peace, The Way of Victory,* and *Stop Light.* He also wrote a number of articles on scientific investigations dealing with microscopic plants and animals.

Poteat spoke before all classes of people, including both intellectuals and illiterates, but just as in the classroom he tried to bring his audiences to see the common facts of nature. Narrowmindedness and complacency irritated him, and he tried to lift men out of "the ruts of ignorance." A staunch prohibitionist, he often lectured on the evils of liquor and was head of the dry forces of the State.

The year 1905 was an eventful and memorable one for Poteat, for that year he had conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL. D. by Baylor University, Waco, Texas, and he was elected president of Wake Forest College, a position he held for over two decades. Under his able adminstration the college continued to grow and prosper all during his leadership.

Poteat soon held honorary doctors degrees from a number of the leading universities and became an accomplished orator, having preached and lectured on science and religion before many audiences. He believed in the right to teach and preach what inquiry revealed and took a definite stand in the Statewide evolution controversy, stating that "there is no in-

compatibility between science and religion." In 1925 he delivered a series of lectures at the University of North Carolina entitled "Can a Man be a Christian Today?" This series attracted large audiences and was quoted by the press both favorably and unfavorably all over the country. Because of his belief in the theory of evolution, it was thought that the State Baptist Convention might demand Poteat's resignation, but appearing before this Convention in Charlotte, he said: "I decline to be whipped out of a position on an issue that involves the position and responsibility of my alma mater; the institution has stood for truth no matter what little window it has shone through." To show completely his stand was vindicated, the Convention elected him as their president in 1936.

Dr Poteat retired voluntarily from the presidency of Wake Forest College in 1927, but he continued to serve the college as professor of biology up until a few months before his death on March 12, 1938. His name will live long in the history of the State as a man who dared to write and speak as he believed.

———:———

FROM FATHER TO SON

My son, remember you have to work. Whether you handle pick or wheelbarrow, or a set of books, dig ditches or edit a newspaper, ring an auction bell or write funny things, you must work.

Don't be afraid of killing yourself by overworking on the sunny side of thirty. Men die sometimes, but it is because they quit at 6 p. m. and don't go home until 2 a. m. It's the intervals that kill, my son. The work gives you appetite for your meals; it lends solitude to your slumber; it gives you a perfect appreciation of a holiday.

There are young men who do not work, but the country is not proud of them. It does not even know their names; it only speaks of them as "old So-and-So's boys." Nobody likes them; the great, busy world doesn't know they are here.

So find out what you want to be and do. Take off your coat and make dust in the world. The busier you are, the less harm you are apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter your holidays, and the better satisfied the whole world will be with you.—Bob Burdette.

CRISIS VERSUS CREATIVE LIVING

(The Alabama Baptist.)

If there is a single word which describes our era, that word is "crisis." Many people think that "crisis" is a synonym for disaster. It isn't so. Crisis means a turning point. Rightly used, a crisis affords an opportunity for creative living. Since time began the world has been filled with crises. They were all brought on by disorders and confusions and they have all pointed to a better way. Each crisis has meant at its deepest that there is a better way and men are enjoined to find the way and walk in it .

Those who fail to meet a crisis do so because they are blind to the significance of a time or change, or they are paralyzed by fear, or they simply refuse to make the adjustments demanded. The crisis is merely a demand for orientation and adaptation to changing conditions. It says "Adjust or die." That is the history of the development of life. To meet a crisis, we must be willing to face facts, even if some of the facts are unpleasant. And the most unpleasant facts when squarely faced have been transformed into the greatest boons and blessings both for individuals and nations.

It is our feeling that there is a lesson for us in that Flying Fortress which returned to the home base in England recently with one motor shot away, another disabled, and a third missing badly. The pilot and crew of that bomber knew how to adjust themselves to dangerous conditions. They simply refused to be knocked out by fear —by a crisis. Instead the pilot so manipulated the controls which were left as to make a safe landing. A crisis alway means that men must do their best with what is left and—do it on time.

The religious person has a great advantage in fighting the ancient enemy—fear. That does not mean that fear or disaster cannot come to the religious individual. It does mean that he can escape their power. Our worship together Sunday after Sunday is one of the surest ways of building resistance to fear and disaster. For it is still true, "God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of a sound mind."

———:———

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

—Lord Byron.

INSIDE OUT

By Margaret A. J. Irvin

Many of us were so thoroughly indoctrinated with the idea that "a clean tooth never decays" that we were almost shocked to hear dentists say that decay sometimes starts on the inside of a tooth. What causes the condition is not definitely ascertained; but it seems to have something to do with diet and health.

"Save the surface and you save all," is another slogan that is now recognized as a half-truth. Termites can bore their way through the heart of a piece of wood without marring the surface. They so gnaw away the heart of a cross beam that it collapses without warning.

Jesus put the matter quite differently, if you happen to remember: "Cleanse first the inside of the cup." But that's much harder. It is easier to brush teeth with all sorts of patent medicines than to bother about vegetables and vitamins and the dozens of other things dentists want us to take into consideration. It is easier to slap a coat of paint on the outside of a wooden structure than to exterminate termites inside.

It is very much easier to impose a sort of surface morality on people than to instill a Christian spirit. All too often we have approved a sort of shallow respectability that was not Christianity at all. Sometimes we have been satisfied with social legislation that changed the appearance of poverty and sin without changing the poor and sinful one iota.

These surface things make the world a much prettier place; and we wouldn't want to do without them. But did you ever sit in a group of "middle class," "Christian," American" women, only to feel that you were in a room that had been cleaned up by shoving everything unsightly into drawers and closets? Once in a great while the instinct to clean house gets too much for some woman and she starts ripping open the cupboards of her own mind and those of her neighbors' minds. But she seldom gets very far. They are all too sure that if you "save the surface you save all."

———:———

We bar the doors and close the shutters to,
And think that we are safe from prying eyes.
Then through a crack we peep to criticise,
And are displeased at what our neighbors do.
But, lo, men smile and whisper as they pass,
To think we do not know our house is glass.

—Helen Talbot Porter.

INSTITUTION NOTES

"Three Cockeyed Sailors," a United Artists production, was the attraction at the regular motion picture show at the School last Thursday night.

—:—

George Bristow, who was a member of the printing class more than ten years ago, called on us recently. He was accompained by his wife and three children. George now lives in Winston-Salem, where he has been employed for some time as driver of a large transfer truck, and stated that he was getting along fine. We were delighted to see this young fellow again, and to meet his wife and fine youngsters.

—:—

We just learned a few days ago that Nathaniel Honeycutt, formerly of Cottage No. 2, had been in the United States Army for several months. This young man, who will be thirty years old next October, came to the School, March 15, 1929 and remained here until April 25, 1930. On August 20, 1930, he reentered the institution, and was released, March 19, 1931. We received the news that he was now serving Uncle Sam, from another former student, who recently saw him in uniform, but was not sure as to his present location.

—:—

Lee Turner, a member of the printing class, goes on record as being the first boy to purchase a War Bond during his stay at the School. For several months he had been buying War Stamps from time to time until he had accumulated more than five dollars worth. On Wedenesday of this week, the regular visiting day, this youngster was visited by his aunt who lives in Fayetteville, and when she learned of his savings from the small amount of money sent him occasionally, she kindly gave him enough to make the purchase of a bond possible. Many of the youngsters here are buying stamps, and it will not be long until several of them will fill their books and convert them into bonds.

—:—

Jewell Barker, formerly of Cottage No. 3, who left the School, June 20, 1940, was a visitor here a few days ago. He is now nineteen years old.

Upon leaving the institution, Jewell went to Washington, D. C., to live with his mother, and was employed there until he enlisted in the United States Army Air Corps, December 17, 1941. He has been stationed at the following camps: Camp Lee, Virginia; Atlantic City, New Jersey; Fort Meyers, Florida. At present he is stationed at Lowry Field, Denver, Colorado, and will return there in a few days. Since he has attained the rank of sergeant, it would seem that he has been getting along well in the Army. He stated that he was a member of a B-19 bomber, screw, and liked that branch of the service very much.

—:—

Mr. Frank Lisk, who is our bakery instructor and has charge of Cottage No. 10, received a letter from Lake Cooper, a former student here, stating that he had enlisted in the United States Army, and was stationed at

a camp in California. Lake entered the School, November 1, 1934, and remained here until July 29, 1937, when he was conditionally released to be placed with a Mr. Nicjols, at Purlear, N. C., under the supervision of Mr. Charles C. McNeill, superintendent of public welfare in Wilkes County. Having made a good record since leaving us, he was given an honorable discharge, April 17, 1940. Lake is now twenty-one years old. During his stay at the School, he was house boy in Cottage No. 10 most of the time, and when not thus employed, worked in the bakery.

—:—

Another of our boys has enlisted in our country's service directly from the School campus. Jesse Cunningham, of Cottage No. 8, went to Raleigh last week and was accepted for service in the United States Navy, and left there on April 2nd to take his basic training at a naval station. We haven't heard from him since he left Raleigh, but he wrote that he had passed his examination and had been accepted for service. Since then we noticed his name in the Charlotte Observer listed among those boys recruited through the Charlotte station last week.

Jesse entered the School, August 1, 1940, and since that time had worked in the laundry, except for acting as house boy for a few weeks. At the time he left us, he was in the seventh grade, and was getting along well with his studies.

Jesse's brother, David, also a student at the School, volunteered his services and entered the United States Army last October, he and Milton Koontz being the first boys to leave the School for service for Uncle Sam. Both lads are now stationed at Camp White, Oregon.

—:—

Through the kindness of a number of intereseted friends in the city of Concord, it has been possible to place a radio in the boys' sitting room in each cottage at the School. The radios were installed last Saturday afternoon, and the boys have all thoroughly enjoyed them. Many of them have personally expressed their appreciation to Superintendent Hawfield, while one of them wrote a letter, which reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: In behalf of the boys of Cottage No. 15, I wish to express appreciation of the radio we received on Saturday, April 3rd. Since getting this fine radio we have learned more about the critical period we are living in at this time, and to be more saving in many respects. We are enjoying it very much.

"We are trying to show our appreciation by taking good care of it in order to make it last as long as possible. We cooperate with the one who is in charge of the radio by enjoying programs from the stations which he tunes to, and are not all wanting to get different stations. We are very proud of our radio, and thank you very much. Yours truly, J. D. Smith."

—:—

David C. McLamb, a former member of the Cottage No. 11 group, who left the School in June, 1931, called on old friends among the staff members last Thursday. Upon leaving the institution, he returned to his home in Sampson County, and went to work on a farm, and continued at that occupation until 1939. Leaving the farm, he operated a service station

in Clinton for a little more than a year. For the past two and one-half years, David has been engaged in construction work at Fort Bragg, and at the present time is employed as timekeeper. He is now a young man of twenty-six years, has a nice personality and pleasing manners, and has the appearance of one who is making good in life. He told us that he had been married about six and one-half years and had two children, a girl, aged five years, and a three-year-old son.

On this visit, David was accompained by his wife, who impressed us as being a very fine young lady, just the type to help a young fellow get along in life. David seemed glad to renew old acquaintances here, and promised to come back to see us just as soon as he could conveniently do so, and bring the children with him. We were delighted to see this young man and to learn that he has been getting along so well since leaving us.

—:—

Mr. Barber, our bookkeeper, received a letter the other day from Elmond A. Brantley, formerly of Cottage No. 5, who has been a member of the United States Marine Corps for quite some time. His letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Barber: Received your letter today. It was postmarked February 15, which is not so bad, since I am located so far away. From what you tell me of the school library I imagine it would be an inspiration to walk through it. It looked mighty nice when I left. Do you have many boys in the Indian Cottage? It doesn't seem you have as many boys as when I was at the School. A. C. Elmore (in the same outfit) tells me that Mr. Poole is now a lieutenant. Am going to write him if I can ever find time. Think I'll write especially to get a sample of his handwriting. From the looks of this letter, I sure need it. Am in big hurry. Have about fifteen letters to write. Can't give you the details now, but will try to later. I shall appreciate copies of The Uplift any time you can send them. Yours sincerely, Pvt, Elmond A. Brantley."

This young man is stationed somewhere is the Pacific area. Elmore, who was at the School with him, is in the same outfit, and they had quite reunion out there a few months ago. Both boys have written quite interestingly about it.

—:—

Raymond D. Shropshire, twenty-five years old, formerly of Cottage No. 2, visited The Uplift office recently. He was admitted to the School, September 1, 1931, and was allowed to return to his home in Winston-Salem, July 13, 1934. He has been married several years and has two children. For some time R. D. has been employed as truck driver for the Overnite Transportation Company, of Richmond, Virginia. He told us that he liked to pilot those huge transfer trucks over the country, and that his duties made it necessary for him to travel through many states. We received a letter from this young fellow a few days ago, which reads in part, as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Received The Uplift this morning and sure was glad to be remembered by you. Am getting along fine with my work, and am being kept very busy. The picture of the captured Jap submarine in The Uplift is a good one. Here is

a coincidence—I saw the same thing yesterday. I only hope our boys can capture many more of them for display in the United States.

"My brother, Hassell, is now with this company, driving a truck like mine. He send his regards to you and says he will write soon. He especially requests that you say 'hello' to Mr. Boger and Mr. Barber for him.

"I certainly enjoyed my visit with you the other day. Tell Mrs. Lee that I am sorry I didn't get a change to see her. Here's hoping I may soon be driving down that way, and can stop in for another talk with you. Sincerely yours, R. D. Shropshire."

Raymond's brother, Hassell, referred to in the letter, entered the School, May 16, 1932, and was given permission to return to his home, August 5, 1935. During his entire stay with us he was a house boy in the Receiving Cottage. He is now twenty-four years old. Not long after leaving the institution, he enlisted in the United States Army, and during the greater part of his period of service, was stationed at Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, The Hawaiians. Hassell was honorably discharged from the Army shortly before the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor, and returned to Winston-Salem, where he was married soon thereafter.

—:—

The service ot the School last Sunday afternoon was conducted by Rev. C. E. Baucom, pastor of McGill Baptist Church, Concord. For the Scripture Lesson he read Genesis 5:21-24. In his message to the boys, the speaker stated that the chapter from which he just read, was at first sight, rather strange. It would seem something like walking through a cemetery and reading the tombstones, saying here lived certain persons for so many years, and they died. But when we get to the 24th verse the picture is reversed, and we read: "And Enoch walked with God, and was not, for God took him."

Rev. Mr. Baucom quoted an old negro preacher summing it up in this manner: "Enoch and the Lord were great friends. They would take a walk each day together, always walking toward the home of the Lord. One day, they were a little closer to the Lord's home than to his own, and Enoch decided that he would not go back, but would live with the Lord forever."

We read in another place in the Bible, said the speaker, that Enoch was translated. He was taken from the earth to be with God. There is but one other such instance recorded in the Bible, that of Elijah being taken up into heaven in a chariot of fire.

Rev. Mr. Baucom then told the boys that they should remember Enoch as a model walker. He walked with God, and when a person does that, he is doing the finest thing in the world. Enoch started to walk in the right way when he was very young and as a reward for his way of living, God took him to heaven. The world today needs more men who know how to walk with God. Too many citizens of the world have been walking with the devil, and will eventually go home with him. We need more people to talk with God and learn the true way of life. As long as we have people, especially leaders, who do not walk with God, there will be young men walking into battle lines, many of them never to return. But when men

get in step with God they will love each other more and there will be no bloody battles in which countless thousands will be killed and injured.

The chief characteristic feature of a walk with God, continued the speaker, is that it is a safe one. Not to do so is unsafe. Safety is a great watchword today. We hear on all sides how important it is that people practice safety. Carelessness kills enough men each year to build several hundred liberty ships and bombers, which are both sorely needed if we are to preserve the freedom which is ours. A walk with God is the highest point of safety one can reach, while to walk with the devil is to walk with the greatest enemy of man. Constant companionship with our Heavenly Father as we go through life means that we shall go on walking with Him when life on earth is over, and we shall enjoy the happiness that He has prepared for us.

To walk with God is a useful walk, said Rev. Mr. Baucom. Jesus Christ had the power to raise people from the dead and give strength to the weak, and now has the power to save men from sin. The usefulness of such association is seen when we realize that in no other way can man obtain the blessings of heaven. To walk with God is also a pleasant walk. When we go out at this time of the year, we see all the beauties of nature, a picture that cannot be surpassed. When we are with people who are living the kind of lives God wants them to live we can have pleasant companionship that cannot be found elsewhere.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Baucom stated that to walk with God is profitable. A farmer plows the soil and plants the seed, and that sort of walk brings profit. We place our money in the banks, and learn the lesson of thrift, and such a walk is also profitable. But if we deposit our lives with the Lord for just a few years—turn our lives and our personalities over to Him—there is no way to measure the manifold increase we shall receive. In no other way can we feel safe; no other kind of life will be more useful; no other contact brings to us more pleasantness; and we shall find that such a way of living is far more profitable than any other.

An additional feature of the afternoon was a short musical program by some of the band boys, assisted by Mr. Ralph Brausa, their director. The first number, with Eugene Stubbs and Brown Harris playing clarinets and Mr. Brausa a saxophone, was "Nearer My God To Thee," which was rendered very nicely. This was followed by a soxophone duet by Johnnie Franks and Frank Walker, playing "My Faith Looks Up To Thee," in an entertaining manner. Superintendent Hawfield then invited Mr. Brausa to the platform and asked him to lead the boys in singing a couple of their favorite hymns, Mr. Brausa tells us that he hopes to organize a glee club among the boys in the very near future, so we may expect some fine programs a little later. There is plenty of talent among our youngsters, and there is no reason why a fine choral group cannot be formed.

It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 4, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Raymond Davis
Donald Jolly
Ira Montgomery
William Love
Lee St. Clair
Richard Sheehan
Weaver Ruff
Paul Whitley
Harry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Everett Benfield
Richard Billings
Donald Carland
Jack Harmon
Leonard Lovelace
James Parker
Leonard Robinson
James Shell
David Swink
Kenneth Tipton
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Hurley Bell
Dewey Bunn
Paul Childers
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Albert Hames
John Holder
Arthur Ingle
Dewey Lanning
William Painter
William Pegram
Ralph Powell
Samuel Pritchett

COTTAGE NO. 4

Eugene Ballew
Jack Bright
Elbert Brown
William Davis
William Deaton
Clyde Godfrey
Robert Sprinkle
Roy Swink
Jerry Talbert
Walter Thomas
Ernest Turner
Lee Turner
Edward Vanhoyt
Eugene Watts
George Ward

COTTAGE NO. 5

Charles Brookshire
William Gentry
W. C. James
John Lipscomb
Allen Morris
John Mazoo
Hoyt Newell
Leroy Pruitt
David E. Stubbs
Willford Seegers
Eugene Kerman

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Douglas Daniels
Robert Jarvis
Chester Lee
Rufus Massingill
Stanford McLean
Reitzel Southern
Wesley Turner
Joseph Turner
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7

Joseph Case
R. C. Combs
Earl Hoyle
Jerry Ray
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 8

Jesse Cunningham
Edward Renfro
Ralph Robinson
Charles Tate

COTTAGE NO. 9

Cecil Caldwell
Leonard Church
Fred Grimstead
James Hale

John Hill
Thomas Ingram
Marvin Matheson
Robert Owens
James Jarvis

COTTAGE NO. 10

Floyd Barnes
Fred Carswell
Amon Dryman
Brown Harris
Arcemias Hefner
Durham Smith
Clifford Spriggs
William Young
Paul Dockery

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Velda Denning
Robert Goldsmith
Everett Morris
John Moffitt
Clyde Rhodes
Everett Stamey
Ray Taylor
J. C. Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Dewell Cooper
Millard Ellege
Floyd Fields
Donald Hobbs
Robert Hobbs
Richard Kye
Russell Stikes

COTTAGE NO. 14

Wilton Barfield
Robert Caudle
John Fargis
Robert Holbert
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William E. Lanford
James Linebarrier
Roy Mumford
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pitman
Robert Travis
Elvis Watkins

COTTAGE NO. 15

Harold Blankenship
James Cantrell
Charles Lanford
Lawton McDowell
Ennis Miller
Hugh Roberts
J. D. Smith
A. B. Woodard
John Watts
William Willis

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hiram Atkinson
Roland Brooks
R. C. Hoyle
Charles Pearson
Donald Sides
William McManus

INFIRMARY

Thomas Brannon
Lawrence Rice
Newman Tate

THE MASQUERADE

Look in the eyes of trouble with a smile,
Extend your hand and do not be afraid.
'Tis but a friend who comes to masquerade,
And test your faith and courage for a while.

Fly, and he follows fast with threat and jeer.
Shrink, and he deals hard blow on stinging blow,
But bid him welcome as a friend, and lo;
The jest is off—the masque will disappear.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

JUN 22 1943

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 17, 1943 NO. 16

(c) Dean R. B. House
University of North Carolina

A STATESMAN SPEAKS

"And I determined to have an education. I also determined that if I were ever able to stand alone that I would attempt, as far as possible, to do for others what the State had so generously done for me.

* * * * * * *

"The haunting wisdom of Woodrow Wilson has arisen from the grim embrace of the tomb; prophetic sorrow has added a new lustre to his crown of glory. Hitler has made Woodrow Wilson more than a prophet—he has made him immortal."

—O. Max Gardner

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
TAMING THE WILD WIND	By Bert Sakett	8
ORCHIDS FOR THE ASKING	By R. L. Simon	10
GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN	By Lula M. Weir	12
HAPPINESS IN THE HOME	By Earl S. Rudisill	14
AN OUTSTANDING ADDRESS	By O. Max Gardner	17
O. K. TO SAY O. K.	By Frank Colby	19
MORE LIVESTOCK	(Selected)	21
CHIN UP	By Vivian T. Pomeroy	22
INSTITUTION NOTES		23
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

ABOUT LUCK

There's no doubt at all about it.
Don't discover this too late:
The smartest men out fishing very often change the bait.
And if places where they've caught them should some morning luckless prove,
They waste no time complaining, but to other spots they move.
Here's the simple truth of fishing, which no angler will deny:
Luck can never help the fellow who gives up and doesn't try.

That's not only true of fishing but of every game that's played.
As a rule the smartest winners don't give up when they're afraid.
They may know their rival's stronger but his strength they dare to test,
Thinking this: I may not beat him, but I'll make him do his best!
I will stick unto the finish. I won't lose by giving in.
I'll, at least, put up a battle. I will make him fight to win.

There's no doubt that luck's a factor in the shaping of careers.
In the lives of men successful very plainly it appears,
But remember, while you tell it, luck can only help the man
Who is out there in the open doing everything he can.
This is true of trade and commerce and in all men undertake—
Luck can never help the fellow who won't work to get "a break."

—Edgar A. Guest

———:———

RADIOS IN EVERY COTTAGE

The last and very essential contribution for the development of the mental uplift of the boys of the institution was the placement of small radios in the sitting room of each cottage. Many people would ask the question, "do the boys appreciate the radios?" and the best way to reply is to extend an invitation to the inquirer to visit the cottages and see the boys listening to the varied programs. The attention is very fine, therefore, the boys are not only entertained but edified. At the noon hour, and prior to the time to

retire, the boys use the radio constantly, listening to instructive programs. We herewith reprint a letter from one of the lads, expressing his appreciation. This letter also speaks for the boys of each cottage:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: In behalf of the boys of Cottage No. 15, I wish to express appreciation of the radio we received on Saturday, April 3rd. Since getting this fine radio we have learned more about the critical period we are living in at this time, and to be more saving in many respects. We are enjoying it very much.

"We are trying to show our appreciation by taking good care of it in order to make it last as long as possible. We cooperate with the one who is in charge of the radio by enjoying programs from the stations which he tunes to, and are not all wanting to get different stations. We are very proud of our radio, and thank you very much. Yours truly, J. D. Smith."

* * * * * * * *

SUPERINTENDENT A. S. WEBB RETIRES

Superintendent A. S. Webb after following up a program of activities for thirty-five years in the schools of the City of Concord, retires with esteem and appreciation of the citizens at large. Prof. Webb was for two years principal of the high school, prior to becoming superintendent of the city schools. This veteran schoolmaster has the combined qualities of a fine mind and tolerant spirit, making it possible for him to meet the emergencies of the school duties and the requirements of the social contact without a break.

His training, heritage and experience fitted him admirably for the charge he so nobly sponsored. He passes from the official life with confidence of all who know him and appreciate his fine service.

* * * * * * * *

DEATH OF C. L. SMITH

Despite the fact that the many friends of C. L. Smith realized he had suffered a set-back by an illness, they felt he was convalescing nicely, therefore, his sudden death was a shock that brought sorrow to all. He arduous duties as a public accountant, especially during the past few months, were too much for his physical reserve. He had

a most obliging spirit and tried to serve his patrons who had confidence in his ability to measure up to the demands exacted of a public accountant. He was courteous, smooth, and his manner was most inspiring to those who understood not only the calling he followed, but also knew human nature. He lived the simple life, and knew no snobbery, but had the faculty of meeting all classes on a common level. As a business man, recognized as an expert in figures, his counsel was sought by many.

Mr. Smith will be missed in the home and in the civic life of this community, and we take this means of expressing sympathy to the bereaved wife and son in their great loss.

* * * * * * * *

THE OUTCAST

A painting of a man's head hung for years in the studio of Watts, the famous portrait painter. It was so striking that it attracted a horde of visitors. The painter gave this moving tale of the portrait:

One day there came to a factory in New England a new workman. He was a quiet, modest man, and did not inspire confidence in the others. Presently it was whispered about that this man had been a convict.

One of the workmen was incensed. In the presence of the newcomer he proposed that a deputation be organized protesting against honest men having to associate with jailbirds. The ex-convict said nothing, but walked away.

The workman who had spoken watched him go. At first he looked triumphant, but soon felt a deep remorse. Then he proposed that the man be taken back. All agreed, and the man hastened out in search of the newcomer, but he was nowhere to be seen. Some days later his body was found cold in death.

So great was the remorse of the workman whose hasty words had expelled the man and caused his death that he gave all his spare hours to befriending people who had been in prison. Finally he gave up his position and made himself a missionary to converse with people on the streets, asking all who would stop to hear him to show kindness to ex-prisoners. Thus he spent the rest of his life.

The story of the repentant workman reached the great painter, who sent for the man and created a portrait of his face. And there it hung for many years as an encouragement to be tolerant of those who at some time in their lives had had the misfortune to make a misstep.—Sunshine Magazine.

* * * * * * * * *

RIDING INTO JERUSALEM

Processions are always interesting. Some of them are superficial and showy and they mean little. But we love the noise, the excitement, and the crowd. There is that about the multitude that thrills us.

When our Lord climbed to the back of a donkey and turned its head in the direction of the Holy City, the crowd began to assemble and follow. They made a demonstration of it. With singing and shouting they followed the little animal and its rider. In their enthusiasm they broke branches from the trees and scattered them in the way. Their shouting and singing rang through the temple and the courtyard; and they became so contagious, that everybody seemed to join in whether they meant to do so or not.

What does the story of that Triumphal Entry mean to us? What has made it live through all these generations? Was it the donkey, or the palm branches, or the crowd? Or was there present the feeling that Jesus was an unusual person; that He was somehow worthy that this should be done? Were there persons in that crowd who had been touched with His healing hand; and some who had been blessed with His comforting words; and some whose burdens had been made light by His kindly smile?

Strong men and women do not spontaneously start a demonstration like that unless there is good reasons for it. Most of the enthusiastic displays are based on sheer gratitude for what some person or group of persons has done. The people who greeted Jesus that day and hailed Him as their King did better than they knew, for He was every inch a King. He has deserved the praise and loyalty of all good and thoughtful people from that day to ours. —Quest.

CREATE A GOOD ATMOSPHERE

"This is the Kate Smith hour" is an announcement familiar to all radio enthusiasts, and frequently they get inspirational ideas from the various programs. Kate Smith is truly an institution, and tells about Jello in such a manner that one almost tastes the delicacies made with that product. She also gives color to her remarks by telling of interesting experiences that take lodgment. We recall a short time back, hearing her relate a conversation that took place between an interior decorator and the landlady. We sensed the decorator had discussed the question of color and designs on wall paper for quite a while without approaching a decision. Finally the decorator asked, "Madam, do you have in mind any particular atmosphere you wish to create?" The word "atmosphere" brought the discussion to a final decision, and there was no longer any quibbling about color and design. Since hearing those impressive remarks on the word "atmosphere," we have a broader vision of the meaning of the word. Yes, our general demeanor, including a courteous manner, a consideration for the person of few advantages, in short, to observe the Golden Rule, and the atmosphere of such a life is felt and will bear good fruit to the end of time. Let not only use care in getting the proper setting for material things, but let us think of the things that will sweeten our lives.

TAMING THE WILD WIND

By Bert Sackett

Now that plans are already being made to feed starving Europe after the war, people begin to remember the "dust bowl." Several years ago the papers were full of accounts of prairie state farms beings ruined and their owners driven away by dust storms that literally blew away the fertile earth. What's happened to the dust bowl?

When "westward ho-ing" pioneer farmers homesteaded the great prairies of the Dakotas, Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma and Texas, they found the earth covered with a vast, tough blanket of flower-studded grasses. Under this sod the soil was fabulously rich. All the farmers had to do was turn the sod and plant their grain to receive back bumper crops that made them prosperous and secure.

Lured by stories of the wealth that lay dormant in the land, hordes of immigrant farmers swarmed westward to find relief from their improverished eastern farms. More and more of the prairie sod went under the plow. Then came years of great drouth. Trees parched and died, cattle had to be driven miles to find water, the crops withered, and the whole land began to look like a brown wilderness. Now, the winds came and poured across the prairies like torrents of water, scouring the dry light soil, lifting it into the air and moving it for miles. Fertile fields were stripped of their top soil, roads were obliterated by the drifting earth, houses were buried under it. The dust bowl was born.

Unwilling to accept their doom, farmers planted again and again, only to have the feeble seedlings blown from the earth or where they were deeper rooted, cut off at the ground line by scouring sand. Street lights had to be burned all day in towns. Road plows fought losing battles to keep the highways open. Nowhere could people get refuge from the dust. It found its way into tightly closed rooms, it filled the ignition locks of autos and chocked the motors until they died. Thousands of families had to flee in improvised house cars, wagons, even with their belongings piled on wheelbarrows. The dust bowl had made the "oakies," as these migrants were called, and the oakies were a great social problem. Hundreds of people died of the dreaded "dust pneumonia."

Now because God has inspired men to use His gifts wisely, the "dust bowl" is rapidly becoming only a memory. Devastated farmsteads are again bringing forth food. Homeless wanderers are returning to the homes where they were born. Man is using God's trees to tame the wild wind.

Everyone knows that washings dry best on windy days. The same thing is true of damp soil. The more wind the quicker the soil dries. Dry soil blows easily. Starting with this premise, the United States Forest Service started the program of building "wind dams" which is gradually but surely doing away with the dust bowl. The "wind dams," or shelter belts as they are called, are rows of native

trees planted every forty rods across the worst eroded places. Behind these tree belts the winds can't dry the earth, and hence the soil is anchored. Crops planted in the moist, sheltered soil grew and throve. Families who had abandoned their farms heard the good news and came back to wrest them from the wind. Gradually the green lines of victory extended and widened.

The shelter belt trees grew and prospered, and new benefits began to be found. While the "wind dams" were planted primaril yto stop erosion, it was found that they were rapidly becoming sources of valuable timber for posts, and firewood. Birds love the shelter of trees for nesting places. The shelter belts became vocal with birds song and as the birds increased the farmers found that another great menace to crops was being conquered. Grasshoppers have always been a major scourge on the prairie. Often communities saw the crops they had labored to produce ruined in a few hours by hordes of migrating grasshoppers. Birds are the most effective grasshopper controls.

Sheltered by the trees from hawks and human hunters, the birds nested and multiplied and paid their way by destroyng the grasshopper pests. So kindly have the birds taken to these man made Edens that it will not be long before the increase of bird life makes possible the addition of prairie chicken and pheasant to the farmers' diet, without threatening the extinction of the birde.

The general health of prairie communities has greatly improved with the vanquishing of the dust enemy. Now instead of the small shade offered by their homes, families can enjoy picnicking in the shade of the trees of their verdant shelter belts. Watermelons thrive in the wind-free fields and old-fashioned "watermelon cuttings" are becoming a feature of the social life. Children who never knew what a real tree looked like now have the pleasure of playing in the shade of their own trees.

Eight and one-half acres of tree belt will protect one hundred sixty acres of farm land. The trees must be watered and cared for during the first three years; after that they not only take care of themselves but they make it easier to widen the belts by planting more seedlings in their shelter.

Federal aid is available to plant the "wind dams" on private lands. After the planting it is up to the landowner to protect the trees by keeping out weeds and watering them until they become established. The rapid growth of trees like the cottonwood, osage orange, locust and catalpa is one reason for the success of the wind taming effort. It is not uncommon for a shelter belt tree to attain a height of twenty feet and a girth of seventeen inches in three years.

Shelter belt planting began near Magnum, Oklahoma, in the spring of 1935. About 6,000,000 trees were planted the first year by the Forest Service. Youth organizations had a major part in the work. Now as the great benefits of the shelter belt become more and more noticeable, more and more people are working at planting them. About 40,000,000 trees are being planted each year at present. The fight is not won, but the enemy "wind" is definitely on the retreat. It has been hard to convince people that

trees can tame the "dust bowl." Drought, insect pests, and the natural sloth of some men have held back the work, but the prairie farms can now be held safe from the wild winds, so long as men have the wisdom to continue to plant trees.

Honest statesmanship is the wise employment of individual meannesses for the public good.—Lincoln.

ORCHIDS FOR THE FINDING

By Ruth I. Simon

Romantic stories of adventure and daring are woven around those men who long ago sailed little known seas, braved tropical jungles and fierce native tribes in search not of gold or of new lands, but of flowers. Flowers they sought, so exquisite in form and in color that a rare species often brought a fabulous price. They were orchids, members of the most aristocratic of our flower families. Such stories do not belong alone to the past for there are still professional orchid hunters in the jungles of Venezuela and Columbia.

Equally as interesting as the thrilling adventure stories of the orchid hunters are the ones which record the patient toil and the scientific research of those who learned to cultivate these same orchids from tiny seeds. Do you know that it takes eight years to produce an orchid? The minute seeds are actually bottle babies, for they must spend the first nine months of their lives in bottles filled with agar, a solution of seaweed gelatine and sugar. More carefully cared for than many human babies, the seedlings are then placed in pots of sterilized peat. They draw no moisture from the peat, for the orchids of our greenhouses are air plants. The peat furnishes the support and holds the much needed moisture. Carefully planted and replanted during the the eight years, the mature orchid then measures about a foot in height and is ready to produce the much prized blossoms.

Small wonder that for most of us orchids are reserved for outstanding occasions. For this reason we may be surprised to learn that there are but two places in the world where some of the 6,000 or more species of this family do not grow wild. They cannot endure the extreme heat of the desert nor the intense cold of the arctics. Everywhere they are retreating farther and farther from civilization, because many people cannot find a blossom without picking it.

In Costa Rico, where there are more than 1,300 species, orchids are as common as our weeds. In the dense hammocks of Florida we may find a few tropical, aerial, species; but the most interesting members of the orchid family in North America are

those which grow from the ground in our northern states. There are approximately seventy varieties. Perhaps they are not as brilliant as their tropical cousins, but few wild flowers rival them in exquisiteness of form and color.

You may want to turn orchid hunter as you hike through woodlands, deep forests, and wet meadows this spring and summer. If so, you must be willing to leave the main traveled highway far behind. Often you will need boots to wade the marshlands; but your reward in finding one of our native orchids will be a thrilling one. Here are only a few of the prizes for which you may seek.

As early as April the orchid hunter may begin his search for the showy orchid in the deep hemlock woods of the north. This variety is not common, and many an ardent searcher has never been rewarded by finding three to six charming, fragrant, purplish-pink flowers on a thick spike springing up between two large leaves. Do not confuse this plant with the lady's slipper, which blossoms much later. Both are showy in beauty and name, but distinctly different.

In May the orchid hunter seeks the Calypso. This is a dainty nymph of the deep forest, as alluring as the nymph of Greek mythology whose name it bears. In cool mossy woods we may find a colony of these shy plants; but even when we stand near our eye must be quick to detect the blossoms poised like tiny birds on slender stems only a few inches from the ground. The lower lip, inflated and woolly inside, forms a small sac in which is stored nectar for the welcome insect visitor. Soft variegations of pink, yellow, purple, and brown make the blossoms a symphony of colors. We may find this dainty springtime orchid in the forests of the northwest, in the Rockies, in the cool woodlands of Michigan and Wisconsin, or in hidden retreats of New England.

Probably none of our native orchids are as well known as the Cypripediums, or lady's slippers. Of the forty species only ten grow in the United States, but six of these may be classed among our most beautiful wild flowers. Maids of ancient Venice called them Venus slippers, which Christianity turned to "slippers of Our Lady." The Algonquin Indians gave them the name moccasin flowers. We need only glance at any of the species to see the appropriateness of the name. There are white slippers, pink slippers, yellow slippers, and variegated white crimson-magenta slippers in the orchid shoe store in the north woods.

When the cool autumn days bring goldenrod, asters and gentians, the orchid hunter may look for a plant whose small white florets are so arranged along the spike that they suggest the intertwining of a braid. This accounts for the appropriate English name of ladies' tresses. This orchid is one of the most common in our eastern states. It grows in low meadows and swamps.

———:———

Catty remarks also have nine lives.

GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN

By LuLa M. Weir

When the great French botanist and explorer, Ander Michaux visited the scenic Grandfather Mountain region of Western North Carolina in August, 1794, he climbed to the summit of what he thought was the highest mountain in all North America; sang the Marseillaise hymn and cried, "Long Live America and the French Republic! Long Live Liberty!" He was in error as to the elevation but exultant perhaps over one of the wildest and most scenic regions in all eastern America.

That the Grandfather-Linville area may be acquired for a state park at some date when conditions will permit is now regarded as a certainty.

Undoubtedly the beauties of this area with spectacular Linville Falls and gorge, Table Rock 4,000 feet above sea level, Hawk's Bill, Sugar Loaf Mountain, the mysterious Brown Mountain lights and Blowing Rock, should not remain in the background, while other areas far less interesting are lauded far and wide. Grandfather Mountain, sky-soaring 5,964 feet above sea level, undoubtedly is the grandsire of all the mountains of the world. Famed geologists employed to make careful survey of the region have decided that this peak of the Appalachians, a depot on the divide between the Atlantic slope and the Mississippi Valley, is approximately 140 millions of years old and that its surface rocks indicate on age of two hundred million years.

Scholars tell us Grandfather is older than Ararat where the Ark rested after the flood; far older than Sinai where Israel camped on the way to Canaan. The only mountain in the United states from which rivers run directly in all four directions.

It is true that other peaks of the Blue Ridge soar above Grandfather's elevation but no other has the individuality; the personality of Grandfather.

No visitor to this Patriarch of the Appalachian region has ever painted a picture of this scenic region in the language of a returned Tar Heel, Dr. Hight C. Moore, on the occasion of a visit back home from Nashville, Tenn., to North Carolina. It was while he was serving as Editorial Secretary of the Sunday School Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. Here is his description:

"To see Grandfather, the Great, perch on Blowing Rock; drop down in John's River Gorge; or climb to the crest of Hibriten. See the patriarch reclining in peaceful repose, face and shoulders silhouetted against the sky; a most remarkable profile of forehead, nose, mouth, lips chin and flowing beard; the body modestly tucked under cover; the head resting on a mountain pillow fluffing higher heavenward.

"Grandfather, Mount of the high, broad, forehead unflinching beneath scorching sun and searing storm; Mount of the upward look as if peering into Job's Coffin and scanning the Milky Way; Mount of the open mouth as if drinking out of the Great Dipper; Mount of human thrill and challenge, rugged as Sinai and as rever-

berant with the thunder and lightning of the Divine presence.

"Different from other personality peaks you may have journeyed afar to see, Grandfather is akin to you looks down lovingly, upon you; welcomes you; entertains in high-peak style; yet himself sits or reclines at the head of the table and sleeps alone in his own big bed.

"He is your Grandfather.

"Grandfather occupies an upper berth in Appalachia; stretches himself on a mattress of granite; lays his head, Jacob like, on a pillow of stone; spreads over his form a coverlet of balsam and pine; draws about him a curtain of clouds and falls to peaceful slumber under the twinkle of the evening star. Nor does he arouse until Aurora reddens the east and the morning stars sing their waking melody.

"In the Great out-doors Grandfather performs his toilet; he poses under the unframable sky mirror, lighted with Sol or Luna. He washes his face in flying vapor; massages with pelting hail and torrential rain; shaves with the original electric shaver; dries his face in breezes and sunbeams; powders his nose with snowflakes.

"Then he nonchalantly pours out his wash basin into Linville and St. John's River gorges.

"And see Grandfather at home with his family with Grandmother at his side; the circling crests his sons and daughters; his neighbors Roan and Mitchell at respectful distance.

"Grandfather is a sovereign at ease in a splendid court, his serenity matched only by his supremacy. From his topmost springs trickle the waters of the Catawba, the Watauga, the Yadkin and the New rivers.

"Grandfather entertains his guests from near and far with Edenic sublimity. He may stage a thunderstorm in Globe Valley. He may wreathe and unwrap his crests in vapor as Oriental monarchs clothed themselves in fine linen. He may unroll a panorama of perfect landscapes more picturesque than artist ever painted. He may kindly glowing embers on the evening hearth of Appalachia. He may overarch himself with a rainbow equaling the seven colors that flamed above Noah's altar. He may wrap them in a canopy of cloud, thick and dense.

"He may show them his botanical gardens with its rare ferns, flowers, shrubs, trees, mosses and grasses; let them stroll through his zoo to see the variety of birds like the eagle; beasts like the bear; or fish like the speckled trout and reptilia like the rattlesnake.

"He may let them study his geologic museum specimens; rocks that were settlings at the bottom of the original world-enveloping ocean; rocks igneous that gushed out of the molten deep of earth when Grandfather, breaking and overlapping the mighty crust, arose out of the primal sea. He may let them look into his statuary hall for the Sphinx, Chief Yonahlossee, and Father Time that peer out of cliffs and crevices. Let them wander down the Ledge Trail; over the Parkway, ribboning the crest from Shenandoah to the Great Smokies, hie away to cool their hands at Bridal Veil Falls or to stop for a breezy siesta at Blowing Rock and afterward to sit down for a repast at Table Rock.

"Think of the human procession that has paused before this mountain, prayed and passed on; the Indians who quarried here their arms and

utensils; the colonists who settled in these fastnesses before the Revolution; Daniel Boone with his comrades who knew these defiles better than their books and left their kin on these highlands; the sturdy Kings Mountain heroes who looked hither in hope as they went on to a field of glory on a humbler height; the long line of workers and warriors, teachers and students and preachers, builders all, in the empire of the Southern Highlanders.

"Let the Father of Waters and Old Ocean herself rise up before the Grandfather, mount of vision and of glory so like another Mount of Transfigurations."

———:———

Japan is soon to learn that the underhand is not quicker than the eye.

———:———

HAPPENINGS IN THE HOME

By Earl S. Rudisill

Does a child's personal property have any effect on his personality? If so, what kind of effect? Would he be better off with no personal possessions? Does not ownership foster selfishness?

The personal possessions of children may serve to develop selfishness, or they may be the means to cultivation of unselfishness. The effect of the possessions depends on the child's own attitudes, which are largely traceable to the environment or atmosphere in which he lives. And that atmosphere is created by the child's elders. Their attitudes are "caught." They provide examples, and they furnish direct guidance and instruction.

The relation of children to personal property is hardly different from the same relationship in the life of grown-ups. They may use what they own in an unselfish way and in attaining larger altruism, or they succumb to the human drift in the direction of increasing selfishness. Parents, teachers, and other adults who influence children constitute the key to the situation.

Both children and adults are better off with personal possessions than they would be without them, provided they are used in a constructive way. They are somewhat of a scaffolding upon which the structure of personality is wrought. How can one become unselfish or be generous unless he have something with which to be one or the other? A child's money, toys, or other possessions are the means to ends. Trouble ensues when they are treated as ends in themselves. The manner of acquiring property also makes a difference, as it does with adults. As soon as he is able, a boy or girl ought to have some means of earning, at least on occasion. This suggestion does not discount the value of allowances, which also serve a

fine purpose. But earning adds much to the meaning of handling money.

I believe that through handling of possessions boys and girls learn to make judgments, attain a sense of fairness, gain an appreciation of honesty, improve in consideration of others, and acquire a large sense of responsibility. Of course, in promoting learning this factor overlaps numerous other experiences.

For a number of years I have been teaching intermediates in the Sunday school. Before that I taught juniors. I was always impressed by the great changes which the boys and girls make from eleven to about sixteen. I have a boy of my own who is just about to pass over from childhood into adolescence. What are the most important things that parents and teachers can do to help these youngsters make the transition from one stage to the other with the smallest degree of conflict and stress?

You have a real advantage in approaching this problem if you have had the confidence of your son up to this time. Mutual confidence is very important at this point. If you do not have his confidence, you will discover how much you need it, and at this late date it will be rather difficult to acquire, though not impossible. Fathers and mothers ought to cultivate the open confidence of their children very early, seek to strengthen it from time to time, but without enslaving the child. That will prove a worth while preparation for the teen years.

To gain the confidence of an adolescent, or near-adolescent, you will have to take the initiative. Do your best to understand his aspirations, problems, questions, modes of action, desires, dislikes, etc. Then show a sympathetic attitude in all of these matters. Open questions which would naturally be pressing at this period, and, if there is response, go into them as far as he wishes to go. Be open-minded toward his interests and expressions. Use a demorcratic procedure in all your dealings with him. Ask about his interests and doings, but not in a prying way. It is quite possible, over a period of time, to gain now what you failed to win in years gone by. Do not hurry it, but "let patience have its perfect work."

The boy's sense of your own sincerity and genuineness will also play a large part in gaining his trust. Therefore, be sure to maintain your own ideals, not in any Puritan fashion, but the manner of sweet reasonableness.

Elicit an expression of his questionings and problems by volunteering some of yours when you were about that age, and some that confront you now. His awareness that you have problems will help to bring about a bond of sympathy.

Teachers and parents may to advantage work together on this task. What has been said about the parental angle could largely be repeated for teachers, of course, with adaptations.

Most adolescents (boys and girls) need some help in the direction of understanding themselves. The "what" and "why" of inclinations, desires, aversions, worries, satisfactions, obstacles, impulses, inhibitions and disappointments, when explained, will give life a different color.

It might prove a help to all concerned if a boy's (or girl's) teacher

were invited to the home (perhaps for a meal), and a free and open atmosphere could be created. If the air is tense and formal, of course, no worth while results should be expected. But with the right atmosphere there could be a free give and take on pertinent matters without embarrassement and with helpful outcomes.

Let me suggest also that an adolescent be treated, as much as possible, like an adult. The degree will have to be judged by the youngster's readiness for such treatment, but all adolescents resent being treated like children or being "talked down to." They crave an adult status and recognition by adults. Too much will fall off, but let them have all they can absorb to advantage.

It will also be fine if you will help your son to anticipate the inclinations, urges, problems, aspirations, opportunities, and obligations which will become part of his life in one, two, or three years. Do not lecture him about these things or assume a "schoolmaster" attitude, but lay them before him in a democratic, companionafle manner. Young people like to feel that they have freedom about considering or acting on such information.

———:———

WHAT WE NEED

We don't need more material development;
We need more spiritual development.
We do not need more intellectual power;
We need more moral power.
We do not need more knowledge;
We need more character.
We do not need more government;
We need more culture.
We do not need more law;
We need more religion.
We do not need more of the things that are seen;
We need more of the things that are unseen.

—Calvin Coolidge.

AN INSPIRING ADDRESS

(Excerpts from Hon. O. Max Gardner's address to the students and faculty of Gardner-Webb College, Boiling Springs, N. C., on the evening of March 1, 1943. In the course of this address, Gardner announced a gift of $100,000.00 to the college.)

"I know what a scholarship means. If I had not received a scholarship, I would never have gone to college at all. I was seventeen years of age when I entered college. My father and mother were dead, and left me nothing except a good name."

* * * * *

"I was offered a job clerking in a store, and was ready to go to work when I heard there was a free scholarship offered by the State at A. and M. College in Raleigh—(now State College). I stood a competitive examination and won a scholarship. I entered college after Christmas—three months behind my class-mates. That scholarship, as I look back upon it, was the most precious thing I ever received. I had nothing more than this free tuition and the courage of hope, and the heritage of faith. I felt that the people of my State had shown confidence in me and had advanced this money to me in trust, and I determined to have an education. I also determined that if I were ever able to stand alone that I would attempt, as far as possible, to do for others what the State had so generously done for me."

* * * * *

"First: We must not flinch from the sacrificial ordeals of this war of aggression that must and will be won; that is our simple duty—no matter what the cost. This means that we are going to have to give up many of our most cherished rights and privileges; but when the war is won, I will stand with you in demanding at the earliest possible moment the restoration of every American right of freedom and every privilege of liberty that the demands of patriotism have compelled us to surrender to the pains and penalties of war."

* * * * *

"Second: I will stand with you when this war is ended in demanding that this nation add its strength and prestige and power to a world order, no matter what it may be named, devoted to the preservation of Peace—and peace by force if necessary. There will be no final peace in this world, and no order, no right, no justice, no civilization, if the weak of the world are again to be sentenced to the anarchy of human monsters. Had we followed the inspired advice and leadership of Woodrow Wilson, I believe with my heart we would not today be pouring out our blood and treasures in an effort to finish a job our blind selfishness left unfinished in 1918."

* * * * *

"The haunting wisdom of Woodrow Wilson has arisen from the grim embrace of the tomb; prophetic sor-

row has added a new lustre to his crown of glory. Hitler has made Woodrow Wilson more than a prophet—he has made him immortal."

* * * * *

"Third: I will stand with you to the last breath in preventing a repetition of the Washington Conference of 1923, by which we adopted a policy of naval treaty of disarmament, and sunk our battleships, and crippled our fleet, and further exposed our flanks to the invitation of every secret aggressor nation of this earth."

THE HILLTOP

When anxious thoughts oppress me, and my heart
Grows heavy, and my spirits somewhat low;
When I am weary and my courage fails,
And doubts assail me, then I like to go
Out upon the hilltop where I sit
And watch the sunset and the evening glow.

I gaze into the valley, where the brook
Winds in and out among the willows green,
And on its quiet surface oft reflects
The beauty and the grandeur of the scene.
I gaze into the sky—my soul receives
New courage and my spirit grows serene.

But best of all, just at the twilight hour,
With one or two close friends I like to go
Out upon the hilltop, where we sit
And watch the sunset and the evening glow.
A closer friendship and a peace we find,
Which only those who love the hilltop, know.

—Carlotta M. Osborne.

O. K. TO SAY 'O. K.'?

By Frank Colby

Though O. K. has become a global term with a goodly number of accepted meanings, its origin is as complete a mystery as the answer to the age-old riddle "Which came first, the hen or the egg?" All we can say with certainty is that, originally, O. K. was as singularly American as Yankee Doodle, and has been constantly on the American tongue since colonial days.

Most authorities still regard O. K. as either slang or colloquial. But it is certainly splitting hairs to deny a place in good usage to so pat and convenient an expression. The impeccable Woodrow Wilson used it freely in the form "okeh." The ultra-correct Boston Weekly Globe, in 1888, used it without a single blush of shame:

"A gentleman with a fine face, iron-gray hair, pleasant manners, and everything apparently O. K., walked into Texas Charley's shooting gallery on Bleeker street yesterday, and, after practising at target for awhile, turned his revolver on himself and blew out such gray matter as the Lord had endowed him with."

In the same yeyar, The Missouri Republican advised a subscriber that "The expression 'Please O. K. and return' is grammatically correct. O. K. is an active transitive verb."

H. L. Mencken, in The American Language, states that O. K. ". . . has been borrowed by all the languages of Western Europe, and some of those of Asia," and quotes the London bureau of the United Press as reporting on April 28, 1932: "The American 'O. K.' is rapidly displacing the British "righto' in everyday conversation in Great Britain, despite the opposition of educators."

But how did the term originate? There are enough theories to fill a good size book, but I shall mention only a few of the most interesting.

1. The dictionaries do not agree. Merriam-Webster's gives the origin as "probably from Choctaw oke, hoke, meaning 'Yes, it is.' " Funk and Wagnalls' theory is that it is an "abbreviation of the humorous spelling 'Oll Korrect.' " Macmillan's thinks it may have come from the Choctaw "okeh." Winston's makes the frank admission, "Source uncertain."

2. O. K. it said to be a shortened form of the Greek expression "Ola Kalla," meaning roughly, "It is correct." But the Chancellor of the Royal Greek Legations at Washington tells me that he doubts that the American O. K. has any connection with "Ola Kalla."

3. O. K. had its origin several hundred years ago in an expression common among Norwegian and Danish sailors: "H. G." (pronounced "hah gay"), meaning "shipsshape; ready for action." H. G. was short for the Anglo-Saxon "hof gor," meaning "ready for the sea."

4. O. K. derives from omnis korrecta (all is correct), "supposed to have been once used by schoolmasters in marking examination papers."—Mencken.

5. Other theories noted in Mencken's The American Language are (a) It derives from the name of a freight

agent, Obediah Kelly, who signed office papers with his initials. (b) Keokuk, an Indian chief for whom Keokuk, Iowa, was named, was affectionately referred to as "Old Keokuk, he's all right." (c) The best rum of early days came from the Haitian port of Aux Cayes, pronounced "oh hay." (d) In 1840, during a political parade, a banner proclaimed. "The People is Oll Korrect!" Whereupon, "The People is O. K." became the popular battle cry.

6. Perhaps the oftenest repeated theory traces O. K. to the imperfect spelling of "Old Hickory" when he was President. Devere (Dictionary of Americanisms, 1872) declares that the theory is "as ludicrous in its origin as tenacious in its persistency." Devere states: "The story goes that General Jackson was not much at home in the art of spelling, and his friend and admirer, Major Jack Downing, found therefore no difficulty in convincing the readers of his 'Letters' that the President employed the letters 'O. K.' as an indorsement of applications for office, and other papers. They were intended to stand for "All Correct," which the old gentleman preferred writing 'Old Korrect,' and hence they are used to this day, very much in the sense of the English "All Right.' "

And so it now becomes plain that the origin of the useful term must remain forever shrouded in obscurity. But we can be certain of one thing: the apt and euphonious O. K. is so firmly entrenched in the affections, not alone in America. but in every nook and corner of the world, that even the purists, who are traditionally but futilely antagonistic toward any "nonclassic" language innovation, must finally accede to public opinion and openly admit that it is O. K. to say "O. K."

———:———

LOOK UP

If the sunflower follows the sunshine,
If the birds in the winter fly south,
Tell me, why do not men, optimistic,
Look up when they're down in the mouth?

For the flower finds life in the sunshine,
And the birds find warmth in the south,
And men will find blue sky above them,
Looking up when they're down in the mouth.

—James E. Wagner.

MORE LIVESTOCK

(Selected)

There are 100,0000 farms in North Carolina without a milk cow, was the statement made recently by Dr. Paul Sanders, editor of the Southern Planter, addressing a meeting of the North Carolina Association of Feed Manufacturers in Raleigh. The speaker was urging a gricultural leaders to emphasize a program of more livestock and poultry to distribute the cash farm income over the entire year, rather than depend on major field crops that insure returns only during the fall months and, according to Agricultural Review, department of agiculture publication, declared that $30,000,000 a year is spent for fertilizers to grow these crops, while at the same time "ten times that much plant food leaches out of your cropland and washes down muddy rivers." At the same time there were thousands of families in the state hungry for milk. Dr Sander said 64 per cent of the annual farm income comes from crops and is received principally during the last three months of the year, while only 26 per cent of the income is from live stock and poultry.

Another point made was in the use of available manpower. The speaker said "The average two-mule cotton crop, with the little livestock and garden truck that go with it, requires 2,300 man hours of labor a year but the family labor available is 4,080. Thus availble labor is just half empoyed. Here is your opportunity to utilize this wasted manpower in the present emergency on cotton and tobacco farms in the production of meat and milk and poultry."

There is food for thought in the statement of the Southern Planter editor. The extension workers of North Carolina have long been preaching the dortrine of diversification and it is having results in many sections. While much room for progress awaits in Mecklenburg, this county has been steadily developing the diversification program, with the result that the ranks of the farm operators following have a diversified and well planned system is each year increasing. And yet, there are numbers of farms in the county on which no milk cow can be found. When the large number of dairy herds are considered, it is evident the number of farms unable to boast a cow is entirely too large.

Crop rotation, diversification, soil conservation and soil building practices of the past 10 or 12 years have added considerably to the former productivity of the Mecklenburg farm area. It will take years of effort to restore the fertility that had through scores of years been permitted to be consumed by growing crops, or washed away with little or no thought at restoration. As Dr. Sanders pointed out at the Raleigh meeting, a steady income throughout the year is desirable above a single income at the close of the year, the amount of which will depend largely on the seasons during the growing period, plus the commercial plant food placed in the soil.

One of the major drawbacks to this program, however, has been the lack of marketing and distributing facilites. There is little encourage-

ment in the raising of livesstock and poultry unless there is provided an adequate system for marketing the product, and it is a little out of the question for the individial producer to handle marketing on any extended scale. His time is taken up with the production. Marketing and distribution problems have been a factor in recent efforts to maintain even price levels as much of the cost of commomdities attach after the product leaves the producer.

———:———

CHIN UP!

(Vinian T. Pomery.)

Seven years ago I was walking along a street in New York when I caught sight of a most odd-looking man. I had half a feeling that I knew him, so I looked again, and discovered to my horror that I was meeting myself in a shop window mirror. I was shocked to see a smallish man with stooping shoulders and a slightly battered hat. Hastily I moved off.

I decided that something must be done about that man. He must throw his shoulders back; he must keep his head up; he must be like the vil-blacksmith, one who "looks the whole world in the face."

But the village blacksmith had muscles "as strong as iron bands." My daily work, with all its pleasures and advantages, does not make for muscular development. Exercise—that was it. Yes, exercise was what I needed.

A few days later I sent for a rowing machine, spending more dollars than I now care to remember. It proved to be a very handsome contrivance. Sliding seat, bands, and pulleys. One sat in it on the floor, rowed amid the scenery of chairs and tables.

I started rowing with high hope. A hundred strokes every morning, and perhaps a few strokes every night. Soon I would be as straight as an arrow, and feel as strong as a lion. Shoulders back, chin up, I would walk up Fifth Avenue, and people passing me would say, "There's a fine figure of a man; how hearty, how fearless!" They might be reminded of the village blacksmith.

So went my thoughts as I rowed along between the table and the chairs. But at the end of the first week I lost heart. Nothing happened. I saw no change; I felt no change. And one morning I suddenly knew why.

If one takes exercise just for the sake of exercise, nothing ever will happen. If one wants to keep one's chin up, one must have mind as well as muscle. If one really wants to look the whole world in the face, one must do it from the inside out, not from the outside in.

I put the rowing machine away in a dark corner of a closet, and forgot all about it—until I gave it to a dear neighbor who said he needed to get thinner in the region of his waist. I did not tell him my story—it is best to learn by experience.

INSTITUTION NOTES

"Johnny Eager" was the chief attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the aulitorium last Thursday night. A comedy, "The Bookie Bear," was shown at the same time. Both are Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions.

—:—

The extremely cold weather of the past week seems to have seriously damaged the fruit and early vegetable crops at the School. While it has not yet been determined to what extent these crops have been damaged, there will be considerable loss in production.

—:—

Superintendent Hawfield and Mr. J. Lee White, our farm manager, attended a cattle sale at Lexington last Wednesday. They purchased a fine young registered Holstein cow, which will be a valuable addition to the number of registered animals in our herd.

—:—

Our school principal reports the winners of the Barnahrdt Prize for the quarter ending March 31, 1943, as follows:

First Grade—Everett Stamey, best worker; Second Grade—Robert Hobbs, highest general average; Third Grade—Roland Brooks and Weaver Ruff, greatest general improvement; Fourth Grade—Clyde Brown, best in history; Fifth Grade—William Davis and Hoyt Newell, most improvement; Sixth Grade—Newman Tate, best in arithmetic; Seventh Grade—Leonard Lovelace, best speller.

—:—

Mr. H. E. Clary, Boys' Commissioner of the City of Greensboro, accompained by Miss Dorothy Odum and Miss Grace McMurray, students at North Carolina College for Women University of North Carolina and Guilford College, respectively, were visitors at the School last Thursday morning. They called at The Uplift office and then made brief visits to other departments.

—:—

James Brewer, a former member of our printing class, called on us last Sunday. This lad entered the School, February 1, 1938, and was conditionally released, July 7, 1942. He returned to his home in High Point, where he lived with his grandmother. While at the School, James became a very good linotype operator, and upon returning to High Point, found no available vacancy in that city, but secured employment in the nearby city of Thomasville, as operator on the News-Times. In December, last year, the lad's grandmother died, and he then went to live with an uncle in Hickory, where he is still located. James stated that he had been employed there by the Reece Printing Company for three and one-half months, and that in addition to operating a linotype, he had learned to look

after a Kluge automatic press, and was getting along nicely.

—:—

It was announced in these columns several weeks ago that a saw-mill had been set up on the School property, and that the work of felling trees and sawing them up into lumber was under way. It has just been reported to this office that our woodland has thus produced 43,600 feet of pine and oak lumber. There was a two-fold purpose in carrying on this work: (1) It will enable us to assist in our country's war effort by using our own lumber for necessary repair work, rather than obtain it from local markets; (2) by thinning out the growth in our woodland and clearing away the underbrush, we shall be assured of finer timber in the future.

—:—

We have just learned that J. B. Hensley, one of our old boys, is now in the United States Navy. The report came to us last August that he had applied for enlistment, but we did not know whether or not he had been accepted until this recent bit of news came from the welfare department of his home county.

This lad entered the School, May 2, 1940, and remained here until July 14, 1942, when he was conditionally released to return to relatives in Yancey County. During his stay with us, J. B. was in Cottage No. 7, where he was employed part of the time as house boy. He was later a member of the poultry yard and barn forces. At the time of his admission he entered the sixth grade and had completed the seventh grade work when he was permitted to leave the School.

—:—

The Boy Scout troop of Jackson Training School met last Monday night in the school library, all members being present. There were many expressions of appreciation of the privilege of going on a hike the Saturday before, and it is hoped this practice may be repeated frequently in the future. Some of the boys are learning the Semaphore Code, while others are learning the Morse Code, and they are enjoying these interesting studies very much. The possibility of a treasure hunt about May 1st was discussed, and the boys are looking forward to that event with a great deal of pleasure. The meeting was closed by the reading of the American's Creed.

—:—

John Holmes, one of our old boys, now in the United States Army, recently sent us a card from Camp Santa Anita, Arcadia, California. His brief message was: "Received your very nice letter a few days ago. Glad to know all is well at the school. Please give my regards to all the folks there. Have met some of the movie stars out here and have seen a number of the big radio shows. Will be going back to Camp Livingston in about two weeks. Averaged 94 on all my exams so far. Will try to write you a letter soon."

Johnnie was a boy here about fourteen years ago, and made many friends among the members of the staff dur-

ing his stay with us. For a number of years prior to joining the United States Army, he lived in New York City. He has never lost contact with friends here, having been one of our most regular correspondents among the old boys. We are always glad to hear from Johnnie, and hope he continues the fine record he is making in the Army.

—:—

We are proud to announce that another of our boys has enlisted in the United States Navy, going directly from the campus to this branch of service. Hiram Atkinson, of the Indian Cottage, was accepted last week for service in the Navy, went to the Raleigh recruiting center, and in a short time was on his way to a naval station for basic training. Hiram's father is dead, and his mother lives in Lumberton. The lad's mother was very co-operative in every way in helping to get him in the Navy, going to considerable trouble in getting his birth certificate, and in many other ways showing willingness to be of assistance in seeing that her son had an opportunity to serve his country. It was not done just to have a place for him to go, rather than stay at the School, but she wanted him to do his part in the country's time of need.

Hiram entered the School, October 16, 1941, and remained here until the time of his enlistment in the Navy, April 9, 1943, through the Charlotte recruiting office. During the first twelve months of his stay with us. he worked in the dairy, and was then placed on the farm as a member of the tractor force. Mr. Finley, officer in charge of that work, has said on many occasions that Hiram was a fine tractor operator and could be depended upon to do his best at all times, so there is every reason to believe that same spirit will prevail as he goes into Uncle Sam's service, and that he will be as good as any sailor who will take part in the great conflict now raging.

—:—

R. Odell Bray, a former student here, wrote us the other day from Camp Barkeley, Texas. His letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Have found time at last to answer your letter. Sure was glad to hear from some one at the school who remembered me. Have just come back from maneuvers in Louisiana. They were tough, but I liked them just the same.

"Was very glad to receive the copies of The Uplift. The boys in my company enjoy them almost as much as I do. They like to read the short stories. Thanks a million for them.

"The weather here has been very nice since we came back from Louisiana. It is just like spring, but I don't like the way the wind blows on some days and whips sand in our eyes.

"I like the Army better each day, and hope to be in combat soon. Maybe I can help show those Japs that the United States is a swell place in which to live, and that millions like you and me are going to keep it that way.

"The lessons I learned in marching and the setting-up exercises at the school have been a great help to me. They go a long way toward helping to make soldiers.

"Please give my regards to all at the school. I'll write you again real soon, and I wish you would write me often, as I appreciate getting letters from my old friends more than anything else. Very truly yours, Relons O. Bray."

—:—

A letter from Mrs. Mary V. Thompson, of New Orleans, Louisiana, dated April 14th, informed us that her three sons, Samuel, James C, and Noah Ennis, former students here, were in our country's service. Samuel is a corporal in the United States Army; James and Noah are in the United States Navy.

These three brothers came to the School on the same date, April 2, 1936. Sam remained here for approximately three years, being conditionally released, March 14, 1939. While with us he was in Cottage No. 2 and worked in the laundry the greater part of the time, but also had some experience on the farm, and on the cleaning force at the administration building.

James stayed at the School a little more than three years. He was released, conditionally, August 14, 1939. He was a member of the Cottage No. 5 group, and worked on the farm, in the laundry, and in the carpenter shop.

Noah's stay at the institution was a little more than five years, he being conditionally released, May 19, 1941. He was in Cottage No. 5 about four years, and in Cottage No. 10 a little more than a year. He was a very small boy, and due to his size, spent most of his time as water boy or running errands for various outdoor work forces.

Prior to coming to the School, these boys had little opportunity. While they were here, their mother remarried and went with her husband to New Orleans. Upon leaving the School, the boys returned to their former home, Old Fort, N. C., where they lived with relatives for a time. Their step-father soon became interested in them, and shortly thereafter had them go to New Orleans to live with he and their mother. Accor ding to reports on file at the School, these lads got along fine after making this change, and they were given honorable discharges when they had been away from us about eighteen months.

—:—

Clyde E. Small, formerly of Cottage No. 10, who has been in the United States Army Air corps quite some time, wrote us a very nice letter. Ever since leaving us about nine years ago, to return to his home in Burke County, this young man has never failed to stop in for a chat with old friends at the School when in this section of the state. His letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Am writing this letter to you, hoping that Uncle Sam has not yet called you to the fold. I don't suppose he has, for there is need for a few good fellows to be left on the home front to carry on, along with the guys who are 'fat and forty'.

"Seriously speaking, sir, you would not realize just how much the basic military training and discipline the boys are getting there will benefit them when and if they are called by

the Army. I can look back on it all, and see how it fits right in with the pattern of Army life. It, along with the ROTC training that I had, sure helped me a lot from the very first week I was in the service.

"I had the honor of being made a Cadet Lieutenant when they learned of the experience I had before coming here. It all goes on your record, which alone will determine whether you receive a higher rank when advanced flying is over.

"We have a lot of good men here, most of them around twenty. They have to be less than twenty-seven in order to fly. It is really an honor to get through with a good rating. We started with a squadron of two hundred, and there are less than sixty of us left. You would think that some of the fellows who 'wash out' were perfect specimens—healthy, husky, and most of them college graduates—but all this doesn't mean a thing if you can't take it and stay 'on the ball'.

"I really like it here. The training is tough, but after we are ready to mix it with the Nips we can look back on it all with deep appreciation, and how I am waiting for the day when I may get a chance to mix it with them.

"Am very busy all the time and do not have a chance to write as much as I Iwould like, but I would appreciate hearing from you or any other friends there who might care to write.

"I hope that the next time I write I can tell you that I am an officer in the United States Army who wears the most coveted thing the Air Corps has to offer—a pair of silver wings. I'm telling you now if they ever get me out of this man's Aviation Cadet Corps, they will do a good day's work.

"Must stop now, as I have a flight formation to meet, and if you 'keep on the ball', you just don't miss those things, and if you stay a cadet, you had better not miss anything. This is a place where you can't 'three-putt'.

"Please give my very best regards to everyone, and write when you can. Your friend, Clyde E. Small."

—:—

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, came out to the School last Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by Rev. Yosef Benyamin, a native of Persia, who brought an interesting message to the boys. Before opening the regular service, he told the boys that he would sing them a familiar hymn in Arabic, the language that Jesus spoke, and then sang two verses of "Nearer My God To Thee." For the Scripture Lesson he read Mark 10:17-25 and Luke 18:1827.

At the beginning of his remarks the speaker told the boys that he came from Persia, and knew what it meant to live in a country without God; no beauty; no education; adding that the United States is a great country because the people believe in God and the true Christian life. These things have made ours a great nation, and will keep it that way.

In speaking of the rich young ruler, described in the lesson just read, Rev. Mr. Benyamin said that he was probably a wonderful young man. He was a rich man; he was from a godly family and had learned to obey the laws of God from his youth; he was sincere; he was well educated; he was respected by his people; he was courteous, for he knelt before Jesus.

Apparently he had the qualifications which could have made him one of the finest young men in the history of the world. No doubt, if he had followed Christ, he would have develoed into a most useful apostle. This young man had a great opportunity. The door was opened to him which would lead to seccess. With all his splendid qualifications, he knew that he lacked something—eternal life—and that was what he wanted, and decided to ask the Master how to obtain it. Although a fine young man in the yes of his friends and neighbors, he fully realized that he was unworthy, and at first was probably quite sincere when he sought information from Jesus.

So it is with us today, said the speaker. Unless we know and feel that we are sincere, we cannot hope to come to the deep realization that we are wrong and want to do right. There is but one remedy, which is to confess and accept Christ as our personal Savior. It is only when we are truly penitent that we can accept Jesus and the sacrifice he made for our salvation. When Jesus told the young man what he lacked, he was sorrowful. The Master said that he should sell his possessions, give his money to the poor, and then follow him. Although this was the way for him to accomplish what he desired, he did not want to part with his riches. He did not want to be saved by his own merit. He was unwilling to make the sacrifice. The reason for this was that down deep in his heart, despite his good life, he loved his riches far more than he loved God. His desire was to enjoy all the pleasures his riches would give him, and still take his reward from God.

Riches are good if we put them to the right, use, continued the speaker, and not put them ahead of God. The great trouble in the world today, with men killing each other by the millions, is that people love earthly possessions more than they love God, from Whose hand their bounty comes. They are blinded by the so-called brightness of material things, and fail to see that which is worth far more than silver or gold.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Benyamin urged the boys to refrain from following the example of the rich young man, and to remember that to do as they pleased as they go through life can mean nothing but certain failure. He told them to always remember that to give God first place in their lives would be the only way they could hope to attain happiness.

The outstanding feature of the afternoon was a delightful program rendered by our new school band, which was organized about four months ago. Under the direction of Mr. Ralph J. Brausa, these boys, thirty-four in number, have made rapid strides in their musical studies. Because of other duties, as director of music in the Concord City Schools, Mr. Brausa is able to devote but one hour each day, five days a week, to the training of our lads, and both he and his young wards are to be commended for the progress made thus far.

The program rendered last Sunday afternoon consisted of a number of familiar hymns, and the manner in which the boys played those old-time religious favorites, made us feel very proud of them. To make the program a little more enjoyable, the entire audience sang several numbers to the

accompaniment of the band. We are eagerly looking forward to future programs of this type during the summer months. Mr. Brausa has announced his intention of organizing a glee club among the boys in the near future, so it would seem there are many musical treats in store for us.

In closing, we cannot refrain from again congratulating Mr. Brausa and his band boys on the impression they made on their initial appearance. Such a fine group of youngsters, together with such a very capable instructor, makes a combination that should be hard to beat, when it comes to putting on highly enjoyable entertainments.

———:———

TRIBUTE TO THE FLAG

It is no fabric of silk or bunting—no mere beautiful cloth woven by human hands. It is a living thing, pulsing with the throbbing ardors of humanity, glowing with the fervor of immortal hopes, leading out in ecstasies of love and dreams. It is a song—the song of upward-looking men. It is an altar fragrant with sacrifice.

It is a garden wherefrom a nation grew—watered by the pure blood of heroes. It is a heaven wherein the sanctified are gathered. It is the home where free men dwell. It is the battlefield whereon honor strikes its blow for the cause of God.

It is a flame springing up to consume injustice and wither the hosts of wrong. It is a voice that speaks with the eloquence of graves where sleep those who died to make it mean purity and righteousness. He who looks on that flag with ransomed eyes beholds within its folds the valor and the faith of Lexington and Gettysburg—the blazing of the embattled farmers at Concord Bridge—the fierce splendors of the ocean that was the cradle of John Paul Jones—the clarion death cry above the ruined Alamo—the prayer of Washington at Valley Forge—the agony of Lincoln as he paced the midnight hours—and, crowning all, the windswept faces of boys who die today along the thundersmitten hills of Tunisia and the swamps of the South Pacific Islands.

The flag of the United States is the glory of God shining in the faces of those who dream of a world made clean enough to be the dwelling place of God. It turns our sorrows into exultation and our sacrifices into melody of service. For such a flag true men will always gladly die—for such a flag good men will always nobly live.—Larry Hodgson.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 11, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Raymond Davis
Donald Jolly
William Love
Ira Montgomery
Weaver Ruff
Richard Sheehan
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Everett Benfield
Richard Billings
Donald Carland
Sterald Cline
Wade Fisher
Jack Harmon
Roy Jones
Leonard Lovelace
Jack Ray
Leonard Robinson
James Shell
David Swink
Kenneth Tipton
Luther Vaughn

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Jack Bateman
Clyde Bustle
Paul Childers
Burlen Edmondson
Albert Hames
Arthur Ingle
William Pegram
Rhonda Price
Elbert Russ

COTTAGE NO. 4

Eugene Ballew
Jack Bright
Leroy Childers
William Davis
William Deaton
Clyde Godfrey
Robert Sprinkle
Roy Swink
Ernest Turner
Lee Turner
Edward Van Hoy
Eugene Watts
George Ward

COTTAGE NO. 5

Kenneth Atwood
Eugene Kerman
Hoyt Newell
Leroy Pruitt
Willford Seegers
Eldred Watts

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Ralph Gibson
Robert Jarvis
Gerald Kerman
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
Jacob Myers
Hayes Powell
Reitzel Southern

COTTAGE NO. 7

John Fine
William Harding
Leroy Pate
Marion Todd
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 8

Homer Johnson
Edward Renfro
Ralph Robinson
Charles Tate

COTTAGE NO. 9

Cecil Caldwell
Riley Denny
Eugene Dyson
Fred Grimstead
Edward Guffey
Thomas Irgram
J. C. Jarvis
Isaac Mahaffey
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

Fred Carswell
Paul Dockery
Brown Harris
Arcemias Hefner
Joseph Kincaid

Edward Loftin
Joseph Willis
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Marvin Bradley
Velda Denning
Horace Guffey
Robert Goldsmith
Everett Morris
Paul Matthews
John Moffitt
Clyde Rhodes
J. C. Rhodes
Everett Stamey
Fred Stewart
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Robert Caudle
John Fargis
William Harding
Robert Holbert
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William E. Lanford
Roy Mumford
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
John Pritchard
Peter Tuttle
Alvis Watkins

COTTAGE NO. 15

James Cantrell
Charles Lanford
Lawton McDowell
Ennis Miller
James Roberson
J. D. Smith
A. B. Woodard
Carl Willis

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hiram Atkinson
Charles Pearson
Donald Sides
William McManus

INFIRMARY

Newman Tate

———:———

WORDS

Words that are bitter should never be spoken,
Black, angry words that pierce like a dart,
For love can be blighted and friendship be broken
By the sting and the sorrow they bring to the heart.

But even more deadly, more cruel and more fearsome
Are words that are whispered—God shudders with pain
At the thought of the brave, noble souls that have perished—
The innocent victims that slander has slain.

But sweet words of kindness, like jewels they glisten;
Who can measure their worth? It is priceless indeed.
Only God can keep record of all they accomplish—
They build the foundation for every great deed.

—Katherine Edelman.

APR 26 1943

(Orange County)
(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 24, 1943 NO. 17

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

EASTER

Rejoice this happy Easter Day,
For now the stone is rolled away
From off the place where Jesus lay.

Jesus, our Savior, meek and mild,
Gracious, holy, undefiled—
And humbled, crowned with thorns, reviled!

How can we pay the debt we owe,
As on through life we blindly go
At seeking baubles high and low?

We kneel before the empty tomb
Where lilies white with splendor bloom—
Gone is all darkness—gone the gloom.

We feel Thee near this Easter Day,
As in Thy house we kneel to pray—
Oh, save our land, dear God, today.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
ARTABAN SELLS HIS CARAVAN	By Dorothy F. Bortz	8
A GREAT ARTIST AND A GREAT PAINTING	(Selected)	11
THE EARLY HISTORY OF EASTER	(Selected)	13
ARMY OFFICER TELLS HOW BIBLE SAVED HIM	By Don R. Thomas	14
FREEDOM FROM FEAR	By Stephen R. Benet	16
EDUCATION FOR YOUNG VETERANS	(Watchman-Examiner)	18
I'LL PLANT A TREE	By Alvin M. Peterson	19
THE IMPORTANCE OF A PIGEON	(Selected)	22
SPRINGTIME RAMBLINGS	By Margaret A. J. Irvin	24
FOLLOW THE VOICE	By Margaret A. J. Irvin	26
INSTITUTION NOTES		27
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE FIRST EASTER MORNING

If the first disciples had believed what Jesus told them, they would not have been so sad when His body was tenderly taken from the cross and placed in the tomb. How could they so quickly forget! He must have told them a dozen times that His enemies could not destroy Him. When He hung on the cross they must have said to one another: "What a pity that He had to be taken from us!" What gloom settled down upon the little band of men and women who had hoped that somehow He might be spared to them!

We will never know the measure of their sorrow on that Friday evening and all day Saturday when His body lay in the tomb. He did not seem to possess any more power to prevent His crucifixion and death than others who faced a like end. He had healed others. He had been known to raise others from the dead. But so far He had shown little more power to defend Himself from the malice of His foes than others who faced the same tragic fate.

But the best was yet to be. The rejoicing of His foes would last only a day or two. They had no ground for their boasted power. They could not seal the tomb against His escape. He declared He had power to lay down His life and to take it up again.

Let it be said reverently that but for the first Easter Day there would be no Christian church, no Christian creed, no Christian faith. With the dawn of that day there broke in upon the world a defense of the life story of Jesus that could never be blotted out. Death could not hold Him. His enemies would be scattered. Out of what seemed little more than dust He would build His church, become the hope of all nations, and triumph over all His foes.—Quest.

* * * * * * * *

THE GLORIOUS EASTER FACT

If there was ever a fact assured to the entire world, it is the glorious fact of Easter. The angels of Christmas gave to the world the announcement of the Saviour's birth; again the angels announced the fact to Christ's followers: "He is not here, but is risen." The joy that rose in the hearts of the sorrowful and stricken disciples was immeasurable. There was no way of telling the depth of the sorrow of those followers of the Christ as he gave that expiring groan on the cross; neither can we measure the joy that welled up

in their hearts when the good news came to them that the tomb that once held the body of their Lord was empty, not because of a fake disappearing act, but empty because of a great and glorious reality—the resurrection of the Christ from the dead. It was a fact that manifested itself before the day was out by several appearances; it was a fact that was proved many, many times in the next forty days.

Yes, the glorious Easter fact was not the product of the imagination of some fertile brain, but was the revealed act of a loving Heavenly Father, and a part of His great plan in the redemption of a world lost in sin and without hope of salvation. But now that His only Son had made the supreme sacrifice upon the Cross, emphasis, complete emphasis was laid on this by the Resurrection of His Son from death, and complete victory over sin and death. Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift; thanks be to God for the assurance that comes to all His followers when they celebrate the Resurrection, for it brings to mind the fact, the glorious fact, that for all His people, too, some day there will be a resurrection of all, and all of His loved ones will partake of that resurrection with far greater joy than any we now or ever shall experience on this earth.—G. B. G.

* * * * * * * *

CANCER CONTROL

It is never too late to call attention to dates that bring to mind a duty, if effectively observed, will benefit our fellow man. The month of April has been set aside as "Cancer Month," during which time the drive to control this deadly disease has been stressed. Not yet have the people become "cancer-conscious," and the insidious disease will continue to take its large toll of human lives until we recognize the symptoms and consult a physician in due time. The intense suffering from this malady cannot be expressed, but if one has ever heard the agonizing groans of one thus stricken, it is easy to understand that death is perferable to life. It required a long time and the combined efforts of the medical profession to make the people "T. B. *conscious," therefore, we hope fine results will be realized in the near future when symptoms of cancer will be

better understood so that the death rate may be reduced. We clip the following from the Mooresville Enterprise:

April has been set aside as Cancer Control Month and well might we put up a defense against its lawlessness on the human body. Medical science still contiues its war on cancer through constant research, fighting it with its weapons of radium, X-ray, surgery, and will go on to save lives in spite of the common belief that cancer cannot be controlled. There is one decided fact about the disease which is acknowledge by the medical profession and which is also known to most people. To delay in stopping its growth, after cancer is present, is courting disaster with your eyes wide open. Knowledge of it's presence can lead to a cure, for cancer can be cured! It has been successfully routed when the cancer is caught in the early stages. This is definite and also encouraging.

The reason for April being set aside to stress the importance of cancer is because treatment has been handicapped by the public in its work to curb the increasing growth of cancer cases. Knowledge is power and only through a cooperation can medicine do the patient any good. Therefore the public must be educated. Cancer clinics have been established through the country, but people will still say when a lump forms or grows, "It'll go away!" They still overlook the sore that fails to heal, the wart or mole that increases in size, indigestion that persists and they become only slightly upset over an irregular bleeding or discharge from a body opening. These signals are danger signs, hammering home the facts. Knowing the facts may help to save lives, and perhaps to finally give science the cause of cancer. Attend the lecture at the Carolina Theatre tonight under the auspices of the Woman's Club.

* * * * * * * *

NECESSITY—THE MOTHER OF INVENTION

Our food consciousness, imposed for various strategic reasons and by mysterious adjustments of policy, cannot match the absorption of the rest of the world in depth or extent. We are concerned with adaptation, which is far different from the engrossing interest of others in imitations. The Germans and the French, for instance, are absorbed in the production of artificial meat, sugar, and lard from wood and charcoal. Much of this is based upon the experiments of Friedrich Bergius, whose genius did so much for synthetic gasoline. The Paris "Le Matin" reports: "In Germany today wood

is being transformed into artificial meat and eaten in flakes either with sauce or in soup." In the Scholler-Tornesch Laboratories, near Hamburg, thirty to forty kilos of sugar, refined for human use, are produced from 100 kilos of wood shavings. In France a similar process produces sugar from chestnuts, and French scientists have just announced the making of butter from charcoal. The situation, however, exacts its price, which "Le Matin" expressed in the query, "Are we going to eat our forests?" Sometimes it is even worse than that. The "Deutche Bergwerks" announced on February 15th that "owing to the temporary shortage of vegetables all workers in the mining industry of Germany would be supplied with two vitamin drops daily." But then something else must be used to produce the vitamins.—The Lutheran.

* * * * * * * *

A MOST INFORMING ADDRESS

Dr. R. D. W. Connor, dean of history at the University of North Carolina, speaking before the annual meeting of the Sons of the American Revolution, recently in session at Chapel Hill, discussed "Halifax Day," with its many implications. The Fourth Provincial Congress on April 12, 1776, by unanimous vote instructed its delegates to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia to work and vote for the Declaration of Independence. Few men could deal with the entire situation of the American Revolution in such an attractive and informing fashion as did Dr. Connor on this occasion. He made the seven years of war and of much that went before the pass in vivid fashion before the mind's eye of that eager group. Only a master can handle historic events and movements as did the university teacher.

At Halifax, North Carolina pointed the way to liberty by being the first of the thirteen colonies to commit herself to separation from the mother country. Toward the close of his address Dr. Connor said that the first American government introduced the lend-lease plan by its bargaining for military supplies from France. He declared that in the whole history of this nation, "There is not one iota of evidence to sustain the tradition of isolationism, but on the contrary, every European war has seen its repercussions thundering

against the foundations of our democracy."—N. C. Christian Advocate.

* * * * * * * *

Nearly five billion pounds of fish and fishery products were given last year by the commercial fisheries of the United States and Alaska as a contribution to the war larder of the nation, stated Dr. H. F. Prytherch, marine biologist of the U. S. Department of Interior, in charge of the Fisheries Laboratory at Beaufort, N. C.

North Carolina came through with its very substantial share of 43,000,000 pounds, stated Hinton James, commissioner of game and inland fisheries. This figure covers commercial fishing and does not include inland and sports catches.

These figures were released in statements calling attention to the sixth annual observance of Wildlife Week, March 21 to 27, which week was inaugurated by presidential proclamation in 1938.

Mr. James was specific in pointing out that although war needs are great, a wanton taking of fish and game would be the most unwise approach to any food problem. None of the safeguards of the department will be relaxed, he stated, and he called on the people to be most careful in conserving the state's resources, as really restricted menus might be ahead.

* * * * * * * *

The annual Easter egg rolling for the pleasure of children, on the White House lawn, has been discontinued for the duration of the war. This is done to conserve eggs, so that they may be used to better advantage in the country's war effort. This has been an annual fete for many years to which Washington children have looked forward with a great deal of pleasure. We presume that the cancelling of this affair in Washington will have a similar effect in cities and towns throughout the nation. While the children may not understand the need of this act at this time, they will in the future recognize its significance.

ARTABAN SELLS HIS CARAVAN

By Dorothy Fritsch Bortz

That sounds like camel bells," mused Nathan as he filled his water jar at the village well. "I'll wait here and perhaps I can water the merchant's camels. That would mean another coin for my temple offered."

So thinking, he set the full water jar beside the well. He looked off towards the narrow road that turned down into the village from the great Damascus highway, and there, along the steep, rough road crept a camel caravan with a heavy cargo swinging from side to side. As the slow moving beasts neared the well, the old bronze-skinned Arab driver tapped the lead camel on the head. The clumsy animal knelt down to let the driver dismount.

"Well, my boy," the Arab looked at Nathan in a friendly way as he spoke, "it is late in the day and I wonder if you would help me to water my camels—for this?" His eyes twinkled under his dusty turban as he held a copper coin in his withered hand.

"Gladly will I do that," replied Nathan in a friendly way as he spoke, fill the leathern bottles with the cool, clear water. "You are also welcome to our supper of barley bread and honey."

"I'm afraid I'll not stay, my boy, for I'm heading towards Jerusalem to sell my wares to passover pilgrims. That will be fine barter and good coins falling into my bag," he chuckled as he struck the money bag hanging on his corded girdle. "But tell me," the old Arab continued, watching the lad with interest, "tell me, what trade have you taken to yourself to fill your money bag with coins? You look to be about twelve—the time when lads take a life work to themselves."

"I?" said Nathan hesitatingly, noticing that the old driver was very crafty. "Why I—I think I'll be a teacher of our sacred Scriptures. I'll be a temple rabbi."

"Alam!" shouted Araban, throwing his hand up in despair, "don't waste your time, my lad, trifling with musty old scrolls. Take to gathering in the coins as I do by trading in spices, and gems, and silks. Much more profitable, that, than studying rabbis' lessons."

So saying, Artaban mounted his camel and with a jerk of the halter, he uttered a sharp "Khikh"! The beast know the command and swayed to his feet.

"Did you say you were coming to Jerusalem for the Passover?" called the driver, tossing to Nathan the copper coin he had promised.

"Yes, I am," replied the boy picking up the coin.

"Good! Then I'll see you there, my little friend, in the street called Narrow, where I shall be selling my wares. Artaban will be waiting there for you," he called back as he swung down the road, sitting atop his great camel.

Nathan, shielding his eyes from the glare of the setting sun, watching his Arab friend up over the hill and out of sight. Then he started to run towards his father's house, but turned back quickly, for he remembered his water jar beside the well. Swinging it upon his head, he carried it home,

thinking all the while of this strange bit of the outside world and also of the new coin for his temple offering.

That night as Nathan lay upon his mat on the flat roof of his house he was more undecided than ever. But of one thing he was very certain as he lay under the stars. Neither his parents nor his beloved sister, Miriam, should learn of his struggle, for Nathan knew only too well how his mother felt. Every village mother hoped that her first-born son would become a great teacher of the Scriptures—or perhaps, even the Messiah! The rabbi in synagogue school had told the boys about this long looked for Messiah, and the wonderful miracles that he would perform.

But in the days to come Nathan's thoughts were soon interrupted by the great preparations for the family's pilgrimage to Jerusalem. It was the month of April, and this would be Nathan's first trip to the Holy City to see the glorious Temple. He could never forget how Joel had described it to him last year after he had come home from Jerusalem:

"It's glorious, Nathan," he said, "The Temple is glorious! White marble pillars and roof of pure gold. Cedar and olive wood all overlaid with precious metals! And the gate called 'Beautiful' is so heavy, Nathan," continued the excited boy, "that it takes twenty men to open it!"

And now at last his own mother was weaving the new robes for the three of them to wear on their journey, for Miriam was old enough this year to stay at home with little Samuel. Every afternoon when Nathan came from the synagogue school, he would sit in the open doorway of their little one-room house, scraping the goatskins to make strong new water bottles for the journey. His mother baked flat loaves of bread in the village oven and packed them, together with figs, dates, and cheese in large sacks for lunch along the way.

Nathan's father saw to the shop—that all would be well in Laban's care while they were gone. And finally, early one morning, long before dawn, they kissed Miriam and Samuel farewell, and then joined the other families waiting out in the narrow street to begin the journey. Nathan's mother got upon a small donkey, for a walk of eighty miles would be too long for her, though the lad and his father and all the other men would walk all the distance.

Those were five never-to-be-forgotten days for the village boy. Beautiful views of open fields filled with brightly colored spring flowers. Thrilling games of hide-and-seek among the rocks along the way. Tasty bits of lunch exchanged with Joel and Reuben at meal time. And at evening, when the whole company tented for the night, the three boys would wrap themselves in their cloaks and sleep out under the open sky. At such times Nathan would fall asleep thinking of Jerusalem and of his Arab friend bartering there.

It was at sunset of the fifth day that a great shout arose from those in the front of the procession, sending the three eager boys rushing forward through the crowd. And there it was! Just as Joel had said it would be! The lofty walls of the city with their great towers, and the beautiful palaces reflecting the setting sun. But rising above all was the gleaming white Temple! Jerusalem at last!

All that night the band of villagers

camped outside the city, and at dawn the next morning Nathan was awakened by the sound of silver trumpets. It was the call to prayer, the beginning of the great Passover Festival.

Every house in Jerusalem was open to passover guests. Pilgrims in gay colored costumes joyously and reverently threaded their way through the narrow streets. Donkeys, laden with wares, lumbered down the crooked thoroughfares, brushing against merchant's stalls as they went. And as Nathan jostled elbows with passover worshipers in the street called Narrow, he looked about for his merchant friend.

Every day the crowds pushed their way up to the great Temple where they worshiped and sang joyous hymns of praise, while billowy clouds of smoke rose from the altars of sacrifice. Several times Nathan stood with his father in the great open courts while white-robed priests taught the people from the Scriptures. But the lad did not find Artaban there.

Only a few days remained before Nathan's family would be wending their way back to the little hillside village. Already the crowds were thinning, and there were fewer Roman guards in the city streets. But Artaban had not kept his word with his little friend.

And yet, early the next morning, Nathan walked once more along the street called Narrow. It was the day after the Sabbath, and a peculiar stillness hung over Jerusalem. Suddenly the lad heard swift steps behind him, and a familiar voice calling.

"Ah! my friend. My little friend! I knew you would come. I have been searching, searching for you to tell you that you were right!"

And before Nathan could explain how he had looked day after day for his stall in the street called Narrow, Artaban cried,

"My boy, I must tell you! Look! My hand which was lame is now well. There has been in your Temple a great rabbi, a wonderful teacher of your Scriptures even as you would be. And one day as I wandered to the Temple, I saw many sick going that way. Nearer I went and heard shouts of joy. Then I ventured closer, and, my friend, what do you think I saw?" questioned Artaban breathlessly.

"What saw you there?" Nathan whispered, wide-eyed.

"I saw Him do miracles!"

"Miracles!" gasped Nathan, suddenly thinking of his teacher's words back in the synagogue school about the Messiah.

"Yes, He made a crippled child to walk! Then I looked at my poor hand and listened sharp how they called Him, and I heard. I pushed through the crowds and stretched out my hand and cried in a loud voice, 'MASTER.' Such a kind look, my boy, as He gave me I have never seen before. No, never. But see! I am whole. He has healed me! My camels and my stall have I sold, and I would follow Him and give Him this in return," the old merchant said, clutching a leather money bag in his healed hand.

"But alas," and tears streamed down the bronze cheeks of the old driver, "I fear I shall never find Him again, for only yesterdday I heard that they had killed Him!"

"Killed this great teacher!" echoed Nathan unbelievingly. "Why, Artaban, He must have been—He must have

been the Messiah we read about in our Scriptures in synagogue school—if He did miracles, as you say. And they have killed their Messiah!"

"Ah, Artaban," said the lad a moment later, "now I know. Now I shall have to be a rabbi! I must explain these Scriptures to my people, so that they may understand and not kill."

"Yes, my little friend, you are right. And perhaps, if I can't find Him, you could even teach me more about Him?" queried the old man in an appealing voice.

And just then, in the light of the cool, early dawn, two men came running through the city gate towards them. The dust of the road clung to their sandals, wet with the heavy dew. With his cloak streaming behind him in the morning breeze, the first man called, breathlessly, "He's alive! He's alive! We couldn't find His body in the tomb!" and ran swiftly on.

"Yes," cried the second man, running more slowly to get his breath, "Go—and—see." He pointed in the direction whence he had come, then continued on his way.

"The Messiah! They must mean the Messiah," said Nathan eagerly, grasping Artaban by the hand. "He is still alive. Come, Artaban—quickly! We must find Him."

And as they sped, in haste, out the city gate, the leathern money bag slipped through Artaban's long brown fingers and fell to the ground, sending the copper coins rolling in all directions over the rough cobblestones far behind them.

A GREAT ARTIST AND A GREAT PAINTING

(Selected.)

When you visit the city of Milan, in Italy, and see Leonardo's great picture, "The Last Supper," you will be impressed, immediately, with the way he has filled the space, all parts of the picture in harmony, contributing to the unity of the whole.

Leonardo's interest in architecture, in perspective—making us feel the depth in and heifht of the room, the distance across it—not only shows the inquiring minl of this time, but is very helpful in the picture composition. The converging lines tend to lead our attention to the graciously dignified figure of Christ, which is the center of interest, that is, the part of the picture the painter wants us to see particularly. Therefore, he placed it near the center of the table, and those converging, architectural lines call it to our attention. It is silhouetted against the light seen through the central window, and the apostles are looking at this figure of Christ. Their every gesture leads our attention to him as do the compositional lines of the figure groups.

Dignity and strength are brought out by the vertical lines and masses of dark and light at the right and left of the picture. The agitation

and anxiety felt at the Master's words, "One of you shall betray me," are portrayed by the diagonal lines of the arms and poses of the bodies of the apostles, as they express various emotions—horror, amazement, indignation, and defiance on the part of Judas who leans back, grasping his money bag.

The four groups of apostles, with three figures in each group, convey strong dramatic feeling. On the left of Christ as we look at the picture, the beloved apostle John, in humility and love and sorrow, bows his head at the thought that one of that group of the Master's disciples would betray him. Peter, in horrified protest, is talkinf to John, grasping his shoulder. "Who is the betrayer of the Master?" he seems to be asking. Andrew, James and Bartholomew are speechless with dismay.

On the other side of Christ is Thomas with upraised finger, as if he is saying, "Master, not one of us?" James the Elder has his arms spread wide. On his face are surprise, dismay and unbelief. Similar in the feeling of gentleness and beauty, with John on the other side of the table, is Philip, leaning toward the Master in grief and devotion. At this end of the table are Simon (at the very end), Thaddeus, turning to him in surprise and anxiety; Matthew, who is forcefully talking with the two at his left but whose outstretched arms help carry our eyes back to the figure of Christ.

Each figure is full of interest. Each plays his part well, by expressive pose, facial emotion, and gesture adding to this dramatic scene. All are grouped in harmony, the poses and gestures linking the groups. All tell the story vividly and lead our attention to the central figure of Christ.

In what a masterly impressive way Leonardo has presented this story, giving us the dignity of the architectural setting, the strong horizontal line of peace in the table, and the dramatic groups around it, the diagonal and curved lines of bodies, and gesturing arms breaking that quiet and peace with excitement and dismay. Every line is doing its work.

Because of the dampness in the wall, the original colors of the painting have faded. In the seventeenth century a door was cut by some careless monks through the very wall upon which it is painted. Napoleon's soldiers who were at one time quartered in Milan, used the refectory as a stable and amused themselves by throwing stones at this beautiful wall painting. Yet, in spite of all these disasters, the wonder and beauty of it are still there for all to enjoy.

A householder called the police and reported that a tall, thin burglar, whom he encountered in his garden, struck him a violent blow on his head. A policeman solved the mystery and captured the assailant by stepping on the rake, too.—Exchange.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF EASTER

(Selected.)

The season which commemorates the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ is universally regarded as the chief of Christian festivals.

A Derivative of the word Easter is accredited to the Venerable Bede, who was the great scholar of the early English churches. He derives this word Easter from the name of the Anglo-Saxon or Norse goddess of spring. Eostre, corresponding to our April, was sacred. The French name, paque, as well as similar names in other languages, is derived through the Greek from the Aramean, pascha, which signifies, "passing over". In apostolic times, the Christians continued to celebrate the Jewish passover, giving the Christians' significance. Hence the retention of the ancient name.

Between the Jewish Christians and the Gentile Christians there arose very early a dispute as to the proper date for the celebration of the resurrection. The former adhered to the 14th day of the month, Nisan, while the latter adopted the Sunday following. A wide variation soon arose in the date observed, and despite a decision of the Council of Nice in 325 A. D., uniformity was not attained until the seventh century. The date fixed by the council, now universally accepted, was the first Sunday after the full moon which follows the vernal equinox. If the full moon falls on a Sunday, Easter is the following Sunday.

The times of the movable feasts in the Church Calendar are reckoned from the date upon which Easter falls in the year. In this connection, four periods closely connected with Easter should be mentioned: Lent, or the forty day period preceding Easter Sunday; the period of Holy Week, beginning with Palm Sunday and ending with Easter; the Octave of Easter, extending from Easter to the following Sunday; Eastertide, the season from Easter Sunday to the Whitsunday, or Pentecost, seven weeks after Easter.

In addition to the ecclesiastical observances of Easter, numerous pagan customs have persisted in more or less altered form. These latter are such as were connected with the primitive spring festival, celebrating the return of the goddess of spring and the signs of rebirth in the world. The Easter egg was a symbol of reviving life, often colored for flowers or, by Christians, for the blood of Christ. Egg rolling at Easter was a game played at Greenwich hill, England, from early times. The custom was introduced on the lawn of the White House, by President Madison.

———:———

In the end, this gigantic conflict will be settled, not by weapons of war, but by what is in the hearts of men and women; not only by grit, but by grace. Force alone fails even when it wins.
—Joseph Fort Newton.

ARMY OFFICER TELLS HOW BIBLE SAVED HIM

By Don B. Thomas

(Note—Herewith is presented a letter from a lieutenant in the United States Army in some far-off battle front to his sister in Pennsylvania. The original is in the possession of Rev. Ray B. White, of Zarebath, N. J.)

The Wilds of Nowhere, The Land of Death and Destruction. Dear Sis: In writing this letter to you, I don't know where to start first. So many thinys have happened since I last wrote. Well, to begin with, I have escaped death at the hand of an enemy in a way so amazing I am still in a daze. You remember I told you when I knew I was going over, I was going over armed with the Bible. The Bible is the reason I am still here and able to write this letter to all America.

"Here is the story: My buddy and I were sent out on duty with our men in the work I told you before was our jab. We had just received information—the most important in weeks. When we were discovered by the enemy, I gave my buddy the information we had collected, told him to beat it with it and prepared myself to face them. It was the first time I had been faced with the necessity of pointing my gun at a man and blasting the life from his miserable body. I thought fast; then I said, 'Lord, it's your responsibility now.' My buddy had not obeyed my order. He had no such scruples. As I reached for my carbine, a shot from one of them struck me in the brest and blasted me down. Thinking I was dead, my pal jumped for me, grabbed my carbine as well as his own, stood astride my body, blasting away with both guns. He was blasted too—his knees with three bullet wounds, but when he finisred, there was not one of them left. He was amazed when I rolled over and tried to get up. The force of the bullet had stunned me. Dazedly I wondered why I pulled the little Bible out of my pocket and in utter muteness loobed at the ugly hole in the cover. It had ripped through Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, on througr the other books, Samuels, Kings, Chronicles, and kept going. Where do you think it stopped In the middle of Psalm 91, pointing like a finger at these verses, 'A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.'

,'Sis, when I read that verse it raised me three feet off the ground. I did not know there was such a verse in the Bible. I'd been reading mostly in the New Testament. I read the rest of that chapter—the first part that ripped apart. In utter humility I said, "Thank you, precious God'. and I felt like a little boy that had escaped the month of an enemy of prey,

"When I got my buddy back to the post, he said, 'Lute (he calls me Lute), I've had enough. This convices me. Come on—I want to get right with God, starting right now.' He wouldn't let them tend his wounds. He said, 'Nothing matter now but this.' He stayed on his knees sixteen hours with three wounds. His body became

numb, he couldn't move it. But he wouldn't give up. When the Lord finally came in he moved. That soldier went crazy for God. He jumped over chairs (mean boxes). He jumped over bunks. He even ran outside and shouted to the whole camp.

"Since I've given my heart to God, and talked with the boys, holding meetings and prayed with them, God has given me twenty-five souls. Twenty-five of my buddies have prayed through and come out for God. God even gave me my General. It took a long time. He was so dignified. But God told me to go after him: I stcck on his trail until he was grounded and came through. Spirit of God hovered over that tent with a sort of glimmering golden haze. I tell you, Sis, prayer is going to win this war, not guns alone. Fervent agonizing prayer I know is. God is bringing them in one by one. The whole company will be a company of praying men. God has gromised them to me, given me the assurance. Think of it—120 praying men and one general in one regiment! When that happens this unit will be unconquerable. Pray, Sis, pray as you have never prayed before. Tell everyone to pray. Tell all America to go on its knees.

"Before such de sive victory anywhere over here, sometimes for hours, sometimes for days there has been a feeling of praying far away. The feeling is so strong, you can hear many of the men. the most stubborn of them, say in the stillness of the night that it is so strong you can hear it. One said. Sounded like people praying from some distant place. Must be hearing things in this dead place.

"So pray everyone. It will have to come from afar off. No one prays in this land of utter desolation. God has turned His face away from the horror and destruction man has brought on himself.

"Again, I plead, tell America to pray! This war will not end until nations and people have paid in blood and tears for thrcsting God out of their hearts, out of their nations, out of their lands. And tell them for God's sake to send Bibles, and more Bibles. A Bible will give him confidence that God is with him. I'd like to have this lttter broadcast from every radio station in America. Try to get it on the air, in the papers, anything that is printel. Make copies of it. Send it from coast to coast. Tell them the army wants prayers and Bibles.

"And you—complacent, bridge-playing, fox-trotting, cocktail drinking mothers, why didn't you teach your sons about God instead of handing him a cigarette, a cicktail glass and a dance program! Get on your knees and ask God to forgive your sins. Then pray for the army. Pray! Pray! Pray! And you dignified preachers, why didn't you teach your people to pray, to follow God instead of standing before them in your silkin robes and reading them a ritual? Only atonement from sin can stop the shelling, the killing, the murdering. Even the shells that come whizzing through the air scream only one word—atonement!

". . . I could go on, but I am so tired, so weary, but in all so happy to see them coming to God one by one. So tell them to pray, atone for sin, and keep praying. And when you send thing to your boys, send Bibles. They want Bibles! Your loving brother, Lieutenant . . ."

Sent by Don B. Thomas.

FREEDOM FROM FEAR

By Stephen Vincent Benet, in Charlotte Observer

What do we mean when we say "freedom from fear"? It isn't just a formula or a set of words.

It's a look in the eyes and a feeling in the heart and a thing to be won and to be won against odds. It goes to the roots of life—to a man and a woman and their children and the home they can make and keep.

Fear has walked at man's heels through many ages—fear of wild beasts and wilder nature, fear of the inexplicable gods of thunder and lightning, fear of his neighbor man.

He saw his rooftree burned with fire from heaven—and did not know why. He saw his children die of plague —and did not know why. He saw them starve, he saw them made slaves. It happened—he did not know why. Those things had always happened.

Them he set himself to find out—first one thing, then another. Slowly, through centuries, he fought his battle with fear. And wise menn and teachers arose to help him in the battle.

His children and he did not have to die of plague. His children and he did not have to make human sacrifices to appease the wrath of inexplicable gods. His children and he did not have to kill the stranger just because he was a stranger. His children and he did not have to be slaves. And the shape of Fear grew less.

No one man did this by himself. It took many men and women, over many years. It took saints and martyrs and prophets—and the common people. It started with the first head an inch. And a lot of it never happened, but we did make a free nation.

"How are you going to live out there, stranger?"

"We'll live on weevily wheat and the free air." If they had the free air, they'd put up with weevily wheat.

So, in our corner of the world, and for most of our people, we got rid of certain fears. We got rid of them, we got used to being rid of them. It took struggle and fighting and lot of working things out. But a hundred and thirty million people liveed at peace with one anotherand ran their own goverment. And because they were free from fear, they were able to live better, by and large and on the whole, than any hundred and thirty million people had lived before. Because fear may drive a burdened man for a mile, but it is only freedom fire that scared away the beasts of the night. It will not end with the conquest of far planets.

Since our nation began, men and women have come here for just that freedom—from the fear that lies at the heart of every unjust law, of every tyrannical exercise of power by one man over another man. They came from every stock—the men who had seenthe face of tyranny, the men who wanted room to breathe and a chance to be men. And the cranks and the starry-eyed came, too, to build Zion and New Harmony and Americanopolis and the states and cites that perished before they lived—the valuable cranks who push the worldathat makes his load light for the long carry.

And meanwhile around us the world grew smaller and smaller. If you looked at it on the school maps, yes, it looked like the same big world with a big, safe corner for us. But all the time invention and mechanized skill were making it smaller and smaller. When the Wright brothers made their first flights at Kittyhawk, the world shrank. With those first flights the world began to come together and distant nations to jostle their neighbor nations.

Now, again in our time, we know Fear—armed Fear, droning through the sky. It's a different sound from the war whoop and the shot in the lonesome clearing, and yet it is much the same for all of us. It is quiet in the house tonight and the children are asleep. But innocence,good will, distance, paceable intent, will keep those children safe from fear in the sky. No one man can keep his house safe in a srhunken world. No one man can make his own clearing and say "This is mine. Keep out." And yet, if the world is to go on, if man is to survive and prosper, the house of man must be kept safe.

So, what do we mean by "freedom from fear"?

We do not mean freedom from responsibility—freedom from struggle and toil, from hardship and danger. We do nnot itend to breed a race wrapped in cotton wool, too delicate to stand rought weather. In any world of man that we can imagine, fear and the conquest of fear must play a part.

But we have the chance, if we have the brains and the courage, to destory the worst fears that harry man today—the fear of starving to death, the fear of being a slave, the fear of being stamped into the dust because he is one kind of man and not another, the fear of unprovoked attack and ghastly death for himself and for his children because of the greed and power of willful and evil men and deluded nations.

It will not be easy to destoy those feas. No one man can do it alone.

No one nation can do it alone. It must be all men.

It is not enough to say, "Here, in our conntry, we are strong. Iet the rest of the world sink or swim. We can take of our self." That may have been true at one time, but it is no longer true. We are not an island in space, but a continent in the world. While the air is the air, a bomb can kill your children and mine. Fear and ignorance a thousand miles away may spread pestilence in our own town. A war between nations on the other side of the globe may endanger all we love and cherish.

War, famine, disease are no longer local problems or even national problems. They are problems that concern the whole world and every man. That is a hard lesson to learn, and yat, for our own survival, we must learn it.

A hundred and sixty odd years ago we, as a nation, asserted that all men were created equal, that all men were entitle to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Those were large assertions, but we have tried to live up to them. We have not always succeeded, we have often failed. But our will and desire as a nation have been to live up to them.

Now, in cerecrt with free nations, we say that those children you see

and other like them all over the world shall grow to manhood and womanhood free from fear. We say that neither their mines nor their bobies shall be cramped or distorted or broken by tyranny and oppression. We say they shall have a chance, and an equal chance, to grow and develop and lead the lives they choose to lead, not lives mapped out for them by a master. And we say that freedom for ourself involves freedom for others—that it is a universal right, neither lightly given by providence nor to be maintained by words alone, but by acts and deeds and living.

We who are alive today did not make our free institutions. We got them from the men of the past and we hold them in the trust for the future. Should we put ease and selfishness above them, that trust will fail and we shall lose all, not a portion or a degree of liberty, but alll that has been built for us and that we hope to build. Real peace will not be won with one victory. It can be won only by long determination, firm resolve and a wish to share and work with other men, no matter what their race or creed or condition. And yet, we do have the choice. We can have freedom from fear.

Here is a house, a woman a man, their children. They are not free from life and the obligations of life. But they can be free from fear. All over the world, they can be free from fear. And we know they are not yet free.

EDUCATION FOR YOUNG VETERANS

(Watchman-Examiner.)

Hundreds of young men who, under normal conditions, would have pleasantly graduated from college next June have hurriedly completed their courses and graduated prematurely. The Army and Navy training plan which goes into effect in a few weeks will turn many campuses into military establishments, in appearance at least. Educational institutions are compelled to suspend the study in liberal arts courses or in qualifying their students for the professions in order that everything may be concentrated on developing usefulness in the armed services during the present war. While, in view of our national emergency, there is a deep necessity for this program, everything must be done to prevent a hiatus in higher education which might do serious injury to our national progress a few years from now. Why would it not be a good thing to bring back from every front at once all wounded soldiers whose native ability indicates that they could profit by college training and who are physically able to take such training? Even if their disability is but a temporary one, could not the period of their recuperation be used to satisfy their desire for more education? If they should be unfit for further military duty, does not the nation owe them a training at public cost for whatever useful work their abilities permit them to perform? Further, these young veterans would be a steadying influence on war-time campuses. We shall need these young men and we shall need them educated to the limit of their capacity.

I'LL PLANT A TREE

By Alvin M. Peterson

A boy strolled through a dusty road
"What can I do?" said he,
"What little errand for the world?
I know—I'll plant a tree."

What an exsellent idea is expossed in that last line. And How easy it is to plant a tree! And how murh one does to make the world better and more beautiful; for, as another poet says, he who plants a tree plants hope, joy, peale, youth and love.

The next time you go for a walk or a drive, notice the yards along the way, whether they have trees about them or not. As a rule, you will have little trouble seeing one that is bare of trees and another that is well stocked. Which of the two is more beautiful? What is more interesting? Would you rather live in a house that has a bare yard or one that is surrounded by trees? To ask such questions is to answer them. And what is true of yards also is true of cities, parks, hills, countrysides and farms.

Most people love trees. The pioneers who settled our western prairies were not satisfied with their surroundings until they had planted and raised some trees to form a grove, if ever so small, about their new homes. Today you can drive through parts of Minnesota, Iowa and the Dakotas that once were treeless but now are dotted with small groves of trees, each grove showing the location of a farm house. On the other hand, one can drive through parts of some of these states that ince were unbroken forest and find that most of the timber has been destroyed. Great fortunes have been made from the destruction of our forests, and we now have far less trees than we once had.

Part of this destruction was unavoidable. Early settlers were obliged to cut trees so that they could raise other crops. Then, too, trees are a crop and should be used when mature. On the other hand, we have cut and burned and wasted large quantities of valuable timber. Recently there has been a marked change. We are making better use of the trees we cut, are planting more and more trees, many on waste land that is useless for other purposes, and setting aside large tracts as forest reserves. Many of our beautiful state and national parks owe much of their value, interest, and beauty to the trees to be found in them.

While we have far less trees than formerly, we still have esough to take care of our needs for a long time, provided we replace those we use. Did you ever stop to think that if we plant a tree for every one that dies or is used for fuel or some other purpose, we will have as many trees a century hence as we now have? Better still, eventually, we can have twice as many if we but plant two for each one lost or used, a far from impossible task. Yohr part will be to see that your yard is kept well stocked with trees, mine to make sure that my premises have at least as many as now grace them.

Trees usually are planted in three ways: by means of seedlings, cuttings,

and seeds. Most of us adopt the former method when we decide to plant a tree. We find a yaung elm or other tree, dig is from the ground, and plant it in the desired spot. However, we are transplanting and not planting trees when we do this. In order truly to plant a tree we must make two trees grow where but one grew before. Nevertheless, much good is done through the transplanting of trees, because thousands of seedlings spring up where they eventually would be destroyed if not moved. We do fully as much good when we save a tree as when we plant one. "I'll save a tree" is as excellent an idea as "I'll plant a tree."

The cottonwood, box elder and American elm are excellent trees to begin with, since they are easily transplanted, easy to make grow, and grow rapidly. When digging the seedlings, secure all the roots if possible. If the soil is damp, the young trees may be dug at once, otherwise the soil should be soaked with water before this done, so that earth will cling to the roost and perhaps from a ball about them. Usually by watching one's chance, seedlings may be dug at a time when the ground is saturated with moisture.

A few rules should be followed for the best results when transplanting trees. Make the hole you dig large enough to hold all the roots without crowding or bending them. Also, set the tree as deeply in the ground as you found it. Partly fill the hole with soil as soon as you have the roots arranged, pack well, and then pour enough water on top to soak the soil and roots thoroughly. If the roots are bore, they should be soaked for a few hours before the tree is planted. Now fill the hole with soil and tamp and pack it well once more. Next cover the surface of the soil with sand, leaves, straw or other mulching, to keep the moisture about the roots from being lost by evaporation. If part of the roots were lost when the tree was lifted, prune some of the larger, and remove some of the smaller, branches with a sharp knife. Lastly, protect the young tree with poles or wire netting, if it is likely to be trodden upon or injurel by animals, machinery, or men.

Here are some other trees that, while not as common and easily secured as the American elm, cottonwood, and box elder, are easy to make: the juniper, canoe birch, soft or scarlet maple, catalpa, hackberry and basswood.

Some folks say that the cottonwood and box elder are undesirable, the former because it littlers the lawn with down, the latter because it sometimes becomes infested with insects. However, both are useful, interesting, and attractive. Many years that otherwise might have few or no trees actually are well stocked with them because cottonwoods and box elders are so easy to secure and make grow. Even if you do not think them desirable, plant a few along with others you like better, to furnish shade and beauty until the others are large enough to replace them.

Remember, too, that there are two kinds of cottonwood trees, one bearing staminate flowers, the other pistillate. The latter produces both seeds and down, whereas the former produces neither. Consequently, it is possible to have a grove of cottonwood trees without being bothered with down. Also, box elder bugs are

numerous only in autumn and at rare intervals. After the bugs have been present for a year or two, they are likely to be absent for several. Insects are to be found about all trees at times, so the box elder alone should not be condemned. We do not destroy apple trees because of the codling moth, nor potato plants because they become infested with potato beetles. Rather, we spray and destry the insects. Why not get rid of box elder bugs in this way also and save our box elder trees?

Oak, walnut, and hickory trees are hard to transplant but easily raised frim seeds. Secure some acorns, cover them with an inch of moist soil in a shady place and they are likely to germinate. The frisky squirrels plant mnay oaks each year when hiding acorns for their winter stores. Black walnut trees may be raised from black walnuts. Remove the green husks from the nuts and plant them in the autumn, so that the late autumn, winter, and spring frosts and thaws will break the shells. Plant several nuts in a given place, so that if some do not grow you still have others left from which to get seedlings. Hickory trees may be raised in this way also an dwill repay your work.

Cherry, hackberry, mulberry, Juneberry, locust and catalpa trees also may be raised from seeds. The birds eat large quantities of berries, drop and scatter their seeds everywhere, and plant many trees each year. Small tree seeds may be planted in rows in the garden, wrere they can be cultivated, watered and otherwise cared for until they are ready for transplanting.

Here are a few things to remember when raising trees from seeds: (a) Do not plant seeds to deep. Notice the diameter of the seed and plant at a deep about equal to the diameter. (b) Young plants shiuld be shaded and protected from the hot sun and watered when it is dry. (c) Do not allow water to stand over the bed, or water the seedlings too much, since young trees may thus be destroyed.

Experience is the best teacher when learning how to plant trees as well as in most enterprises. The more you plant the more you learn and have.

BE A GENTLEMAN

And in the world, as in the school,
You know how fate may turn and shift:
The prize be sometimes to the fool,
The race not always to the swift.
Who misses or who gains the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can,
But if you fall or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

—Thackeray

THE IMPORTANCE OF A PIGEON

By R. W. H.

During the last war, pigeons were used with great effectiveness for carrying messages, and many stories are told of their valor, or at any rate their stubbornness under fire. It was a message carried by pigeon that saved from annihilation the famous "Lost Battalion" of New York's 77th Division. This same pigeon carried dozens of other messages of great importance before he was disabled by a shot which tore off one of his legs. But with the message still dangling from his bleeding leg he delivered it, and was idolized by the service men, and was retired as an honored veteran of war.

Then there was the Macker, who with one eye destroy by a shell splinter struggled home with his message. It is with an appreciative eye to such military service that the American Army maintains its own pigeon lofts especially the important one at the Army Signal Corps at New Jersey. But even the peace time uses of homing pigeons are rapidly growing, and in the past few years there has been a gain of more than seventy per cent in the American Racing Pigeon Union, and civilians all over the country have taken to the training of homing pigeons for the sport of it.

A next door neighbor of mine, a young fellow, has a flock of some fifty pigeons. A young fellow who lives at Stoneham, Mass., has some sixty odd pigeons, that he has trained from common ordinary pigeons, till they were the smartest to be found and this was accomplished in five years, and there are many others doing the same thing today.

"How do they know their way home?" This much we do know (the homing trait has been greaty developed, and the range of flight remarkably increased by careful breeding and training. (How to train them) the fledgling or "Squeaker" is fed corn and peas within the loft at regular intervals. When he is six weeks old he is given corn and peas, he is taken outside the loft and put back again through a trap door, and immediately he is given corn and peas, this is repeated until an association is established that inside the trap door is food. When he has reached the age of 12 weeks he is taken a little distance from the loft and released. The trainer stays in the loft rattling the pigeon's food in a tin cup. The pigeon listens a few seconds and then flies in.

Day by day he is released at increasing distances until he acquires the habit of entering through the same trap door each time. When mating season comes, and later when the squeakers are born, the training is intensified. The birds are taught by repetition till mates and the young will be found beyond the same trap door that leads to food.

We know then why pigeons come home, they want to be near their mates, offspring and food. But nobody on earth can explain how they do it. We are aware that homing pigeons have wonderful eyesight, their only blind spot is a ten degree sector directly behind their heads, but they can see many times as far as a hu-

man can. But this does not explain how a pigeon, taken hundreds of miles from home in a basket in an express car will, when tossed into the air spiral upwards for twenty or thirty seconds and then streak right for home at fifty miles an hour clip. Whatever this mysterious power may be, we are reasonably certain that its explanation does not lie in any combination of the five known senses.

Homing pigeons do not always fly a beeline from the tossing point to the loft, they will fly around storms and fog, and will follow the easiest route. They do not, as a rule, fly in darkness, pigeons ears are similar to the ones of a human, made up of semicircular canals. It's even said that these canals hold the secret of the homing instinct, because if the ears are stopped or the canals injured he seems to lose that instinct.

But our ignorance of their basic secret has not prevented our using them as messengers, nor detracted from their popularity among sportsmen. But the uses of the homing pigeon is multiplying, for example, the fishing fleet with headquarters in the harbor of Freeport, Long, Island, uses them to send back for assistance in case of trouble.

The Forest Patrols use them for reporting fires, In New York, Milwaukee, Los Angeles, and other places the newspapers use pigeons to relay news under special circumstances. Spectacular service was rendered maintaining communication with the outside world when Pittsburgh's telephone service was put out of commission during the flood they had in 1936. Thus though we are no nearer to understanding the mystery of the homing instinct, the pigeon goes on performing his wonders all over the world, and more work is constantly found for them to do.

NOT LOST BUT GIVEN

It is said of a returned English soldier that when he was being commiserated on the loss of his arm in the trenches, he replied proudly, "I didn't lose it; I gave it." Glorious reply! What transformation of our stewardship if we could think of our tithe not as the payment of a debt, but as the offering of a gift! What a transformation of our service if we could list it as a heart impulse instead of a conscience pull! What an ennoblement of life if we could live it as a gift to the world! When a man gives his health, or his time, or his money—or his life—you cannot talk to him about being robbed! He has forestalled the comment. Jesus said, "No man taketh my life from me; I lay it down . . ." Such ought to be the spirit of His disciples. —Wesleyan Methodist.

SPRINGTIME RAMBLINGS

By Margaret A. J. Irvin

The days are growing longer and warmer. We take to leaving the windows open toward the afternoon sun and, even after we close them, the rooms hold that deliciously fresh smell of springtime.

Did you ever try to decide just what odors make up that characteristic scent of spring? It's worth considering at some length, although you will probably arrive at no definite decision. I always come back to the idea that it just smells like sunshine, which is quite unreasonable, since sunshine has no odor of its own.

The return of spring is an unreasonable business. It always comes, but never twice the same way. Perhaps that's where women got the idea that a new hat was in order every spring. You might be able to get through two or more winters in the same headgear, for winter is usually a long and dreary business. One year may be a little worse than another, but there is seldom that feeling of suppressed delight which just must break out in a new chapeau to greet the new season. And the more unreasonable the inner joy, the more unreasonable the hat.

At least, that is generally the case. Generalities are always dangerous. You may think immediately of some woman of your acquaintance who wears her gayest, most nonsensical creation with a sad and dutiful countenance. There are cases like that, but only a psychiatrist could really get to the root of such behavior. It is even more unreasonable than spring itself.

A lot of unreasonable things are becoming real to many of us these days; so perhaps we may some day understand the person who wears a silly hat above a solemn face. There are a lot of unbelievable facts taking on a reality that we never dreamed they possessed.

This matter of global weather is just one example. Do you remember how the geography teacher used to thrill us when she gave a "demonstration" of the way the earth moves about the sun? She would light a candle and place it on a safe spot on her desk. Then she would take a "globe" and spin it in her hands while she walked carefully around the flame. A very "graphic" explanation. We understood just how it worked. We "passed our test." And deep in our hearts we didn't believe a word of it.

How could a classroom demonstration show us something that our everyday living completely disproved? The sun rose in the east and set in the west. We knew that because it happened every day. We knew that the world was not just a round ball floating about in the ether, because we had walked for miles on its surface and never felt it budge. Nor did we put much stock in that idea about the air getting thinner. We knew that was pure myth, for how could anything be thinner than air? We learned the right answers and put them on our examination papers, just as we took the square root of numbers with-

out really believing that a square root existed.

Now we are beginning to wonder whether there may be something in that square root business after all, for it seems the world does revolve exactly as we were taught it did. We have it on the authority of friends spread all over the globe that the weather where they are is pretty much what the geography teacher said it ought to be.

Another friend is spending his time teaching aviation cadets just what happens to the human body up there where the air gets thin. All the things we learned in the classroom have come true for us. They have entered into our experience at last.

This global conflict has made so many unbelievable things seem real, we have difficulty following the old paths and believing only those things which are plainly spread before us. If global weather is now understandable, why not global brotherhood? Is it so unreasonable?

Can it be coming the way spring comes? A rush of gladness and hope one day and a plunging backward into grim winter the next, till suddenly it is here to stay.

They are a lot alike, spring and the dynamic peace of universal brotherhood. Perhaps they must come the same way.

But there is one big difference: You can't do anything to hurry spring along.

———:———

MY WORK

There was no ordination,
No laying on of hands,
No sober rites, no half-dimmed lights,
No pomp, no blaring bands;
I merely found some work to do
And did it—none too well, 'tis true.

And yet my work is sacred,
And God looks down to see
The beads of sweat, nor will forget
My store of energy;
I love to think my Master's eye
Will view good work before I die.

There was no ordination;
I was not set apart;
In my crude task pray do not ask
Some hidden touch of art;
Yet day by day I someway know
That in this humble work—I grow!

—Roscoe Gilmore Statt

FOLLOW THE VOICE

By Margaret A. J. Irvin

There is a story going around about a man who was lost in the mountains. He whistled to his companion, and when he heard a response, he set off into the canyon from which it came. He wandered around all night before reaching safety. He had been following his own echo.

It isn't hard to see how such a mistake would be possible. In fact, following our own echoes is one of the errors into which many people fall under quite different circumstances. It is one of the most difficult pitfalls for most of us to avoid.

We all love to put things into words. You know the housekeeper who usually does certain things in a certain way. She always makes her jellies with pure sugar—no pectin added. Or she always lets the beds air for a given length of time. Or, she always does her washing on Monday morning. So long as she doesn't tell anyone that she always works, that way, she is free to change her method or her timing. But usually the urge to tell her next door neighbor how she does things is too strong for her. From then on she is committed to that conduct, and must follow the echo of her own voice.

Nowhere does the tendency to follow one's own echo appear so plainly as in church groups. It is so easy to confuse tradition with Christianity. Most of us respond to Christianity in its traditional forms because those forms have shown themselves worthy of survival. It is when we see in them the only possible expression of our religion that we are following an echo, rather than the Voice.

One of the traditions which the church is in the process of re-examining is the position of women in the church. Mildred E. Winston, in her splendid article which has been taken from the Lutheran Church Quarterly by the Board of Deaconess Work, says:

"So far we have the dismal situation of overwhelming potentialities and dire need on the one side with complacency or efforts stultified by tradition on the other side. For the sake of the woman membership itself, on account of the urgency of the situation, and because of its message—the church must answer at once the questions:

"1. How can the trained woman in the church be used immediately in Christian service?

"2. How can the church be awakened to its own need for more trained women for its life and work?

"3. How can young women be assured that, if they do specialize for service in the church, they will be used?

"4. How, where, and on what level can young women receive a specialized education for official or unofficial service in the Christian movement through the church?"

Can we answer without following an echo?

———:———

An egotist is an "I" specialist.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Following an illness of a little more than two weeks, Mr. R. H. Walker, a member of the School's staff of workers, is able to resume his regular duties. During part of his illness, he received treatment at the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord.

—:—

A recent post card from Postell Clark, a former member of the Cottage No. 2 group, informed us that he is now engaged in defense work in Baltimore, Maryland. He asked to be remembered to all old friends here at the School, and stated that he was getting along fine.

—:—

Mr. Adams and his Receiving Cottage boys report that they thoroughly enjoyed a hike and a picnic supper last Saturday. The Saturday previous, Mr. Alf Carriker and his Fifth Cottage lads made the same sort of trip, and they, too, stated that they had a very fine time.

—:—

Earl Oxendine, formerly of the Indian Cottage, who has been in the United States Navy for several months, recently wrote us from Norfolk, Virginia. He said that he had been enjoying copies of The Uplift sent him from time to time. Earl is studying to be a gunner and says he hopes to be out hunting Japs and Germans soon.

—:—

Henry (Red) Glover, formerly of Cottage No. 10, who has been a member of the United States Marine Corps for about a year, sent us a card a few days ago. The card, dated April 15th, stated that he had just received out Christmas greeting, as he had been in service outside the United States. At present, he is stationed at Norfolk, Virginia. Red says he likes the Marines and is getting along fine.

—:—

In last Monday morning's mail we received a card from Robert D. Lawrence, a former member of our printing class, who has been in the United States Marine Corps for more than a year. This message stated that he had been transferred overseas, and had reached his destination safely. Bob has been such a faithful correspondent since leaving us that we have every reason to believe he will soon be able to take time out to write us from the fighting area.

—:—

Baseball seems to be a popular topic of conversation around here these days. A league, or perhaps two leagues, of at least six teams each, will soon be organized. A complete schedule will be arranged, carrying up to about August 1st, after which a play-off will be staged. The winners of the final play-off will be awarded a suitable prize, the nature of which has not yet been determined. From the way the boys have been discussing this proposed plan, we believe there will be some real competition when the season really gets under way.

—:—

While in Raleigh the other day we met our good friend, Mr. Alexander B. Andrews, prominent attorney of that city. For many years he has been a regular reader of The Uplift and a very good friend of Jackson Training School boys. Mr. Andrews

recently sent us a copy of "The Man Without A Country" for our school library, and when we told him how much the boys enjoyed that fine story, he insisted on sending another copy for their use. This is a very fine story, and we gladly take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Andrews for his kindly thought of our lads.

—:—

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrew's Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Matthew 26:46-56. As the text for the subject of his message to the boys, "Jesus Betrayed," he selected the forty-sixth verse, in which the Master said: "Rise, let us be going; behold, he is at hand that doth betray me."

At the beginning of his remarks, the speaker pointed out the significance of the fact that Jesus knew what was facing him, and went out to meet it. Those who were with him probably did not fully understand what it all meant, but Christ realized the suffering he was about to be called upon to endure.

We do not know the exact place where Jesus was betrayed, continued Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, but that is not important. What should concern us most of all is that it really happened, taking place somewhere near the entrance to the Garden of Gethsemane. In the face of all that took place there, Jesus was calm. He was ready to make the sacrifice.

As we think of the things that happened during the last week of Christ's life on earth, we cannot help being deeply impressed, said the speaker. First, we read of his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, where the crowds cheered him; then follows the Last Supper, in the Upper Room; the Day of Crucifixion or Good Friday, will always occupy an important place in our minds. The crowning event, of course, is Easter Day, when Christ arose from the tomb. When we think seriously of these things, we are drawn closer to the Master.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then stated that it is rather difficult for people of this day and time to fully realize all that Jesus suffered for the sake of mankind. His willingness to endure those things in order that we might be saved, is hard for us to understand. Probably the best answer is that he knew it was God's will, and submitted himself without complaining.

In speaking of Judas, the one who betrayed Jesus, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner said that his name has come down through the ages as representing all that is base or false. Judas was one of the twelve. He had wonderful privileges, such as taking part in the Passover Feast; being one whose feet Jesus had washed; he had walked and talked with the Master daily; and was even a partaker of the Last Supper. Having enjoyed all those blessed privileges, shortly after the disciples left the Upper Room, Judas went straight to Christ's enemies, and for thirty pieces of silver, conducted them to the exact spot where he might be captured.

Calling attention to Jesus' capture, the speaker pointed out that there were but eleven men with the Master, but there had assembled a great multitude of people, curiously awaiting events as they transpired. A large group of armed soldiers, trying to impress the crowd, approaching Jesus as though he were a dangerous

criminal. All of this just to take into custody a man who had never harmed a single person, whose beautiful life had been an example of love toward all men. Leading the mob was Judas, and even he seemed somewhat ashamed to be seen doing such a vile deed. He approached Christ in a most friendly manner, saying, "Hail, Master," and then kissed him, that being the sign previously agreed upon by which the soldiers were to identify their victim. The manner in which those events occurred clearly showed the spirit of meanness reflected in the minds of the people.

When we study the life of Jesus, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, we can more fully realize what a wonderful character he was. We note the patience shown by him under the most cruel circumstances; his submission to the will of God; and his great sacrifice. As we view these characteristics, we realize that just such instincts are needed in our everyday lives. There are times in the lives of people when their faith seems insecure, and it is then such lessons are needed to make us hold fast to our faith in Jesus.

If Jesus Christ was only a man—as some would have us believe—why was it necessary for those who crucified him to be so uneasy about what they were doing? Why was there so much caution as they prepared to carry out their dastardly plans? Even when they seemed to so heavily outnumber Jesus and his few followers, they were afraid of his power. They had seen and heard of the many wonderful things he had done, and thus took every precaution as they attempted to overpower him.

It was only the will of God, and not that of those wicked men, that caused Jesus to suffer. It was the cause of an obedient Son summitting himself to the will of his Father. This was the bitter cup from which he must drink. It was God's plan being carried out in order that the world might be saved.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner called attention to the happy privilege we have today of going into the presence of Jesus Christ to seek forgiveness for our sins. The once suffering, but now triumphant Jesus, stands ready at all times to receive us. All that is necessary is what we go to him in faith. If we do this, eternal happiness is ours.

———:———

"The sum of the whole matter is this," said Woodrow Wilson, "our civilization cannot survive materially unless it be redeemed spiritually. It can be saved only by becoming permeated with the spirit of Christ and being made free and happy by the practices which spring out of that spirit. Here is the final challenge to our churches and to every one who fears God or loves his country."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 18, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

William Love
Lee St. Clair
Paul Whitley
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Thomas Barnes
Richard Billings
Donald Carland
Jack Harmon
Roy Jones
Leonard Robinson
James Shell
David Swink
Kenneth Tipton
Luther Vaughn

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 4

Eugene Ballew
Jack Bright
Elbert Brown
William Davis
William Deaton
Clyde Godfrey
William Lanning
Roy Patton
Roy Swink
Jerry Talbert
Ernest Turner
Lee Turner
Edward Van Hoy
Eugene Watts
George Ward

COTTAGE NO. 5

Randolph Ammons
Kenneth Atwood
Harold Cruse
Charles Brookshire
William Gentry
W. C. James
Hoyt Newell
Leroy Pruitt
Eugene Stubbs
Willford Seegers
Eldred Watts
Kenneth Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Ralph Gibson
Robert Jarvis
Gerald Kerman
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
Stanford McLean
Hayes Powell
Reitzel Southern

COTTAGE NO. 7

Joseph Case
R. C. Combs
Donald Grimstead
William Harding
Amos Myers
Jerry Ray
Marion Todd
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Bennett
Eugene White
Charles Tate

COTTAGE NO. 9

Cecil Caldwell
Fred Grimstead
James Hale
John Hill
Thomas Ingram
Morris Johnson

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Marvin Bradley
Robert Goldsmith
John Moffitt
Paul Matthews
Clyde Rhodes
Everett Stamey

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Thurman Daniels
Millard Ellege
Donald Hobbs
Robert Hobbs
Richard Kye
Banks McKnight
Dillard Shelton
Russell Stikes

COTTAGE NO. 14

William E. Lanford

COTTAGE NO. 15

Harold Blankenship
James Cantrell
Charles Lanford
Lawton McDowell
Ennis Miller
J. D. Smith
William Willis
A. B. Woodard
James Watts

INDIAN COTTAGE

Peter Chavis
Paul Deal
R. C. Hoyle
Marshall Hunt
James Lochlear
Herbert Lochlear
Eugene Moose
Charles Pearson
Donald Sides

INFIRMARY

Thomas Brannon
Newman Tate

———:———

STAND WHERE YOU ARE

Stand where you are and face
What life decrees you must;
Your courage will be reinforced
By an unfaltering trust.

Stand where you are and do
The very best you can,
Though humble and obscure your lot,
God needs you in His plan.

Stand where you are and fight,
For who knows, it may be
The very place where Right
Shall know defeat or victory!

—By Pearl Yeadon McGinnis.

MAY 3 1943

THE UPLIFT

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., MAY 1, 1943 NO. 18

COURAGE

A great deal of talent is lost in the world for want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves obscure men whom timidity prevented from making a first effort; who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do anything in the world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the Flood, when a man would consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and live to see his success afterwards; but at present, a man waits, and doubts, and consults his brother, and his particular friends, till one day he finds he is sixty years old and that he has lost so much time in consulting cousins and friends that he has no more time to follow their advice.

—Sydney Smith.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES		8
A SKETCH OF THE SCHOOLS OF CONCORD	By Mrs. C. L. Smith	12
QUARTERLY REPORT TO THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES	By S. G. Hawfield	16
REMINISCENCES	By D. W. Harmon	20
HEARD AROUND THE EARTH	By E. S. Gerhard	22
BILLY THE LIZARD	By Dr. H. B. Blakely	24
INSTITUTION NOTES		26
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

PREACH AS WE WALK

Francis of Assisi said to one of his young students, "Brother, let us go down into town today and preach." So they sallied forth, the venerable man and the youth, conversing as they went.

Down the main street, into the alleys, to the outskirts of the town, and to the village beyond they wended their way—returning at length to the monastery gate.

"Father," said the young man, "when shall we begin to preach "

"My child," said Francis kindly, "we were preaching while we were walking. We have been looked at; our behavior has been remarked upon; and so we have delivered a morning sermon. O my son," continued the saintly man, "it is of no use that we walk anywhere to preach unless we preach as we walk."—Exchange.

———:———

A FINE EXAMPLE

There is not a day passes that some incident of interest pertinent to some of our boys does not occur. These incidents vary. Some have a humorous side, some are grave, but frequently they are appealing facts of childhood. The opportunity to do good knocks daily at our door, but frequently we are too busy to answer the call. A little act of kindness never fails to bear fruit, and reaches further than we realize. Every human being, high or low, rich or poor, has some influence one way or another, therefore, we should never be oblivious to the little, but essential things, that may start the forgotten child out on the right foot.

A few days ago, the pleasing information was transmitted that one of our Jackson Training Schools boys was to be baptized in All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, by Rev. Franklyn H. Board, the rector. This announcement created curiosity as to how this one boy of the four hundred had been selected to have the privilege of be-

coming a baptized member of a Christian church. The story is one of human interest, and we hope that the pastors of other denominations may read and profit thereby, for in this institution there are many promising young fellows whose lives should be enriched spiritually by uniting with the church.

The young boy who was baptized on Easter Eve is Arthur Beal, and he came to the School from Cherokee County. The rector of the Episcopal Church in the lad's home community, upon learning of his admission to the School, informed Rev. Mr. Board that he was especially interested in the boy, and asked him to contact him at his convenience. This was a fine gesture on the part of the Cherokee clergyman, and Rev. Mr. Board lost no time in complying with his request.

There are other boys in this institution who need the touch and interest of ministers of the Gospel, and we hope to have the pleasure of reporting many more such incidents in the not too distant future.

* * * * * * * * *

FARMING FOR VICTORY

The one topic of conversation at present is "Victory Gardens." The radio, the newspapers, and many other sources of communication stress the necessity of Victory Gardens if food production is to be sufficient to measure up to the needs of civilians and those fighting for freedom in this global war. The allied countries have their eyes focussed on the United States to not only supply equipment for fighting forces, but food to feed soldiers in every department of service, and we cannot, and shall not fail to do our bit.

Our people, including both men and women, have in every previous struggle for the rights of a free people, shown themselves to be of the mettle that makes courageous fighters. Ours is a proud heritage since the days of the "Spirit of '76," and everyone on the home front will perpetuate the memories of yesteryear, not alone by having Victory Gardens, but Victory Farms, so that there will be no shortage in food anywhere.

The one-thousand-acre Jackson Training School farm has always yielded bountifully, supplying vegetables for immediate use, also growing a surplus to be canned. In this way the store room has al-

ways, when seasons were favorable, had a large supply of home grown canned goods for the winter months. Despite the fact that this Spring has been somewhat unseasonable for early garden crops, our gardener has supplied the tables with generous portions of greens, onions, radishes, and asparagus. These vegetables, fresh from the garden, make a fine contribution in real food values.

The goal of the personnel at the Jackson Training School this year is to double up on production in every department of farming activities. The outdoor work includes the raising of grain, hay and vegetables, as food for both man and beast; the dairy produces plenty of milk and butter; our poultry yards contribute their share to the common cause; and we shall have the delicacies provided by the raising of porkers and beef cattle. Another step toward reaching our goal in food values is the recent addition of several head of young Hereford cattle, as a foundation for a herd of beef cattle which will ultimately supply a sufficient duantity of meat for local needs.

The more we have for home consumption, the better prepared the nation's markets will be to feed the boys fighting for our common cause.

* * * * * * * *

We are proud to call attention to a fine letter from Swift Davis, one of our old students, who left the School in 1925. This young man, now nearly thirty-seven years old, was quite a problem child during his stay with us, but from information given in his letter, it would seem that the rough places in his nature have been smoothed out, and today he is making good, working for the Davis Appliance Company, Los Angeles, California. Such letters as the following give fresh impetus to those of us who sometimes grow weary, fearing that our efforts are of no avail. Swift's letter to Mr. W. W. Johnson, our school principal, reads as follows:

Dear Mr. Johnson:

Whether you can remember back twenty years to the time I was a student at the Jackson Training School, I don't know. I was there when John Kerns, Henry Faucett, "Box Car" Cleaver, etc., matriculated. Ran across an old copy of The

Uplift, and nostalgia overcame me; hence this letter.

I realize most of the authorities there must have given me up as a bad job, and I am writing to let you know that the unexpected has taken place, and I am now regarded a respectable business man.

Some years ago my eyes went bad on me, and I had to turn from the newspaper game to one less punishing on them. Why I selected the refrigeration business I'll never know, but at this writing it is a flourishing one here, probably elsewhere. Of course, we are not selling appliances now, but repairing old ones keeps us pretty busy. Most of the refrigeration work is for Uncle Sam in the army camps, on the ships, and in the airplane plants. I expect to be in the Army come not so many days, even though the glimmers are not so good.

I'm married now, have been for the past ten years. Have a boy and a girl, and can understand what your children must have meant to you.

Have been wondering what the personnel at the old school is now. Is Mr. Boger still superintendent, or do you have the job? Has the school contributed many boys to the Service? Know that you won't have much time to answer this letter, and I won't be too disappointed if you don't. When the Scrap is over and it isn't too unpatriotic to travel, I'm paying a visit to North Carolina and I'm certainly dropping in on you.

Will you please give my regards and best wishes to the staff members as I knew them? And as such time until I can visit there,

Yours for Victory,

Swift Davis.

* * * * * * * *

The Uplift is always interested in anything pertaining to the history of Cabarrus County. In this issue we carry a splendid article concerning early schools in Concord. It will be noted that many names of students are recorded along with those of the instructors of each school. Mrs. C. L. Smith, author of this article, has given much time to assembling information. It is not only very clearly written, but at times there is much color thrown in, which makes the story read smoothly. We feel sure the people of this community will appreciate Mrs. Smith's contribution of historical interest.

According to an editorial in a recent issue of The Lutheran, it would seem that Bermuda has its eyes on the future. We are told that it is ambitious to be the geographical center of interest when the time arrives to make peace (that is, of course, if the Allies win). Naturally Bermuda believes the United Nations will choose the place of meeting. Consequently both Bermudan Houses of Parliament have begun to canvass the possibility of having their island chosen as the focus (political, economic and social) for the post-war conferences, from which the issues of international peace and its subsequent control shall be determined and administered. After all, says Bermuda in effect, what did Geneva have that we do not have?

* * * * * * * *

Hereafter, so the American Bible Society has arranged, each lifeboat and raft on our merchant vessels will carry a New Testament wrapped in a waterproof container, "an envelope of stout oil-paper lined with lead and cellophane," and guaranteed to remain dry even if submerged for days in water. The reason for this provision is thrilling. It is to the experience and testimony of Sergeant John Bartek, the young radio engineer who was wrecked with Captain Rickenbacker and his crew, and marooned on a raft for three weeks in the Pacific. He had a New Testament with him, and what its message did for the castaways is recorded in Bartek's words: "Without the Bible we might have given up. But every so often we'd run across a passage that would force hope back into us like a dry sponge in a basin of water."—Julius T. Seeback.

WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES

The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that two employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

Staff Members

Patterson, James L. (Army)
Query, James L. (Army)

Former Staff Members

Barrier, Captain George L. (Army)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G. (Navy)
Parker, Major Samuel I. (Army)
Poole, William E. (Army Air Corps)
Wingate, Wm. J. (Army Air Corps)

Former Students

Adams, Clyde (Navy)
Adams, Felix (Army)
Alexander, J. Mack (Army)
Alexander, Robert (Army)
Almond, Odell H. (Navy)
Allen, Julian Herschel (Navy)
Allen, Grady C. (Navy)
Allen, Wayne (Navy)
Allred, James R. (Army Air Corps)
Andrews, Julian (Marine Corps)
Ashley, Arthur (Army)
Atkins, Richard (Army)
Atkinson, Hiram (Navy)
Atwell, Robert (Navy)
Atwood, Earl (Army)
Barber, Winfred V. (Army)
Batson, Jack (Navy)
Barkley, Joel (Army)
Barrett, Allen (Army)
Barrier, William T. (Navy)
Branch, Glatley (Army)
Baynes, Howard (Army Air Corps)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
‡ Beach, Ernest L. (Army)
Beaver, Albert (Army)
Beaver, Walter (Army)
Bell, William G. (Navy)
Benson, John (Navy)
Bordeaux, Junior (Army)
Bowman, Charles (Army)

Branch, Horace (Army)
Brantley, Elmond A. (Marine Corps)
Bray, Relons Odell (Army)
Briggs, Paul (Marine Corps)
Britt, Jennings (Navy)
Brogden, Norman (Navy)
Broome, Jack (Army)
Broome, Paul (Marine Corps)
Broome, Shannon (Army Air Corps)
Brothers, William (Naval Air Corps)
Brown Aldene (Army)
Brown, Harold (Army)
Bunn, Homer (Army)
Burke, Ensign William H. (Navy)
Burkhead, Dermont (Navy)
Burrow, John B. (Navy)
Butner, Roy (Marine Corps)

Capps, John T. (Army Air Corps)
Carter, Douglas (Army)
Carter, Fred (Army)
Carver, Gardner (Army)
Causey, Floyd (Army)
Chapman, Edward (Army)
Chattin, Ben (Army)
Cherry, Herman (Army)
Cobb, Frank E. (Army)
Coffer, Robert (Army)
Collins, Glenn L. (Army)
Connell, Harry (Army)
Connell, James (Navy)
Cooke, George C. (Army)
Cooper, Lake (Army)
Cooper, Walter (Army)
Cox, J. C. (Marine Corps)
Craft, Arthur (Army)
Crawford, Louis (Army)
Cunningham, David C. (Army)
Cunningham, Jesse S. (Navy)

Dalton, James (Army)
Daubenmyer, Nelson (Army)
Davis, Duke (Army)
Davis, Hubert (Navy)
Davis, James (Army)
Dodd, Carroll (Army)
Donaldson, Harold (Marine Corps)
Dorsey, W. Wilson (Army)
Driver, Malcom (Army Air Corps)
Dyson, Fred (Navy)

Eaker, Arnold Max (Army)
Earnhardt, Donald P. (Navy)
Edmondson, Arthur (Army)
Efird, N. A., Jr. (Army)
Elders, James R. (Marine Corps)
Elmore, A. C. (Marine Corps)
Ennis, James C. (Navy)
Ennis, Noah (Navy)
Ennis, Samuel (Army)
Evans, John H. (Army)

Faggart, John (Marine Corps)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)
Faschnat, Mose (Navy)
§ Ferris, Russell (Army)
Fisher, Edward (Army)
Fisher, John H. (Army)
Freeman, Richard (Army)
French, Ian (Army)
Furches, William (Marine Corps)

Gaddy, William (Navy)
Gardner, Horace T. (Army)
Gatlin, Britt C. (Army)
Gibson, Merritt (Army)
Glasgow. Mumford (Army)
Glasgow, Norwood (Navy)
Glasgow, Ramsey (Army Air Corps)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)
Glover, Henry (Marine Corps)
Godfrey, Warren (Army)
Godwin, John T. (Navy)
Godwin, Paul D. (Army Air Corps)
Goodman, Albert (Army)
Goodman, George (Army)
Greene, Giles E. (Army)
Gregory, Charles J. (Army)
Griffin, Charles (Army)
Griffin, James H. (Marine Corps)
Grooms, J. B. (Army Air Corps)

Hall, Joseph (Army)
Haney, Jack (Marine Corps)
Hardin, Wilbur (Navy)
Harris, Edgar (Army)
Hawkins, William T. (Navy)
Head, Elbert (Army)
Hefner, Charles (Army)
Hefner, Eugene (Navy)
Hensley, J. B. (Navy)
Hendren, Isaac (Navy)
Hendrix, John (Army)
Henry, Charlton (Navy)
Hicks, Garland (Army)
Hill, William (Army)
Hodge, Dallas (Army Air Corps)
Hogan, Gilbert (Army)
Holland, Burman (Army)
Holland, Donald (Army)
Hollars, Ralph (Army)
Holmes, John (Army)
Honeycutt, Nathaniel (Army)
Hulan, Norman (Navy)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)

Ingram, John E. (Navy)
Irvin, Raymond (Army)

Jackson, Edgar (Marine Corps)
Jackson, William (Navy)
Johnson, Hugh (Navy)
Jones, Mark Twain (Navy)
Jordan, James E. (Army)

Keen, Clinton (Army)
Keith, Monroe (Army)
Keith, Robert (Navy)
Kelly, Jesse (Army)
King, Cleo (Army Air Corps)
King, Frank L. (Army)
Kinley, Robert (Marine Corps)
Knight, Thomas (Army Air Corps)
Knight, Thurman (Army)
Koontz, J. Milton (Army)
Kye, George (Army)

‡ Lamar, A. C., Jr. (Army)
Land, Reuben (Army)
Land, Wilfred (Marine Corps)
Landrum, Luther H. (Army)
Lane, Floyd C. (Marine Air Corps)
Langley, William (Army)
Laramore, Ray (Army)
Lawrence, Robert (Marine Corps)
Leagon, Harry (Army)
Ledford, Harvey L. (Army)
Ledford, James (Marine Corps)
Lee, Valton (Army)
Lett, Frank (Army)
Lewallan, Paul R. (Army)
Long, Loyce (Army)
Long, Stacey L. (Army)

Martin, Willie H. (Army Air Corps)
* Matthews, Douglas (Army)
May, George O. (Army)
Medlin, Clarence (Army)
Medlin, Ervin J. (Army)
§ Medlin, Wilson (Army)
Merritt, Edgar (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Miller, Latha (Navy)
Montgomery, Samuel (Navy)
Moose, Claude L. (Marine Corps)
Morrow, Chas. W. (Army Air Corps)
Morrozoff, Ivan (Army Air Corps)
Morgan, William S. (Navy)
Murphy, Lemuel (Army)
Murray, Edword J. (Army)

McBride, Irvin (Army Air Corps)
McCain, Edward G. (Navy)
McColl, Vollie O. (Navy)
McCoy, Hubert (Army)
McEntire, Forrest (Marine Corps)
McGee, Norman (Army)
McIver, Jordan T. (Navy)
McKay, John C. (Marine Corps)
McKee, Thomas R. (Army)
(Enlisted 1937)
McNeely, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1933)
McPherson, Arthur (Navy)

Nelson, Larry (Navy)
Newton, Willard M. (Army)

Owen, Fred, Jr. (Marine Corps)
Oxendine, Earl (Navy)

Padrick, William (Navy)
Page, James (Army)
Patterson, James (Navy)
Peak, Harry (Marine Corps)
Pearson, Flay (Army)
Pennington, Grady (Army)
Plemmons, Hubert (Army)
Pope, H. C. (Army)
Pyatt, Jack (Marine Corps)

Quick, James (Navy)
Quick, Simon (Navy)

Ramsey, Amos (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Revels, Grover (Navy)
Rivenbark William W. (Army)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)
Rhodes, Paul (Army)
Roberts, Lonnie (Navy)
Robinson, Perry (Army Air Corps)
Rochester, Nicholas (Navy)
Russ, James P. (Army)

Sands, Thomas (Navy)
Scism, Arlee (Navy)
Seibert, Fred (Army)
Scott, Archie (Army)
Shannon, William L. (Navy)
Shaver, George H. (Navy)
Shropshire, Hassell (Army)
Simmons, Horace K. (Navy)
Sloan, Lonnie (Army)
Small, Clyde E. (Army)
Smith, Julius D. (Navy)
Snuggs, Charles L. (Navy)
Springer, Jack (Army)
Stack, Porter (Army)
Stanley, Brown (Coast Artillery)
Stepp, James H. (Navy)
Strickland, Robert W. (Army)

Stubbs, Ben (Army)
Sullivan, Richard (Army)

Tessneer, Calvin C. (Navy)
Thomas, Harold (Navy)
Thomas, Richard (Army)
Threatt, Sidi (Army Air Corps)
Troy, Robert (Army)
Tucker, Joseph (Army)
Tyson, William E. (Navy)

Waldrop, Ned (Army)
Walker, Glenn (Army)
Walker, Oakley (Army)
Walsh, Harold (Army)
Walters, Melvin (Army)
Ward, Eldridge (Army)
Ward, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1928)
Watkins, Floyd A. (Army)
Watson, Lieut. Lemuel (Army)
Watts, Boyce (Army)
Webb, Charles R. (Army)
* Whitaker, William E. (Army)
White, Marshall (Coast Artillery)
Whitener, Richard M. (Army)
Whitlock, Winfred (Army)
Widener, Charles (Navy)
Wilhite, James (Army)
Williams, Everett L. (Army)
Williams, Samuel R. (Navy)
Williams, William R. (Navy)
Williamson, Everett (Navy)
Wiles, Fred (Army)
(Enlisted 1927. Now a Recruiting Officer)
Wilson, John C. (Army)
Wilson, Thomas (Navy)
Wilson, W. J. (Army)
Winn, J. Harvard (Navy)
Wood, Leonard (Army)
Wrenn, Lloyd (Army)

York, John R. (Army)
Young, Brooks (Army)
Young, R. L. (Marine Corps)

Ziegler, Henry F. (Navy)

(‡) Prisoner of war.
(§) Missing in action.
(*) Killed in action.

———:———

TEMPER

When I have lost my temper I have lost my reason, too;
I'm never proud of anything which angrily I do.
When I have talked in anger and my cheeks were flaming red,
I have always uttered something which I wish I hadn't said.

In anger I have never done a kindly deed or wise,
But many things for which I felt I should apologize.
In looking back across my life, and all I've lost or made,
I can't recall a single time when fury ever paid.

So I struggle to be patient, for I've reached a wiser age;
I do not want to do a thing or speak a word in rage.
I have learned by sad experience that when my temper flies
I never do a worthy thing, a decent deed or wise.

—Author Unknown.

A SKETCH OF THE SCHOOLS OF CONCORD

By Mrs. C. L. Smith

During the years of 1875 or 1877 approximately, my aunt, Miss Margaret Bessent, organized a private school in Concord, Cabarrus County, N. C. The building was a small residence situated on North Union street where the homes of Mrs. W. D. Pemberton and Mrs. Walter Ritchie now stand. There were three rooms heated by a large fireplace at the end of one of them, and a platform in the big room where Miss Bessent sat. She could view the entire situation from this vantage point, and I remember the awe with which we smaller children regarded her, though out of school she was "Aunt Maggie" and we loved her dearly. I still have the chair in which she sat, and to me it is worth many times its weight in scrap metal!

We all took our lunches except the Means girls, who lived near enough to go home for lunch. They used to bring their special friends hot sweet potatoes oozing with butter. We had a big playground, and hot games of baseball and hide-and-seek were interrupted only by the school bell.

The attendance increased so in numbers it was decided that only girls could attend, and at the end of the session the boys were notified that they must go elsewhere to pursue their studies. Ed Hill, afterwards a captain in the U. S. Army, was so distressed and loved "Aunt Maggie" so much that he put on one of his sister's (Miss Lalla Hill, now Mrs. C. J. Harris) dresses and presented himself as a pupil. Aunt Maggie's tender heart could not withstand such affection and after that Ed was admitted every day.

"Uncle Peter", the old colored janitor made the fires and cleaned the school house. Every afternoon he promised us a nickel if we would get in the kindling for him. We always carried it in but never got the nickel. He could not read nor write but when asked to put his name on the board, he always made a huge cross mark and broke into a big grin when the children laughed.

The school continued to grow and several new teachers were added. Mrs. Lucy Cole, Miss Josie Hill and Miss Jennie Gibson. Miss Rosa McCorkle from Salisbury, now Mrs. Morrison H. Caldwell, a gifted musician, took charge of the music school, and her endearing personality soon built up a big class. She stayed only a short time before going to take another position in the Concord Female Academy. She was followed by Miss Emma Phifer.

There were a number of schools before my day—Miss Jane Airy's, for instance, whose school was on the lot now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Cannon. The beautiful trees were there shading the little brown house—the only thing citizens of that period could recognize if they could see Concord now. There is a great difference—a wonderful difference in the lot today.

Miss Helen and Lilly Long taught a school in a small building on North

Church street just back of the Community Center building. Another school of the period was "The Academy" on Academy street which got its name from the school. Among its teachers were B. F. Rogers, father of Mrs. Ada Rogers Gorman. The father of Rev. R. S. Arrowood was another teacher in this same school. Many prominent Concordians were among its pupils. The late J. C. Fink won a prize for the best essay just before he entered Trinity College, W. R. Odell, Dave Murr and Mrs. Lou Ross were pupils at this school until it was discontinued. Mr. J. P. Cook followed Mr. Arrowood as teacher.

Miss Mollie Fetzer's private school was on North Spring street where the home of Mr. R. K. Black was located. Mrs. R. S. Harris, mother of Miss Clara Harris and Rose Harris and Mrs. John F. Reed also taught a school on North Spring street. Another prominent teacher of that period was Mr. James R. Ervin, father of Mrs. R. S. Young and Mrs. L. T. Hartsell. Mrs. Virginia Erwin, widowed during the War Between the States, carried on a private elementary school for 40 years at her home on North Union St.

Miss Bettie Craig, of Salisbury, conducted a school on West Corbin Street. Miss Barber taught a private school on North Church Street, and later, in the same house, Mrs. Lucy Cole taught a school for a number of years. In the year of 1891, Miss Emily Carter, of Virginia, had a very successful school in the house where Dr. and Mrs. Houston now reside.

Before the State began the Public School system there was a Concord High School in the old Lutheran church, present site of the Clara Harris school. This school prepared the boys and girls of that period for college. Before that time, in the same building, Dr. Bikle, Mrs. George Means' father held a school for boys and girls. Readin' and writin' and 'rithmetic were certainly taught there to the tune of a hickory stick!

It is inspiring to look backward to that long ago period and find that those who preceded us here were men and women of character and culture, with a fine public spirit and determination to pass on to their followers the best they had gleaned from their day and age.

In the days before the inaguration of the city public schools, Concord's educational facilities were confined to private institutions, foremost among which were the Concord Male Academy, the Concord Female Academy and the Virginia Dare Institute.

These private schools had little equipment compared with that of the modern school but those boys and girls who came within their doors were given a thorough foundation in the three R's and taught advanced courses in the classics and languages. The following article concerning these institutions appeared in the Concord Times in 1899 and was read with interest on the occasion of the city's centennial celebration:

Concord Male Academy

"This school began under the management of J. P. Cook during the fall of 1887. At present it is under the direction of Mr. Cook and B. E. Harris. Mr. Cook is a graduate of N. C. College at Mt. Pleasant. Since graduation his alma mater has conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts. He is at present the County superintendent of public instruction, and is also one of the editors of the

Concord Standard, a weekly paper published here. Mr. Harris is a graduate of Davidson College with a degree of B. A. Mr. Harris is associated with Mr. Cook in the publication of The Standard.

The courses taught at this school embrace the elementary, academic, classical and business branches. The object sought for is systematic, thorough instruction, and much practical work is incorporated with the theoretical work, such as surveying, business methods, etc., and are gone through with the same care as if of actual value. Both these gentlemen are accomplished scholars, strict disciplinarians and proficient instructors.

Virginia Dare Institute

This institution opened August 13, 1888, with Miss Anna R. Neal as principal and Miss Lucy Richmond and Mrs. Virginia Erwin assistants. The school is conducted in a manner highly acceptable to its patrons and to the decided advantage of its pupils. The teachers are ladies who have made teaching a study, and seek to instill the principles of primary and academic knowledge. The discipline is good, and the pupils advance as rapidly as consistent with accurate understanding. The musical department is well looked after. The foundation of good performance is laid in the thoroughness with which the technique is taught. The school is situated on N. Church street. The number of pupils enrolled the past session was 78.

Concord Female Academy

The handsome brick school building, of which a cut is given, was erected by a stock company in 1887 for the purpose of furnishing accomadations for a high grade female academy in Concord. Mr. R. H. Skeen, a teacher of experience took charge and conducted the school most sucessfully one year." It was during his administration that a musical concert was given by Miss Rosa McCorkle, the efficient music teacher. Those on the program were Miss McCorkle, Miss Neal and Prof. Baker of Charlotte and the music pupils of the school. Among the pupils participating were Miss Cora Lentz, Lucy Lore, Estelle Erwin, Jeanette Erwin, Hattie Green, Mary Grace Gibson, Mary Reed, Mary Montgomery, Willie Richmond, Florence Carter, Lalla Hill, Lou Stewart, Lizzie Bost and Ada Craven.

At the close of the concert a medal was presented to the pupil who had made the most progress during the session. There were three contestants for the medal, Lizzie Bost, Florence Carter and Ada Craven, the latter being successful. A medal was also given to Mary Grace Gibsón for efficiency in music. The medals were presented by Dr. C. M. Payne. Prof. Skeen gave to Willie Richmond a beautiful gold medal for "devotion to study".

To fail to mention the other teachers would be an inexcusable omission—Mrs. Virginia Erwin, teacher of the children's department, Miss Neal who assisted Prof. Skeen, and Miss McCorkle also deserve special praise for the way in which they managed their departments.

"The school reopened in August 1888 with Miss Maggie Bessent and Miss Mollie Fetzer in charge as principals. Since the opening of the term two comfortable rooms have been added and are occupied as music practice rooms and art studio. The music rooms are fitted with pianos

of the best manufacture—Chickering and Ivers and Ponds. The music class, twenty-two in number, is under the superior direction of an experienced teacher, Mrs. J. J. Fray, who is developing high musical talent. The art department is in charge of Miss Ella S. Sechrist of Hagerstown, Md. Her department includes a full course in the rudiments of drawing, perspective and landscape painting. Her class is making rapid progress and an appreciation of the beautiful is being cultivated and fostered."

Miss Lina McDonald taught elocution; Rev. Wright G. Campbell, the pastor of St. James Lutheran Church, taught a class in a number of foreign languages.

On the evenings of June 4th and 5th. 1890 the closing exercises of the Concord Female Academy were held in the spacious halls of that building. A large audience was present, and at the bottom of the program distributed, was printed this request:

"We feel it will not be necessary to ask this attentive and cultivated audience assembled here, to maintain the strictest silence during the performance of each number."

The Concord Female Academy could boast a literary department of three divisions—music, art and bookkeeping. This institution was the pride of the town and its high standard of education and culture fully appreciated.

Following is a list of students taught by Rev. R. S. Arrowood, Sr., during the years 1882 and later, at 33 Academy Street:

Charles Alexander
Floyd Alexander
Braxton Archibald
James Alexander Bangle
Charles Bayer
Dee Blackwelder
James Blackwelder
Pink Blackwelder
Charles Blume
James Blume
Luther Blume
Robert Bost
Garah Caldwell
John Caldwell
Morrison H. Caldwell
Paul Caldwell
Robert Cannon
Jay Eugene Cline
Harry P. Deaton
Robert Dove
Thomas Dove
Charles Eagle
Robert Eagle
Samuel Erwin
Arthur Faggart
Charles M. Foil
Albert Gillon
John Gorman
Gus Groner
Orlander Groner
Titus Hartsell
James Hurley
Nat Johnson
Reece Ira Long
John Montgomery
Pink Morrison
John Murr
John K. Patterson
Fred Smith
Joseph Smith
Quint E. Smith
Thomas Smith
Samuel Sloop
William Lewis Sloop
Dreher Slough
Watt Voiles
Pink Wallace
Eugene Winecoff
Jane Winecoff
Laura Winecoff
Thomas Winecoff
O. S. White
John York

Students Attending Prior to 1882:
Maggie Means Allen
James C. Fink
David Murr
Will R. Odell
Talulah Means Ross

Teachers:
Rev. R. S. Arrowood, Sr.
B. Frank Rogers
James P. Cook

QUARTERLY REPORT TO THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

By S. G. Hawfield

I am delighted to have the privilege of submitting to the members of the Board this, my third report. As I begin this report I am moved to express to you my sincerest gratitude for the opportunity and the privilege presented to me at your hands to work here, and also for the kindnesses and encouragement extended to me during the intervening months.

I wish I might have the time to review for you all of the accomplishments which we have made since I came here as Superintendent just a little more than eight months ago. This would require too much time. However, when the activities of all three reports are placed side by side they seem to present a stirring account of an almost unbelieveable number of fine improvements made at this fine Institution. At the beginning, of course it was not possible to vision all the things that needed to be done. The achievements so far have taken place more as the unfolding of a process than anything else. In other words, each improvement made has seemed to suggest the doing of other things. It has sometimes seemed that with the reporting of so many fine accomplishments during a given quarter there might not be much to report next time. However, one is reminded of the necessity of living from day to day with a project, and of being genuinely interested in it, in order to recognize its needs and possibilities. This I have been doing, as best I could.

Spirit of Cooperation

In general the various members of the staff have demonstrated a fine spirit of devotion to their work and willingness to help with the program.

The officers and matrons seem to be delighted with the introduction of radios, Scouting, books, games, etc. In some ways these things have placed new responsibilities upon their shoulders, but I believe these things will vitalize and add zest to their own interests and understanding. Some have had to make new adjustments and no doubt will need to make others.

In arranging to suspend work activities on Saturday afternoons I am hopeful that this will lighten somewhat the feeling of protracted drudgery to a high degree. This is not an excuse to do less work in the week than formerly, but rather it is believed that in the end actually more work will be done. Involved is the fact that the period of relaxation is ahead and also the feeling of appreciation of the officers. The afternoon off will give the officers and matrons an opportunity to live with their boys on picnics, in sports and games, and out in nature's world, rather than always under stress of the usual formal cottage life where there must be quietness for the sake of others.

The Trend of Delinguency in the United States

According to J. Edgar Hoover, FBI Director, more boys eighteen years of age were arrested more frequently

than those of any other age group in the year 1941-42, whereas, during the previous year, age 19 predominated.

Director Hoover attributes much of this increase in crime to boom conditions and war psychology. Many communities have increased in population, and money is flowing freely in war industries, many towns have lost some of their law enforcement personnel while the influx of criminals has added to the problems of some communities.

The fact that age 18 furnishes the largest number of the criminals suggests both the absence of many older criminals and the incitement of the adolescents to leadership, where they would have been followers with the older criminals around.

Edgar Hoover says: "Delinquency is an inexcusable waste of man power during a crisis when every available person is needed for essential service in the nation. Furthermore, the delinquent of today is likely to become the habitual criminal of tomorrow, a human parasite. Crime and delinquency tend to devitalize the nation, therefore groups and individuals engaged in crime-prevention work should not lessen their activities, but rather should redouble their eforts and thus contribute to keeping the nation strong on the home front.

The principal cause of deliquency is in the home life of the child. If parents are irreligious, non-church going, indifferent to the moral training of their children, negligent of patient, loving discipline and control, a child grows up like a noxious weed, ugly, hurtful, dangerous, and disobedient to civil laws.

These children early get out into the streets to play, and make contacts with older children who have already learned the wiles of the lawbreaker. They become destructive to property, indifferent to the rights of others, profane, impudent, pert, surly, deceptive, disrespectful to older people, daring, cruel, immoral, vulgar, vicious, selfish, idle, thieving, and finally join gangs who commit depredations and robberies. This is the main source of delinquency.

The next source of delinquency is found in the contacts of children from better homes with the lower strata of child life in the schools. The children who have been taught associate on the playground, on the streets, in the picture houses, and in the parks with those who come from the careless and unconcerned homes, and on the principle of the rotten apple among the good ones, evil contaminations corrupt good manners. The spirit of adventure often sweeps away good intentions and good training.

Bad literature and lowgrade entertainment are sources of delinquency. Vulgar pictures, insinuating and lustful stories, magazines and papers containing unclean, indecent, obscene, lascivious scenes and descriptions fan the flames of lust and familiarize with vice and violence. They make sin attractive and alluring, and stimulate to action and wrong.

In these things we find the seeds of knavery, deception, dishonesty, lies, treachery, rascality, crookedness, and finally murder, arson and robbery. What we need to do it to nip these things in the bud."

A. Some Outstanding Accomplishments During This Quarter.

1—Radios placed in Boys' Sitting Room of each cottage.

2—Boy Scout Troop organized and making excellent progress.

3—Communication to staff Members on Training and Discipline.

4—Dairy herd treated for Mastitis by Dr. D. C. Beard, local Veterinarian.

5—Educational Achievement Tests administered to all boys for study and re-appraisal of grade placements.

6—Special Educational Committee appointed by Dr. Clyde A. Erwin to evaluate the academic school and all related educational activities.

7—Sawmill placed on Jackson Training School grounds to get lumber for school needs; 43,600 feet sawed.

8—Band progress has been very excellent.

9—Pajamas secured for all boys—two pairs for each boy.

10—Rationing program inaugurated at the School.

B. Improvement of Cottage Life for Boys.

1—Instruction to Officers and Matrons to plan meaningful and worthwhile experiences within the cottages as a substitute for idleness under repression.

2—Library books being used and circulating from cottage to cottage.

3—Two additional tables, made by boys in carpenter shop, placed in boys' sitting room of all cottages.

4—Radios also placed in boys' sitting room of all cottages.

5—Plans being made to repaint all cottage basements before June 30, 1943.

C. Academic School Activities.

1—Use of library periods making valuable contribution to school program.

2—Educational Achievement Tests administered to all boys.

3—Committee appointed to evaluate the school and plan the related activities.

4—Additional new books added to library, now have over 1,800 books well suited to the need of the boys here.

5—Five beautiful pictures placed in the library.

D. Band Progress.

1—The band, organized late in November, continues to make excellent progress.

2—Now furnishing regularly selections at the Sunday afternoon services.

3—Have furnished some special selections at the Concord Rotary Club as part of Public Relations Program.

4—During the summer, Mr. Ralph Brausa, the Director, plans to double his time at the School working on the band and directing a choral club.

5—Governor Broughton, on March 22nd, very thoughtfully sent the band boys the orchestration of "The Old North State." This came through the Governor as a courtesy of Hon. Alexander B. Andrews of Raleigh, a loyal friend of the Institution.

E. Farm And Garden Activities;

a—Orchards pruned and sprayed.

b—Vineyard pruned and enlarged.

c—Young apple orchard reset.

d—New cherry orchard set out.

e—Dewberries replanted, pruned and cultivated.

f—Spring gardens planted, beets, radishes, mustard, carrots, sugar peas, cabbage, lettuce, lima beans, snap beans, sweet corn, cucumber, squash and spinach.

g—Vegetable seed beds planted—cabbage, tomatoes, onions, lettuce, peppers.

h—Strawberries replanted.

i—Fifty bags of Irish potatoes planted.

j—Lespedeza seed sowed in grain and pasturage.

k—Grain fertilized.

l—Sold fifteen tons of hay and have a surplus to carry over or sell.

m—Supply of oats and corn on hand to last until the new crop.

n—Have supply of soy beans for enlarged planting program and for selling.

o—Spring plowing and discing is progressing nicely.

p—Plant rooting-bed to enlarge School nursery.

F. Repairs to Buildings and Equipment.

1—New stock room built in basement of school building.

2—Garages being erected to replace delapidated car sheds.

3—Additional interior cottage painting done.

4—Three new lot fences built at dairy barn for calves and bulls and also another fence at the horse barn.

5—Farm machinery and trucks kept in good repair.

G. Miscellaneous Activities.

1—One thousand young chicks purchased.

2—Work activities suspended on Saturday afternoons in favor of games, special cleaning projects, hikes, and other recreational activities.

3—Grounds in front of Trades Building planted in flowers and shrubs.

4—Crepe myrtle and other shrubbery on grounds pruned and reset.

5—Family vegetable gardens to replace flower gardens being encouraged.

6—Eighteen members of School Staff completed Instructor's Course in First Aid, and one the Standard Course and one the Water Safety Course.

7—Held two meetings of Matrons to plan menus in terms of rationing requirements.

8—Runaways have dropped off to a marked degree.

9—Plan to purchase additional young cattle to add to beef herd.

10—The enrollment has increased from about 318 to 341.

———:———

Every piece of work which is not as good as you can make it, in which you have palmed off imperfect, meagerly thought, niggardly in execution, upon mankind, every hasty or slovenly performance should rise up against you in the court of your own heart and condemn you for a thief.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

REMINISCENCES

By D. W. Harmon

Raleigh to me has always been a most interesting city, and I have many fond memories in connection with my visits there.

I have called upon all the Governors of our State since the time of Zebulon B. Vance to the present time, omitting only one—Daniel Russell. And the reason I did not visit him was because he beat my fellow-townsman,Cyrus B. Watson, for the Gov-
man, Cyrus B. Watson, for the Gov-

I love to walk through the capitol grounds and gaze upon the bronze statue of Zebulon Baird Vance. He is the greatest man this state has ever produced. I had the pleasure of riding with him from Asheville to Topton , where E. W. Smith and I were resident engineers on the construction of the railroad to Murphy. I never grew weary of listening to him talk, and I consider him one of the most entertaining conversationalists I have ever seen.

I also honor Raleigh because it was the home of Col. A. B. Andrews; that wonderful pioneer and railroad builder, who can never receive too much honor for his wonderful achievements in helping in the development of our great state. He gave me my first job in railroad work, sending me a pass to join L. Hankin's Engineering Corps, camped in Clement Grove, Mocksville. Their work was to survey and construct the line from Mocksville to connect with the line from Salisbury to Asheville. This connection is now known as Barber's Junction. When this survey was completed, I was made assistant resident engineer to E. W. Smith on the Murphy branch of the railroad. While engaged in this work, Colonel Andrews instructed us to survey and map a town which the people wanted to name Andrews. The locationn was an old field, covered with sedge grass and prospectors' holes made by digging for gold. Colonel Andrews gave Smith and me each a check for $50, and also a town lot. I have not visited the place since that time. I am told that Colonel Andrews' son is mayor of Raleigh.

Another reason why I have always been interested in Raleigh is because it is the home of the illustrious Josephus Daniels. He prohibited the use of strong drink by officers and men while they were on duty in our navy. I shall never forget the Democratic National Couvention at Baltiorme. I was not a delegate but I decided to attend. My cousin, Judson Harmon, former Governor of Ohio, was Attorney General of the United States at the time the convention in Baltimore was held. He was present and took part in the proceedings of the convention.

The sessions of the convention were to be held in the armory. Upon arriving in Baltimore, I found tickets, of admission were selling on the streets for twenty dollars. At the opening session of the convention, I approached an officer guarding one af the entrances to the convention hall. I explained to him that I had come a long way and particularly wanted to attend the opening session. He said: "two dollars, please!"

I paid him, and he ushered me in. I heard Rabbi Wise open the meeting with prayer.

When the Winston-Salem delegates saw me walking in, they were greatly surprised. They were very kind to me, offering to share their tickets of admission with me. Governor Glenn said he would atteud one session, and then I could take his ticket and use it for the next session.

I rode a few times from the armory to the hotel with the Hon. Claude Kitchin. Truly he would have made a great President.

Upon examination of the hotel register, I found that Josephus Daniels also was stopping there. I called at his room and was informed that he was taking a bath and could not see him. However, I was requested to send in my card. In a few minutes his secretary returned with a booklet of engraved tickets for every session of the convention. I kept one ticket as a souvenir, and still have it.

It was during the time of this convention that the name of the Hon. Champ Clark, of Missouri, was very prominently mentioned. At one of the night sessions, the doors at each end of the convention hall were opened, and a group of men marched in, each of them leading a hound-dog and chanting: "You can't kick my hound-dog around." But fate was against Champ Clark, and finally Woodrow Wilson was nominated and was duly elected President. During my leisurely world tour, I learned that his name is held in the highest reverence and esteem by the people of many countries.

Yes; Raleigh to me is a wonderful city, and now that I am advanced in years, its associations become all the more endearing to me. As every school-child knows, it was named for Sir Walter Raleigh, who was imprisoned in London and later executed. I have visited his prison cell in London Tower, and while there I could not help but wonder what his thoughts must be as he gazes down upon the progressive capital of our state which bears his name. Truly he must realize that he did not live in vain.

I have seen North Carolina pass through various stages of progress, and march through them triumphantly.. To my way of thinking, the greatest progress has been in transportation, education and industry. For generations the western part of our state was extremely isolated, but thanks to the foresight and ability of men like Colonel A. B. Andrews and others, this isolation no longer exists, and we can now travel rapidly and in comfort from one part of North Carolina to another. He was indeed a man of vision. While those of us who worked with him could only see the present, the Colonel looked far into the future, and I am sure that he had a fairly accurate idea of what North Carolina would be in the years to come. I would like to see the town of Andrews again and compare it with what it was when we were making the survey through that section. I have been told it is a very pleasant and progressive village. It was after the building of the railroad through the mountains that western North Carolina really began to make such wonderful progress.

HEARD AROUND THE EARTH

By Elmer Schultz Gerhard

By this time virtually everybody should know, and very likely does know, the "Star Spangled Banner"; even if it is only the first stanza, which unfortunately, is often all the average American knows by heart of many songs and hymns. It is heard time and again over the radio and otherwise every day. Some people know the author of the song; fewer people know the detailed and untoward circumstances under which it was written; and still fewer people know that the author was also a writer of poems and hymns.

Francis Scott Key, the son of a Revolutionary officer, was born in Frederick County, Maryland, 1780. He was graduated from St. John's College, Annapolis, and at once entered upon his life career as a lawyer in Frederick, Md., in 1801. At the outbreak of the War of 1812 he lived in Washington, where he became District Attorney of the District of Columbia. He was one of the leaders of the American Bar.

The young man's life ever kept on the even tenor of its way, which was one of tranquility, happiness and domestic felicity. He was a devout and exemplary man of a warmly religious nature. In 1814 he thought seriously of entering the clergy. And yet it was destined that this little known—outside of his profession—and unobtrusive man, noted for his gentleness and constancy, should leave behind him a priceless legacy to all people everywhere who would break the fetters of tyranny and enslavement. Yet even as late as 1912 a writer of songs and hymns states that the authorship of the song is unknown and that Key composed the music! He had better reverse the statement. Key is remembered solely for the National Anthem. It is only on rare occasions in the field of letters that a man's immortality rests on a single effort.

Chance played but a small part in the conception and composition of this song. Minerva, it is said, sprang in full form from the brain of Jupiter. So this song sprang from one of those rare but glorious inspirations which come to an author unbidden and unheralded. One might think the occasion had been created for this very purpose. It is virtually in vain that one looks for a song born amid such surroundings. It was the very child of battle; in fact, it was rocked in the deep roar of cannon, and its coming was heralded by shot and shell. From such a baptism of fire it may today be verily looked upon as the "Gloria in Excelsis of Freedom."

It all happened during the darkest days of the War of 1812. The British army invaded Washington and burned the Capitol, while an English squadron held undisputed control of Chesapeake Bay. The officers of the invading army made their headquarters with Dr. William Beanes, a planter and prominent citizen of Maryland. They subsequently charged him with some petty offense, real or visionary, and carried him off a prisoner. This man was a personal friend of Key's; so when he heard of this unwaranted

performance, he determined to secure his friend's release. To this end he obtained permission from President Madison to go to the British Admiral under a flag of truce. The President aided him by ordering a vessel, a cartelship, and Col. John Skinner, agent for the exchange of prisoners, to be placed at Key's service. These men went down the Bay from Baltimore to the mouth of the Potomac River where the British fleet was lying.

They were courteously received by the British officer Ross, who consented to the release of Dr. Beanes; but as an attack was about to be made on Baltimore, the party would have to be detained during the engagement. Thereupon Key and the officer who accompanied him were transferred to the frigate "Surprise." But they were soon returned under guard of British soldiers to their own vessel, from which they witnessed the bombardment of Fort McHenry.

Owing to their position, they could very distinctly see the flag over the fort by the glare of battle. They stayed on the deck the whole night and watched every shell from the moment it was fired until it fell. All the while they were watching anxiously to see which colors floated over the ramparts. Every maneuver during the engagement finds particular expression in this patriotic song. With "the dawn's early light" they caught sight of "the broad stripes and bright stars." Key was all aglow with fervor and burst into exaltation—"O say, can you see," etc. His feelings found expression in lines of verse which he jotted down on the back of a letter which he happened to have with him. He finished the composition roughly on the boat and wrote out a clear copy after he returned to Baltimore.

"The Star Spangled Banner" is Francis Scott Key's imperishable monument, but it is not hewn out of stone or marble; it is engraved upon the hearts of a grateful and freedom-loving people. Generations, present and future, will little note or remember what else he wrote, for it is all overshadowed by this patriotic song. It may surprise many people to be informed that he also wrote poetry, a collection of which was published in 1857 with an introduction by his brother-in-law, Roger B. Taney, once a Chief Justice. He never—either before or after writing this song—took his muse seriously; and so the quality of his verse may be a little mediocre, probably lacking somewhat the divine afflatus. His poems are respectable in meter but rather slight of consequence. Nevertheless the author seems to have possessed poetical gift which enabled him to burst forth in rhapsodical utterance when he wrote the National Anthem. It is easily read than sung, paticularly to the tune to which it is sung at the present time.

That he was also a hymn writer may not be quite so surprising, for some of his hymns are found in church hymnals. The most popular one seems to be, "Before the Lord We Bow." It is a national thanksgiving hymn written in 1832 and, according to all accounts, for the Fourth of July celebration of that year. It is used both in Great Britain and in America. "If Life's Pleasure Cheer Thee," appeared in the Christian Lyre, 1830. "Lord, With Glowing Heart I'll Praise Thee," was publish-

ed in Dr. William A. Muhlenberg's Church Poetry in 1823; it appeared in the Prayer-Book Collection in 1826; it was altered as "Lord, With Fervor I Would Praise Thee," in the Unitarian Hymns, Boston, 1853. In the Oberlin, Ohio, Manual of Praise, 1880. it begins with the second stanza, "Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee." A few others, not so well known, are: "My God! My Father! May I Dare," and "When Troubles, Wave on Wave, Assailed."

Lyra Sacra Americana, by Charles Dexter Cleveland, 1868, contains six of Key's seven (?) hymns. The Common Service Book with Hymnal contains his best hymns: "Before the Lord We Bow," and "Lord, With Glowing Heart I'll Praise Thee."

Francis Scott Key died January 11, 1843, but the national anthem that made him famous is still heard from shore to shore.

———:———

The fire you kindle for your enemy often burns yourself more than him.—Chinese Proverb.

———:———

"BILLY THE LIZARD"

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

That eccentric, interesting, and most useful Englishman, G. A. Studdert Kennnedy, who in the war of 1914-18 did so mlch to build morale and help the British "Tommies," had a story about Billy, the Lizard. When people came to his study and revealed to him the inner tragedies of their lives, he said that frequently they reminded him of Billy.

Billy was a chameleon which an explorer brought back from abroad to England. The chameleon took the color of the material upon which it was placed. The owner exhabited it to members of his household, and then one day went away, leaving it in the care of the butler who had affectionately named it "Billy the Lizard."

After a time the explorer came home, and his first question was "well, John, and how is the lizard?"

The butler downcast and serious replied, "well, you see, Sir, it was this way. He had a few of the villagers up to look at him, and we put him on some red flannel and he turned red all right; and then we put him on some green baize, and he turned green as Ireland; and then some silly ass put him on a patchwork quilt—and poor old Billy bust."

There are too many "poor old Billies" in our world who are trying to adapt themselves to the bewildering complex patchwork of rapidly changing opinions, and they can't maneuver fast enough to keep up so there is nothing left but to "bust."

There is today a wave of juvenile delinquency. At last it has become so bad that we are waking up to the

danger. Why win a war abroad to turn the victory over to a new crop of young criminals at home? But is there any wonder that our young people are "busting" on the crazy patchwork quilt of our contemporary moral standards? Some have said that the Ten Commandments were out-of-date; others have said that the "mores" of one generation should change from that of another; others have had so no moral convictions at all. In the field of morals. Whirl was enthorned as king. The elders prepared the patchwork of morals for the youngsters and on its crazy pattern their children have had had no more chance than Billy the Lizard.

We need to rediscover that:

"The ten commandments do not budge,
And stealing still remaineth stealing."

We have made a patchwork out of our idea of religion. There was one religious way of acting on Sunday and another on Monday. A man could worship God on Sunday and be as pious as a saint. The same man on Monday and Tuesday could scheme, cheat, and do as he pleased. Life was divided up in the thinking of many into compartments. God was invited in at certain places—to save us from hell and to get us to heaven, to help us when we get in trouble, and to be kind of a Santa Claus for our desires. Over other departments of life we put the slgn up: "God stay out"—"Stay out of my business, stay out of my social life, and stay out of my politics. Religion is good in its place, but let it stay in its place."

It turned life into a crazy patchwork and our sons and daughters are breaking to pieces upon the bizzare conduct and example of their elders.

Americans today must rediscover moral conviction; they must put consistency into conduct; they must bring order out of confusion. We need a sane moral foundation upon which youth may stand.

Honor and truth and manhood
These are the things that stand
And a truth that has lasted a million years,
Is good for a million more."

To be popular at home is a great achievement. The man who is loved by the house cat, by the dog, by the neighbor's children, and by his own wife, is a great man, even if he has never had his name in "Who's Who."—Thomas Dreier.

INSTITUTION NOTES

"North to the Klondike" was the chief attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night. A comedy, "What's Cookin'?" was shown at the same time. Both are Universal productions.

—:—

William Hill and Merritt Gibson, two of our old boys, spent a few days at the School this week. Both lads are in the United States Army. William is atationed at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, and has attained the rank of sergeant, and Merritt is located at Camp Croft, near Spartanburg, South Carolina. Both lads say they are well pleased with Army life and are getting along well.

—:—

The School recently purchased ten young Hereford cows to be added to our herd of beef cattle. One was butchered last week, and the meat thus obtained was a most welcome addition to the Sunday menu. It was of excellent quality and was thoroughly enjoyed by the entire personnel of the School.

—:—

Now that the weather has become more favorable there is much activity on the School's farm. We noticed one group engaged in preparing the soil; another was planting corn and cotton; while still another was taking care of the vegetables.

—:—

After receiving treatment at the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, W. C. Whitehurst, of Cottage No. 7 and William Lewis, of Cottage No. 4, were returned to the School, last Saturday. Both boys were placed in our infirmary, where they are recuperating nicely.

—:—

Some of the members of our outside forces have been spending several days setting fence posts and building a fence around a portion of the area on the east side of the highway. This will give us some additional pasture land for our growing herd of cattle.

—:—

Reports have come to this office that we may expect a considerable increase in the number of chickens raised at the School this year. At present there are about 1,500 baby chicks being cared for in the brooder houses, and we are told they are well on the way to maturity. Right now there come visions of fried chicken dinners in the future.

—:—

Mr. Wyatt and his machine shop boys have built a greasing rack in the rear of the Trades Building. A pit was dug, into which was built a concrete floor, over which was erected the rack. One may now drive a car upon the rack, and work underneath it in a standing position. This is a great improvement over the rack formerly used.

—:—

The United States Navy now has another sailor on its roster who enlisted directly from the Training School Campus. Last week Julius D. Smith, of Cottage No. 15, went to Charlotte for examination, and shortly thereafter was sent to Raleigh for a final check-up. Having successfully passed his physical and other re-

quired examinations, J. D. was sent to Bainbridge, Maryland, for basic training.

J. D. came to the School from Sylva, N. C., June 2, and was selected as house boy in Cottage No. 15, where he made a fine record during his stay with us. The Navy recruiting officers were very much impressed with the boy's appearance, and expressed their belief that he was a fine prospect, both mentally and physically.

—:—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, came to the School last Sunday afternoon, and, as has been his custom for many years, brought with him a fine speaker for the afternoon service, in the person of Judge William H. Bobbitt, of the North Carolina Superior Court. Following the singing of the opening hymn, Superintendent Hawfield introduced Judge Bobbitt, who then read the story of the Child Jesus in the temple with the learned men, as found in Luke 2:42-52.

At the beginning of his remarks, Judge Bobbitt told the boys that he was not going to try to preach a sermon, but that he did want to call to their attention the 52nd verse: "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man."

This verse, said the speaker, tells us of the youth and early boyhood of Jesus, but from that time until he began his ministry, probably at the age of thirty, we know very little. We know much of the wonderful incidents on the night of his birth. In the account just read, we learn of him as a child, but from the time he was twelve years old until his active ministry, the record is silent. What happened during those years is summed up in this one verse: "Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man."

Judge Bobbitt then stated that if a boy, as he grows into manhood, increases in body, wisdom and in favor with God and his fellowmen, he has accomplished the very finest in development of life and personality. He added that while he was speaking to a large group of boys, if what he had to say might help just one boy to grow into a finer man, he would feel that he had been amply repaid.

The speaker then told the following story: Up in New York State, there lived in a small town a boy named Marcy. He attended a school in Massachusetts near the state line. Marcy was definitely one of the meanest boys in the village. He and some other boys made life miserable for their school teachers, and finally succeeded in running them out of town. A new teacher came to the school. His name was Towne, and the people all wondered how he and Marcy would get along.

Judge Bobbitt then said that he would pass over about forty years from this point of the story. He then took it up, telling of a great gathering of people on a festive occasion. William Marcy was then an ex-governor of New York; an ex-judge of the New York Supreme Court; and was then United States Senator from that state. This gathering was in his honor, and he was on the platform seated near the governor and many other state and national notables.

During the ceremonies a very old man came to the platform. Marcy met him, grasped his hand as he welcomed him, and as he introduced him to the governor he said: "Here is

my old teacher. He is the man to whom I owe everything. At a time when everyone else thought I was all bad, he saw the good in me and drew it out. He caused the good to overcome the bad. I am proud to welcome him here today."

In commenting on this event, Judge Bobbitt said that it is a great privilege to be a teacher, and also a great privilege to be under the inspiration of a great teacher.

The speaker then told the boys that the State of North Carolina had confidence that there is a lot of good in each boy at Jackson Training School. The Christian church and those who believe in our democratic form of government both believe there is some good in every person. He added that there were boys before him at the moment who at some future time would become leaders in their respective communities, and who would some day occupy high places in the social and business life of the great state of North Carolina. There is no job, said he, beyond the reach of the boy who qualifies himself for that opportunity. He urged them to get into their minds that this is the most important time of life, adding that as men they would be the same kind of men as they are boys today. Every day is a trial. Sometimes we fail, and sometimes we win. We should always keep on trying to do our level best, no matter how difficult our paths may be. Asking the boys to turn their thoughts to the type of men they wanted to be, the speaker told them that the one who achieves success sooner is the one who is quick to make up his mind what to do—and then does it.

As Judge Bobbitt spoke of the types of men who appear before him daily, charged with committing all sorts of crimes, he stated that just one thought kept surging through his mind—the kind of men these fellows would have been if at an early period in their lives, someone had helped them set their feet upon the right track.

We all make mistakes, continued the speaker. Even the disciples of Jesus Christ were not exempt. Judas betrayed him and Peter denied him, but those who continued steadfast in their chief purpose, eventually became of vast importance in carrying the Master's teachings to all nations. No man can lift himself up by his own boot-straps, and none of us have minds great enough to meet all the problems of life. But we can all link ourselves up with the eternal God, and through Him, we can reach the highest goals. Great men in history have been those who have had faith in God. Washington, Lincoln, Lee, and Jackson, together with thousands of others, were in close touch with God—and carried on to success.

Judge Bobbitt then told his listeners that the thing most necessary in their development was that they prepare themselves in hand, head and heart to meet all of life's issues. Through clean habits we build up strong bodies; by hard study we train our minds; and by paying heed to the teachings of Christ, our hearts are made right.

In conclusion, the speaker told the boys that our great state and nation needs strong men, and that the way to reach that goal was for them to give attention to the better things of life as boys. There is no height to which a boy cannot rise, but the only

way in which he can climb to the top, is by striving to follow in the footsteps of those who have gone before, traveling in the way the Master taught. When we get boys and men right in body, mind and spirit, then the whole world will be right. That is the only way by which we can overcome the chaotic conditions of the world today, and live at peace with all men.

———:———

THE TROUBLE MAKER

Said Old Man Trouble with a chuckle
"Let our selfish thoughts all cease"
If at home we must fuss and fight
Let us wait till we're at peace.

"We are at war, and it's a real one
If you've really got to scrap
Do not quarrel with your neighbor
Just go out and find a Jap."

"All our energy is needed
Every bit of sense we've got
Every second is most precious
Time means T. N. T. and shot."

"Till Hitler cries, "That's all she wrote"
And dreams of world-wide conquest shelves
Let's fight for Democratic Peace
And not at home among ourselves."

You may not like your ration card
You may not like your job or boss
Just remember that our boys are dying
To get the Cause of Freedom across."

'They're praying for guns, and ships, and planes
To put the Nazis on the run
So if you insist on making trouble
You're only helping the Jap and Hun."

"We cannot afford to be trouble makers
When the Dove of Peace is not even in sight
Let us be resolved to do our duty
By buckling down to our nation's fight!"

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 25, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Raymond Davis
Donald Jolly
Ira Montgomery
Richard Sheehan
Lee St. Clair
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Richard Billings
Donald Carland
Jack Harmon
Leonard Robinson
David Swink

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Paul Childers
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Burlin Edmondson
Arthur Ingle
Samuel Pritchett

COTTAGE NO. 4

Eugene Ballew
Jack Bright
Elbert Brown
James Burr
William Davis
William Deaton
Clyde Godfrey
William Lanning
William Lewis
Roy Patton
Robert Sprinkle
Roy Swink
Walter Thomas
Lee Turner
Edward Van Hoy
Eugene Watts
George Ward

COTTAGE NO. 5

Harold Cruse
Eugene Kerman
Hoyt Newell
Leroy Pruitt
Eugene Stubbs
Willford Seegers
Eldred Watts

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Robert Jarvis
Chester Lee
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean

COTTAGE NO. 7

Charles Edwards
Donald Grimstead
Amos Myers
Jerry Ray
Milton Talley
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Bennett
John Franks
Homer Johnson
Charles Tate
Eugene White

COTTAGE NO. 9

Cecil Caldwell
Riley Denny
Eugene Dyson
Fred Grimstead
Edward Guffey
J. C. Jarvis
Isaac Mahaffey
Charles McClenney
Troy Paris
Milford Ward
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

Fred Carswell
Brown Harris
Edward Loftin
Rufus Massingill
Clifford Spriggs
Joseph Willis
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Robert Goldsmith

William Guffey
Orin Helms
John Moffitt
Clyde Rhodes
Everett Stamey
Fred Stewart

COTTAGE NO. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13
Thurman Daniels
Donald Hobbs
Robert Hobbs
Richard Kye
Banks McKnight
Dillard Shelton

COTTAGE NO. 14
Vernon Harding
Robert Holbert
Edward Kinion
William E. Lanford
James Linebarrier
Charles Pitman
John Pritchard
Alvis Watkins

COTTAGE NO. 15
Harold Blankenship
Charles Lanford
Lawton McDowell
William Willis
Leroy Willetts
John Watts

INDIAN COTTAGE
Raymond Brooks
Peter Chavis
Paul Deal
Marshall Hunt
James Lochlear
Charles Pearson
Donald Sides

INFIRMARY
Thomas Brannon
Newman Tate

A PRAYER

I stood at my window and gazed in the night;
The moonlight shown down with silvery light.
The clouds were so fleecy they seemed to me new
As they floated like dream-boats, high up in the blue.
And I thought of those others to whom moonlight means
The hurtling of bombs; and the shrill sirens' screams.
And there by my window I breathed a small prayer:
"O God, in thy mercy those innocents spare—
O hasten the day when the war cries shall cease;
And the moon look once more on the nations at peace.

—By Lois S. Slocum.

MAY 10 1943
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., MAY 8, 1943 No. 19

(Orange County)
(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

HIS GREATEST DEED

The Lord above, gave us His love,
His gifts are rich and rare;
And everyone, beneath the sun,
Is free to earn a share.
He built mountains high, also the sky,
He made the flowers, too;
He gave His Son's life, to ease our strife,
And to spread His works anew.
He has been kind, His all-seeing mind,
Has helped each race and creed;
All His acts are divine, but, Mother O'Mine,
Your creation was his greatest deed.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
MOTHERHOOD	(Charlotte Observer)	8
MOTHER'S THANKS	By Alma Hantel Arnold	10
CHRIST'S MOTHER AND MINE	By Amos John Traver	13
HENRY CHURCHHILL DEMILLE	By Pauline Worthy	15
THE AMERICAN FLAG	By W. B. Wheaton	17
CHERRY'S BAND	By H. C. Cranford	18
ATTRACTING BIRDS TO OUR GARDENS	By Janie A. Patterson Wagoner	21
MOTIVES	By Richard L. Evans	22
INSTITUTION NOTES		23
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THERE STILL ARE MOTHERS

What else be lost along the way
There still are Christian mothers in all lands,
And now we pause to honor them today:
These queens who have no scepters in their hands,
And yet who reign upon a firmer throne
Than any that the earth has ever known.

Rulers of life itself, with love as pure
And true and selfless as the old earth knows,
Their trust in God, unshakable and sure,
Their faith implanted in their children, grows
Into a living, shining thing,
That through great stress can know no conquering.

There still are mothers who will ever hold
The old sweet ways of truth and righteousness
Before their children's eyes; who long have told
Christ's teachings to their young to heal and bless.
Thank God for any mother, anywhere,
Who lives and serves, and finds her strength in prayer.

—Grace Noll Crowell.

———:———

THE IDEAL MOTHER

The Whistler Mother, an outstanding piece of art, picturing the mother of yesteryear, brings to mind the symbolic mother those of us of more mature years remember. Yes, she was found in the home, constant and true to the cause entrusted to her care. In her overtime of household activities she taught order, care, patience and regard for the rights of others. After the arduous duties of the home were disposed of, she took her usual seat by the fireside or by the window, basking in the beams of sunshine, engaging the

attention of the children with stories of her childhood days or reading stories filled with high ideals.

The symbol of motherhood depicted by Whistler was that of simplicity, humility and sweetness which gave to the world of this present era courageous men and women who stand firmly for the basic principles taught and practiced by the sweet-faced mother of old. The glamour of styles or a high social position did not entice her. In plain English, her home was her castle and her children were her jewels. The old-time mother was not a model of the latest style in dress, but she reflected earnestness and calmness in her everyday life. She had as her goal the building of strong character—mentally, physically and spiritually. The picture of the mother of the past years is strikingly different from the mother of today, but we should remember that conditions have changed our way of living.

* * * * * * * *

HONORING MOTHERS

The Baptist Hospital, Winston-Salem, adopted about twelve years ago, a fine method to honor mother on Mothers' Day. The plan is simple, but it carries an appeal and is far-reaching, because the members of all Baptist churches in the state are assigned envelopes and are asked for contributions to be made for the indigent cases which require hospital care. The contributions to this most worthy cause are sent to "Charity and Children," Thomasville, prior to turning over the funds to the Baptist Hospital. This manner of honoring mother, at the same time emphasizing Mothers' Day, is most appropriate. It reflects the tenderness of all loving mothers who have from the Resurrection Morning been the first and the last to minister to the cause of suffering humanity.

It matters not who conceived this plan of raising funds for the hospitalization of the needy, it was born in the mind and heart of one who had a surplus of the milk of human kindness. There is honor for all who participate, no matter how small their contribution may be, in this noble project which signifies love for the unfortunate. We give publicity to this movement sponsored by the Baptist Hospital on account of the human interest involved, feeling it will inspire

others to act likewise. It takes the three elements—Faith, Hope and Charity (or Love) to soften and sweeten our lives before good fruit is borne.

* * * * * * * *

A LETTER FROM SON TO PARENTS

While the following letter is addressed to both Mother and Dad, we feel that it is most appropriate to publish it at this time, because we know mother has always been the "power behind the throne" in all well regulated homes:

Dearest Parents:

I only wish I could be with you both, in the folds of your great love, Mother and Daddy, on this Mother's Day.

Since I can't be with you, dear ones, it is hard to try to write just how I feel, so may I just reminisce? Many wonderful years have I spent, years with you as my guiding light, with all thanks given to a gracious God for His many blessings, the greatest of which are two of the most wonderful parents any boy could ever hope to have. I would not trade all the money in the entire world for the happiness we three—father, mother and son—have had.

Now I find myself growing up. You know I'm not the child I was a few years ago. Problems I must face and solve, serious problems. Perhaps I'm still too young to be so serious, but world conditions have forced it upon me. As to all this thing called war, it happens that even though I scoff at a patriotic show, so to speak, we face a situation such as the world has never known, and whether we or our barbarous enemies remain on God's side, I feel very keenly about it all. Yes, I want to do my small part to rid the world of dictators and their mighty influences, for when I come back—and I shall—I should hate to say in later life, I sat idly by.

What is best for me to do, I do not know. I am only doing as I, in my bewildered mind, think best. Sometime soon I shall be in the armed service doing my part, even though you, Mother and Daddy, still feel that I am only a child, yet I am a grown young man equipped with an average mind, and a body physically sound, as well as other things that only He could bestow. Thank God for such wonderful parents—pals—and thank God, too, that deep down under I realize all this. I know of your love for me, and I love, yes, worship you. God grant that I'll never do one thing to hurt you or mar our love and devotion.

I know you both, Mother and Dad, have worried lots about me, my education, my life's work, and this war, but let me assure you, you've nothing to worry about. Please realize your son's love for you, his faith and trust in you, and trust him as he trusts you and God. I had rather die than hurt you. You've a right to expect great things of me, and I live for the time when I can fulfill that expectation—when you can be as proud of me as I am of you. Concerning expectations, desires, and love, you have more than fulfilled them, and some day I shall succeed for you.

"As but a man's look should far exceed his grasp, or what's a Heaven for!"

All the love in this world from your son, who thinks of you constantly as his very guiding light.

In humble devotion,

Your loving son.

• • • • • • • • •

BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF FOOD VALUES

There have been radical changes in the method of housekeeping since the point system has been adopted throughout the land. The entire plan has made women of all classes realize that in the past they have been extravagant in every way. The custom as to our way of living runs true to a time-worn expression—"things which come easy, go easy." We need not be stingy to live well, but we do need to practice economy. The most economical method, and the one that satisfies the appetite is to purchase only nourishing food. There still prevails in some sections the mistaken idea that it is the bulk of food and not the quality that gives to the body the right vitamins and calories. We once heard a young housewife say to her maid who was too fat to feel good: "Cora, you do not stick to a real balanced diet; you are too heavy on your feet," and on and on went the conversation. Finally the maid replied with all the assurance of her class: "Well, Miss Allie, I'se full, ain't I, and what more do I want?" The argument was of no avail. The same conditions prevail in many homes all over the country today. However, we believe the after-effects of conditions today will have a beneficial effect upon methods practiced by those who will look after the culinary department of homes in the future. Hereafter the question

will not be how much we can eat, but more attention will be paid to the qualities which include the vitalizing elements that build strong bodies.

* * * * * * * *

There is a familiar poem which tells of a town built on the side of a high cliff. So many people fell over the side of the unguarded cliff that the kind-hearted people of the community raised a fund to purchase an ambulance to keep down in the valley, so that as soon as anyone fell over the cliff, he might be picked up and rushed to the hospital. Someone remarked that it seemed like a foolish idea to spend money on an ambulance when it would be so much better to build a fence around the cliff, and thus prevent the accidents. But the simple-minded people of the village would listen to no such proposal. They preferred to save the injured rather than to prevent injuries.

How foolish, we say. Yet, do we find ourselves in the same ridiculous condition in this country? There are many who advocate using all our energies to rescue the perishing, to throw out the lifeline to the dying, but who turn not their hand to eradicate the evils that cause the wreckage, to make it more difficult for men to fall over the cliffs. It's a fine thing to snatch brands from the burning, but it's a finer thing to keep them from falling into the fire. If we had more fences, there would be less need for ambulances.—J. Britain Winter.

MOTHERHOOD

(The Charlotte Observer)

"Children are what their mothers are."

The observance of Mother's Day is an occasion for sentiment.

And such it should pre-eminently be.

The very name of MOTHER strikes deeply within the interiors of life.

It inspires lofty and uplifting thought; it awakens tender and cherishable memories.

Man rarely becomes so much of a beast that this name fails to fan into flame whatever spark of nobility remains within him.

Nor does he ever rise to such heights of glory and power and wealth and fame that he forgets to trace the awards he has won back to the influence and inspiration of Mother.

Wherever Motherhood has made itself worthy of all the gentle and mellowing emotions of which the human spirit is capable, instinctively it draws out the finer affections of the heart of man.

As another Mother's Day is, therefore, upon us, we greet it with the adoration which is its due and stand uncovered in the presence of all that it is meant to represent and to convey to us.

In eloquent but mute testimony of the thoughts and appreciations that will race out to Mothers today, the roses will be worn—the red for the living and the white for those who have been gathered within the veil!

And with prayers more widely silent than articulate, God will be thanked for His supreme human gift to the sons of flesh and blood.

This reverential approach to the day and to the Motherhood of America will, however, lose much of its deeper and more important meaning if with it comes only the rapture that vanishes in admiration and transient tokens of sentiment and emotion.

"Children are what their mothers are".

And human society is what the children are.

In a strictly theological sense, "Our times are in God's hands", but in a strictly practical sense, our times are in the hands of the children who are what their mothers are.

This bears down in these times with impressive emphasis not merely upon MOTHERHOOD in the abstract, but upon the quality of MOTHERHOOD in personal, intimate and individual experience and relationship.

Leadership springs from the cradle over which Mother presides.

Destiny leaps out of her lap—the destiny of childhood, the destiny of society, the destiny of nations and the destiny of civilization.

Hers is an influence that touches every step of the way along which the footprints of man have trekked their upward march.

May it not, therefore, have come to be that in the disrupted days that are upon us, days that have brought their challenges to every social and moral and spiritual convention and institution that has been created to signalize the onward surge of humanity toward higher lifehood—may it not be that the sinister influences that so widely and wretchedly permeate human society trace back to the dethronement of

Mother from her rightful and regal pedestal in the home?

This is a severely practical inquiry.

We all know that something has dreadfllly happened to the American home of yesteryear—in the self-controls and disciplines for which it stood, in its Puritanic, if you please, faith in the commonplace virtues and in its effective influence for moral and righteous living among its young.

Are we quite sure that this severely changed social and moral climate of levity and much of social anarchy in which we commonly live these days has not had its origin in the drying. up of those peculiar maternal influences which formerly issued upon the children of the old-fashioned homes of America?

Widely is the loss from among the exhibited virtues in this generation of high standards of moral excellence, truthfulness, kindness and courage to believe in and stand for and do the right, being commonly lamented.

We know of no alchemy by which these essential qualities of a strong and surviving social life are to be derived except from the homes exerting upon the individuals, one by one, a constant and devoted emphasis upon quality of life and integrity of character.

And if the mothers default in their responsibility within these sacred institutions of the homes of America, then the homes themselves forfeit their potency and effective influences toward the creation of an endurable social life.

As Ruskin so admirably reminds us, the achieving and the immutable state will be composed of those individual citizens who have "the firmness to govern and the grace to obey".

The high ends of civilization are in the hands of the homes that make such citizens and the mothers that make such homes as will breed those factors of intelligence, sound moral standards and the spirit of service for which "all creation groaneth".

———:———

THE MODERN MOTHER

We read about the mothers of the days of long ago, with their gentle, wrinkled faces and their hair as white as snow; they were "midle-aged" at 40, and at 50 donned lace caps, and at 60 clung to shoulder shawls, and loved their little naps.

But I love the modern mother who can share in all the joys, and who understands the problems of her growing girls and boys. She may boast that she is 60, but her heart is 23; my glorious, bright-eyed mother, who is keeping young with me!

—Florence H. Wolcott.

MOTHER'S THANKS

By Alma Hantel Arnold

The beautiful Sabbath that is called Mother's Day was drawing slowly, almost reluctantly, to a close. The sun had disappeared long ago, buts its afterglow was spread wide and high upon the evening sky. Every tiny curl of cloud was softened and beautified and tinted by the afterglow. How like a mother! Is not every child's life affected, softened and made better by the afterglow or quiet influence of its mother?

Upon a high bluff overlooking the blue waters of Puget Sound stood a little cottage. The setting sun had painted it a rosy hue. All around it were vines, flowers and shrubs. Home was written all over it.

In front of its large window a comfortable armchair was drawn. In it, peacefully and at rest, sat an elderly, sweet-faced mother, Margaret Yonders. She was gazing out over the water she loved. She saw the tiny pleasure boats and the larger ones as they quietly rode upon its bosom. She saw the distant warning light of West Point and the smaller lights of the buoys telling of shallow water. She looked farther and beheld with an inner joy her beloved mountains. The Olympics, almost black, were etched sharply against the glowing sky. Here and there a tip was still snow-covered. Suddenly she folded her hands and murmured, "I will lift up my eyes unto the hills."

The afterglow had faded and the sky had become darker, thereby enhancing the brightness of the large evening star. And then slowly but surely "one by one in the infinite meadows of heaven blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

And still Margaret Yonders sat there alone. Alone, and on Mother's Day! But she was not unhappy. Quite the contrary. And she was not alone. Oh no, in spirit she was with her five children. And the connecting link? She lovingly touched the four letters nestling in her lap. She lay her head back against the chair and began talking softly to herself.

"Dear John, our first born, so like your good and kind father. I gave you to the Lord before you were born. Today, dear son, you are taking the Light into dark places beyond the seas. You are making dull eyes gleam and making sad faces happy. I can see you, son, giving all you have for your Saviour. For twenty long years you have labored, and my prayer is answered. Your tender and cheery letter made me so happy that I am your mother. In another year you will be home; what joy, what happiness! Oh Lord, I thank Thee," and she wiped the tears from her eyes.

The picture faded, and in her mind she saw a large building in New York City—a hospital—and in it figures in white were hurrying to and fro, busy, from morning until night.

"Yes, Jack boy; I see you, Jack Yonders, chief surgeon. How many lives you have saved; how much happiness has been given to hundreds of

people through your skill! I remember how when but a little boy you had the woodshed full of sick animals, or birds with broken legs and wings. You are a born surgeon. I know your heart is in your work. I know you are giving the best there is in you to help humanity. How proud and happy your letter made me telling of the wonderful brain operations you have successfully performed lately. You have been true to your calling."

She roused herself and, bending forward peered down upon the water at the boats with their signal lights high upon the masts. Also down upon Seaview Drive the auto lights were coming and going. After watching these for some time Margaret Yonders kept her tryst with her children.

Again she was far away; this time in a small, plain parsonage on the Canadian prairie. She saw Martha, their eldest daughter, performing all the duties of a pioneer pastor's wife. She had her hands more than full trying to be faithful to all that was required of her. And from her letters her mother knew she often nursed in the poor homes and helped those in distress. She never complained about the pitiful salary, the finer things of life they were deprived of, or the longing for the home folks she must feel.

A wave of tenderness swept over the mother and her eyes were moist as she thought of her sweet, sacrificing daughter. Her letter had been full of love and understanding and had made her very happy.

Once more, in the spirit, Margaret Yonders sped to a long, low, rambling farmhouse in the Middle West. Here she saw a happy family—her own baby, laughing Nell, as they always called her. Here she lived with her young farmer husband and their three precious jewels.

Nell's letter had been full of just plain, common, everyday doings, but they were very sweet to her mother. Nell had often remarked that her life did not seem to be as useful as the lives of her sister and brothers.

"Dear Nell," softly spoke her mother, "you have a God-given job. You are a mother. You have precious lives to train and shape and influence so that some day they may take their correct places in the world. Yours is a very responsible position. May God bless you as He has blessed me."

Her eyes were closed and darkness was all around. She may have fallen asleep, but no, her lips were moving.

"One more tryst have, I, and I will be faithful to you, little David." In fancy she saw a small mound beside a larger one. Little David and his father resting peacefully in God's Acre. "Only a few years were you permitted to be with us, dear child, but you left something behind that can never be forgotten. You did not leave me to wander out into the world. You always were just mother's little boy, and so will ever remain. You and father have been sleeping a long time. Sleep on; I will soon join you."

Mother's Day had come to a close. The waters of Puget Sound looked black, and the Olympics were no longer visible. But overhead the night sky was thickly studded with bright and sparkling stars. Upon the bluff in the small cottage no light was burning, but Margaret Yonders was still

sitting in the armchair by the western window, alone. But she was not alone. Her heart was singing, her soul was happy, her whole being was filled with joy, gratitude and thankfulness to her heavenly Father. She had been faithful, she had kept her tryst with her loved ones as she did every year on this day. Praise be to God.

———:———

DREAMING OF MOTHER

Our childhood days come back again,
In dreams we live them o'er;
The cottage neat on a shady street;
Playmates that we adore.

In dreams the schoolhouse stands there still;
The main street is as ever.
The scrawls of chalk on the old board walk;
Love bonds so hard to sever.

Old friends, old loves, and family ties,
In dreams we live them o'er;
But most replete is a memory sweet
Of mother at the door.

—June LeMert Paxton.

CHRIST'S MOTHER AND MINE

By Amos John Traver

"The character of Mary is distinctly sketched in the Gospels, yet not with such fulness of detail as we might desire or expect; but the very delicacy of the touches seems to mark as genuine the portrait which has been produced. In it has been detected every one of the full complement of human virtues, so that Mary has been regarded as the bright and consummate flower of womanhood. Conspicuous among these virtues are her piety, her purity, her patient submission, and her unfailing love. Are these not qualities which in varying degrees compose that image of perfection which most of us, because of blessed personal experience, have come to associate with the thought of motherhood?" So writes Dr. Charles Erdman.

The Roman Church has made a saint of Mary and devised a doctrine of sinless birth to account for its idealized picture of "the Mother of God." The Gospels do not make her perfect. Indeed three of the four times Jesus speaks to His mother His words imply a gentle rebuke. Immaculate conception and sinlessness are unnecessary to the acceptance of Mary as embodying many of the ideals of Christian motherhood. No mother is perfect, though time deals gently with a mother's faults. The consecration of a Christian mother and her unfailing love for her children are powerful factors in the lives of those of us fortunate enough to be born in Christian homes.

Mary is a beautiful example of consecrated motherhood. The annunciation by the Angel Gabriel was received so meekly that there can be no question as to her piety. It was to be "a divine event" for her, this coming of a son. Surely the misunderstandings and sneers that would come upon her must have cast their shadow before them. Only a simple and childlike faith could account for her response, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to Thy word." That same spirit breathed out through the lips of her son over thirty years later when He faced the cross in the Garden of Gethsemane, "If it be possible let this cup pass from me, but if not, thy will, not mine, be done."

More mothers today who are known for their religious faith would insure Christian leaders for tomorrow.

The true mother is a builder. If she must tear down some of the trashy and temporary construction her children have tried to build, it is because she wants them to build for eternity. Jesus knew His scriptures. Was this a miraculous knowledge, or did He learn them at His mother's knee? Great concepts of His mission hover around such passages as the Twenty-third Psalm. Surely Mary read or recited that psalm to her little son in preparation for the day He would declare Himself the Good Shepherd. He discovered the Messianic hope of His people in the scriptures. His first teacher was His mother.

It is pathetic to think of the meager knowledge our average modern mothers have of scriptures. They cannot build the study truths of God's Word into the character of their sons. When religious problems trouble the child, there should be understanding and comfort at mother's knee. Henry W.

Grady, the famous Atlanta editor, came to a period of doubt in his own religious experience. He became so shaken in faith that he could not sing, "Blest be the tie that binds, Our hearts in Christian love," with the congregation in his home church. He said, "I have no tie that binds." That afternoon he took the long journey to the home of his widowed mother and remained with her for a full week. She told him Bible stories as she used to do, and even heard his prayers. This great man of the world knelt at her knee to pray as he had often done in childhood, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep." Somehow the simple faith of his mother became his again and he returned to Atlanta to speak and live for Christ.

The comment with regard to Mary when she had found her twelve-year-old son in the temple has more than immediate application. "Mary pondered all these things in her heart," say the Gospels. Mary was not light or frivolous in her thinking. Jesus gave her a lot to think about and she studied Him against the background of her own knowledge of the scriptures.

Motherhood is a career. It is encouraging to find magazines and books on parenthood in a home. The church is increasingly aware of the need of textbooks for parents. Before marriage, too, study of the problems involved in the coming of children into a home would avoid many of the mistakes that result in broken homes. How fortunate are the children of our really Christian homes.

Mother love never admits defeat. Mary was last at the cross. When others left Jesus, she stood by Him. Even after His death she was found with His disciples in the upper room awaiting the coming of the Spirit. Her love for Him must have conquered her lack of faith in His mission. It does seem fair to believe that she was constantly disturbed by what Jesus said and did during the three years of His ministry.

Mel Trotter, reclaimed bum who lived to head the great rescue missions of Grand Rapids and Chicago, said, "When Jesus found me there was no one in the whole world who would have anything to do with me but mother. Even father said I might better be dead. My friends would not recognice me on the street. But mother never stopped praying for me and expecting me to be saved." Mother love is like that. Even the cross—the mark of crime and disgrace—could not break the love of Mary.

A nurse friend who served in a base hospital in France during the first World War and who has since given her life to caring for neglected children clipped the following poem for us. It is titled Pieta and is by Violet Aleyn Storey.

"Lend me a little of Thy mother's pity,
For I would comfort, Lord, one dear to me.
Make my hands gentle;
Grant me understanding;
Place on my brow a wise serenity.

"I am not asking what I should not ask Thee.
One dear to me is spent with pain and loss.
Therefore, I pray Thee for the grace of Mary
To comfort one, new-taken from a cross."

HENRY CHURCHILL DEMILLE

By Pauline Worthy

"Be butchers or bakers or candlestick makers if you must," Henry Churchill DeMille often told his growing sons, "but stay outof the theatre!"

Like most growing boys, William and Cecil paid little heed to father's advice. The result of disobedience, interestingly enough, was not grief, but success of the most spectacular kind. Half a century after father's death the sons stand on the pinnacle of success in the theatrical world; William, the elder, as playwright and professor of drama, and C. B. as motion picture producer No. One.

Much is heard of the DeMille sons. The father is rarely mentioned. Yet in his own lifetime he was quite a personage; as distinguished in his field as his sons were in theirs, and as much a devotee of the theatre. It was no doubt because he knew too well what a jealous mistress the dramatic art is that he warned his sons to give her a wide berth.

A native North Carolinian, of whom his compatriots know too little, Henry Churchill DeMille was born in Washington, N. C., ninety years ago. Young Henry grew up with the idea of entering the ministry, the inevitable choice of the brilliant student of his day, but he was sent north to be educated and somewhere along the line he changed his mind.

A period of school-teaching followed his graduation from Columbia University, and meantime he married a brilliant English woman, Matilda Samuel, who had come from Liverpool to teach in the United States. Mrs. DeMille was interested in dramatics and she is given credit for suggesting to her husband, during a period when ill health had interrupted his regular work, that by writing for the stage he could preach to a wider audience than he could ever reach from any pulpit.

DeMille returned to his teaching at the Columbia College Grammar School. He was on fire with the idea that had been suggested by his wife and it was only a matter of time until he was attracting attention by his amateur play-wright and play-production in the school. David Belasco became interested in his work and when Belasco became manager of the Madison Square Theatre in 1882 he offered DeMille the position of play reader for that theatre.

A decade of great activity now began for Henry DeMille; first at the Madison Square and then at the Lyceum Theatre. These were years not only of reading, writing and revising plays but of sometimes acting in them, as well as teaching acting on the side.

With the exception of "The Main Line" which was written with Charles Barnard, and "The Lost Paradise" which was based on an older German drama, all of the DeMille plays were written in collaboration with David Belasco. The two made a wonderful team and DeMille's sons always point out that the partnership was invariably written DeMille & Belasco rather than the other way around.

One of the interesting features of that collaboration was that the DeMille-Belasco plays were always play wrought before they were play

written. Belasco's was the dramatic construction. DeMille did the actual writing. When the whole of a play had been plotted, ground-work laid for action development, and various characters decided upon, the two would betake themselves to the empty theatre and proceed to stage the play between them, devising speech to fit situation and letting the dialogue develop as they went through the action. Thus lines were written not to be acted but to suit the acting.

Never forgetting his original desire to combat evil and point men toward a better life, every play in which Henry DeMille had a hand grew out of some social or economic theme. He was far too clever, however, to allow such themes to make his plays top heavy and he became adept in using a social or economic evil to furnish the motives out of which he devised situations and spun plots. The fact that the results were sensationally popular was proof enough that people liked entertainment which made them think as well as feel.

The first play to grow out of the DeMille-Belasco partnership was "The Wife" which not only ran for 239 consecutive performances during the 1885-86 theatre season in New York but lived on for thirty active years in the stock companies of the nation. The last, "Men and Women" had its genesis in a bank scandal which rocked New York in the late 'eighties. (Incidentally this was the first play in which Maude Adams ever had an important part.) Between "The Wife" and "Men and Women" came "Lord Chumley" which was written especially for E. H. Sothern, and which ran off and on for ten years; and "The Charity Ball" which was more popular on the road than any of the others.

These plays were written to be acted and they naturally lose much in the reading. Also they had a contemporary angle which is not readily comprehensible these many years later, but drama lovers may still find pleasure in reading them in the collection published a year or two ago by the Princeton University Press.

When at the early age of forty DeMille died at his home in Pompton, New Jersey (February 10, 1893), he left in rough notes a play entitled "The Promised Land," which indicated that although already well and popularly known he was actually only on the threshold of much greater achievement. "The Promised Land" was his "dramatic sermon" treatment of ideas suggested by Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," and in a letter to Henry George, DeMille wrote a sentence about himself which might well have been used as his awn epitaph, i.e. "I never do anything by halves, and am half-hearted in no cause that I embrace."

———:———

Age does not depend upon years, but upon temperament and health. Some men are born old, and some never grow so.

—Tryon Edwards.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

By W. B. Wheaton

It is the most glorious banner, as well as the prettiest that floats on the face of the earth.

Its first birthday was June 14, 1777. It was hoisted for the first time over General George Wahington's headquarters in Bound Brook, New Jersey.

It was first planted on foreign soil over Fort Nassau, Bahama Islands, January 28, 1778. It was first saluted by a foreign power, by an admiral of the French navy, February 13, 1778. It floated over a schoolhouse for the first time in Massachusetts in May, 1812.

It was designed by the request of George Washington to Betsy Ross, the wife of a sea captain who lived in a very small red brick house in Philadelphia, Pa. Betsy Ross stitched the spirit of Freedom into the Flag of her Country. The little red building is still standing as it was in 1777. It is near the resting place of Benjamin Franklin and Independence Hall where the old Liberty Bell is resting.

In 1814 Francis Scott Key, of Frederick, Maryland, wrote the famous poem, "Star-Spangled Banner." Captain Samuel Driver of Salem, Mass., gave it the name of Old Glory, by which it is known far and wide (in 1831).

The first time the American Flag was fired on was at the Battle of Oriskany, New York, August 6, 1777.

So we must be good patriots, and keep 'em flying and forever waving in the sunlight, that Liberty and the American Way of Life shall never perish.

Its colors, Red White, and Blue, are all emblematical. Its Blue stands for Friendship and Brothrly Love. Its Red bids us to stand ready to fight with our life blood that the lamp of Liberty remains a flame forever. Its White stands for Courage, Righteousness, and bids us never to unfurl our banner in battle except for the Right, and Truth and Justice for all.

Its stripes remind us of God's rainbows in the heavens, his promise that he will be our God and we shall be his people, so long as we shall be true to our national creed.

"In God We Trust."

The laughter of little children is an echo of the unspoiled gladness of the world before the poison of cruelty and hate have entered their hearts. They remain in every age the type of the Kingdom and the joy of the home.—Selected.

CHERRY'S BAND

By H. C. Cranford, in The State

Co-eds at the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina in Greensboro no longer worry about the problem of locating an orchestra when the date for a big dance rolls around.

They've found the answer to the music question in a new all-girl band organized by comely Cherry Folger, of White Plains, N. Y.

Believed to be the only all-girl swing outfit in the state, the band now provides the music for all school dances and has also played a number of off-campus engagements, including dates at the new army camp near Greensboro, at Fort Bragg, and at Maxton Field.

Cherry, a 20-year-old junior, hit upon the idea of the band last fall. A call was sent out to all co-eds interested in such a venture. Only ten or twelve girls came in response to the first appeal but others were soon contacted and late in October the "Darlinettes" came into being.

"I had no actual purpose in forming the band," Cherry says. "I just happen to be interested in music and always have. I thought it would be a lot of fun and that we would get some valuable experience. And I think I was right."

The possiblities of the band seemed slim at first. Little encouragement was given by classmates. And the fact that two or three members of the faculty frowned on the idea did not help any.

But things began to "shape up" and after only half a dozen rehearsals, an opportunity presented itself: the band was invited to play for a small informal campus dance.

The invitation was accepted and the "first night" was a big success. A second date soon followed.

Today the band is the talk of the campus. "W. C. on the whole has been very kind and encouraging," says Cherry. "Every one seems to have nothing but the best to say for us and needless to say, it makes us very happy."

Cherry thinks the band is improving but still has a lot to learn. Most of all, she thinks, the band needs another tenor sax, a bigger and better brass section, and a guitar.

The music department of both the Woman's College and Greensboro College have congratulated the band and at the army posts "the boys have been most appreciative," Cherry says. The acting Dean of Women at the University has also lent support to the venture from the start.

While the band specializes in slow-sweet rhym, it can also give out with hot jive and rugged boogie-woogie. On such occasions Cherry is featured on the trumpet. She often hits high "E" above high "C" on the instrument, and has been known to touch high "G."

The "Darlinettes" have rehearsals two nights a week in the campus Music Building. At the meetings new songs are studied and arrangements made. The band's immediate repertoire is about 40 numbers but the list is constantly being changed and added to.

One of Cherry's biggest headaches

when she set out to form her band was the knowledge that the co-ed musicians would not want to play for others to dance and not be able to dance themselves.

But, surpriseingly enough, the girls adopted a "strictly business" attitude from the outset and "have been simply grand about the problem," according to Cherry. "I made it quite clear at the beginning that we would have to give up many personal pleasures. It has turned out to be just that. I haven't danced in months and I'd rather dance than eat."

Members of the band. in addition to Cherry, are Rachel Johnson, of Winston-Salem, who plays the piano; Pamelia Niles Earlie, of Greensboro, bass; Eleanor Williams, of Monroe, trombone; Dorthea Bultman, of Sumter, S. C., trumpet; Jo Singleton, of Scranton, S. C., saxophone; Kitty Fritz, of Asheboro, saxophone; Rosalie Pilley, of Pantego, N. C., tenor saxophone; and Sara Shuford, of Forest City, N. C., vocalist. Evelyn Hurwitz, of Clinton, a graduate assistant in the Department of Physical Education at the University, serves as business manager.

All of the girls are enthusiastic about the band and devote much of their spare time to rehearsals. Six of the group maintain "C" or "satisfactory" averages in their academic work while two have "B" or good" standings. Miss Pilley is the only honor student. She has a B-plus average on all studies.

Two of the girls are seniors, four juniors, one is a sophomore, and two are freshmen. Five intend to "get married as soon as they graduate." Two others want to continue in music; one as a high school teacher, the other as a vocalist. Another hopes to be either a nurse or a laboratory technician, while still another wants to practice physical therapy.

The WCUNC orchestra in not the first to play under Cherry's baton, or to be more specific, under the bobbing trumpet. (She does not use a baton.) She broke into the band business in high school and was fronting an all-male outfit at the age of 14.

"Three-fourths of them were older than I was," she says, "and they didn't hold it too much against me for being a girl. They took orders with a smile and were usually cooperative. But sometimes they would get a little out of hand."

Cherry transferred to WCUNC last September after spending her first two years of college at the Eastman School of Music and the University of Rochester. She is majoring in trumpet.

Cherry's musical training stretches back to the early days of her youth. "I feel, frankly, that I have had a good background in music," she says. "I hated to practice as most children do and learned only too late that you have to do it if you want to get anywhere.

"I've done quite a bit of jazz band work but I also enjoy symphonic work. I played with the North Carolina Symphony this year and while in school have always been in the orchestra in preference to the band. I am an advocate of modern music, but I also appreciate the classics."

The orchestras of Tommy Dorsey and Andre Kostelanetz are Cherry's favorites. She has a large collection of records and albums of the two maes-

tros. "Semi-classical music interests me," she says, "and I'd like to write or arrange something along those lines some day."

Cherry isn't sure about her plans for the future. She'd like to continue with the band, but doubts that she will be able to. "I'll probably wind up marrying a musician," she says, "though, frankly, everything interests me except the domestic side of life. I'm a terrible cook and hate to clean house. But I'm developing a taste for it and maybe some day I'll like it."

MY MOTHER

God chose an angel from above,
An angel sweet and fair;
He placed a halo 'round her head
To match her silvery hair;

He gathered sunbeams for her smile,
From out the sky above;
He carved a heart of solid gold,
Then sprinkled it with love;

He picked the stars from out the sky,
To give her eyes of blue;
He gave her courage, hope and faith,
To last her whole life through.

God chose an angel from above,
So sweet and fair to see,
He called her Mother and He gave
This angel fair to me.

—Selected.

ATTRACTING BIRDS TO OUR GARDENS

By Janie A. Patterson Wagoner

Golden-throated Wood Thrushes or "Quillarees" as they are appropriately called, and pert little House Wrens were seen and heard early this morning, April 17th, for the first time this spring my members of the Rex Brasher bird club and a group of children as they strolled down South Union street into the wooded areas near Washington Lane, Louise Avenue and East-Over. According to the old tradition, Wood Thrushes and House Wrens arrived on scheduled time. (Carolina Wrens are with us the year round.) The Catbird, one of our most beloved singers, and gifted as a mimic of birds and animals, is due to arrive from the south within the next day or two. Myriads of Towhees and White-Throated Sparrows that have presented musical programs all the winter are persistently blending their notes of rare beauty to the rhythm of swaying dogwood and other fairy blossoms. But sorry to say, they will bid us farewell and journey northward about the time the buttercups begin to fade.

Some of the ways to attract to our gardens all types of birds, the natural enemies of insect pests that feed on vegetables, fruits, flowers, trees and shrubs are:

1. Put out properly constructed bird houses where cats and squirrels cannot destroy the nests.

2. Have a pedestaled or sunken bird bath in the yard. See that it is filled with water for drinking and for bathing. Birds delight in taking plunges during all seasons of the year, even in the coldest weather.

3. Keep in a sunny place materials for dust baths such as sand and fine ashes.

4. Hang out short strands of soft twine and wool in colors for Orioles. They will create something artistic in the way of a nest.

5. Put up goards with holes in their sides for Wrens and Martins —a custom which began with the American Indians.

6. Grow sunflowers and other plants and shrubs that produce seeds and berries that are attractive to Gold Finches, Cardinals, Mockingbirds and Hummers. Watch for Ruby-throated Humming birds when the downy pink Mimosa blossoms with their peach-like fragrance are in perfection. These tiniest of birds seem to revel in pink, red and orange flowers.

Blue Birds selected their nesting sites early in March, but it is never too late to provide houses for them, as they will raise several broods a year. Entrance holes should be 1 1-8 inches in diameter. Old straw hats nailed against walls and trees will make desirable Wren houses. Cut a hole in the crown of each hat the size of a twenty-five cent piece. If you would like for the Tufted Titmouse, a most delightful and lovable little bird, to occupy them, make the hole a fraction larger. Robins, Catbirds and Phoebes will build on a platform with only a top.

It is well known that some forty-five kinds of birds will nest in man-made houses. Our feathered friends will surely reward us for our time and trouble.

MOTIVES

By Richard L. Evans.

It is historically true that he who makes a bid for leadership in any field of thought or action, almost invariably will represent that his first interest is the wellfare of the people or the cause, that he has no ulterior motive, that he cares nothing for office or power, that his only desire is to serve. Now, if such claims were always true, or even if they were always untrue, choices would be easier to make. But the difficulty is that sometimes a man who makes a bid for leadership is actually what he says he is, solely interested in the welfare of his fellowmen—and sometimes he is interested in their welfare only so long as such interest serves his own position and purposes. These facts bring us to the necessity of examining the motives of men, looking beneath all that appears on the surface—and we may find ourselves asking at times what prompts this man's interest in us? Is it because he is truly a humanitarian, solely in the service of his fellowmen, or it is because he has personal ambitions? Because he has an ax to grind and wants to use our grindstone to do it ? Because he has a pattern in mind and wants to crowd others into it? The motives of men are sometimes easy to discover, sometimes difficult, but to be safe we must discover what those motives are; we must determine whether a man's methods are devious or direct; whether his speech is straightforward or obscure; whether he shifts with popular favor or follows a course of pre-announced principles; whether or not what he said last year is consistent with what he says this year. There are in the world, and there have been before now, great humanitarians who would sarcrifice their own ambitions, their personal fortunes, their power, their influence, if by so doing they could serve sincerely their fellowmen. There are also others, and have always been, who would sacrifice their fellowmen if by so doing they could serve themselves—such as were described tersely in this sentence of scripture: ". . . David knew that Saul secretly practiced mischief. . . . " (I Samuel 23:9) There are many, before and since Saul, in all the ways of life, who have secretly practiced mischief. And so, before men commit themselves, they would do well to examine motives. If there are two possible ways of doing a thing, one of which encourages freedom and one of which leans toward loss of freedom, the way a leader chooses may be an indication of the ultimate end he has in mind, because usually when a man takes a step or two in a given direction, he probably has in mind going further in the same direction. Yes, the motives of men are more full of meaning than the words by which they explain their motives—whether unto good or unto evil.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The basement at Cottage No. 5 is being repainted, and other minor repairs are being made.

—:—

Workers from Concord are making repairs to the plastering in a couple of upstairs rooms in the Cannon Memorial Administration Building.

—:—

"The Rookie Cop" was the chief attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night. A comedy, "Hurdle-Hoppers," was shown on the same program. Both are R-K-O productions.

—:—

There are quite a number of Victory Gardens being cared for in spare time in various sections of the campus. A number of staff members have entered into the business whole-heartedly, and soon all kinds of fresh vegetables will be added to the daily menus.

—:—

Donald McFee, a former member of the printing class, who is now working in a ship building plant at Portsmouth, Virginia, recently spent a few days at the School, visiting his mother, Mrs. L. S. Kiser, at Cottage No. 4. Donald stated that he liked his work as ship-fitter and was getting along fine. He also told of having seen Ivan Morrozoff, of the United States Army, and Edward Johnson, who is now in the United States Navy, on several occasions. Both of these boys were once students at the School.

—:—

We recently saw Mr. Clyde H. Jarrett, an attorney in Andrews, N. C., who gave us a very favorable report on Virgil Lane, formerly a house boy at Cottage No. 2, who went there to live with an aunt and uncle, several months ago. Mr. Jarrett said that he talked with Virgil's uncle a few days ago, and that he informed him that he was a very nice boy, and was attending school regularly and getting along well with his studies. He also said the lad was very well pleased with his present location, and that the uncle said his conduct had been most satisfactory in every way since coming to live with them.

—:—

The great American game of baseball appeals to the old and young alike. The other day we witnessed a game being played between the little fellows of Cottages Nos. 6 and 7. While there were no flashy fielding stunts pulled off or no long-distance base hits poled out, these youngsters played with all the seriousness and enthusiasm of a world's series contest. We did not stay until the game was completed, but left at the end of the fifth inning, at which time the score was 32 to 29, with the trailing team at bat with one out and two men on bases. It was a real pleasure to watch those pint-sized youngsters battle for supremacy, with their comrades very enthusiastically and noisily giving encouragement from the side-lines.

—:—

Last Sunday night, the boys of the Receiving Cottage had the privilege of listening to an informal lecture by Mr. Richard H. Brown, president of the CheerWine Bottling Company, Charlotte. Mr. Brown is the son of Rev. Charles L. Brown, a Lutheran missionary to Japan, and was born in

that country. He is well informed as to the manners and customs of the Japanese people, and he told the boys of them in a most interesting way. His father founded a Lutheran College on one of the large islands belonging to Japan, several years ago. The boys thoroughly enjoyed hearing this speaker, and were very glad to hear him announce that he would return at an early date, bringing a number of interesting articles he had collected during his stay in Japan.

—:—

According to a progress report received a few days ago from the Welfare Department of Yadkin County, Samuel Everidge, one of our old boys, is in the United States Navy, and is stationed at New London, Connecticut.

Sam entered the School, June 1, 1937, and remained here until September 2, 1940. During his stay with us he was in Cottage No.8, and worked on the farm, in the laundry and in the textile plant. He entered the fourth grade, and at the time he left, had been in the sixth grade for about five months. He got along pretty well while at the School. While this was the first progress report received on Sam since he left us, he called at the School about a year ago, at which time he had the appearance of a lad who was trying to make good.

—:—

We sometimes have a rather roundabout way of getting news concerning former students as the School, as was the case about the lad of whome we are going to write. Last Sunday afternoon, as we were coming from the church service, we met some visitors who were driving about the campus. One of the men in the group, who formerly lived at Hiddenite, asked if we remembered Joy Payne, who was admitted to the School, September 13, 1923 and was allowed to return to his home in 1926. We assured him that we knew the boy. He told us that he lived near Joy for a number of years, and that he developed into one of the nicest young fellows in Hiddenite after returning to his home. Our informant also stated that Joy, who is now about thirty-five years old, had been in the United States Army more than fifteen years, and is now taking part in the activities in North Africa.

—:—

Charles J. Gregory, formerly of the Cottage No. 3 group, who left the School, October 27, 1937, called on us last Thursday. Charles has been in the United States Army since September, 1940, during which time he has been stationed at Fort Jackson, South Carolina; Fort Leonard Wood, and in other places. He is now with his outfit on maneuvers in California and Arizona. He and another young soldier by the name of Isenhour (a native of this county) were on their way to Camp Butner, near Durham, where they were holding a deserter who had been a. w. o. l. from their outfit for more than a year. Both boys expressed delight at having been sent on this special mission as it gave them an opportunity to visit relatives and friends at home.

Charles told us that Iva Gregory, who was a house boy in Cottage No. 2 several years ago, had been in the Army for some time, and that Clarence Weaden, formerly of Cottage No. 8, was also in that branch of the service. He said that he saw both of them in uniform not so very long ago.

—:—

Superintendent Hawfield recently

received a letter from Wilbur Hardin, formerly of Cottage No. 9, who is now in the United States Navy, receiving basic training at Bainbridge, Maryland. His letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: Received your letter and was glad to hear from you. I was glad to learn that the band was doing fine. Please tell Mr. Brausa that I would like to hear from him. Would have written to him before but did not know his address. Am enclosing a picture of myself, and I hope you like it.

"I have been transferred to ship's service, and am working in the laundry where I am getting along just fine. Am now a second class seaman instead of an apprentice. Some time ago I wrote Mr. Russell, thanking him for the training received while in the laundry at the school, and now I want to thank you.

"Please tell all the boys 'hello' for me, and also remember me to Mr. Barber. I still like the Navy and am sure I shall keep on liking it. Your friend, Wilbur Hardin."

—:—

A letter from William Henry Barrier to Superintendent Hawfield, has just been called to our attention. Bill, who enlisted in the United States Navy directly from the School campus recently, is in training at Bainbridge, Maryland, and is well pleased with Navy life. He writes:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: Getting along fine in the Navy. Couldn't find a better place anywhere. Am anxious to let those Japs feel some hot lead, presented fy Jackson Training School, for after all, if you and some of the officers down there hadn't stopped some of my wrong doings before it was too late, there is no telling where I would be now. I am very grateful that I was stopped in time, and am sure many other boys will profit by the great work you are doing. Your kindness has meant much to me.

"There are four boys here now from Jackson Training School: Wilbur Hardin, Jesse Cunningham, Grover Revels and myself, and thanks to your good work, we are all faring well in the Navy. Please give all the officers and boys my regards, and keep up the good work. Gratefully yours, William Henry Barrier."

—:—

Hiram Atkinson, another of our boys who left the School campus for service in the United States Navy a short time ago, wrote Superintendent Hawfield the other day. His letter reads in part, as follows:

"Hello Mr. Hawfield: It sure is a pleasure to write you a short letter this fine evening. Up until a few days ago we have been having some cold weather, but it is nice and warm now. I certainly like the Navy and am getting along fine. Tell all the boys to be sure to join the Navy just as soon as they get old enough.

"We have to wash clothes up here, but I don't mind it much. The way I make a little extra money is by washing clothes for the fellows. I get from $3.00 to $4.50 a week washing clothes for the sailors.

"Tell Mr. Fisher that if I ever get to Japan I will do what he told me to do. I took sea duty as my work in the Navy, and think I will like life on the ocean. Have seen Wilbur Hardin several times and he is doing fine. I hope to get a leave pretty soon, and if I have time, will come to see you.

"Please let Donald Sides write me,

and be sure to write yourself when you have time. I get a letter from my mother just about every day, and write her every day. Remember me to all the folks at the School, and tell them I would like to hear from them. Your friend, Hiram Atkinson."

—:—

Following a custom of many years' standing, Clyde A. Bristow has again written us. He was a member of our printing class back in 1927, and since leaving the School, has been one of our most faithful correspondents. For several years he has been piloting a huge transfer truck to all sections of the country, and has been getting along unusually well. He and his family live in Winston-Salem, and judging from the tone of his letter, Clyde is being kept quite busy when not on the highways. He writes as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Am busy these days in our Victory Garden, and have already planted everything included in the usual backyard garden. From reports in The Uplift, I gather that you folks are really farming this year. Believe I shall be safe in predicting that your cannery will really hum this Fall. George is backyard farming, too. We plan to can all we can for next winter. My wife and I have several cases left over from last year's work.

"The armed service activities recorded in 'our paper' back there at the School keep us posted on the boys —old and new.

"Fire of undetermined origin destroyed my trailer and approximately $2,000 worth of bread and cake in transit to Sanford last Friday, about 4:30 a. m. I saved my tractor. The boss has already supplied us with another trailer and a 1943 Chevrolet tractor, released by WPB. It looks great. Promise you a picture of same —soon as I can get some films.

"Our boy and girl have been getting over whooping cough and now are doing fine. Wife and I are fine and sincerely hope you and the home folks are well and getting along O K too.

Give my regards to all, and will try to visit you while vacationing this summer. Enclosed is a pair of Duck's Bills for The Uplift. Lettuce hear from you soon. Sincerely, Clyde."

—:—

Two baseball leagues were recently organized at the School. League Number One is composed of teams of boys from Cottages Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5, 8 and the Receiving Cottage. League Number Two is made up of teams representing Cottages Nos. 9, 10, 11, 13, 14 and 15. A regular schedule has been arranged, and three games will be played in each league on Saturday afternoons, with the season colsing on August 7th. Postponed games will be played off during the week. Three games will be played on the old ball grounds and a like number played on the new diamond, located near the gymnasium. In addition to these two leagues, teams have been selected from the smaller boys in Cottages 6 and 7, and they will play a regular series of games.

Suitable prizes will be awarded the winning teams in each league, after which a final play-off series will be played, with a grand prize going to the winner.

Although the leagues have been in operation but one week, there is considerable enthusiasm among the boys, and it is assured that many well-fought contests will be staged before the end of the season. While the rivalry is

somewhat intense, it is of a good-natured sort, with the lads all trying to win the prizes for their respective teams.

The results of last Saturday's games are as follows:

League Number One — Receiving Cottage 27 Eighth Cottage 3; First Cottage 20 Third Cottage 2; Fourth Cottage 12 Fifth Cottage 2.

League Number Two—Tenth Cottage 12 Ninth Cottage 1; Thirteenth Cottage 15 Eleventh Cottage 5; Fifteenth Cottage 10 Fourteenth Cottage 8.

CLUB STANDINGS

League Number One

First Cottage	1	0	1.000
Fourth Cottage	1	0	1.000
Rec. Cottage	1	0	1.000
Third Cottage	0	1	.000
Fifth Cottage	0	1	.000
Eighth Cottage	0	1	.000

League Number Two

Tenth Cottage	1	0	1.000
Thirteenth Cottage	1	0	1.000
Fifteenth Cottage	1	0	1.000
Ninth Cottage	0	1	.000
Eleventh Cottage	0	1	.000
Fourteenth Cottage	0	1	.000

—:—

Rev. Robert S. Arrowood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read I Cor. 3:9-23. The subject of his message to the boys was "Not Making a Living, but Building a Life," in which he called special attention to the 10th verse: "According to the grace of God which is given unto me, I have laid the foundation, and another buildeth thereon. But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Arrowood said that the Apostle Paul, when he said that he had laid the foundation, meant he had preached Jesus Christ everywhere he went. That is the start of a Christian life. We should first commit our lives to the Master, and then go ahead with the building. To make a good beginning is not enough—we must continue to build all through life.

The speaker then called attention to John Ruskin's book, "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," and explained that by "lamps" the great English author meant the principles of building a beautiful life, which he listed as follows:

(1) Truth. In the building of a very beautiful local church, said Rev. Mr. Arrowood, it was found that for some reason water was getting into the basement. After trying several methods of preventing this damage to the property, the officials decided to have a certain pipe line dug up. In so doing they found that a very poor piece of workmanship had been covered up. The man who did that part of the work thought it would never be discovered. It was not surprising to learn that from that time his standing in the community was very bad, for he was a liar. He had tried to pass off a bit of poor work as a perfect job. John Ruskin, in his story, found that several beautiful structures were in danger, for they were constructed on lies.

The speaker then told the boys that as they built their lives they must build with truth and honesty. It is

possible to get by with dishonesty for a time, but in the long run, a strong character cannot be built unless solid material is used. Truth is the best material we can put into our lives. Truth is mighty, and will prevail.

(2) Sacrifice. In calling attention to this portion of the story, Rev. Mr. Arrowood told of another church erected a few years ago in this community, in which sacrifice played a very important part. The members were limited as to the amount of money available. They had to build a plain, strong structure, and, being limited in space, found it necessary to build for specific needs. He then told the boys they were now building their lives, and were limited in many ways, but the chief limitation was time. He told them they must make sacrifices in order to do the most important things. We sometimes have to give up pleasures in order to give more time to the things worthwhile, and are really necessary to building a good, clean life. If we follow this plan we shall, like Paul, "press toward the mark."

Let us consider the Master, continued the speaker. There might have been many pleasant things for him to do while on earth. He had no home; he possessed no material wealth; he was dressed in plain clothes. But in spite of all this, his was the most glorious life ever lived.

(3) Beauty. There is a way in which we can build lovely lives. There is a spirit which makes life beautiful. If we want to make our lives beautiful, we must think the thoughts of God. We can use no better pattern than to strive to form our character after that of Jesus Christ.

(4) Obedience. There is in the state, in the family, and in the laws of God, a legal code. God gave to Moses what are known to us as the Ten Commandments. But long before the time of Moses, people were taught not to kill. Cain had the mark put upon him because he killed his brother.

(5) Rules. There are rules to be found right here in this school, said the speaker. They are not arbitrary, but are put here as principles, that boys might learn not to infringe on the rights of other people. Then we have the law of gravitation; the expansion and contraction of heat and cold. They play important parts in our everyday lives.

These rules are necessary to the building of strong character, and when we put disobedience into the structure —just like placing a rotten sill in a house—our building will collapse. All through past centuries people have thought they could build their lives and utterly disregard the laws of both God and man, and the results have always been most dismal failures.

(6) Effort. Nothing worthwhile in life comes easily. God said man must "live by the sweat of his brow," and no truer statement has ever been made. If we are to achieve success in life, we must work for it. The man who says the world owes him a living will surely find that the world is a very poor paymaster. We can't get something for nothing. It just doesn't work out that way.

(7) Endurance. In this building of life, we should never give up. We should not drop out when the race is half run. It is only by enduring to the end that we shall build successfully. There is no place in life for a quitter. While it is true that hardships will confront us, it is only by

overcoming them that we can hope to make our life's building strong and great.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Arrowood told his listeners that there will come a time in life when our building will be examined, and when that day comes we shall need characters that will stand the test. He urged the lads to build carefully and well, laying the foundation according to the teachings of the Master, whose life was the very peak of greatness.

We regret very much to report that this was Rev. Mr. Arrowood's last regular visit to the School. He was recently made president of Mitchell College, Statesville, and will take up his duties there in June. For more than fifteen years he has been most faithful in rendering every possible service to the boys of Jackson Training School. In addition to conducting services regularly—once each month—he has frequently been called as a substitute for other ministers who were unable to come as scheduled. His services have always been rendered most willingly and graciously. Over this long span of years he has ever tried to bring our boys messages of a helpful nature, and it would be extremely difficult to attempt to estimate the number of young lives that have thus been enriched. His was truly a labor of love for his fellowmen, especially to the underprivileged boys placed under the care of this institution.

The entire personnel of Jackson Training School joins in expressing deepest gratitude to this earnest clergyman for a long period of most faithful service. As he enters into a new field of labor, we tender sincere wishes for continued success. At the same time we wish to assure him that whenever he makes future visits to this section of the state, he will find that at this institution the latch-string is hanging on the outside, and that the slightest tug on same will gain instant admission to a place where he will find a host of friends.

MOTHER'S DAY

Mother's day! Let all proclaim it,
And just think of her today.
And if Mother yet be living,
Show your love for her some way.
And if she be over yonder
To that home beyond death's sea,
Bow your head and softly whisper
Prayers you learned at Mother's knee.

—Ernest A. Chapman.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 2, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Raymond Davis
Donald Jolly
William Love
Ira Montgomery
Weaver F. Ruff
Richard Sheehan
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Richard Billings
Donald Carland
Wade Fisher
Leonard Robinson
Leonard Lovelace
James Shell
David Swink
Kenneth Tipton

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 4

Eugene Ballew
Jack Bright
Elbert Brown
James Burr
Clarence Bell
William Davis
William Deaton
Elster Jones
Harry Lewis
Roy Patton
Roy Swink
Jerry Talbert
Walter Thomas
Ernest Turner
Lee Turner
Edward VanHoy
Eugene Watts
George Ward
Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 5

Eugene Kerman
Jesse King
Hoyt Newell
Leroy Pruitt
Willford Seegers

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Douglas Daniels
Everett Galleon
Robert Jarvis
Gerald Kerman
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
Jacob Myers
Sanford McLean
Reitzel Southern
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7

Arthur Beal
Charles Edwards
Donald Grimstead
Amos Myers
Milton Talley
John Tolley
William Harding

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Bennett

COTTAGE NO. 9

Morris Johnson
Edward Guffey
James Hale
John Hill
Cecil Caldwell
James Jarvis
Fred Grimstead

COTTAGE NO. 10

Fred Carswell
Brown Harris
Clifford Spriggs
Joseph Willis
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Marvin Bradley
Robert Goldsmith
Horace Guffey
William Guffey
J. C. Rhodes
Clyde Rhodes
Everett Stamey

Fred Stewart

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Thurman Daniels
Millard Ellege
Donald Hobbs
Paul Green
Robert Hobbs
Richard Kye
Banks McKnight
Dillard Shelton
Russell Stikes

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Fred Bostian
Walter Carver
Robert Caudle
John Fargis
Vernon Harding
Robert Holbert
Edward Kinion
William Lane
James Linebarrier
Roy Mumford
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
Walter Stansberry
Peter Tuttle
John Pritchard
Theodore Young
Alvis Watkins

COTTAGE NO. 15

Harold Blankenship
Charles Lanford
Lawton McDowell
Hugh Roberts
James Cantrell
Ennis Miller
Carl Willis
Leroy Willetts

INDIAN COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

INFIRMARY

(No Honor Roll)

———:———

THE MAN BEHIND THE SMILE

I don't know how he is on creeds.
I never heard him say;
But he's got a smile that fits his face
And he wears it every day.

If things go wrong he won't complain,
Just tries to see the joke;
He's always finding little ways
Of helping other folk.

He sees the good in every one,
Their faults he never mentions;
He has a lot of confidence
In people"s good intentions.

You'll know him if you meet him,
And you'll find it worth your while
To cultivate the friendship of
The "man behind the smile."

—Anon.

MAY 17 1943
(Orange County)
(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., MAY 15, 1943 No. 20

SOME GOOD RULES

I will study the language of gentlemen, and refuse to use words that bite and tones that crush.

I will practice patience at home lest my temper break through unexpectedly and disgrace me.

I will remember that my neighbors have troubles enough without unloading mine on them.

I will excuse others' faults and failures as often and fully as I expect others to be lenient with mine.

I will be a friend under trying tests and wear everywhere a goodwill face, unchilled by aloofness.

I will gladden my nature by smiling out loud on every fair occasion, and by outlooking optimistically.

I will pray frequently, think good thoughts, believe in my fellow man, and do a full day's work without fear or favor.—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
THE GLORY OF THE MOUNTAINS	By Judge Felix E. Alley	8
THIS IS MY AMERICA	By Col. W. A. Brewer	11
GEM STONES FROM CAROLINA	By Ashton Chapman	12
CAPTURED BY THE INDIANS	(N. C. State Dept. History)	16
WHAT IS LIBERTY?	By Dr. H. B. Blakely	18
EDUCATION MINUS AMERICAN HISTORY	By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough	20
REFORMERS	(Baptist Standard)	23
THE GOOSE EGG	By G. D. Greene	25
INSTITUTION NOTES		27
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE RICHER FIELDS

In a railway tunnel I recently saw several straggly, dwarfed little plants emerging from the crevices between the stones of the tunnel wall. Some aimless wind had blown the seeds into this dank place, and there they had taken root. There they clung to a pale existence while just outside the tunnel lustier plants throve in the richer soil of the fields.

How much more fortunate are we human beings! Aimless winds may leave us stranded on the barren fringes of life, but we can always pull up our roots and move on. It may not always be easy; it may take courage and strength and judgment.

Several years ago a young woman went to New York to be an actress. And New York proved too thin a soil for her. Now and then she would get a minor part to play at a small wage. Then, for weeks and months afterwards, she would have to eke out a living on her meager savings. It wasn't really living; it was merely existing. Slowly New York was starving both her body and soul. She had no more chance of attaining a full and rich life than those little tunnel seedlings. Finally she realized it. Bravely, wisely, she pulled up her roots and betook herself back to the pleasant little town of her birth. There were the sort of people and surroundings that she needed. She came into her own, and found the contentment that comes with the full glow of life.

If the winds of whim and circumstance have stranded us, we can, if we will, pull ourselves out of the hopeless and barren crevice of life.—Benjamin Russell.

EDUCATIONAL COMMITTEE APPOINTED TO PLAN THE ACADEMIC SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

Recently Dr. Clyde A. Ervin, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, appointed a special committee to study the school department of the Jackson Training School, for the purpose of making certain recommendations. The members of this committee are from the Department of Education and are men who have done outstanding work in the field of education and have had long records

of experience and observation of the public schools of this state. The personnel of this Committee is as follows:

Dr. J. Henry Highsmith, Director of the Division of Instruction
Mr. H. A. Perry, Associate Director
Dr. T. E. Browne, Director of Division of Vocational Education
Mr. S. Marion Justice, State Supervisor of Occupational Information and Guidance
Mr. Charles E. Spencer, Adviser Physical and Health Education
Mr. W. F. Credle, Director of Division of School-house Planning

This committee held its initial meeting at the Training School on April 29th. At that time, the committee held a meeting with the school faculty here and there were some preliminary discussions of possible improvements in this department of the School. As a basis for the thinking of the group the following questions were formulated:

1. What is the primary function of the Jackson Training School?
2. How is it possible to get maximum educational benefits from work experiences?
3. Should some boys be expected to go to school all day?
4. Should some boys remain out of school and in work experiences all of the time?
5. What should be the guiding philosophy of the health and educational program?
6. Should the academic school operate for only ten months in the year?
7. What should be done regarding the introduction of the eighth grade?
8. Should an effort be made to provide instruction on the high school level?
9. How can occupational information and guidance operate most effectively?
10. What uses should be made of standard tests?
11. What provision should be made for medical attention, or medical service, and the follow-up of this program at the School?
12. What should be the guiding principles of classroom instruction for boys here?

It is universally recognized that the School department here is of greater importance than any other activity and for this reason it is highly important that every possible effort be made to place this department upon the highest possible plane of efficiency. Since a great percentage of the boys enrolled here are within the compulsory school age and, no doubt, will re-enter the public school there is every reason why the school department should follow the same procedures and operate on the same high standards as do the accredited schools throughout the state. It is the purpose of the Training School officials to provide the standard of work that will be not only equivalent to but superior to average classroom instruction of the public schools. Therefore, the appointment of this committee, which will make proper recommendation for standardizing the school department here at some future time, is of peculiar importance and this has the hearty commendation of the State Public Welfare officials as well as leaders in programs for Correctional Institutions in the nation.

* * * * * * * *

THE JOY OF LIVING

We are truly living in a world which presents customs of people that differ widely from those surrounding our forebears of yesteryear. Take for instance the modes of travel have shortened distance and brought in closer contact the different nationalities; the radio transmits news, regardless of distance, within a few moments after the incidents occur; the material for making our clothing is manufactured in a wholesale manner by plants equipped with modern devices; our ready-to-wear stores carry clothing to suit every taste; our food is canned, or preserved in other ways, and is passed out to us over the counters, which greatly lightens the duties of the housewife; practically every home is equipped with electrical devices which eliminate drudgery; and last but not least, the cafeterias and other public eating places have supplanted, so to speak, the joy once realized by the assembling of families around the dining-room tables where home prepared foods were served.

The desire of every man, woman and child is to enjoy the luxuries made available by progressive civilization, but there continues a

restlessness even after the goal of the masses is reached. We, the people, as a whole, are as restless as the sea. No one would revert to the living conditions of our pioneer fathers, but there is a longing for the quiet and peacefulness of the souls of those courageous Christian patriots, who blazed the way for the land of the free and the home of the brave—America. The real joy of life, contentment, comes from a spiritually enriched soul, through service to humanity. The complacent, easy life longs for material changes, if happiness prevails. The quiet of the old home, many years ago, is often longed for in the hearts of those who visualize the old scenes, transmitted to them by parents.

* * * * * * * *

MOTHERS HONORED

Mother's Day this year was without a shadow of doubt recognized in full measure. Judging from reports coming from local florists the sale of potted plants and cut flowers was larger than that of any previous year, and we are constrained to think that people elsewhere throughout the land were also "mother-conscious." The sale of flowers prior to Mother's Day continued all day, and the delivery of same was not completed until the dawn of Mother's Day. The florists had not a flower of any kind left in their shops on this memorable date.

People have said, "like all other dates set aside to honor certain occasions, Mother's Day was commercialized." While this may be true, in our opinion it is far better to commercialize the occasion rather than to fail to give our mothers proper recognition. "Say it with flowers" is a popular expression, to have in mind when flowers are sent to mother, because a well-known author has written, "Flowers are the sweetest and prettiest things God failed to put breath in."

* * * * * * * *

LET THEM NOT FORGET GOD

There is considerable discussion relative to post-war plans. From statistics we learn that ninety-two per cent of the people are in

favor of formulating plans now to meet demands of all kinds and conditions; six per cent are undecided; and two per cent oppose doing anything until after the war. What to do at present is a problem that is difficclt to solve, but let us hope that when the official representatives of the nations assemble to write the terms of world peace that the divine guidance of the Giver of all good and perfect gifts will be felt. There will never be universal peace until every knee is bowed in reverence to the name of Jesus Christ, who was sacrificed upon the cross for the sins of mankind. The petition, "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do" has echoed around the world for two thousand years, conveying to the war demons a similar message. It is difficult, or impossible to understand the words of the Master when mind and conscience are seared by an over-powering influence of greed and hatred for our fellow men. There will have to be and understanding of the "Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man" before there will be universal peace. Love is the only element through which the scars of this war may be healed.

* * * * * * * *

An idiot once escaped from an asylum in England. While he was seated on a gate in a lane, a hunter came up with his horse and dogs. The idiot accosted him and shouted, "How much are these dogs worth?" "Three guineas each," was the answer. "How much is the horse worth?" "Seven or eight guineas." "Where are you going with them?" asked the idiot. "To hunt a fox." "How much is the fox worth?" "Nothing." "I say, you had better be moving on, or they will be putting you in the place where I came from." So it is in all walks of life. We, too, hunted our fox at a much greater price than he was worth. Dead foxes—worth nothing—are to be found in all our lives. How many things there are which we now see we were fools for pursuing at far too high a price.

* * * * * * * *

North Carolina, with more population than any other state in the South except Texas, has more native born than any other state in the nation—99.6.

THE GLORY OF THE MOUNTAINS

By Judge Felix E. Alley

Never was there a region more beautiful than our mountain country of western Carolina. Hills and valley, timberland and thicket, meadow and "bald spots," wild grassland and naked cliffs abound on every hand in happy distribution of light and color.

I have stood upon the summits of our higher elevations, and there beheld hundreds of the surrounding peaks; some large and others small; some with names and others nameless; separated by broad valleys and narrow gorges. And the thought had occurred to me that when the Divine Builder, in His grand process of creation, passed over this part of the world, He paused but a moment to throw together in confused disorder our wonderful mountainland; but since the completion of our magnificent system of highways and community roads, I have had the privilege of visiting even the most remote sections of our mountains everywhere, and have seen a different prospect at every turn of every road; and now I see in it all a design too perfect for human comprehension. To me its contemplation suggests the untold wealth of the Infinite Universe. It inspires in my heart a reverence so profound that it leaves scarce a place for the smallness of earthly hopes and yearnings. Its natural wealth, its ruggedness and vastness, its matchless splendor and its lavishness of beauty sink into my soul and leave my spirit straining at its earthly bonds to gaze with longing eyes toward the Infinite Power which ordered its existence.

I have been told that a man who had traveled extensively in all the other countries of the world, completed his tour by a visit to the mountain counties of North Carolina; and when he had seen them all, he said he believed that when God created the world, He created western North Carolina first; and that He then lost His model, and so did not attempt to duplicate our section anywhere else on earth. I respectfully dissent from that gentleman's opinion. More pleasing to me than his suggestion is the thought that when the Great Architect of the Universe had created all the other portions of the earth, He looked upon His handiwork and pronounced it good, but not good enough. And then, marshalling all of His wonderous power, all of His might and all of His wisdom out of the plentitude of His inexhaustible store, He created the mountain region of North Carolina, and pronounced it His masterpiece, among all created things in the physical world. And when, with His matchless skill, He had placed upon this masterpiece the imprint of ineffable beauty and glory, it was a veritable Garden of the Gods; a land of indescribable and inimitable grandeur. a land rugged with waving forests, canopied with foliage of brightest green, and resting upon foundations of everlasting granite.

It was a land of sparkling fountains, limpid and pure as the dews of Heaven, bubbling up from every vine-clad hollow and hidden glen. It was a land of roaring cataracts, dancing cascades, murmuring rivulets, brawling brooks and laughing rills, rippling in eternal melody; and rolling

ridges, dark gorges, deep ravines, verdant dales and extended landscapes, sweeping away until they met in the far-off rim of the sky.

It was a land of bright rivers, embanked in emerald and bordered with flowers, shimmering in sunlight and moonlight, and rushing like liquid diamonds between the hills, from original source to rolling plain, and then flowing on to empty their pellucid waters into the restless sea.

Is it any wonder that our pioneer ancestors, when they first saw this land with its mountains, rocks and streams, its hills, gorges and ravines, its trees, plants and flowers clothed in the imperial draperies of its light and shadow, its salubrious climate and incomparable atmosphere, believed that they had at last found the Promised Land. And is it any wonder that we, their descendants, believe that there are no richer fields on earth than ours: that there is no fairer land than the Carolina Mountains?

But sublime and majestic as are our wonderful mountains; enchanting and alluring as are our emerald-crowned forests; broad and extensive as are our swifty-gliding rivers and silvery streamlets, the surpassing beauty of the mountains is seen in the kingdom of wild flowers: for when Winter has folded his tent, wrapped himself in his mantle of snow and retired to his home on the shores of the far-off frozen zone, and when Spring has come to blow her mellow horn at the persuasive touch of April's showers and sunshine, the peach trees and the dogwoods burst into bloom; the beautiful, fragrant, trailing arbutus sends forth its white and pink blossoms to carpet the woods; and the redbud on the estern slopes of the Blue Ridge hangs its pink on the forested hills. And from that time on until all verdure and flowers wither and die at the first touch of the North Wind's breath, the entire mountain world is one vast flower garden. With a background of dark blue encircling the hills, a sea of color spreads out to the farthest horizons, yellow and white, scarlet and blue, pink and lavender, orange and purple, crimson and orchid, and all the colors between are scattered everywhere in confusion, but blended and softened into perfect harmony of hue and design, in an amazing variety of flowers too numerous to be mentioned here.

And even after the killing frost arrives, the mountains, if possible, are more beautiful still; for then Autumn's glory, with its Indian summer, cloudless skies and hazy atmosphere, broods like a gentle spirit over the land. Then every hill is on fire with colors made brilliant by the flashing rays of the Autumn sun. Here a tree will be crowned with blazing yellow, and there another with gleaming gold; others will be attired in brilliant red and purple, and still others in all the tints and shades between, so that every hill and mountain-top seems to be glorified by all the resplendent colors of the rainbow—a picture painted by the unseen hand of the Divine Painter Himself, and set in this high wilderness as if for His own contemplation, and equaled only in the molten and empurpled splendor of His sunset skies. The seductive mystery of this entire section is beyond the power of words to describe: the wonderful outlook of wide valleys, bounded in every direction by the tree-clad hills, opens a world that seems

to terminate abruptly everywhere, yet to go on in an endless series of verdant valleys and rushing streams. The darkling wood-belts creep up the hillsides, deep in mysterious shadows, until at last they penetrate the low-hanging clouds; the crowning glory of the higher peaks.

Mountaineers everywhere will endorse the spirit breathed in the following lines, whose author I do not know, but which I have paraphrased in order to apply to the Carolina mountains:

The poet sings of Sunny France,
Fair olive-laden Spain,
The Grecian Isles, Italia's smiles,
And India's torrid plain:
Of Egypt, countless ages old,
Dark Africa's palms and dates,
But let me acclaim the land I name—
My mountain land, in the best of states.

The poet sings of Swilzerland,
Braw Scotland's heathered moor,
The shimmering sheen of Ireland's green,
Of England's rockbound shore;
Quaint Holland and the Fatherland,
Their charms in verse relates;
But let me acclaim the land I name—
My mountain land, in the grandest of states.

I love every inch of our rugged land,
Every stone on our mountainside,
I love every drop of the crystal water
That flows in our rivers wide;
I love every tree, every blade of grass
That grows within our gates,
The gem of the earth is the land of my birth—
My mountain land, in the Queen of States.

———:———

The holines of beauty is on a par with the beauty of holiness. There is no virtue in ugliness. If so a great many people would be sanctified automatically. But sanctification does not come that way. Unquestionably the Maker of all things loves the beautiful or else he would not have created the violet and the rose, or have painted the autumnal sunset, or beautified the midnight sky with its thousand stars. Indeed, the world to a remarkable extent is saved by the beautiful—beautiful thoughts, beautiful aspirations, beautiful deeds, beautiful lives.—Selected.

THIS IS MY AMERICA

By Lieut. Col. William A. Brewer

This is my land, this is America.

Her waters and her soil have nourished me, her air I have breathed, her trees and her hills have sheltered and inspired me.

I am one with her; her grasses and her minerals are flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone; and the sweet flesh of my ancestors has nourished her, and the blood of my ancestors, fighting to keep her free, has watered her broad acres.

I am all hers and she is all mine.

Her flag is my flag; in it is not just what I see, but what I am; when I look at her flag I see only bunting and colors; but when I look into her flag I see wonderful things.

I see the breadth of her, from the spume rising where rollers of the Atlantic sweep into the rocks of Maine to the Yucca Bells ringing vespers on the hills hanging over San Diego.

I see the height of her, white spires rising through New England elms, and a pueblo throned on a red rock mesa in New Mexico, and the clouded summits of Shasta and of Washington.

I see the depth of her, the carved chasms of the roots and the skyscrapers of Manhattan, and the root cellar under the sod shacks on the prairies of Dakota, and the sweating rock a mile down in the Argonaut Mint at Jackson.

I see the blue waters of Pend Orcille, and the brown waters of the Missouri at St. Charles, and the white waters of Yosemite, and the red waters of the Tennessee, and the green waters of the Potomac; and all that they bring to the land, and to the people; and all that they take away.

Waking, I hear the birdsongs in Wisconsin elms and drifting off to sleep I hear the long-tailed chat whistling at the moon above the black deeps of Tahoe, and the sew-mew piping the sun down beyond the Golden Gate.

I see the age of her, too; the Dinosaur tracks in the stone in the prison yard at Carson City, the ferns imbedded in coal in the rich black heart of Pennsylvania, the ring upon ring storying splendor in the redwoods in the Trinity Forest; and, more recently, the traces of the Indians at Canadaigua and El Reno; the westward wheel tracks of the 49'-ers, and the beacons of the skypaths of the airliners.

All these I see when I look into the flag, and in it, too, I see the men and women, my kind of men and women; their roots deep in old cultures by which they won their way to the light, and their heads high as they stand up and face the light and know that it is good.

I see the children, with the sweet soft faces on which no story yet is written; and the old people with their faces on which are written mysteries and heroic poems.

I see the pageant of America's people, led by the lordly and colorful ones, but mostly Joe and Mary and Tom and Harry and Beth, the ones the papers don't write about, the ones that never are told about in the histories, because they just live and work and give their hearts' warmth to keep America alive.

I see the starry few, Abe of Springfield and Tom Jefferson and Teddy

and Steve Decatur, the duelling man, and old Andy Jackson, puckery and fresh to the taste as a mountain plum, and Henry Thoreau bringing the world into the confines of Walden Pond.

I see these people and these things as a part of the flag and of the land, as I am a part of the flag and of the land; and I see the land and the flag as part of them, as the flag and land are a part of me.

I see America and I hear America, I hear the music of America.

I hear the winds and clouds making a great harp of the heart, and I hear the melody of America played on that harp. The mountains bow and the hills leap at the melody which no words can tell.

I hear America in song and the song is good, the voices of the waters and the winds and the riveting machines and the saws, the voices of the men and women singing the good spirits in their hearts after their work, and the women singing to their children while they put them to sleep.

I hear America in song and the song is good; I see America in the light and the light is good. I touch America, the warm, rich soil, of America, and the red soil, and the sandy soil, and loamy soil; and the soil is good.

THIS IS MY AMERICA, and these are my people and these are my heartstrings on which the song is played; they are mine and I am theirs.

———:———

Death and taxes may be sure, but death comes only once.

———:———

GEM STONES FROM CAROLINA ARE HELPING TO WIN THE WAR

By Ashton Chapman, in The Charlotte Observer

Most North Carolinians know that many of the state's 300-odd varieties of minerals—a greater number than is to be found in any other area of similar size on the globe—are playing a vital part in the nation's all-out war effort against the Axis powers.

For instance, unprecedneted quantities of mica, one of the most strategic of all minerals being used in war industries today, are coming from the mines of North Carolina. The exact total of mica being produced is, of course, a military secret, but it is well known that some of the mica mines in this state that had been idle for a generation were reopened when the difficulties of transportation cut off the supplies of mica from abroad, and new processes have also been perfected through which certain grades of mica formerly considered of little value may now be fully utilized.

Every patriotic housewife is saving her tin cans that she heretofore discarded and is turning them over to her local salvage committee, in

order that the vitally needed material which they contain may be repossessed. Few deposits of tin occur within the continental limits of the United States, but a mine in the vicinity of Lincolnton and another near Kings Mountain are now producing commercial quantities of this badly needed mineral.

North Carolina has in the past produced iron ore, and it is understood that certain deposits, notably those in the Cranberry region of the western part of the state, will soon be producing sponge iron that will prove an economical substitute for scrap iron.

High-grade copper ore is being produced in increasing quantities at certain locations in this state. One mine near Troy is said to be bringing to the surface an average of a ton of copper a day, and other mines are not far below this figure.

A fine quality of manganese is now being produced in North Carolina. This mineral is now being used, along with others, to produce the new nickleless five-cent pieces, in order to release vast quantities of nickle for war purposes.

Many thousands of tons of vermiculite from North Carolina are now being employed to make fireproof decks on naval vessels and for fireproofing various other military installations.

Other items from among North Carolina's vast mineral wealth are playing their part in the war effort, including minerals usually classed as semi-precious stones, such as quartz and garnet crystals.

The Chestnut Flat mines on the head waters of Bear Creek in Mitchell county are supplying to the government's new $3,000,000 plant for making optical glass for our armed forces, huge amounts of pure grade quartz, such as they supplied for the great 200-inch mirror for the world's largest telescope at an observatory in California.

Under present conditions of warfare optical glass is more essential than ever before, and it was for this reason that the United States government constructed its own plant to turn out this material. Field glasses and binoculars, bomb sights, range finders, telescopes, cameras and various other kinds of equipment for the various branches of the military services are being turned out at this plant. Special types of glass for use in electrical devices are also being produced for military needs, as well as eyeglasses and goggles for officers and enlisted men.

In the past some of the quartz crystals of various colors in various parts of the state have been used for making jewelry. Clear quartz crystals have been cut and sold locally as "North Carolina diamonds." No pretense was made that these were real diamonds, although, according to the State Department of Conservation and Development, at least 13 genuine diamonds of various sizes have been discovered in this state. The largest of these, weighing 4-13 carats, was found in 1886 at Dystartville.

Diamonds have been found in Mecklenburg, McDowell, Burke, Rutherford, Lincoln and Franklin counties. It will be noted that all these counties, with the exception of Franklin, are adjacent to each other. While the discoveries made to date have been accidental and none of the ordinary association of diamonds have been

found in the formations near the points of discovery, geologists believe that, because these diamonds have all come from the same general area in the state, they must have originated at some common point on higher ground and were washed down, along with decomposing rock soil, during spring freshets.

Attention is called to the fact that just such random discoveries of diamonds were made from time to time in the state of Arkanasas until certain areas were located which, upon being systematically worked, have produced several thousand diamonds of various sizes. It is not too much to expect that similar diamond-producing locations may some day be discovered in North Carolina. Even should such area produce few diamonds of gem quality, the deposits might prove very valuable as a source for the lesser diamond crystals used for many industrial purposes, and that are so badly needed at the present time in various war plants.

Two diamonds have been found in Mecklenburg county, one of which was black in color. Many persons in Charlotte are familiar with the story of this black diamond, said to have been "as large as a chinquapin." It was discovered by gold-washers in Todd's branch. Some one, who had heard the old saying that nothing is harder than a diamond, thought to prove the genuineness of the stone by laying it on a black-smith's anvil and pounding it with a hammer. The blow shattered the stone, but some of the fragments were large enough to identify it as parts of a genuine diamond.

Three diamonds have been found in McDowell county, and a like number in Burke. One of the latter, a small uncut stone, is on display in the State museum at Raleigh.

If genuine diamonds froom North Carolina—until such time as the area is discovered where they originated —are limited to the 13 authentic specimens named by the Department of Conservation and Development, the state is not lacking in other valuable stones. Among these are rubies and sapphires, which are gem varieties of the mineral corundum.

North Carolina leads all other states in the production of corundum, much of which is used as industrial abrasives, and is in great demand at the present time by plants engaged in turning out the materials of war.

Transparent corundum crystals occur in many colors, all of which are valuable. Rubies have been producad at Corundum hill in Macon county. Sapphires have been found at Montvale in Transylvania county, as well as at Sapphire in Jackson county. The rubies from North Carolina are the only true rubies that have yet been found anywhere in the United States.

From the mine opened in 1871 at Corundum hill was taken the largest crystal yet discovered. Of a blue-gray color and weighing 312 pounds, this crystal is now in the collection of minerals at Amherst college. The same locality produced what is perhaps the finest emerald-green sapphire in the world. This beautiful stone is in the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

Beryl is another of the valuable gem stones of North Carolina. It is found at Hiddenite, in Alexander county. The mineral hiddenite, which

gave the place its name, is also found there. It is a variety of spodumene, yellow to green in color. This is the only known deposit of this mineral in the world.

It will be remembered that hiddenite was discovered in 1879 by W. E. Hidden, of New York, and was named for him. Mr. Hidden had been sent to North Carolina by Thomas A. Edison to search for platinum deposits. Although no platinum was discovered, the state of North Carolina is richer for the deposit of hiddenite that was located. Gems weighing as much as 2 1-2 carats have been cut and sold for as much as $500.00. Numbers of others have brought from $40.00 to more than $100.00. per carat. The finest stone of this kind is in the American Museum of Natural History.

In Mitchell county, not far from the popular summer resort of Little Switzerland, is an old emerald mine, which was reopened and worked for a short time several years ago. So far as is known this has been the only source of real emeralds in the United States. While some valuable stones have been taken from this mine in the past, it has not been worked to a very great depth, and some geologists believe that whenever operations are resumed and systematically conducted this mine will yield emeralds for more valuable than any that have yet been brought to the surface.

Rhodolite, the state stone of North Carolina, is an exquisite purple-red variety of garnet, and has been found nowhere in the world but in Macon county in this state.

Practically every other known variety of garnet is also found in North Carolina. Mines in this state are today supplying quantities of the abrasive grades of garnet to various plants engaged in making war materials. Garnets frequently occur in mica deposits, and the waste dumps of mica mines in North Carolina have been valuable sources for persons in search of garnet specimens. Almandite, the common garnet varies in color from deep red to black. The transparent scarlet and crimson varieties, when cut, are known as carbuncles. Some of the finest almandite garnets in the world are found in Burke, Caldwell and Catawba counties.

Lazulite, a beautiful blue gem resembling lapis lazuli, has been found in only two places in the United States—Gaston county, North Carolina, and a small area in Georgia.

Among the numerous other varieties of gem stones found in North Carolina the best known perhaps are staurolite, spinzel, peridot, serpentine, agate, amazonstone, carnelian, jasper, malachite, opal, tourmaline, kyanite, hyalite, topaz, ziroon, moonstone and sunstone.

Pearls of some value have been obtained in North Carolina waters, not only from oysters along the coast but from mussels in the fresh water streams of the state

———:———

Taxes may be high, but we don't have to dodge bombs on our way to pay them.

CAPTURED BY THE INDIANS

Used by Permission of the North Carolina State Department of Archives and History (formerly N. C. Historical Commission)

It was September, 1711. A canoe slowly ascended the Neuse River from the little town at its mouth called New Berne. The canoe carried five men—two whites, an Indian, and two Negroes, who rowed. A sixth member of the party—an Indian—rode a horse along the bank.

The canoe moved easily, so the party travelled all day, waiting till night to spread a tent and rest. Enjoying the grapes, which grew in profusion along the river banks, and noting the course of the river, they journeyed on. Little did they dream that at the nearby Indian town of Catechna five hundred Tuscarora warriorn had assembled, ready to fall up on the whites in the neighborhood.

The white men in the party were Baron Christopher de Graffenried and John Lawson, Surveyor-General of the province and author of the famous History of Carolina. The year before, De Graffenried had settled a colony of German and Swiss immigrants on the tongue of land between the Neuse and Trent rivers, and had called the town so formed New Berne in honor of his native city, Berne, in Switzerland. Lawson, who was in London when De Graffenried made his plans for the colony, had advised the latter in selecting a site for the town and had assisted in leading the settlers to their new home. Many misfortunes had befallen the colony, but under De Graffenried's leadership it had managed to survive. One feature of De Graffenried's policy was his fair treatment of the neighboring Indians. This had won the good will of the natives, who had given many proofs of their friendship. Lawson, however, was accused by the Indians of cheating them out of their lands, and they heartily disliked him.

Lawson was not alone in his mistreatment of the natives. Other Carolinians had sold Indian men, women, and children into slavery, had robbed them in trade, and had disturbed their hunting. For these and other reasons, the Tuscarora along the Neuse River had become convinced that the white settlers were enemies, and under the shrewd leadership of one watchful chief, whom the whites called Hancock, they had assembled their warriors at Hancock's chief town on Contentnea Creek, near the present town of Show Hill. September 22 had been set as the date for attack, but so carefully had their secret been kept that at this critical time De Graffenried and Lawson on an exploring trip came unsuspecting into the heart of their possessions.

The two explorers were amazed, therefore, when on the second day of their journey the Indian riding the horse was halted by one of Hancock's men and the whole party taken before that chief. The Indian thought that De Graffenried was Edward Hyde, governor of the province. So proud were they of their prize that they forced the captives to run all night through forests and swamps, so that

they might sooner reach Catechna, where Hancock was.

The next evening a trial was held. King Hancock presided over an assembly of chiefs, who sat in a ring around a great fire. After much disputing and deliberation, it was decided that the captives should be freed. When the next day came, however, a second trial was held. This time Lawson got into a quarrel with one of the chiefs, and his incautious behavior spoiled everything. Instead of being released, De Graffenried, Lawson, and one of the Negroes were condemned to death.

At dawn the following day the captives were led to the great judgment and assembling place. They were bound and put in the middle of a great space. Before them was a tremendous fire, around which a conjurer made two rings of meal or white sand. At the captives' feet lay a wolf shin. A little farther in front stood a savage, ax in hand, who appeared to be the excutioner. Beyond him a numerous rabble danced. Four Indians with guns beat time with their feet, and, when a dance was over shot off their guns. Within the ring sat two savages who beat upon a drum and sang weird tunes. Meanwhile the conjurer made his conjurations and threats. When tired of dancing, the savages would suddenly rush into the forest, letting forth frightful cries and howls, but would soon reappear, their faces striped black, white, and red, their loose hair full of feathers, and some wearing skins of animals. To De Graffenried they appeared like a troop of devils running and dancing out of the forest.

This continued all day, and the captives, watching the terrifying sight, prepared themselves for death.

As the sun went down, the council assembled once more, this time to end the terrible ceremony. Knowing that one of the Indians understood English, De Graffenried made one last attempt to save himself from the horrible fate before him. Turning as best he could in his bonds, he made a short speech, telling of his innocence, and how if he was not spared the great and mighty Queen of England would avenge his blood. After he finished talking, he noticed one of the leading Indians speaking earnestly. Presently some messengers were sent away on an errand. Upon their return, one of them came and loosened De Graffenried from his bonds. Believing that his end had come, De Graffenried arose and followed. How dumbfounded he was when, having gone a few steps, the Indian told him in broken English that he and the Negro were to be spared—but that Lawson must die.

No one knows the manner of Lawson's death. De Graffenried, who was not allowed to speak to him, left him lying bound in the space by the fire, and never saw him again. He had heard several savages threaten to cut Lawson's throat with a razor which was found in his sack. Afterward there were rumors that the Surveyor-General had been hanged; other runors said that he had been burned. Years before, Lawson in his Journal had described still more gruesome methods by which the savages killed their enemies, such as filling the prisoner's body with pine splinters setting these on fire, and forcing the

prisoner to dance around a great fire until he dropped. The Indians, however, steadfastly refused to divulge the manner of Lawson's death, and we will probably never know what tortures were devised for him.

De Graffenried was kept prisoner about six weeks, while plans for a bloody massacre of the whites were perfected and carried out. Knowing these plans, but unable to warn his people, he suffered untold anguish. Often he recognized garments and utensils of his own people among the booty the Indians brought after their raids, and one of the prisoners, a boy from New Berne, told how his own entire family had been murdered by the very savage with whom De Graffenried was lodged.

At last the Indians, rejoicing over a victory, agreed to let De Graffenried go home. After a two-day journey he again reached New Berne, where he found that eighty of his colonists had fallen victims to the Indians.

The bloody war thus started lasted two long years, and it was only with the aid of the South Carolinians that the Tuscarora were finally overthrown. After their defeat the tribe abandoned North Carolina to join their brethren in New York. Today only an occasional arrowhead or a tree bearing Indian symbols bears witness of the powerful tribe that once roamed the banks of the Neuse.

———:———

Knowledge is one thing that doesn't become second-hand when used.

———:———

WHAT IS LIBERTY?

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

"Give me liberty or give me death," these impassioned words of Patrick Henry still thrill our souls. The spirit that lies behind that statement is keeping millions of men at the task of production and of battle, and will some day sweep the dictators from the earth.

But what is liberty? It is far easier to be moved by Patrick Henry's cry than to define his great word. In fact, few of us have ever tried to think through seriously what liberty is. For Americans the idea of liberty is too often merely negative, for our country found liberty when we rebelled against a foreign tyranny; but the benefits of liberty must be positive.

I know that I cannot adequately define liberty in this article, or in any statement of which I am capable; but I recognize that if there ever was a time when patriotic Americans should be trying to underand what liberty is, that time is now. Again we are at a great turning point of history, and some men somewhere must do for the world what our founding fathers did for the United

States when, thinking through the implications of liberty for that day, they prepared The Consitution of the United States and the Bill of Rights.

In this shrunken world, today in travel hours vastly smaller than the original thirteen colonies, somebody needs to write a contitution, whose preamble might be:

"We, the People of the World, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the Common defense, promote a general welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this constitution for the world."

Some how on a world scale it must be recognized that "all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights, that among those are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness." As the men of 1776 attempted to put liberty for their day into actual practice, it is our business in 1943 to put concrete content into these terms in the light of the actualities of our own times. Liberty is ever the new wine of the human spirit which must be put "into new wineskins; else the new wine will burst the skins, and itself will be spilled, and the skins will perish." Unless those who prize liberty march forward with time, they linger behind to be enslaved.

Freedom from something has no meaning until it is also freedom for something. Said Phillips Brooks, "Liberty is the fullest opportunity for man to be and to do the very best that is possible for him." Liberty is for the individual to have the opportunity to fulfill the purpose for which the Creator brought him into the world. Liberty gives a man the chance to express himself. Liberty assures for all, the poor and humble as well as the rich and great, the privileges of bringing to realization the dreams and the visions and the intellectual powers with which God endows men. Liberty assures to any man a fair chance to be his best and to do his work well.

Liberty sets the individual at the center of all values and proclaims the infinite worth of one man. It maintains that the individual has certain rights of which no government may deprive him. The essential dignity of man as an individual depends upon his relation to God Almighty. A man is God's creature, and therefore all other men before God must respect his worth and his rights. If every human being is sacred before God, the human values are the highest in the world. A good society is that which best serves to enrich the experience of men and enables them to realize the fullness of living.

True liberty necessitates law with force behind it. My rights end where they begin to encroach on my neighbor's rights. If I insist upon hitting the other fellow on the nose, the regulations of liberty lay hands on me as a violator of the rights of other men. In a world where none are saints, liberty without law and force will degenerate into lawlessness.

A hundred and sixty odd years ago Americans asserted that men were created equal, that all were entitled to Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. These were large assertions and we have not always been able to live up to them. But our national life has been a march for-

ward with the ideal of liberty as our guiding pillar of fire by night and cloud by day; our march will never reach the promised land unless the ideal of liberty is enlarged to include all men everywhere.

This enlarged vision has been proclaimed in the Four Freedoms, for which we fight and for the realizations of which men wait in the concentration camps and prisons and in the dark streets of subjugated lands.

"The first is freedom of speech and expression—everywhere in the world. "The second is freedom of every person to worship God in his own way—everywhere in the world.

"The third is freedom from want —which, translated into world terms, means economic understandings which will secure to every nation a healthy peacetime life forits inhabitants—everywhere in the world."

healthy peacetime life for its inhabit—which, translated into world terms, means a world-wide reduction of armaments to such a point and in such a thorough fashion that no nations will be in a position to commit an act of physical aggression against any neighbor—anywhere in the world."

These freedoms depend one upon another. Each is not an entity in itself but is part of a larger structure. If one is missing, all others are jeopardized. United they form a whole—liberty.

It took sacrifice, labor, and thought to make Patrick Henry's cry a reality in the forming of the United States. Again it will take larger sacrifice, greater labor, harder thinking to make the Four Freedoms operate to establish Liberty for all the people of our earth.

———:———

All the darkness in the world cannot put out the light of one small candle.

———:———

'EDUCATION' MINUS AMERICAN HISTORY

By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough.

The Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War at their annual meeting in October, 1942, passed the following resolution:

Inasmuch as a recent survey shows that many of our educational institutions, including colleges, universities, state normal schools and similar institutions of higher learning, seem to have a dearth of courses dealing with the history and progress of our nation, we would, therefore recommend to the National Education Association in Washington, D. C., and to all university deans that this matter be given consideration and that steps be taken to enrich the curricula of our institutions, in order

that students, teachers, and others shall come to know and appreciate more fully the price that has been paid for our democratic institutions and our American way of life.

"That the New York Times be recommended for the survey made and published for the teaching of United States history in institutions of higher learning and that the secretary of the New York Times be sent a copy of the resolution."

The Junior college teachers of California had a conference in which they considered the best ways and means of teaching United States history to the children in their schools.

Professer Edgar E. Robinson, executive head of Stanford's history department. said:

"History has lost ground in the schools and colleges and even in the universities in the past ten years. There seems to be a lack of the individual of today. They seem not to understand that our democracy, economic and social and political, has not only been an aspiration but a fact in our past."

Dr. George N. Shuster, president of Hunter College, in discussing the survey, said,

"Without a basic knowledge of United States history there is danger that the American man and woman will have no roots anywhere."

New York has changed her curriculum so that under it now every student in the high schools of the state will be required to take two years of American History rather than one year as formerly required.

Some time ago the people of England began studying American History. Since the arrival of American troops in England, Ireland and Africa the English have a new inspiration to study American History. A well-known American woman who lately visited England said:

"Our English allies have instituted new courses in American history throughout their grammar and secondary schools so that the children of England should learn something of the ideals that inspire the great American democracy. A law has been passed in England whereby any school receiving a grant of money from the State must teach American history. I asked a school girl how she would like that. She replied 'It's bad enough to learn all those old kings and now we must know your presidents, too it will be an awful bore.' Well, anyway the next generation will know something about America. We have to know something of English history in order to understand our own. When they know our history, they will see the unfolding, with modifications, of one great tradition of liberty and law."

If the English people feel they must know our history in order to understand us, why should Americans be left in ignorance of their own history? Can anyone be called educated if he does not know the facts of the story of his own country and the forces which made it—the romance of its discovery, its development and its great personalities?

Public attention has frequently been called to the perversion of the history of the United States which started even before the first world war. One of the principal reasons in the beginning seems to have been to soften criticism of England because of the Revolutionary War in order that Americans would be brought up with-

out any feeling toward England. Then, as certain history teachers expounded on the evils of excessive love of one's country, it was suspected that the idea might be aimed at toning down feelings of nationality.

Soon after the war, Socialists and Communists began working themselves into places of power with school authorities and scheming to rearrange histories. There have been many investigations of history text-books, beginning with the Hirshfield Commission in New York City in 1921, which condemned as treasonable ten histories that were in the schools in the city of New York. Many histories written since then have been much worse because they attempted to interpret the political aspects of history and use a great deal of space to denounce the government and belittle the Constitution.

The American Legion has long waged a battle against the use of un-American textbooks in the schools of the nation and it is still being fought to a finish in all sections of our country.

The nation was startled a few months ago by the revelations of the survey conducted by the New York Times in regard to the study of American history in 690 American Colleges.

This survey shows that eighty-two percent of the "institutions of higher learning" do not require the study of United States history for a degree. Only eighteen per cent require such study of history before a degree is awarded. In other words one may take a degree without ever knowing the history of his own country. Such a state of affairs would be unbelievable if we did not know that it exists.

It was found that many students complete four years in college without any history course whatever and many high schools do not have a course in the history of our cuntry.

Even more startling is the fact that not one-half of the college people expecting to take teachers' degrees to teach in the public schools have had a course in United States history.

Reverberations at this state of affairs are coming from many sources. It has aroused the teachers throughout the country, as, of course, it should. President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, declared that it was "perfectly outrageous that such a situation should exist."

Significant also is the resignation of Hugh Russell Frazer from his post as information officer of the United States Office of Education in Washington. Mr. Frazer assisted in framing the survey on historical questions made by the New York Times. In submitting his resignation Mr. Frazer said he was "unable to reconcile myself with the apparent attitude of the Office of Education in the matter of instruction in American History."

In discussing his ideas on the teaching of American history he told the press that schools "are so diluting history with simple contemporary events that the students get little knowledge of the men who made this country."

"It is natural," he said, that when they teach American history starting out with the premise of today and only bringing in the past as a casual throwback, for the students to think that Thomas Jefferson was the founder of the Saturday Evening Post; or to confuse Andrew and Stonewall Jackson; or that Abraham Lincoln wrote the Bill of Rights, or as

one student said, "Robert E. Lee became famous for winning a race in his steam boat on the Mississippi River."

This awakening to the value of American history has reached Congressional circles. Last week Senator Guffey, Democrat of Pennsylvania, proposed a congressional inquiry into history teaching methods. He told the Senate that there is an "appalling neylect of United States history in public secondary schools," and that the survey made among colleges was an indictment of our educational system to drive the subject of history home."

We never heard of a man catching cold from leaving off his bad habits.

REFORMERS

(Baptist Standard.)

A young man once asked John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet, how to get the most out of life. The poet replied, "Join yourself to some unpopular but worthy cause." How strange that advice must seem to those whose chief ambition appears to be that of "getting on the bandwagon," joining the winning side, gaining popular applause.

In an office in New York City there is a tablet in honor of Theodore Roosevelt. The inscription on it begins with this fitting sentence: "Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."

Every age needs men with this fighting spirit and with high ideals. Explain it how you will, the fact is evident to every open-minded observer that for the majority of men it is easier to slip downward to low moral plane than it is to climb to the heights of noble character. Study the upward movements of history, and you will find their explenation in those intrepid souls who would not yield to the downward pull, but set themselves with all their hearts to the task of drawing their fellow men to higher levels of living.

Think of Martin Luther and the Reformation of the sixteenth century. Think of Wesley and Whitefield and the English Reformation of the eighteenth century. Think of Jonathan Edwards and the American revival of the same century. Think of many others, both men and women, who by tongue and pen have kept the consciences of men aroused and have kindled their love for the highest and noblest things.

The Hebrew king Josiah was one of these moral leaders. When he came to the throne, he found his people sunk in idolatry and immorality. After a crucial religious experience he set himself to the task of reforming the nation.

He employed two methods of ridding the land of evil. The first was the use of force. He destroyed the heathen altars and images which invited his people to practice idolatry. He got rid of the idolatrous priests who were corrupting the people. Thus he cleared the way for a constructive campaign.

There are many who dissapprove of the use of force in the conflict with evil, but their objections are superficial and do not face the stern facts of human society. That was a ringing challenge of W. G. Shepherd in Collier's some time ago: "All the way up, from little to big, everything the boys of gangland see is crooked—crooked law, crooked policemen, probably crooked fathers and monthers. A black, terrible world right in our midst. When we come upon a children's secret world so incredibly evil that it produces nothing but crime. munder, and criminals, isn't it time that someone, in power somewhere, got out a mop and pail of disinfectant and wiped out a clear pathway for those chidren toward the sunlight?"

Have Christian citizens no responsibility for the changing of such conditions? Is there no way of saving our youth from the snares of evil men and women except by "moral suasion?" There are times when resort to the force of law is necessary to curb influence of those who cannot be reached by persuasion.

This is not trying to make men good by law, as the enemies of reform are so fond of objecting; it is simply removing the temptations that exploiters of human weakness are throwing in the path of youth.

No sensible man objects to the killing of a mad dog; but what mad dog ever wrought so much damage to a community as a liquor store?

No sensible man protests against community efforts to protect the physical health of boys and girls by quarantining those who have small pox or scarlet fever; why should any sensible person object to community efforts to protect the moral health of these boys and girls by suppressing the immoral moving pictures and the rotten magazines by which unscrupulaus promoters and publishers are poisoning their minds?

To be most effective, however, every reform movement needs the support of religion. When social obligations are studied in the light of God's Word, when Christians realize that as citizens they are responsible for the character of their community, so far as they have opportunities to help change it, when they put principle above policy, when they vote as they pray, when they come to share their Lord's concern for the souls and lives of those about them, they will bring in a new era, a better social order, in which it will be easier for lost men and women to find their way to God.

It must be rather disconcerting to some young fellows to discover how many important jobs are being held by men who don't give a darn what the well dressed man is wearing.

—Exchange.

THE GOOSE EGG

By G. D. Greene

"Competition is the thing that ruined me," Lon Foster said to Lucia as the two left a now empty store building and walked dejectedly toward their home. "There are too many furniture stores in this town to make it worthwhile for anyone."

His wife said nothing. There was nothing she could say. For many months she had tried to make Lon see that competition alone could never ruin anyone, that he need never feel he was competing with others. "Listen, Lon," she had said on one occasion, "why should you bother even to try to compete with others? Undoubtedly there are people right in this town who desire the very merchandise you have in stock. It's simply a matter of finding a way to attract those people to your place of business."

But Lon was not impressed. "What does a woman know about business, anyway?" he muttered in reply.

Lon's haggard face bothered Lucia. Little worry line were beginning to show on his forehead and about his eyes. A few gray hairs were commencing to show amongst the dark brown ones. His negative and inferiority complex had dominated his thinking despite all her efforts at optimism.

"Well, these two years in business have been wasted," Lon said as they strolled along. "Now we're right back where we started. We've got to start all over again—from a 'goose egg' —zero!"

"I'm afraid that philosophic optimism of yours wouldn't mix well with common sense," Lon said suddenly that evening after a long silence.

Lucia was somewhat startled, and she sensed a hidden satisfaction at the thought that Lon had been thinking of her philosophy. "Why do you say that?" she asked in an assumed attitude of disinterest.

"Well, you're been saying that all I need to do is to attract business my way. Suppose there are two stores in the same block. All right, now we'll say that one proceeds on your theory and does things to attract customers. After awhile, the other man also learns the secret, and attracts customers back to his place. Well, they would be right back where they started. They would be competing , wouldn't they?"

"No, Lon," Lucia said promptly, "because each one would attract only those who want particularly what they individually have to offer. There is a specific demand on the part of the people. It may be a certain kind of goods; it may be a service; or it may be merely a friendly, optimistic spirit. Merchants render service to their fellows by bringing supply and demand together."

A look of enlightenment glittered in Lon's face. "Then, you think it a matter of specializing."

Lucia nodded. "In a way—specializing in believing that you have something to offer people they don't get elsewhere. It may be nothing more than good will."

The entire chain of events that materialized the new philosophy need not be related here. One incident was

exceptionally commonplace. Lon had seen a newspaper announcement of a man who wished to buy a paticular make of radio. The Fosters had one of these models that they never used, and they decided to offer it to the advertiser. The copy of the paper containing the announcement could not be found, and so the chance to make the sale was lost, but it was the incident that proved Lucia's philosophy.

Within sixty days Lon was operating a unique little business of his own on a busy boulevard. Over his small but attractive shop was a sign bearing the words, "Back Number Newspaper Company." Among his numerous customers were lawyers, writers, advertising men and theatrical stars. Lon found the new business interesting and lucrative.

"As far as I know," grinned Lon, "I'm the only one in town using my idea—I mean Lucia's—and even if I weren't, competition would never worry me again, because I sell more than back issues of newspapers—I sell human interest. And I was wrong in thinking that I was starting from a 'goose egg.' No man who has a human interest in his customers ever starts from a 'goose egg'—but he starts with the 'goose that lays the golden eggs.'"

"And Lon's too busy gathering the golden eggs to worry about competition," piped Lucia shyly.*

———:———

NATURE'S SHOES

Before letting ourselves become hysterical over the prospect of a shoe shortage we ought to be reminded that any shoes at all are something of a superfluity. Nature's first foot covering was not cow hide but the hide of the foot itself. Savages usually go barefoot and so, formerly, did those savages of civilized communities, the children.

Nor is it by any means certain that bare feet, and barefoot people are not for at least six months of the year—in our climate—the happier for their bareness. Shoes are as much a matter of snobbish convention as of comfort and health. Ask any boy, like Huck Finn, who has had his foot out to grass all summer. The keenest misery he ever knew was that when Sunday school or the first snow required him to force his free, outdoor feet into shoes.

Once we have made up our minds that it is stylish to go barefoot, as the girls go barelegged, we'll probably enjoy it. And consider the economy. Nothing to buy, nothing to repair. We'll be born with our lifetime shoes already on, so to speak. And they will constantly grow their own new soles and heels from within as the old ones wear off on the outside.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Two hobs and a beef were slaughtered last Wednesday and the meat placed in cold storage. This will be a most welcome addition to the cottage menus.

—:—

Dewey Bunn, of Cottage No. 3, was taken to the Cabarrus General Hospital, Concord, last Tuesday. The following day he was operated upon for appendicitis. The latest report coming from the hospital was that the boy was getting along nicely.

—:—

The feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in our auditorium last Thursday night was "Small Town Deb." A comedy, "Welcome, Little Stranger," was shown at the same time. Both are Twentieth-Century-Fox productions.

—:—

The first strawberries of the season were gathered at the School this week. The amount gathered was not so large, but the berries were issued to the cottages as far as the supply would warrant. We hope to have a more generous supply later.

—:—

Bill Morgan, a former member of our printing class, now a second-class seaman in the United States Navy, wrote us the other day. He is now stationed at the Naval Training School, Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, where he is studying radio. His letter reads in part as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Might get a leave when I graduate, which will be in about five weeks, and if I do, will be sure to see you and the rest of the folks at the School. It sure will be nice to come back and see old friends there. Am getting along fine with my radio studies. When this war is over, I think I shall stay in the Navy for a while, and then go into commercial radio or television. I have a Halicrafter short wave set of my own now. It cost $100.26, which just about took all my savings in the ship's service bank. I can get any station in the world on it. It is a supper-hetrodyne set, and the broadcasts come in with no interference at all. Please remember me to all at the School, and write me a letter soon. Sincerely, Bill."

—:—

A recent letter from Ivan (Tiny) Morrozoff, formerly one of our printing class boys, informed us that he had been transferred again since enlisting in the United States Army a little more than a year ago. He was first sent to Fort Bragg, but in a short time he went to Camp Lee, Virginia; his next stop was Keesler Field, Biloxi, Mississippi. Tiny is now a member of Detachment No. 5, 904th QMC (Aviation Service) Army Air Base, Portland, Oregon. He writes as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Just a few lines to let you know that I am well, and hope that you and everyone at the old school are feeling fine. Portland is a nice town, and the field where I am located is O K. It has been raining during the greater part of my stay here, and I have been kidding some of the Portland people about folks living in this community having web-feet. They generally come back at me about my Southern lingo, es-

pecially when I say "you all," but we have a lot of fun.

"Am still working in the Base QM office. You will notice I am trying to type this letter. While it may not be so good, it certainly is a lot better than my handwriting. Have learned enough about the mimeograph to operate it fairly well. Am not an expert yet, but hope to improve as time goes by. I am proud of the job I have here. The exercises we have every morning from 8 to 9 keeps me in good shape, and will be a great help in the days to come when I get a chance at those Japs and Germans. The sooner the better is what I say, for it will mean that we can all get back to a normal way of living.

"Please say 'hello' to everybody for me, and be sure to send The Uplift once in a while. Also drop me a line or two and tell me how you are getting along these fine spring days. Best of luck. Your friend, Tiny."

—:—

A recent letter from J. W. McRorie, formerly a member of our printing class, revealed that he is now employed in the Navy Yard, Key West, Florida. Mac had been working in a printing establishment in Clinton, South Carolina, for several months prior to going to Florida. He writes:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Am now working in the Navy Yard here. The weather is very hot, and you ought to see the coat of tan I now have. Am a messenger down here in the Hull Division, but will soon be working in the office. By the way, I met Fred Owens, who used to be in Cottage No. 11. He is now in the Marines. If you know of any other old boys who are down here, please let me know, for I would like to meet some one from up there. Sorry I can't come up to visit you now, but I'm too far away and can't afford to make the trip just now. When I come home to see mother, I'll be right up there to see you. Don't forget to send me Bill Morgan's address. Shall be glad to hear from you soon. Sincerely, your former student, J. W. McRorie."

—:—

The baseball teams of the local leagues played six games last Saturday afternoon. A better brand of baseball was played than on the previous Saturday, when the season was opened. There were not so many one-sided contests, and the starting pitchers, in most instances, finished their games. The scores were as follows:

League Number One—First Cottage 16 Eighth Cottage 0; Receiving Cottage 8 Fourth Cottage 3; Fifth Cottage 9 Third Cottage 3.

League Number Two—Tenth Cottage 6 Thirteenth Cottage 4; Eleventh Cottage 7 Fifteenth Cottage 6; Fourteenth Cottage 5 Ninth Cottage 4.

CLUB STANDINGS

League Number One

	W	L	Pct
First Cottage	2	0	1.000
Receiving Cottage	2	0	1.000
Fourth Cottage	1	1	.500
Fifth Cottage	1	1	.500
Third Cottage	0	2	.000
Eighth Cottage	0	2	.000

League Number Two

	W	L	Pct
Tenth Cottage	2	0	1.000
Eleventh Cottage	1	1	.500
Thirteenth Cottage	1	1	.500

Fourteenth Cottage	1	1	.500
Fifteenth Cottage	1	1	.500
Ninth Cottage	0	2	.000

—:—

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. The subject of his message to the boys was "Peace."

The speaker began by stating that although we are in the midst of a great war today, we are at the same time looking forward to the coming of peace for all. People of all ages and in all walks of life are striving toward the common goal of peace. Even boys of the ages of those here have their dark moments of discouragement, and they, too, are looking for peace.

Rev. Mr. Summers then told this story: There was a person who had his sight until he was three or four years old, when through an accident he became blind. Through a surgical operation his sight was restored at the age of forty years. All through his life this man had seen the world through the eyes of a little child, and thought of all people as being very happy and pleasant. After receiving his sight, he was amazed to see so many people who were unpleasant, surly, and in poor spirit.

Such conditions, said the speaker, have come into the world, not because Jesus wanted it to be that way, for when the Master spoke to his disciples before leaving the earth, he said: "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you." This did not mean that Jesus had in mind the peace of great riches, nor of tranquility and ease, but he was thinking of the following:

(1) Peace of Conscience. When one does the thing he knows to be right, he keeps his own peace of soul and peace with God.

(2) Peace of Character. Because Christ's character was perfect it gave to him unlimited power. He knew that no one could rightfully speak evil against him.

(3) Peace of Abiding Trustfulness. Christ always sought to do only those things which were approved by God.

Rev. Mr. Summers then used this illustration: Two artists were asked to give their interpretation, through painting, of what peace really meant. One of them painted a scene of a mountain lake, with the water as level as a floor, and with clouds and still leaves mirrored therein. The other painted the scene of Niagara Falls, with its foam, mists and rushing waters. Nearby was a mother bird calmly nestling her young brood in a clump of shrubbery. In this setting there was supreme confidence within.

By this illustration, the speaker pointed out that after all, it is what is on the inside that counts for most.

Rev. Mr. Summers then said that the boys who take Christ into their lives are those who will have peace of spirit and the satisfaction of being the possessors of an inner strength.

In conclusion, the speaker stated that we may not always know just the best thing to do, but there will never be any time to trifle with untruthfulness, dishonesty, and the other evils of the world.

———:———

The average mean temperature in North Carolina is 59 degrees.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 9, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Raymond Davis
Donald Jolly
William Love
Ira Montgomery
Weaver Ruff
Lee St. Clair
Richard Sheehan
Harry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Richard Billings
Donald Carland
Wade Fisher
Jack Harmon
Walter Riggs
David Swink
Kenneth Tipton
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Dewey Bunn
Clyde Bustle
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Albert Hames
Dewey Lanning
Ralph Powell
Rhonda Price

COTTAGE NO. 4

Clarence Bell
Elbert Brown
James Burr
William Davis
William Deaton
Elster Jones
William Lanning
Roy Patton
Roy Swink
Jerry Talbert
Walter Thomas
Lee Turner
Edward VanHoy
George Ward

COTTAGE NO. 5

Harold Cruse
William Gentry
W. C. James
Leroy Pruitt
David Eugene Stubbs
Willford Seegers

COTTAGE NO. 6

Eugene Bowers
Kenneth Caldwell
Everett Galleon
Robert Jarvis
Chester Lee
Jacob Myers
Reitzel Southern
Charlton Cox

COTTAGE NO. 7

Arthur Beal
Olin Brigman
Charles Edwards
Wallace Foster
William Harding
Amos Myers
John Tolley
W. C. Whitehurst

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Bennett
John Franks
Homer Johnson
Eugene White

COTTAGE NO. 9

Cecil Caldwell
Riley Denny
Fred Grimstead
Edward Guffey
John Hill
Morris Johnson
Alfred Lamb
Charles McClenney
Albert Newton
Troy Parris
George Strayhorn
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

Fred Carswell
Arcemias Hefner
Joseph Kincaid

Edward Loftin
Rufus Massingill
Clifford Spriggs
Joseph Willis
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Robert Goldsmith
Orin Helms
Robert Moses
J. C. Rhodes
Paul Matthews

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Adrian Carter
Thurman Daniels
Millard Ellege
Paul Green
Donald Hobbs
Banks McKnight
Dillard Shelton

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Fred Bostian
Robert Caudle
John Fargis
William Harding
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William E. Lanford
James Linebarrier
Roy Mumford
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pitman
Robert Travis
John Pritchard
Alvis Watkins
Walter Stansberry

COTTAGE NO. 15

Harold Blankenship
Charles Lanford
Lawton McDowell
Ennis Miller
William Willis
Leroy Willetts

INDIAN COTTAGE

Peter Chavis
Paul Deal
James Lochlear
Donald Sides

INFIRMARY

Lawrence Rice
Sterald Cline

OUR COUNTRY

Our Country! As we humbly share
In thy protection and thy care,
O may our every deed
Be done to hold right standards high
That freedom may not be a lie,
But meet a people's need.

—Selected.

MAY 22 1943

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., MAY 22, 1943 No. 21

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

U. N. C.
CAROLINA R

THE MASTER BLACKSMITH

He beats us out upon the anvil of the days
And tempers us in strange and secret ways.
He heats us in the passions and the joys
And happiness of life—such fire employs;
Then cools us in the sorrow and the pain—
Heats us, and cools—then cools us once again;
Till, if the iron be good, He makes us men,
Or if the iron be poor, He scraps us then
Perchance to try again another day
To temper in some surer, sterner way.

—Arnold Andrews.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
THE CAROLINA PIRATES	(N. C. Dept. History)	8
YOUR SMILE AND YOUR FROWN	(Household Magazine)	11
SHOULDERING RESPONSIBILITIES	By Dr. H. B. Blakely	14
OUR OWN BUSINESS	By Dr. Joseph Fort Newton	16
BILLY STOUT DREAMS OF HIS NEXT CAR	(London News Weekly)	17
THE ROMANCE OF TUBERCULOSIS	By Louise Strachan	19
PRAISE FOR THOSE WHO BUILD	(N. C. Christian Advocate)	21
LET'S HAVE WORDS ABOUT OUR SHOES	By Frank Colby	23
INSTITUTION NOTES		25
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

In the unnatural conditions that we now have to live in and face every day, we sometimes have a tendency to forget or to become so concerned about our immediate interest, brought about by the war and sacrifices and inconveniences involved, that we neglect to put the proper emphasis on the necessary moral training in life. We are likely to let the fast whirl of events sweep us off the course. Sometimes we apparently do not realize that the basic principles of character never change and that we must strive to live as respectably under strain as when things are running smoothly and normally. Our personal habits are as important in making us good soldiers as they are in making us good citizens. We must keep our private affairs in order and fulfil our obligations, whatever they may be. We must be careful and choose the kind of friends who elevate us, instead of the kind that bring us down. The type of friends we have and the type of heroes we worship, determine to a great extent the type of men we will become. Our heroes must be as honorable today as they have been in the past. We cannot afford to lower our ideals and give the existing conditions as an excuse. Our duties must still be performed and our responsibilities must still be met. Let us in our youth not fail to give proper consideration to these personal habits and ways of thinking. Let us be prepared to take our places as good and worthwhile citizens when the abnormal conditions cease to exist and our nation is running smoothly once more.—Hubert E. Rose, in The Tar Heel Boy.

FINE RECREATION

There is nothing in the world boys thoroughly enjoy during the heated season as they do swimming. Moreover, such recreation is highly beneficial to the physical development of youngsters, therefore, the boys of Jackson Training School have their eyes focussed on the Cone Swimming Pool, one of the best equipped in the state. The sewing machines in the sewing room are now humming, under the supervision of Mrs. Emma Taylor, and assisted by a group of boys, making bathing suits. The superintendent insists that each boy have his own bathing suit, and use the same.

We say without reservation, that the Cone Swimming Pool gives a two-fold benefit—a fine sport, and a recreation conducive to health. The entire personnel of the institution realizes the benefits and joy of a dip in cool water during the summer months. The gift of the swimming pool by the Cone family, of Greensboro, showed they fully understood boys' problems and knew how to treat them.

We all recall how boys of any community would assemble and go to the old swimming-hole. This fine sport always inspired a splendid feeling, and if there were any differences in the minds of the lads, a good swim would soon smooth out the troubles. Therefore, this gift of the Cone's has a similar effect upon the boys of the Training School. They highly appreciate this fine pool.

* * * * * * * *

"THY SPEECH BETRAYETH THEE"

There is a prevalent practice among us which we would like to ignore, but which, perhaps, should be brought into the open, and freely commented upon. We have reference to the use of all manner of offensive language—but more especially to that language which profanes the name of Deity. There was a time when the uttering of strong and violent oaths and the use of profanity was associated with low places—but somehow or other it seems to have over-run the confines of the back street, until one may hear it in the most unexpected places and from the most unexpected people. Frequently those who use it are merely careless; some are self-consciously blase; others are defiantly offensive; and sometimes this manner of language is heard from those who really want to give strength to what they are saying and use this mistaken means of doing it. But whenever a man feels called upon to use profanity in order to emphasize his words, one rather suspects that somehow he lacks conviction, that his words are lacking an inherent sincerity, which lack he is trying to cover up by the use of an overdose of bad language—like trying to kill a bad flavor with heavy seasoning. The free use of profanity and oaths, aside from its religious and moral aspects, does more to weaken our language than any other practice. The English tongue is a powerful tool if a man will only use it with direct simplicity and not attempt to blast his way

through it with obscene or irreverent or profane speech. But if he accompanies virtually everything he says with an oath, he has then dissipated the strength of expression, and when he really wants to impress someone with the gravity or importance of an utterance, he has no adequate verbal ammunition left. And while it may seem paradoxical to say so, it is even possible that an army could be run without profanity. Nor would it seem consistent that we should pray for divine favor, for deliverance, for the preservation of the lives of ourselves and our young men, for the victory of our cause, and for peace, and then go about profaning the name of that God whom we have supplicated for these things. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain." "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name." Would that all men would cease this thoughtless and offensive practice.—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

MANHOOD IN FLOWER

How and when can we come to our best selves? What are the elements and whence are the forces that move us to our highest and noblest attainments? The centuries and the continents seem to join the efforts.

Many elements are at work foreshadowing the better recognition of the universal order in which the individual comes to full flower. Men have crossed the continents and sailed beyond the horizons of every land until the nations are coming close together. The Ganges and the Mississippi are not far apart. The inhabitants on the banks of each are found to be much alike when once men go below the skin. They are all just folks of like passions and aspirations. The one with philosophies centuries old yield to the same gospel as does the other with no philosophy. More than that, the Hindoo has much to learn from the Anglo-Saxon, and the boastful American can get something from the introspective Indian. Then, too, the reflex good coming to those laboring for the less fortunate is always of surpassing worth. No man can live to himself in this world that we now live in; neither can he reach his best by himself in any world. The recluse is an abnormal man carrying most of all that he has into his

isolation with him, unable to achieve much in his solitude. He owes more to the society left behind than he ever can give in return, just as every man in North Carolina today owes more to the state and to the church than he can ever hope to pay back, notwithstanding the oft heard outcry about high taxes and the many demands of the church. We forget that we are members one of another in a most real and vital way and that by our contacts we reach the full flower of life.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, where wealth accumulates and men decay." Not in ancient creed, or stately ritual, or costly temple dwell the power and glory of the church, but in the piety and high service of its membership. The true shekinah is man —a veritable pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night.

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

* * * * * * * *

CANCER CONTROL

The only way to make people "cancer-conscious" is for the newspapers of the state to publicize the danger of this ravaging disease. We gladly copy the following item from a recent issue of the Morganton News-Herald, with the hope of helping to transmit general information as to cause and effect of cancer:

> North Carolina's death rate from cancer is alarmingly high and especially the death rate for 1942 when 2,219 people in the state died from a disease which can be cured only if it is caught in time.
>
> Cancer ranks second among diseases as a destroyer of human life. For many years it has steadily increased its toll in the United States. Only heart diseases cause more deaths. The medical profession, however, tells us that three-fourths of the cancer deaths could be prevented if the victims could be made aware of the necessity for early diagnosis and treatment by competent physicians.
>
> To prove the point that most all forms of cancer can be cured if found early and proper treatment given the victim, the American College of Surgeons has the records of over 38,000 persons in this country who have been cured of cancer, and there are many others, which the College has no record of, who have been cured of this dreaded condition.
>
> It's much easier to prevent a disease than it is to cure one.

It is nice to know that: If you are lost at sea your life-raft and preservers will henceforth be equipped with a plastic-housed electric light. Its weighted base will swing upright when it hits the water and turn on a light that will glow for 10 to 12 hours. . . . Danger of fire in crashing airplanes has been conquered by an "impact switch" which releases pounds of a fire-smothering gas into the engine com partments when the plane crashes. . . . The hazards of quick and fierce fire attending alcohol plants have been overcome by the development of a powed which, introduced into the water stream played on the fire, will develop a foam that will coat and insulate any burning surface, and stay placed in any position or draft to smother the fire. . . . The Russians have found that butylene gas will stimulate the growth of fruit and nut trees if the trees is enclosed in a tent for two weeks before the normal or desired period of leafing. Butylene gas, introduced (one part to 100,000 parts of air) at from 69 to 100 per cent temperature will do the work.—The Lutheran.

* * * * * * * * *

A NICE GIFT

The Jackson Training School boys are all "pepped up" over the new baseball equipment, the gift of J. W. Propst, Jr., of Concord, a fine friend of the forgotten boy. Bill has given balls, bats and gloves adequate to meet the needs of each cottage. This means that each cottage will have its own baseball team, and can challenge the boys in any other group for a game.

This is not the first time Mr. Propst has remembered our boys in a most substantial way. He seems to be on the look-out for that which will contribute to the happiness of the lads, and without solicitation, measures up to the demand. These youngsters, if we be permitted to use a common expression, think "Bill Propst is tops." We feel sure if the donor of this equipment could witness some of the games played, he could see joy written in the faces of the young boys, and would feel sufficiently repaid for his splendid gift.

THE CAROLINA PIRATES

Used by Permission of the North Carolina State Department of Archives and History (formerly N. C. Historical Commission)

In the town of Atlantic, North Carolina, at the eastern end of United States Highway Number 70, stands a marker erected by the state recording the fact that the pirate Blackbeard was killed near Ocracoke Inlet, twenty miles northeast across Pamlico Sound, in 1718. This marker serves to remind us of a day when pirates spread terror along the entire American coast, and when it was as much as a skipper's life was worth to venture into certain inlets and harbors frequented by the freebooters.

Blackbeard, whose real name was Edward Teach or Thatch, was only one of the hundreds of pirates who cruised along the American coast more than two centuries ago. With their low-priced goods to sell and with plenty of gold to spend, the pirates were welcomed by trading classes and by certain officials. Even kings upon occasion encouraged and rewarded them, so that it is no wonder that at one time or another they were harbored by nearly every colony in America.

In time murmurings against the sea-robbers arose, and eventually measures were taken to wipe out piracy. As the laws were made more strict and were more rigidly enforced, the pirates withdrew from one after another of their strongholds, until at last the only retreat left them was the coast of North Carolina. Into the mlets and creeks along the coast of this colony they swarmed in hundreds. The authorities made no effort to arrest them, and some even made dishonorable connections with them. Thatch, who under the name of Blackbeard had spread terror along the entire North American coast, was intimate with many leading inhabitants, and frequently visited Tobias Knight, secretary of the colony. Not all the inhabitants were in league with pirates, however, and as Blackbeard became more reckless and arrogant, the number of his enemies increased. His intimacy with North Carolina offiicials made appeal to them useless, so those who were determined to rid the country of his presence turned to Governor Spotswood of Virginia for aid. Their applications were successful, and Captain Ellis Brand and Lieutenant Robert Maynard were sent to the North Carolina coast with two ships and instructions to bring Thatch and his crew to Virginia dead or alive.

Blackbeard had been warned by his friend Knight of the intended attack, but had evidently treated the warning lightly, for he was unprepared for conflict when the Virginians hove in sight near Ocracoke Inlet. But he soon made ready for action, and when Maynard and his sloops came within range, his broadside gave notice that the capture would be no easy one. The battle long hung in doubt. Finally fortune seemed to favor the pirates, for Thatch at the head of a strong attacking party boarded Maynard's sloop. Maynard, however, had adopted a stratagem to bring about this very movement, and his men, who were hiding below, now rushed on deck. A

bloody struggle followed. Thatch himself attacked Maynard, and fought with such fury that he did not fall until after he had been shot five times and had received twenty sword wounds. But he was finally dispatched, and many of his men were captured, although some of them had escaped by jumping overboard and swimming ashore. The Virginians next sailed to Bath where they seized certain goods which Thatch had concealed in Knight's barn. With Blackbeard's head suspended from the bowspirit and the prisoners and the spoil safe in the hold, the Virginians then sailed home in triumph. At Williamsburgh the prisoners were tried, and four of them were condemned and hanged. Evidence brought out in the trials showed that Knight was implicated in the crimes committed by Thatch and his crew, but the council of the province, after a pretense at investigating Knight's activities, declared him innocent. No proceedings were taken against Governor Eden, who also seems to have been involved.

Two months before Blackbeard's defeat, South Carolina had taken measures to eradicate piracy by sending Colonel William Rhett on an expedition to the Cape Fear River. Though Rhett did not know it when he set out, he was to encounter Stede Bonnet, in many respects the most remarkable of all the sea-robbers of this period. A wealthy, educated man of good family, he had for some unknown reason launched out at middle age on the desperate career of piracy. At one time he was in league with Blackbeard, but later he proceeded alone, and in August, 1718, he was at Cape Fear repairing and overhauling his sloop, the Royal James. Charles Town had suffered severely from the insolence of pirates, and when news reached that city that a pirate was rendezvousing at Cape Fear, two vessels were sent out under Rhett to ward off the expected invasion. After a delay occasioned by the depredations of Charles Vane, another pirate, Rhett reached Cape Fear on the evening of September 26. Both he and Bonnet spent the night clearing decks for action, and dawn disclosed a secne of activity such as had never before been witnessed in those secluded waters. The sun had barely risen when the pirate craft came flying down the river with all sail set, past the place where the two attacking sloops lay at anchor. Seeing that his opponents outnumbered him two to one, Bonnet intended to resort to the favorite pirate method of defense and maintain a running confilct, trusting to the chances of escape that he would have could he reach the open sea. Rhett saw his purpose, and made for him as he rounded the sheltering point of land. The treacherous shoals off Cape Fear were disastrous to both parties, for soon all three vessels were grounded. Fire was opened from the positions in which they grounded, and for five hours the bloody contest was kept up. Only one of the South Carolina vessels was within range of the pirates, and its whole deck was exposed to their fire, while Bonnet's ship had careened so that its deck was protected. Though the South Carolinians fought with dauntless courage, Bonnet seemed certain of victory. But late in the day the tide lifted Rhett's ship, the Henry, and one can imagine the consternation of the pirates when they saw it slowly righting itself,

while the Royal James remained stranded. Bonnet's crew, knowing that their position was hopeless, declared for surrender, but Bonnet swore to fire the ship's magazine and send the whole crew to the bottom before he would submit. Nevertheless, his rage did not avail, for the crew preferred to risk the chances of a trial than to brave the chances of immediate death. So the flag of truce was given. Rhett, who had not known who was the pirate chief, was surprised to find on boarding the surrendered ship that his captive was none other than Stede Bonnet, whose name was known along the coast from Jamaica to Newfoundland.

Bonnet and his men were taken to Charles Town. Strange as it may seem, he had many strong friends in the city who attempted to prevent his punishment. These friends actually succeeded in effecting his escape, but again Rhett captured him and brought him back for trial. Bonnet and his men were found guilty, and the judge, after a vivid description of the fire and brimstone to which he was sending them, sentenced them to death. They were hanged, and their bodies were buried in the marsh below the low-water mark, so that even today their graves are covered by the sea which witnessed their dark and bloody crimes.

The events of the autumn of 1718 marked the approaching end of piracy on the Carolina coast. Afterward there were a few outrages, and an occasional freebooter was captured. But the colonists had broken the power of the pirates, and within a few years the last of them had been driven away.

———:———

BLESS OUR SONS TODAY!

"God of our fathers, bless our sons today;
Be thou their guide upon the unknown way;
Shield them and save them by thy mighty hand
In perils of the sea, the air, and land.

May thy blest vision of a better world
Through all their valor and their faith unfurled,
Be as a banner over land and sea
To lead all nations into love for thee.

"O bring through them that Kingdom of our Lord,
Seen by all saints and by all saints adored;
Until all people find in thee the way
Into the light of the eternal day.

"Then shall thy reign of righteousness and peace
Begin in majesty and never cease;
Then shall we see the glory of thy face
In every man, in every land and race."

—Selected.

YOUR SMILE AND YOUR FROWN

(Household Magazine)

What about the smile and frown in your life? Are they a constant part of your personality and language? Could you get along without them?

What do they say? Do they tell the truth?

The smile is a sign of a well-being, of satisfaction, of approval, and of attraction. The frown is the opposite of all these; it is an expression of ill-being, dissatisfaction, disapproval and and repulsion. They are both universal forms of language. All races, all nations, people at all ages and all stages of culture, smile and frown.

We think of the smile as specifically centered around the mouth, the eyes and the forehead—at any rate, restricted to the face. This is largely because the face is the center of attraction and is usually exposed. But biologically, the facial smile is but one aspect of mind and body as a whole. It expresses both our conscious and subconscious mental life, and our whole body and mind join in the expression. With the smile we have action in the hands and feet, the stomach and the heart, the tongue and the sweat glands, and countless internal organs which condition our well-being or ill-being and determine our feelings and emotions. The same applies in principle to the frown which is a companion piece to the smile, always in opposite phase.

The most significant aspect of the smile, and to a limited extent of the frown, is that when it is spontaneous it always tells the truth. It is far more reliable than words or actions so long as it is unconscious and involuntary. We have the aphorism, "Let me see at what you smile, and I will tell you what you are," and the more colloquial, "When you say that, smile." In all our social intercourse, we have a tendency to watch the face and the associated muscles, looking for a certification of the truth of the idea expressed in word or symbol. The accompanying smile or frown, in so far as it is spontaneous, is an ever present indicator of truth or falsehood.

This does not apply to deliberate smiles or frowns, which may be just as false as words; nor does it apply to those smiles or frowns which have become habits or of affections—the perpetual smile or frown. But the genuine reflex smile or frown, quite apart from these, is always present in our social intercourse and is therefore far more frequent than the smile of affection or the voluntary smile. Indeed, it is present even when a person tries to be absolutely non-committal and feels that he has succeeded.

As a psychologist, I have found it necessary to study the art of the psychic medium, because the scientist is expected either to explain it away or show how it works. It is well known that the "spirt medium" takes advantage of the unconscious truth-telling of the smile and the frown through what are known as leading statements. In a seance with a medium, you may make up your mind that you are going to be absolutely

non-committal; but the medium engages in a patter of well-planned, apparently innocent, statements or platitudes. One medium began by saying to me ,"You are a rich man," to which she instantly received my unconscious negative response. So, considering the sentence unfinished, she went on, "not rich in terms of money but in terms of the good life, of education, intelligence, helpfulness to others, etc.," to which I instantly and unconsciously registered hearty approval, item for item. Thus the medium is continually setting by asking your unconscious self what the next statement shall be. In the end she has told you only what you yourself told her unconsciously, and you have told the truth. The smile and the frown were your only forms of response, and you may have felt convinced that you had been non-committal.

By this type of procedure it is possible to make marvelous revelations about the character and life of an individual through the reading of the always reliable unconscious smile or frown. This type of mind-reading occurs far more frequently in ordinary social intercourse than is recognized. Indeed, it is a constant revealer of the reality of situations in daily intercourse. The lover may say, "I love you," but the accompanying reflexes may convey doubts far more expressive than the words.

The adolescent girl, sensitive to her immaturity in social life, may lie restless at night crying her heart out as a result of some subtle and unintended smile or frown, indicating disapproval, which she observed during the day on the part of one of her superiors.

As the aviator holds himself within the radio beam, so the smile and the frown from earliest infancy are means for the development of character and personality. The child early begins to adjust itself. In the nursery and in the home, it is constantly seeking to attract smiles and to avoid frowns.

This radio beam or pathfinder is in itself one of the means of developing a good disposition. The path finding continues throughout the youth and maturity of the individual. The spontaneous true smile and frown are perhaps the most potent media for the development of character, particularly on the emotional side, in forming habits, tastes, sentiments, and attitudes.

This throws great responsibility upon the guiding parent, whose smile and frown are as significant to the child as those of the child are to the parent. The genuine smile may kindle joy and goodness in the heart of the child and cultivate familiar affections. The frown, on the other hand, may become a subtle and most detestable form of nagging, more frequent and more cutting than words. The smiles and frowns in the home, on the playground, and at school create the atmosphere for the child, good or bad.

Throughout adult society, in business and social life, in art and religion, the unconscious smile and frown are the identification labels which we carry on our faces and by which we are classified.

Do animals smile? Yes, the twink-

ling eye of a dog is a characteristic of a smile just as is that of a human being. True, the dog does not smile so distinctivelyy with his face, but for good reasons. His body is not covered with clothing, so he can smile with all his body, as by wiggling his tail, and in the same manner he can frown with all his body. No one mistakes the distinct evidence of the dog's approval or disapproval.

In short, the smile and the frown are forms of a universal gesture language.

———:———

SAY IT

Silence is golden when someone is playing Chopin, or when the thrush is singing. But when there is really cause for something to say, silence is sheer stone-age stupidity.

A man was riding in a bus one day when there was an accident. Women and children, bruised and cut with flying glass, became panicky. The driver took charge of everybody and everything at once, helping the injured, marshaling witnesses, sending someone to telephone for the amblance, and keeping calm under the unjust abuse of the truck driver who had run into him. After the ambulance had come, the driver got into his seat, wiped some blood off his eyebrow, and started to finish his run with his battered bus. Said the man next to him, "I'm going to report you" Indignantly, I began to intervene, but he hastened on: "For efficiency and courtesy. If you'll tell me where to write, and give me your name, I'll tell your company you're the best man in a pinch I ever saw."

"Gee, Mister," said the driver letting out a long breath, "I wish there was more in the world like you."

One day Robert Browning read a new poem by Elizabeth Barrett. He had never met the poetess, but he yielded to impulse, and excitedly scrawled:

"I love your verses with all my heart, dear Miss Barrett—the fresh, strange music, the affluent language, the exquisite pathos, and true, new, brave thought; but in thus addressing myself to you, your own self, and for the first time, my feeling rises altogether. I do love these books with all my heart—and I love you, too."

Gasping but delighted at his audacity, Elizabeth Barrett dashed off instantly her reply: "I thank you, dear Mr. Browning, from the bottom of my heart. Such a letter from such a hand! Sympathy is dear—very dear to me, but the sympathy of a poet is the very quintessence of sympathy to me."

All the world knows of the romance that followed.—Sunshine Magazine.

SHOULDERING RESPONSIBILITIES

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

A bit of sage advice, though of the garden variety, is, "Every tub should stand on its own bottom."

One of the first requisites for becoming a real person is to learn how to shoulder responsibilities for oneself. Many foolish parents prevent their children from developing into real persons by trying to tie "the little ones" to their apron strings and never permit them to grow up. The successful parent guides the growth of a child to independence, when the child can get along successfully without parental supervision. Fathers and mothers are to be congratulated when, by patient yet firm self-denial, they bring their children to the place where the child's decision is as wise and good as the parents'. Children are not intended always to remain boys and girls but to become mature men and women. There is no more disappointing day in a parent's life than when he discovers that he has so handicapped a child's development that the child's years of maturity have come without mature judgment and character.

In the days of safety and ease, some parents were tempted to shield their children from both work and responsibility. That way of ease is all right for the culture of lap dogs by coddling, but strong men and women are formed by very different means. In these war days when youth must face both danger and responsibility, we will discover how young men and women can grow by leaps and bounds into strong personalities. In some situations, such as many of our youth now face, one simply cannot shirk responsibility.

A man and an animal differ greatly in their development. Give nature time and she alone can furnish an animal with all the maturity of which it is capable, but the human creature must finish himself. It has been said, "We are not simply creatures; we are self-creators." What a man eventually will become is not determined simply by what heredity and environment have done for him, but by what he does for himself with the materials which these two factors furnish. Too often in the movies and in our modern books, men and women have been pictured as the prey of fate, when God intended that by His grace a man should become the master of circumstances.

For example, in education there is no royal road to learning, for only hard study makes a great student. One of our modern brilliant intellectuals tells a story from his college days about his roommate's plan for learning:

"He procured a large comfortable chair that was thought to be good for study. He got study slippers and a lounging jacket. A book rest was fastened to the arm of the chair to hold the book at the right angle before his eyes. A special lamp was installed, and eyeshades, pencils, paper, and revolving book case. He would come into the room after the evening meal, take off his coat and put on the jacket, take off his shoes and slip into the slippers, adjust the study lamp, put his book on the book

rest, recline in the comfortable chair with the eyeshade over his eyes, and, when everything was perfectly adjusted, he would go to sleep."

Men are endowed with capacities to capitalize on adversity, to rise through hardships to become stronger persons. Today we are revealing this capacity in the handling of material things, for who ever dreamed that our land could in this short time pour out such a mass of ships and tanks and planes and guns? But as a nation, and as individuals within the state, we must rise above merely mastering material resources to become the mastersof ourselves. The future can only be moulded for good by better men and women. The broken and wounded humanity of our day is depending on better Americans, with larger faith and stronger courage, with wider sympathy and deeper love. In this time of opportunity and testing we must become better persons for the building of a better world. Our sons and brothers in North Africa, as well as on other fronts, are rushing us forward to a new destiny, when the citizens of the United States may become either the deliverers or the destroyers of mankind.

SONS OF FAMOUS MEN AT FRONT

The part which sons of famous men have played and are playing in this war is something that fills the average man with pride and hope; and when the news relating to these young men is tragic, a sincere feeling of sadness accompanies it.

President Roosevelt's four sons are in the armed forces, and it is known that some of them have been where the bullets fly thick and fast.

Quentin Roosevelt, 23 years of age, son of Brig. Gen. Theodore Roosevelt and grandson of the late President Theodore Roosevelt, was wounded, February 21st, on the Tunisian front. He was one of sixty United States soldiers in North Africa to receive the Croix de Guerre, conferred by the general commanding the French Army Corps, for conspicuous acts while fighting with the French on the Tunisian front.

Prime Minister Winston Churchill has a son Randolph Churchill, now serving on the African front.

Lord Halifax, British Ambassador to the United States, has lost a son in the Egyptain campaign, and another son is in the armed forces of his country.

Supreme Commander-in-Chief Joseph Stalin, Chariman of the Council of People's Commissars of the USSR, has two sons who are active at the front fighting Hitler's soldiers.

OUR OWN BUSINESS

By Dr. Joseph Fort Newton

"How much happier the world would be if only everybody minded their own business," a reader remarks, after telling how he was bothered no end by someone trying to attend to his affairs.

At first one is tempted to agree but, on second thought, the world would be a very bleak place if we all went about solely wrapped up in our own affairs, uninterested in the lives of those about us.

Of course it is the purpose for which—the spirt in which—we interest ourselves in the affairs of others that makes it a good thing or a bad thing; and decides its helpfulness or hurtfulness.

If it is to aid and comfort, to give the benefit of our experiences, then we are justified in inquiring into the affairs of other people. Often we are asked to do so—then our duty is clear enough and nowise easy.

But if it is to satisfy an idle curiosity or to gather up gossip—prying into other lives like a "nosy Ned"—it is without deffense, and is nothing short of a nuisance—to put it in the mildest manner.

Such busybodies who "pump" people, seeking to learn all sorts of private details, suspecting sin and unhappiness and disappointed when they do not find any—that sort of thing is detestable.

Yet, from another point of view, if we really care for people, if we love our neighbor, our business is to be bothered with the business of other people; not to run their lives, but to help them.

To love our neighbor we must first understand him, build a bridge into his life, see with his eyes, hear with his ears. Then we can know his difficulty as he knows it, and perhaps really help.

"I sat where they sat," said the prophet Ezekiel, speaking of the exiles he visited in captivity; then he understood how they felt. As some one has said, the gospel of Jesus is minding other people's business.

It is caring enough and sharing enough to be of help in the business of living. As one looks back over life, one thanks God for those who were good to bother about us and bear a part of our burden.

———:———

Trials, temptations, disappointments, all these are helps instead of hindrances, if one uses them rightly. They not only test the fibre of character, but strengthen it. Every conquered temptation represents a new fund of moral energy. Every trial endured, if weathered in the right spirit, makes a soul nobler and stronger than it was before.—James Buckham.

BILLY STOUT DREAMS OF HIS NEXT CAR

(London News Review)

Brr! Young Bill Stout shivered as he crawled from his warm bed. He was a student at Minnesota University, and in return for board he had run down five flights of stairs to the basement before dawn to stoke the furnace.

But Student Stout was inventive. Soon he had fixed up a contraption of cords and pulleys attached to the key of his alarmclock. Thus was devised one of the earliest heat-regulating devices for furnaces. Incidentally, it was the first of a stream of inventions which was to pour from the brain of one of America's greatest engineers.

Nowadays, William Bushnell Stout can usually be found in a ramshackle, aluminum-painted wooden building on a quiet stretch of road in Dearborn, Michigan, only a few miles from the great Detroit assembly lines. A modest sign reads, "Stout Engineering Laboratories," and President Stout sits on the second floor of the unassuming headquarters.

Genial, tousle-haired, and with a fondness for epigrams like "Laziness is the mother of invention," he gave America the first smooth metal aeroplane, instead of an assemblage of wire, wood and glue. He built the first U. S. commercial plane, started the first exclusively passenger air-line in the States, helped design Henry Ford's tri-motored transport plane.

Tremendous was the opposition to Stout's metal plane from aircraft manufacturers who were using wood. He just laughed and told them "Veneer is all right, except that after six months it develops veneer-eal disease.

Last week Bill Stout threw out some ideas on the development of the post-war motor car. Once again he was on sure ground, for it was he who, in 1935, designed and built the famous rear-engined Scarab car. Only nine were built. They were hand-made at £1,000 each, and were kept constantly up to date because, it was was rumoured, Designer Stout recalled them every time he thought of an improvement.

The Scarab had no driving shaft, for Stout believes the engine (and the weight) should be at the rear. It was therefore possible to lower the Scarab's floor, increasing the inside depth of the car and putting the centre of weight below the point of support.

Thus, on a sharp bend, the Scarab tended to bank instead of roll. To show how the car took bumps, Stout carried a glass of water on the dashboard from Detroit to California without spilling a drop. He also achieved greater body width by eliminating running-boards, which, he said, were only placed on cars because carriages used to have steps.

Bill Stout now predicts that post-war car design will be influenced by present trends in avation, using every ounce of weight and every cubic inch of space for some purpose.

Predicting that "the motor car will have a glorious revival when peace comes," he forecasts that cars will be cheaper to make and buy because of

improved production methods and better engineering techniques.

They will be wider and stubbier than they are now—perhaps bumperless—with enough room inside for passengers to take a nap on a couch-like back seat during a long drive. The wider bodies will come clear out to the edge of the running-board.

Because of extensive use of plastic materials in panels and body details, post-war machines will have one-half the weight of present-day cars. Engines, instead of being of the liquid-cooled design, will be of the lighter, longer-lived air-cooled type, like those in transport planes and bombers.

Because of their lighter weight, engines will for the most part be located in the rear without affecting the balance of the car. Long bonnets will disappear, and practically every bit of space lengthwise and crosswise will be usable.

Forward side windows and windscreen will be combined in a single piece of glass, or in two pieces meeting in a "V," to provide greater vision.

The entire instrument panel may be eliminated, with colored warning lights replacing the dials. There will be indirect lighting, some form of venetian blinds for the windows, and filters to wash and strain air free of dust before it enters the car.

Progress in tire design will make it possible to design light cars which will not even need springs.

"Cars will probably not be made with a view of longer life," says Stout, "but rather low first cost, lower manitenance and quicker replacement.

"We're going to have new production methods as well as new engineering techniques. We are going to have low cost of operation and of building as well. Cars will be designed for a minimum number of dies and tools, yet with a minimum number of man-hours necessary to assemble the job. Some of the aeroplane engines can now be assembled in less time than an automobile engine requires. These trends will continue."

Stout makes a final prohecy regarding alarm-clock heaters. "Heaters will be so arranged that they will work for some time after the engine stops, and thus keep the car warm when no passenger is in it.

"The heater could be turned on by the clock an hour ahead of time in the morning, so that the car would be warm when the owner sallied forth to his day's work."

———:———

The war will have been fought in vain if we in the United States, for example, are plunged into bitter argument over our part in the peace or over such fictitious questions as government versus business. Such bitterness would only confuse us and cloud our path.—Henry A. Wallace.

THE ROMANCE OF TUBERCULOSIS

By Louise Strachan

Romance and tuberculosis may seem poles apart, but as a matter of fact the history of tuberculosis is packed with incidents, each one of which is a thrilling tale.

That tuberculosis existed in the days of Egypt's Pharoahs is proved by the evidence found in mummies recently unearthed. Tutankhamen, whose age at death was not more than eighteen, appears to have died of tuberculosis. Then, as now, it was the foe of youth. How many geniuses, in times past, have been cut down in the first bloom of their manhood or womanhood by this disease, it is difficult to imagine. "I closed Spinoza's career," flaunts the Tubercle Bacillus in Victor Robinson's dramatic version of the career of tuberculosis, "and on the check of Botticelli's Venus I painted the masque of death; I struck down Schiller in his prime, and wrote Finis to the poems of Keats; I hushed Chopin's music and from the fingers of Clevenger I loosened the chisel, and drove the applauded Rachel from the stage of life."

So long has tuberculosis shown itself to be invincible that when the first few courageous souls began to speculate concerning its cause and treatment they were laughed at. In 1781, William Black of London raised in his "Obervations, Medical and Political, on the Small-Pox," this question which received no consideration for nearly a century: "Seeing that such multitudes die of consumption in London and knowing that pure air is at least equal to diet or medicines in this direful distemper, would not two ore three hospitals built for consumptives, at a few miles distant from London, save hundreds of lives annually?"

In 1840 George Bodington, an English physician, advocated cool fresh air, a good diet, and sedative drugs as treatment for tubeculosis; also the reception of patients in a house set apart, where they might be under medical supervision. Although his own observations justified these suggestions, he met with ridicule from his fellow physicians, and became too much discouraged to continue his experiments. Twenty years later, in Germany, Brehmer opened the first sanatorium for the treatment of tuberculosis and although the medical profession had little confidence in this type of treatment, Bremer's persistence and success at last overcame the lack of faith, and tuberculosis sanatoria were built all over the civilized world.

In our own country, the first sanatorium for the treatment of tuberculosis was opened in the Adirondacks at Saranac Lake, New York, in 1885, by Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau.

In 1882 came the discovery of the cause of the disease—the tubercle bacillus. This too was done in Germany, by Robert Koch, a physisian whose interest in bacteriology kept him constantly searching, with his beloved microscope, that world invisible to human eyes. There were many scoffers of the germ theory, and though Koch's discovery was

hailed by those fimiliar with Pasteur's career as another great weapon in the conquest of disease, it was a long time before adequate use was made of it. Trudeau again took the lead in this country. At Saranac Lake he established a tiny laboratory and received from Dr. Koch a glycerin broth culture of tubercule bacilli to begin his experiments. Soon Trubeau was able to discover the tubercle bacilli in the sputum of many tuberculosis patients, and American doctors who came to Saranac in a skeptical frame of mind remained to learn from him.

Another weapon forgot in the advancing fight agaist tuberculosis was the X-ray, although its services are by no means limited to this disease. In 1895 the arduous work of Professor Roentgen on radiation at the University of Wurzburg, Bavaria, resulted in his discovery of these rays, which have made it possible for physicians to understand more clearly and to diagnose more accurately many diseases which had long baffled them. In the diagnosis of tuberculosis the value of the X-ray is incalculable. "Early discovery, early recovery" is a slogan well known in the antituberculosis campaign, but before Roentgen's great discovery the disease, in most cases, was not recognized until it was in an advanced stage, too late to cure.

About the time that Roentgen was working in his laboratory in Wurzburg, an Italian phyician, Forlanini by name, was experimenting with a treatment for tuberculosis called artificial pneumothorax—a methed of collapsing the lung in order to give it the rest that it needs to heal. The success of this treatment has been remarkable. The severing of the nerve connected with the diaphragm, to include compression; and the removal of several ribs to cause collapse, are two other surgical methods used to give the diseased lung the rest it requires. None cause deformity, nor interferes with normal activity. Not all cases are suitable for this type of treatment, but surgical measures have become increasingly important in the care of tuberculosis.

Soom after Koch discovered the tubercle bacillus, he developed from a culture a substance which he named tuberculin. He and many others had high hopes that this would prove to be a specific cure for the disease, but those hopes were destined to disappointment. After trial had proved that as a cure tuberculin was unavailing, it was used by Koch as a diagnostic aid. In 1907 Von Pirquet, an Austrian physician, modified the tuberculin test so that it could be used more widely and with perfect safety. The test as it is now given is known as the Mantoux test, after the French physician who perfected it.

Today more is known about tuberculosis than ever before. Until a specific cure is found we must use the weapons we now have, giving to every infected individual a chance to receive the protective care he needs, not only for his own recovery, but also for the safety of others.

If you have money to burn, someone is always willing to lend you a match.—Tony Wons.

PRAISE FOR THOSE WHO BUILD

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

It is great to be a builder. The world has been too prone to erect its monuments to the destroyer. For the warriors who laid waste the land of plenty, and with shot and shell blew to tatters the homes of those who had done no wrong, we have built in brass and iron. But we have about quit crowning with laurels those who go forth to destroy.

The constructive workman, the builder, is coming into his own. We love to sing his praises, whether it is the praises of the honey bee that with the instinct of a master architect constructs the honey-comb, or the bird of the forest that builds its nest where it may lay its young, or the young pioneer who establishes his cabin in the wilderness and thereby lays the foundation of an empire; all these builders from the least to the greatest have the approval of God and deserve the applause of mankind. This is a most significant utterance of our Lord and Master when he declared, "I am not come to destory, but to fulfill." To be a builder, to be a savior was his primary mission to earth.

As a lad in his father's carpenter's shop he was a builder, and as a friend among the needy multitudes he bound up and built up those who had no one to help. In his presence the blind received their sight, the lame walked, the lepers were cleansed, the dead were raised, and to the poor the gospel was preached. He was the mighty builder for both body and soul of a broken and lost humanity, and his work is still the task assigned us who bear his name and claim to follow in his footprints.

For it is in and through human personality that God works. The currents of history flow from persons. When God orders a forward movement in the world, he drops a great idea into the mind and great impulse into the heart of some man, as when he put the idea of justification by faith into the mind and also the impulse to be free from ecclesiastical tyranny into the heart of Martin Luther, who became the outstanding leader of the Protestant Reformation.

Truth is mighty and will prevail, but not until embodied in some personality. In a word, civilization with all its multiplied forms and its multitudinous products results from God's working in and through man, both great and small, perfect and imperfect —mostly imperfect.

It has become one of the amazing facts of history how God can use imperfect men in attaining high and noble ends. It seems that he who can make the wrath of man to praise him can also use the very frailties and imperfections of man to glorify him. Examples of this truth crowd the long pathways of the human race. Hence, when he would build a city, not angels, but men are employed. Not heavenly messengers, but human messengers are commissioned to preach the gospel of the Son of God. Even the Bible was written by men moved by the Holy Spirit. Some were princes, some were peasants, some

lovers of war. other evangels of peace. Some in prisons and others in palaces wrote for God in giving to the world the greatest of all books—the one book that belongs to all the ages.

And this ability of God to use all sorts of men as his fellow laborers has greatly exalted man and made his works to praise and magnify both God and man. Of God we cry, "Oh Lord, thy works do praise thee," and likewise of man we can say, "thy works, oh man, do praise thee also."

———:———

ATTENTION: "FIRST AIDERS"

Lady, If you see me lying
On the ground and "maybe" dying
Let my gore run bright and free,
Don't attempt to bandage me.

While there's life, there's hope, my pet
Don't attempt a tourniquet.
Do not give for my salvation
"Artificial Respiration."

Do not stretch my bones and joints
Do not press my pressure points.
If queer symptoms you should see
Don't experiment on me.

If I'm suffering from a shock
Take a walk around the block.
If you must keep busy, pray
Help to keep the crowds away.

So whatever my condition
Phone at once for a physician.
Let me lie, I'll take a chance
Waiting for an ambulance.

From "First Aid" I beg release,
Lady, let me die in peace.

—Selected.

LET'S HAVE WORDS ABOUT OUR SHOES

By Frank Colby

Napoleon, who coined the famous truism that an army marches on its stomach, also knew that, when soldiers go to war, being well shod is second only in importance to being well fed. Indeed, some kind of footwear has been essential to man's comfort for so many thousands of years that the origin of the word "shoe" itself is lost in antiquity.

The Romans had two kinds of foot covering: the calceus from calx, ("heel") was a shoe that covered the whole foot. The solea was a leather sole strapped to the foot with thongs, hence a sandal.

In England, the word "boots" designates what Americans call "high shoes." Boot is from the French bottle, "a bundle; a sort of large cask," which indicates that the boots of early days were large and crudely shaped.

The word sandal is Persian for "skiff." As the first skiffs were narrow, two-masted sailing craft that plied the River Nile, "sandals" was apparently a humorous name used in much the same manner as the modern "gun boats" to describe large shoes.

The slipper is so called because it slips on the foot easily. The blucher was named for the Prussian field marshal Gebhard Leberecht von Blucher, who doubtless had something to do with the designing or adoption of the Blucher shoes for army wear.

The origin of "pump" is uncertain. The oxford takes its name from the city of Oxford, England. Incidentally, the name Oxford means "the oxen's ford." Galosh is a corruption of "Gaul-sandal," originally a heavy cloglike shoe, but now an overshoe for wear in winter.

Wooden shoes, called "sabots," are largely used throughout Europe by the peasant class. Early in the last century, French peasants, fearing that the introduction of machinery would deprive them of work, wrecked many machines by casting their sabots into the working parts; hence the word sabotage. Moccasin is the American Indian name for a heelless shoe of soft leather.

The world "sole" is from the Latin solum, meaning "the bottommost part of anything; soil; ground; one's native country." The word "heel" is from the Anglo-Saxon hele, meaning "the hock." The "last" of a shoe has no connection with the adjective "last." The shoe "last" is from the Anglo-Saxon laest, meaning "the track or print of one's foot."

The word "vamp" is not akin in any way to a vampire. It is a corruption of the French avant-pied, meaning "the fore part of the foot." The "tongue" of a shoe, of course, is so called because its shape is similar to the human tongue. Brogan and brogue are both from the Irish word brog, "a kind of stout shoe of rough leather."

I may have told you before about the "scrupulous Roman." But it is a story that is interesting enough to merit repeating. If you had lived

in acient Rome, and had seen a man walking with a painful limp, you would have said, "That man's sandal is ccrupulous," that is to say, "full of scruples." The Latin scrupulus, means "a small, sharp stone."

As every child knows, open sandals have an uncanny knack of collecting bits of stone or gravel, which cause great discomfort in walking. Wherefore, the person with scruples must proceed with extreme care and anxiety lest he do real injury to the delicate sole of his foot before the scruple (stone) can be removed. On the other hand, the "unscruplous" man strides forward boldly and without hesitation.

It's hard to believe that, literally, he who is without scruples is far more fortunate than is the scrupulous man, but it's true.

DEBTS OF GRATITUDE

There are other debts than money debts. There are debts of gratitude. Only with gratitude can we pay Beethoven for his symphonies, Mendelssohn for his sonatas, Mozart for his requiems, Handel for his hallelujahs, Watts for his hymns.

Only with gratitude can we pay the intrepid pioneers, both Puritan and Cavalier, for clearing the wilderness, making it habitable, and laying so well the foundations for a Christian society.

Only with gratitude can we pay Edison, Morse, Bell, Steinmetz, Curtis, and the long, long line of dreamers and inventors who have added so abundantly to the joy and comfort of living.

Only with gratitude can we pay Pasteur, Simpson, Lister, Cabot, and that great company of physicians and scientists whose faithful service has conquered disease, relieved pain, and added years to the span of human life. Only with gratitude can we pay.

We can pay as Tolstoy is reported to have paid. A famine was on in the land. A beggar on a street corner reached out his hand for a coin. Russia's great man stopped, searched his pockets for a coin, he had none. With genuine sorrow he said to the beggar: "Do not be angry with me, my brother, I have nothing with me." The beggar's face lighted up as he replied, "But you called me brother—that is a great gift."—Bruce S. Wright.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. T. F. Blume, instructor at our textile plant, and several of his boys recently took various machine parts to Charlotte for repairs. These repairs and replacements will put our mill equipment in first-class condition.

—:—

Our gardens are now producing some fine English peas, asparagus, beets, salads, onions and radishes. Following quite an extended dry-period, we had a nice rain, which made a decided improvement in the looks of all growing crops.

—:—

Dewey Bunn, of Cottage No. 3, who underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Cabarrus County General Hospital. Concord, was brought back to the School last Wednesday. He was placed in our infirmary, where he is recuperating very nicely.

—:—

"One Foot In Heaven" was the title of the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in our auditorium, last Thursday night. A comedy, "Brave Little Bat," was shown at the same time. Both are Warner Brothers productions.

—:—

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have built two new four-car garges on the campus and made an addition to another. The old car shed, near the laundry, which had been used for many years, was torn down and the debris cleared away, greatly improving the appearance of that part of the School grounds.

—:—

When the swimming pool was opened the announcement was made that all boys would be required to wear swim suits when in bathing. Those who so desired were given permission to write home for bathing suits, and those who cannot be supplied in this manner, will wear suits made in our sewing room.

—:—

As the lines assembled near the Administration Building last Wednesday morning, we noticed there was not a single visitor present. It was the first time this had happened in several months. As we again assembled after the dinner hour, there was quite a number of visitors waiting to see their boys.

—:—

Twenty-three members of the Training School Boy Scout troop attended the camporee held at Camp Cabarrus, Friday and Saturday of last week. In spite of the rain, the boys enjoyed this outing very much. The patrol leaders had charge of the various patrols, and did great work in the performance of their duties. Patrol Leader Hefner and the Flying Eagle Patrol were in charge of the

appearance of the camp; Patrol Leader Ruff and the Flaming Arrow Patrol attended to the preparation of the food; Quartermaster Caldwell and the Owl Patrol had charge of the equipement; Patrol Leader Ward and the Hawk Patrol looked after the dispatch work.

Due to adverse weather conditions, the program for Saturday morning had to be revised for indoor games. Stunts were staged by each troop, and Scout Robert Goldsmith played several numbers on his harmonica. After a cold lounch, consisting of corned beef, bread, butter and cookies, the boys returned to the School.

—:—

On Tuesday of last week, Thomas Brannon and Ezzell Stansbury, of Cottages Nos. 8 and 14, respectively, were taken to Concord to have their tonsils removed. The operations were performed by Dr. R. B. Rankin. These lads returned to the School the same day, and were placed in the infirmary. We are glad to report they have fully recovered and are now back in their respective cottages.

—:—

William T. Barrier, formerly of Cottage No. 15, who is now in the United States Navy, recently wrote Mr. J. H. Hobby, who was his cottage officer at the time he left the School. This letter was written from Bainbridge, Maryland, where Bill has just about completed his basic training, and reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hobby: My "boot" training is over and I am ready for nine days' leave before going to sea. Don't know whether I can get down to see you or not, but am coming if at all possible. Do you remember Alton Williams or 'Big Will' as we called him? He is here at camp; came in about three weeks ago. There are also three more boys from Jackson Training School down here: Revels, of No. 8; Cunningham and Hardin, of No. 9. I signed up for chief gunner's mate aboard ship, and think I got the assignment, but am not sure yet. If the boys think they have some hard times down there at the school, they ought to see what they put us through in the Navy. We drill all day, under a boiling hot sun, stopping only for chow. They are putting us through on an eight weeks' schedule which normally takes twelve weeks. Give all the boys my best regards. There will be no use answering this letter until I write you again, for I am leaving in a few days. I will be promoted to Seaman, second-class next Wednesday. Sincerely, William T. Barrier."

—:—

Robert D. Lawrence, a former member of our printing class, who has been in the United States Marine Corps for more than a year, writes that he likes that branch of the service very much, and is getting along fine. His letter, from "somewhere in the Southwest Pacific," postmarked April 21st, came to us by air mail, May 15th. Bob writes as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Sorry I haven't written you sooner, but as you know, I am now across "the drink," and am stationed on an island somewhere in the Southwest Pacific. Am now a member of the "Raiders" and like it just fine.

"Have received two copies of The Uplift since coming down here. Isn't it funny the places those little magazines go? If they could only tell of the places they have been, I imagine you would find they have visited all parts of the world. Please send me one every week, as we have not any magazines here and can't buy any.

"Am writing this by a lamp which I made by filling a beer bottle with kerosene, and using three pieces of rope—one for a wick, and hang it up by the other two. The mosquitoes are really bad here, but we have good nets. This island has many palm trees, both royal and cocoanut. Have eaten a few cocoanuts, but soon got tired of them. There is mud here practically all of the time, as it rains most every day. We just wallow around and think nothing of it, and soon get used to it.

"We see a picture show every other night. The one we saw tonight was "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." We really enjoy the pictures.

"The jungle is about two hundred yards from my tent. We go into it and cut poles and make tables by tying them together. Some fun! (Excuse me just a minute. There are some 'dive-bombers'—mosquitoes—on me.)

"Have received three letters from mother while over here, and some from other people—about ten in all. Please write me often. I think of my friends back at the school many times. Was looking at my picture-album today and came across one of you, and it made me think of the good old times we used to have in the print shop. Tell all the guys in the shop 'hello', and remember me to all the officers and matrons. I remain, your old friend, Bob."

—:—

Mr. Charles E. Boger, our former superintendent, recently received a fine letter from Joseph C. Moore, one of our old boys, who left the School, January 4, 1924. Those of us who knew Joe as a bright, industrious, good-natured youngster during his stay here are not the least surprised to learn that he has been keeping up his fine record since leaving the institution. He is now thirty-eight years old and, with his family, lives in Brooklyn, New York. Letters from him from time to time have always shown his appreciation for the training received here, also that he was very much interested in the work of the School. His letter to Mr. Boger, received May 17th, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Boger: I am with the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, in the Traffic Department, New York City, and have gone quite a long way since being with you. There is no doubt but what your school was the stepping-stone to all the good things that are now coming my way. At least, that is the way I feel about it. The last time you heard from me, I was in the traffic business also, but unless I am mistaken, I was operating a truck at the time. Now my position is in the export traffic department of the Standard Oil Company, 26 Broadway, New York City, and I can truthfully say this is the business for me. I fully intend to make this my life's work and endeavor to go to the top in my profession.

"Have not seen any of the boys who were in the school with me for

quite some time. Suppose they are scattered all over the world by this time, and I sincerely hope they are all doing as well or even better than myself.

"As you know, I have been married for about seventeen years, and have two lovely children. Hope some day in the near future to come down for a visit and show you my family. Am sure you will get quite a kick out of my son, especially.

"Mr. Boger, due to the war work we are doing, both the company and the government have to know very clearly whom they hire, therefore, it is necessary that each one furnish a birth certificate for the records. I have written to Durham for mine, and there is quite a lot of information I shall have to furnish the Register of Deeds office, such as proof of age and entry into schools. This information I am getting from the different schools which I attended. Will you be so kind as to forward me at your earliest convenience proof of my age, etc., at the time of entry into Jackson Training School? This will be of considerable help.

"Please drop me a line and let me know how things are getting along at the school at present. With best wishes, Yours very truly, Joe Moore."

—:—

Rev. R. C. Whisenhunt, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson, he read Matthew 16:13-19, and in his message to the boys he stated that he wanted to speak to them briefly on "The Church."

the speaker said that an article which appeared in The Uplift a few weeks ago, inspired him ti select this subject. The article gave an account of one of the Training School boys having been baptized by Rev. Franklyn H. Board, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord.

In commenting upon that incident, Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt told each boy in the audience to ask himself this question: "What is the church going to mean to a boy?" and then called attention to the following answers:

(1) The church will lay for him the foundation upon which to build the holiest and best life any individual can live. If we forget or willfully neglect the church, we are building on sand. Such a building cannot stand, and our lives will be failures.

The speaker then told this story: A family moved into a new neighborhood. A minister called on them, invited the parents to come to church and bring the children with them. They replied that they did not need the church, adding that it would never get them anywhere. Quite a number of years later, this same minister answered a knock at his door, and upon opening it, saw a lady with tears streaming down her face. She asked the preacher if he would do her a great favor. Her two sons were in serious trouble, and she wanted him to go to the court house and use his influence to get them out of jail. The minister then asked if he had not seen her before. Her reply was, "Yes, I am the one who told you many years ago that my boys did not need the church. I see now what my children have missed." She realized that if she had brought her children to the church, the story would have been

At the beginning of his remarks, different.

(2) The church will keep alive the sense of the presence of God as we go about our daily tasks. Over in Europe, Hitler is trying to stamp out the church. Men are being imprisoned and even put to death for reading the Bible. This has been tried many times before, but the church still lives and prospers. As long as we have the church, we shall never forget God.

(3) The church will lift us up into being the finest kind of people. It is man's greatest influence for good.

Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt then told this story: Up in the far North country, a man had a wolf-dog. Because he was part wolf, the dogs were afraid of him, and because he was part dog, the wolves were ashamed of him. His owner took him far away from home and turned his loose. This wolf-dog was very swift and had always wanted to catch the wind, as it was the only thing that had been able to get away from him. Here, out in the open, he had the opportunity to continue his chase. After a long period of running, he was still unable to catch the wind. His owner then took him back home. In a short time he entered him in a race against the finest dogs in the country. The wolf-dog soon took the lead, and out-distanced the entire pack. In his futile chase in trying to catch the wind, he had developed such strength and power as to be able to win a race against the fastest dogs in the country.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt told the boys that if they would always reach up and try to get hold of Christ and the church, they would become the leaders of their respective communities. He added that it was his hope and prayer that many more boys at the School would, as time goes on, accept the church and its teachings.

———:———

THE BOY WHO MEANT TO BE

He meant to get up early when the air was crisp and cool,
And mow the lawn and clip the hedge before he went to school;
But he was tired and sleepy when he woke at break of day,
So said another time will do, and slipped in dreams away.
At school he meant to lead his class before the term was done,
But lessons are such stupid things that boys must have some fun.
In manhood feats he likewise meant to earn some laurels, too,
But fame is such a fickle dame, and picks her favorite few.
He meant to reach a wise old age, esteemed by great and low,
But wisdom's path was hard and steep, and pleasures lured below.
But since he never really tried the things he meant to do,
That nothing ever came of them I'm not surprised, are you?

—Youth's World.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 16, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Marion Cox
Raymond Davis
Douglas Dorsett
Robert Finley
Donald Jolly
William Love
Ira Montgomery
Weaver F. Ruff
Richard Sheahan
Malcom Seymour
Lee St. Clair
Ernest Stamey
Robert Walters
Herry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Richard Billings
Donald Carland
George Cox
Jack Harmon
James Shell
Davis Swink
Kenneth Tipton
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Jack Bateman
Hurley Bell
James Blake
Dewey Bunn
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Joseph Dew
Burlin Edmondson
Albert Hames
Dewey Lanning
William Painter
Ralph Powell
Samuel Pritchett

COTTAGE NO. 4

Clarence Bell
Elbert Brown
William Broadwell
William Davis
William Deaton
William Lanning
Roy Patton
Roy Swink
Jerry Talbert
Newman Tate
Walter Thomas
Ernest Turner
Lee Turner
Edward VanHoy
George Ward

COTTAGE NO. 5

William Gentry
Eugene Kerman
William Penninger
Truby Ricks
Eugene Stubbs
Willford Seegers

COTTAGE NO. 6

Eugene Bowers
Kenneth Caldwell
Charlton Cox
Ralph Gibson
Chester Lee
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean
Reitzel Southern
Jeseph Turner

COTTAGE NO. 7

Charles Edwards
William Harding
Amos Myers
John McLean
Leroy Pate
Jerry Ray
John Tolley
Thomas Ware
W. C. Whitehurst

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Bennett
L. C. Gearing
Leonard Whisnant
Eugene White

COTTAGE NO. 9

Cecil Caldwell
Fred Grimstead
Edward Guffey
James Hale

John Hill
Thomas Ingram
James Jarvis
Albert Newton

COTTAGE NO. 10

Fred Carswell
Arcemias Hefner
Joseph Kincaid
Rufus Massingill
Clifford Spriggs
Joseph Willis
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Marvin Bradley
Velda Denning
Frank Fargis
Robert Goldsmith
William Guffey
Fred Holland
Paul Matthews
Everett Stamey
Fred Stewart
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

W. C. Boyd
Thurman Daniels
B. J. Mayberry
Russell Stikes
William Schoppell
Dillard Shelton

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Fred Bostian
Charles Callahan
Walter Carver
Robert Caudle
John Fargis
Vernon Harding
Robert Holbert
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William E. Lanford
James Linebarrier
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pittman
Peter Tuttle
John Pritchard
Alvis Watkins
Walter Stansberry

COTTAGE NO. 15

Charles Lanford
Harvey Leonard
Lawton McDowell
Hugh Roberts
Dewey Smith
Jack Willis
Carl Willis
Evans Watson
John Watts

INDIAN COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

INFIRMARY

Sterald Cline
Lawrence Rice
Glenn Wilcox

———:———

From the rising moon to the dying sun
Time spins a web of beauty just begun.
With every separate season there blooms anew
Some God-given beauty of a changing hue.
So it is with the poets and their poetry—
What they say has been said repeatedly.

—Selected.

MAY 31 1943
N. C. CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., MAY 29, 1943 No. 22

(Orange County)
(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

BOSTON HYMN

The word of the Lord by night
To the watching Pilgrims came,
As they sat by the seaside
And filled their hearts with flame.

God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
ANALYSIS OF INTELLIGENCE QUOTIENTS OF THE TRAINING SCHOOL BOYS	By S. G. Hawfield	8
THE MORAVIAN DOCTOR	(N. C. Dept. History)	9
I CONFESS MY FAITH	By Madame Chaing Kai-Shek	12
APPLE BLOSSOM DAYS	By M. L. C. Hastings	16
EDWARD KIDDER GRAHAM	By Geraldine Coburn	18
LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT FRUIT	By C. J. Hull	20
EPILEPTIC CONVULSIONS CAN BE CONTROLLED	By Dr. H. N. Bundesen	22
GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH	(Selected)	24
SHE ATTENDED 265 SCHOOLS	(The State)	25
INSTITUTION NOTES		26
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

CONCORD HYMN

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled.
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set today a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

MEMORIAL DAY—A LOVELY CUSTOM

It was a fine gesture on the part of the Southern women when they put forth the plan of having a special Memorial Day, recognizing the valor and the courage of the men who wore the gray in the War Between the States. These fine women, including wives, mothers and daughters, made annual pilgrimages to the resting places of the veterans and placed flowers thereon. This movement, setting aside Memorial Day, originatel in Columbus, Mississippi, in April, 1863. For a long time this date was observed in a number of Southern states, but was later changed, due to weather conditions, flowers blooming later in some states than in others.

The manner of observing Memorial Day differs in various localities. For instance, in Conocrd, the school children, on May 10th, march in line to the court house and place flowers around the Confederate monument, and appropriate exercises are held. In other towns the citizenship goes en masse to the cemetery, and every Confederate grave is marked by a wreath of flowers. Such customs make Memorial Day most impressive.

While the women of the South initiated the memorial for the Confederate soldiers, a custom that is beautiful and commendable, it was General John A. Logan, commander of the Grand Army of the Republic who, in 1868, fixed the date, May 30th, a Memorial Day for all Union soldiers.

This resume is indicative of the fact that these sweet and appreciative gestures usually eminate from the hearts and minds of women. We feel today that especially during this global war, where men, regardless of race or creed, are fighting for freedom, that in the near future this line of demarcation will be erased, and on Memorial Day we will honor and appreciate all soldiers, both past and present.

* * * * * * * *

THE INFLUENCE OF THE CHURCH

The one question that confronts every man and woman who in any way is holding a responsible position, personal or otherwise, is the shortage of man-power. It is quite difficult in such cases to know what to do, because at this present era there is neither time nor place to be found where one can stop.

This institution is realizing the handicaps arising from the shortage of man-power. However, where there is a will there is a way to meet every emergency. The personnel at the School understands fully the necessity of ministering to the young boys placed here so that in the future we will have stalwart characters on the home front.

Character building is a most absorbing thought. The greatest responsibility is that of parenthood, or that of an official at the head of an institution that deals with the youth of the land. A strong physique is most necessary, but of little avail if the spiritual

enrichment of a child has been neglected. It takes a home, a school for mental training, and the advantages of a church to make a well-rounded personality.

With all these things in mind, this School is looking into the home conditions of each boy as he enters, thereby learning his or his family's church affiliation. This is done regardless of creed or class. After learning the church connections of each, the local minister of his faith will be informed. In this manner the ministers of different creeds will be given the opportunity to visit the institution, with a hope of proper placement in some church. One can never be oblivious to the majesty of little things. For instance, a small spring or stream can, in the course of time, gather power or volume sufficient to make a mighty river. It was just a few months ago that a small boy from the mountains of Western North Carolina was placed in our care. This lad, while at home, had a leaning toward the Episcopal church. The rector of this church communicated with the rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, telling him the youngster had never been baptized. Right away, the boy was brought to All Saints Church and was received as a baptized member. This one instance means that ministers of different denominations will be given the privilege of attending to the proper church affiliations of the boys.

The essentials for building strong characters to fill the true missions of manhood requires a strong mind within a strong body, enriched by spiritual training. Church connection is the birthright of every child, and when this is neglected, someone has failed to do their duty.

* * * * * * * *

BUILDING MANHOOD

The Stonewall Jackson Training School is at present receiving more small boys than those of the adolescent age. These conditions work hardships on the farm, in the dairy, and with the carrying on of other activities that require larger and stronger boys. Every day has its ups and downs, but the superintendent and other officers are throwing their shoulders to the wheel in order to keep the good work going. People usually know, but there are many who do not,

that the boys, upon entering the institution, are placed in the Receiving Cottage. They are held there for physical and medical observation. During the time they remain in this cottage, they are given a Stanford Achievement Test, so they will receive proper placement. All of this is done to avoid other complications and misfits in the school rooms. "Progress for the boy" is the watchword at the Stonewall Jackson Training School.

* * * * * * * *

PATRICK HENRY

May 29, 1736 was the birthday of Patrick Henry, great American orator and patriot, born in Virginia. He received very little education, went into business early, and was married at eighteen. His business ventures were not successful, and he studied law. Henry was employed to plead the cause of the people against an unpopular royal enactment, and received praise which placed him in the front rank of American orators.

It was Henry's opposition to the Stamp Act which caused him to express his famous words, "Give me liberty or give me death," which were responsible for his election as delegate to the First Continental Congress. Four times he was elected governor of Virginia. He was more eloquent than intellectual. It is doubtful if another orator has ever been able to sway an audience so easily as he.

* * * * * * * *

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. He graduated from Harvard at the age of twenty-two, and became teacher, preacher, and writer, which professions he pursued until his death, at the age of seventy-nine.

In 1832, Emerson made a trip to England, where he met Wordsworth, Coleridge and Carlyle. With Carlyle he established a warm and lasting friendship, and after his return to America they corresponded for many years, and became a source of inspiration, each to the other.

Emerson's essays are among his most famous works and are used

in schools the country over. His greatest message to the world was his teaching that man can rise above his circumstances and environment and may make of himself what he chooses. Because of this belief and his arguments leading up to it, he exerted wide influence.

Emerson was a great lover of nature and the majority of his poems were on that theme, as may be noted from the following:

"When the forest shall mislead me,
When the night and morning lie,
When sea and land refuse to feed me,
'Twill be time enough to die;
Then will yet my mother yield
A pillow in her greenest field,
Nor the June flowers scorn to cover
The clay of their departed lover."

* * * * * * * *

Dr. Daniel A. Poling, just back from direct contact with our fighting men in Tunisia, recently made a talk to the New York Rotary Club. His concluding remarks were:

"God pity us at home if now we talk of our privileges and insist upon our rights. In these days, no individual has rights apart from the group, and no group has rights for itself alone. Now there are only duties—duties glorified by the unselfishness of our children; duties sanctified by the blood of our sons.

"I am the meanest thief in the world if by word or deed, by selfishness or neglect, I delay the complete victory and their return by a single minute.

"Minutes are men!"—The State.

* * * * * * * *

Fifty years before the American Revolution, a successful "usurpation" of kingship was maintained against the English crown. "King" Roger Moore was virtual ruler of his vast tracts in Brunswick county, where he had his seat of power at Orton House, and near where the vanished city of Brunswick once stood.

ANALYSIS INTELLIGENCE QUOTIENTS OF THE TRAINING SCHOOL BOYS

By S. G. Hawfield

When a boy is sent to the Stonewall Jackson Training School he is first placed in the Receiving Cottage for a period of two weeks for purposes of observations, orientation and quarantine. At a convenient time during this period all of the boys are given intelligence and educational achievement tests. These tests, of course, are administered to the boys for the purpose of discovering in a brief time and upon a scientific basis their capacities and educational possibilities and also their limitations.

It is felt that the information presented in the study below will be both interesting and profitable to Superintendent's of Welfare. It will serve to provide them with a guide or an index regarding the mental level of the boys with whom they must deal both before and after committal.

Scores	No. of Cases
120 and over	2
115-119	2
110-114	5
105-109	12
100-104	20
95-99	39
90-94	38
85-89	44
80-84	54
75-79	33
70-74	36
65-69	11
60-64	34
55-59	1
50-54	4
Below 50	9
Total	344

An examination of the accompanying data reveals the following significant facts:

Lowest score	36
Highest score	125
Number of cases below 75	94
Median score	84.1
Lowest quartile	73.75
Upper quartile	94.33

Many of the boys in the School have failed in the public schools or else the public schools have failed them. They are boys who have generally rebelled against the literary routine of the traditional school. In the future it is sincerely hoped that through progressive and modern methods the Jackson Training School may furnish these boys opportunities for individual development which other agencies, for one reason or another, have not furnished. The institution is not to be regarded as a place of last resort, but a place of first choice for individual treatment of certain types of boys. Instead of repression and punishment, individual expression and diagnosis are to be used more and more.

THE MORAVIAN DOCTOR

Used by Permission of the North Carolina State Department of Archives and History (formerly N. C. Historical Commission)

It was a cold, gray November afternoon in the year 1753. Cutting their way through the virgin forests of piedmont North Carolina were fifteen sturdy men who had come on foot all the way from the Moravian settlement in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Their spirits were high, for they had almost reached their destination.

Their journey had been a hard one and they were weary, but hardship and trouble were nothing new to members of the Moravian Church. Three centuries and a half before, John Hus, the founder of their faith, had been burned at the stake in the German town of Constance. Later his followers had been hacked to pieces, burned, and swung on gibbets until Bohemia, the home of the Unitas Fratrum, had become a veritable field of blood. But in the early 1700's the Unity had been given a new lease on life, and many of the Brethren had found peace and happiness in America. Wishing to establish a colony in the South, the Moravians had purchased a large tract of land surrounding the site of the present city of Winston-Salem. And now the fifteen men had come from the leading Moravian community at Bethlehem to prepare the ground for larger groups to follow.

It was nearly night when the party reached the one small hut which had already been built on their land. After a brief Lovefeast, a religious ceremony in which members of their faith frequently participated, the Brethren lay down on the floor to spend their first night at Bethabara, or House of Passage, which was to become home for most of them. Wolves howled in the forest without; but all was peaceful within, where the Brethren with thankful hearts closed their eyes for the night.

In the group was a devout physician, Hans Martin Kalberlahn, who had come to do his part in establishing the new settlement. Young and unmarried, he was sturdy in body and strong in his faith in the Lord.

It was well that he was young and strong, for the next few months were very busy ones. Land was cleared and planted, a mill was built, houses were erected, and a thousand and one other tasks were performed which were to turn the wilderenss into a livable community. Busiest of all was the young doctor. Over the country for eighty miles around he rode, working miracles with his herbs and medicines. To settlers far and near he seemed an angel of mercy.

Five years passed. Many settlers came to Bethabara and, in spite of Indian wars, crop failures, and other disasters, the village throve.

Soon after Easter, 1758, Dr. Kalberlahn returned to Bethlehem for a visit. One morning while he was there he was called to ride to an inn twenty miles distant, where Sister Antes, who had fallen from her horse, was in need of aid.

Anna Catharina Antes had been living in the Bethlehem settlement for thirteen years, and during that

time she had developed from a restless, high-spirited girl of nineteen into one of the most capable and responsible of the Bethlehem Sisters. Life in the settlement had proved interesting and eventful—and now the accident which had befallen her was to bring about the greatest event of all. For Anna Catharina, writing half a century later of the young doctor's attendance, said simply: "He took care of me, we liked each other very much, and as soon as I was sufficiently recovered we were married."

Less than a year after their marriage, the Kalberlahns, in company with five other couples, set out for Carolina. It was April, and the spring seemed to come up from the South to meet them. As Sister Kalberlahn rode with her husbanl in the strong six-horse magon, wandered with him through the woods in search of flowers and herbs, or sat by his side at the midday rests and evening camps, she revelled in the opportunity the journey gave for enjoying his companionship—an opportunity which the busy, methodical days at Bethlehem had denied them. And each day she fell more deeply in love with the young physician who had won her heart and hand.

All too soon Bethabara was reached and the idyllic journey ended. Again the doctor and his bride were swept into the busy life of a Moravian settlement, for before Dr. Kalberlahn had even rested from his journey he was called upon to care for refugees who had been wounded in making their escape from Indians. Day in and day out he labored, and Sister Kalberlahn, looking at her worn, tired husband, knew that it was useless to protest. So she said nothing, but aided him by nursing whenever she could.

Soon Dr. Kalberlahn had a more frightful problem than that of tending to wounded and sick refugees. The dread typhus fever became epidemic in parts of North Carolina and Virginia, and Bethabara, crowded with refugees and constantly visited by strangers, suffered severely. Mary Rogers, wife of the English-speaking minister of the Parish, was the first to die, leaving her six-months-old baby in the care of Sister Kalberlahn. Then Catherine Seidel, a bride who with her husband had journeyed from Bethlehem with the Kalberlahns, was borne to "God's Acre" on the top of the hill. Three days later she was followed by her husband, Christian, who, like Dr. Kalberlahn, had been a member of the first party to settle at Bethabara.

The doctor, worn from his journey and constant watching, grieving for his friends, tortured with his helplessness to relieve his suffering neighbors, prayed, and strove as best he could to aid his loved Brethren.

Then he himself was stricken. And now there came to him a strange, sweet peace. Calmly he arranged his earthly affairs and committed all he loved to his Savior's care. Then for almost two happy days he lay with his wife's hand in his, living the day on which he rode to her assistance and brought her to Bethlehem in the one-horse shay, retraveling with her that sunlit journey southward in the springtime. Anna Catharina's lover had been lost in the village doctor during these busy, anxious, agonizing weeks. But for two short days Death gave him back to her.

At noon on Saturday, July 28, the

two peaceful days ended, and Hans Martin Kalberlahn passed gently away. Anna Catharina had gone bravely with him to the brink. But when he was laid to rest in the little "God's Acre" on the summit of the hill, life seemed to stop for her. Mechanically she tended the little baby left in her care by the first victim of the epidemic, and in stunned silence heard the sympathetic words of her neighbors. She begged Bishop Spangenberg, who was visiting the village, to take her back to Bethlehem, but he gently refused, reminding her that her work was here.

In time, however, the aching was eased and Anna Catharina's rebellious spirit found submission. Again she took her place in the busy life of the Moravian community, and was a part of it as it grew and prospered. As the years passed she saw the founding and development of the new town of Salem, the winning of American independence, and the birth of a new nation—the United States of America. The span of her long life was almost four score years and ten. But always in her memory was that spring long ago when, with her young doctor, she had first journeyed southward to Carolina.

———:———

OLD GLORY

Old Glory flies for you and me;
Old Glory stands for all that's free
The emblem of our liberty—
Let's keep Old Glory waving!

Old Glory waves for one and all;
Old Glory will not let us fall;
She never fails to heed our call—
Let's keep Old Glory waving!

Red with blood of heroes brave,
White from gowns of angels made
Blue with the sky that freedom gave
Her silver stars will never fade.

Old Glory stands for all we love,
Old Glory, gift from God above,
May we be worthy of his love—
Let's keep Old Glory waving!

—Selected.

I CONFESS MY FAITH

By Madame Chiang Kai-shek

Late in 1880 the U. S. revenue cutter, Schuyler Colfax, Captain Charles Jones, sailed into Wilmington, N. C. On board was a Chinese boy named Soong. Through the human agency of the captain, a Christian and a Methodist, the boy was converted and became a member of the Fifth Street Methodist Church in Wilmington.

After attending Trinity College (now Duke University) and the Theological Department of Vanderbilt University, Charlie Soong returned to China as a Methodist preacher, becoming an outstanding figure in the religious and social life of China. He married a devoted Christian woman and through their children they became the founders of one of the world's most influential families.

In the Soong family were six children—three sons and three daughters. All were nutured in a strong Christian home and in the Methodist Church, and became true Christians. All were educated in America, the girls attending a Methodist college. All became noted figures in modern China.

Ai-ling Soong became the wife of Dr. H. H. Kunk, descendant of Confucius and Finance Minister of China.

Ching-ling Soong became the wife of Sun Yat-sen, the George Washington of China, the founder of the Chinese Republic, the almost sainted Father of modern China.

Mei-ling Soong became the wife of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, the "strong man of China" and the leader of the Nationalist Government.

T. V. Soong became one of the world's greatest international financial statesmen, and both Finance and Foreign Minister of China.

T. L. Soong became Manager of the Export and Import Bureau, the Central Bank of China, and member of the Government Finance Commission.

T. A. Soong, the youngest, became collector of interal revenue for China.

This one family is ample justification for the millions spent to give the Gospel to China.

In the accompanying article Madam Chiang Kai-shek, who has been called the greatest woman and most influential Christian in the world, gives her testimony.

This and the companion booklet, "I Bear My Witness," by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, constitute a remarkable record—the testimony of two of the world's outstanding Christians and Methodists.

By nature I am not a religious person. At least not in the common acceptance of that term. I am not by nature a mystic. I am practical-minded. Mundane things have meant much to me, perhaps too much.

Mundane, not material things. I care more for a beautiful celadon vase than for costly jewels.

I am more disturbed as I traverse the crowded, dirty streets of an interior city than I am by the hazards of flying with poor visibility, which my husband and I experienced the other day. Personal danger means nothing to me. But I am concerned that my schools for the children of the revolutionary heroes shall raise for them, and perhaps for the communities to which they return, the

standard of living and the quality of life.

Also, I am more or less skeptical. I used to think Faith, Belief, Immortality were more or less imaginary. I believe in the world seen, not the world unseen. I could not accept things just because they had always been accepted. In other words, a religion good enough for my fathers did not necessarily appeal to me. I do not yet believe in predigested religion in palatable, sugar-coated doses.

I knew my mother lived very close to God. I recognized something great in her. And I blieve that my childhood training influenced me greatly, even though I was more or less rebellious at the time. It must often have grieved my beloved mother that I found family prayers tiresome and frequently found myself conveniently thirsty at the moment, so that I had to slip out of the room.

Like my brothers and sisters, I always had to go to church and I hated the long sermons. But today I feel that this church-going habit established something, a kind of stability, for which I am grateful to my parents.

My mother was not a sentimental parent. In many ways she was a Spartan. But one of my strongest childhood impressions is of Mother going to a room she kept for the purpose on the third floor to pray. She spent hours in prayer, often beginning before dawn. When we asked her advice about anything, she would say, "I must ask God first."

And we could not hurry her. Asking God was not a matter of spending five minutes to ask Him to bless her child and grant the request. It meant waiting upon God until she felt His leading. And I must say that whenever Mother prayed and trusted God for her decision, the undertaking invariably turned out well.

As long as Mother lived I had a feeling that whatever I did, or failed to do, Mother would pray me through. Though she insisted that she was not our intercessor, that we must pray ourselves, yet I know for a certainty that many of her long hours of prayer were spent interceding for us. Perhaps it is because religion in my mind is associated with such a mother that I have never been able to turn from it entirely.

One day I was talking with her about the imminent Japanese menace, and I suddenly cried out in irresistible intensity of feeling:

"Mother, you're so powerful in prayer. Why don't you pray that God will annihilate Japan—by an earthquake or something?"

She turned her face away for a time. Then looking gravely at me she said: "When you pray, or expect me to pray, don't insult God's intelligence by asking Him to do something which would be unworthy even of you, a mortal!"

That made a deep impression on me. And today I can pray for the Japanese people, knowing that there must be many who, like Kagawa, suffer because of what their country is doing to China.

During the last seven years I have suffered much. I have gone through deep waters because of the chaotic conditions in China: the lopping off of our richest provinces, the death of my saintly mother, flood, famine, and the intrigues of those who should

have been helping to unify the country.

All these things have made me see my own inadequacy. More than that, all human insufficiency. To try to do anything for the country seemed like trying to put out a great conflagration with a cup of water.

During these years of my married life, I have gone through three phases as related to my religion. First, there was a tremenlous enthusiasm and patriotism—a passionate desire to do something for my country. Here was my opportunity. With my husband, I would work ceaselessly to make China strong. I had the best of intentions. But something was lacking. There was no staying power. I was depending on self.

Then came the second phase. These things that I have referred to happened, and I was plunged into dark despair. A terrible depression settled on me—spiritual despair, bleakness, desolation. At the time of my mother's death, the blackness was greatest. A foreign foe was on our soil in the north. A discontented political faction in the south. Famine in the northwest. Floods threatening the millions who dwell in the Yangtze Valley. And my beloved mother taken from me. What was left?

And then I realized that spiritually I was failing my husband. My mother's influence on the General had been tremendous. His own mother was a devout Buddhist. It was my mother's influence and personal example that led him to become a Christian.

Too honest to promise to be one just to win her consent to our marriage, he had promised my mother that he would study Christianity and read the Bible. And I suddenly realized that he was sticking to his promise, even after she was gone, but losing because there were so many things he did not understand.

I began to see that what I was doing to help, for the sake of the country, was only a substitute for what he needed. I was letting him head toward a mirage when I knew of the oasis. Life was all confusion. I had been in the depths of despair. Out of that, and the feeling of human inadquacy, I was driven back to my mother's God. I knew there was a power greater than myself. I knew God was there. But Mother was no longer there to do my interceding for me. It seemed to be up to me to help the General spiritually, and in helping him I grew spiritually myself.

Thus I entered into the third period, where I wanted to do, not my will, but God's. Life is really simple, and yet how confused we make it. In old Chinese art, there is just one outstanding object, perhaps a flower, on a scroll. Everything else in the picture is subordinate to that one beautiful thing.

An integrated life is like that. What is that one flower? As I see it now, it is the will of God. But to know His will, and do it, calls for absolute sincerity, absolute honesty with one's self, and it means using one's mind to the best of one's ability.

I used to pray that God would do this or that. Now I pray only that God will make His will known to me.

God speaks to me in prayer. Prayer is not self-hypnotism. It is more than meditation. The Buddhist priests spend days in meditating. In meditation the source of strength is one's self. But when one prays he goes to a source of strength greater than his own. I wait to feel His leading, and His guidance means certainty.

In the feudal time of the Three Kingdoms, there was an old general called Ts'ao Ts'ao. Once upon a time he was going on a long march. His soldiers were weary, thirsty, discouraged. He said to them, "From my horse I can see a beautiful garden, full of luscious plums!" Their mouths watered, new strength and courage come to them. But for how long? The plum garden did not materialize, and the soldiers were more weary than before.

That to me is like meditation. There is a buoyancy of spirit for a time. It may help when there is no oasis in sight. But when I am spiritually thirsty, I do not think of plum gardens—I go to the Fountain of living water.

Prayer is our source of guidance and balance. God is able to enlighten the understanding. I am often bewildered, because my mind is only finite. I question and doubt my own judgments. Then I seek guidance, and when I am sure, I go ahead, leaving the results with Him.

Our finite minds beside His infinite mind seems to me like this: I go walking, and the hills loom above me, range upon range, one against the other. I cannot tell where one begins, and another leaves off. But from the air (I seldom have time to travel any other way now) everything has a distinct contour and form. I can see things so much more clearly. Perhaps that is like my mind and God's. And when I talk with Him, He lifts me up where I can see clearly.

I do not think it is possible to make this understandable to one who has not tried it. To explain to one who has had no experience of getting guidance what it means would be like trying to make a stone-deaf person understand the beauty of a Chopin sonata.

What I do want to make clear is that whether we get guidance or not, it's there. It's like tuning in on the radio. There's music in the air, whether we tune in or not. By learning to tune in, one can understand. How is it done? As Brother Lawrence told us long ago, "by practicing the presence of God." By daily communion with Him. One cannot expect to be conscious of God's presence when one has only a bowing acquaintance with Him.

In conclusion, with me religion is a very simple thing. It means to try with all my heart and soul and strength and mind to do the will of God.

I feel that God has given me a work to do for China. In this province of Kiangsi thousands of li of fertile rice fields are now devastated ruins; hundreds of thousands of families have been rendered homeless. Rural rehabilitation must follow, helping the farmers back to their land and to better conditions of life. This is no small task. In fact, China's problems in some ways are greater today than ever before.

But despondency and despair are not mine today. I look to Him who is able to do all things, even more than we ask or think. At this time of writing, I am with my husband in the heart of the bandit area. Constantly exposed to dangers, I am unafraid. I know that nothing can happen either to the General or to me till our work is done.

APPLEBLOSSOM DAYS

By M. Louise C. Hastings

It is May. Apple trees have long since felt the first stir of sap in their branches. Bluebirds are already nesting in the holes of gray old apple trees where age and winds have broken off the branches. Robins have plastered nests on the strong branches now hidden by the appleblossoms that make each tree a thing of beauty.

Appleblossom days fill the air with sweet and often spicy fragrance. We love it, but we are not the only appreciative ones. Honeybees are always attracted by the perfume of appleblossoms, and should we get close enough to their pink and white beauty we would surely find bees going from flower to flower, and humming their contented music as they work.

"Busy as bees," they fill their little bee baskets with pollen, for the babies in the hive must be fed with a mixture of pollen and sweet nectar. Bees are constant workers, both for the hive and for the trees themselves. They are pollen bearers from one tree to another and from one blossom to another. What a marvelous thing it is that the bees gather sweet juices, and that, while they are flying from the blossoms to the hive, the honey is manufactured in their tiny bodies!

When the blossoms of the apple trees are in their prime lovers of the beautiful drive from town to town to witness nature's glorious exhibit of blossoms. Individual trees stand out in the height of their perfection. It is a delight to say, "That tree is my choice." We try to find country roads that have apple trees on each side, each one of which seems more lavish with its splendor. Sometimes we get out of the car and walk through an orchard, touching the pink and white petals and inhaling their perfume to our heart's content. Appleblossom days are unforgettable!

Another custom, which is fast becoming a tradition, is having appleblossom festivals. Several states have adopted this idea. In Winchester, Virginia, in the Shenandoah Valley, there are parades and floats of great beauty and usually there is an historical pageant. Washington State presents the Wenatchee Appleblossom Festival, when the queen and her attendants appear in a royal barge along the canal, all in the midst of blossoming orchards. Many states keep "open house" during the time of blossoming trees. Michigan and Arkansas have adopted the appleblossom for their state flower. Arkansas has originated more than fifty varieties of apples.

Of all fruit trees, the apple grows the most rapidly. But, in the race of producing fruit, the peach and plum both beat the apple. Apple trees do not grow in Florida, because they must have a rest period each year. Florida has no rest periods for its vegetation.

Apple trees are probably natives of Central Asia. They were first brought to America by the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1629. But America had its wild crabapple trees, and they brightened the landscape for the early settlers with rose-colored, spicy-fragrant blossoms. Our ancestors used these wild crabapples for their jellies and preserves.

There were many rustic names given to apples that we never hear in these days. Did you ever hear of "grumplings"? That is an old name for a stunted apple. Have you heart of "nopips," ,'Tom-wins," and "pig-noses" Such names were given because of strange shapes or flavors. In Shakespeare's day there were "leatherhides," "flesh-and-blood," and "duckbills."

Literature has its appleblossoms. For those who cannot get to the orchards to see the beauty and smell the fragrance, literature holds a sure place. Prose and poetry alike have countless appleblossoms where "the orchards all a-flutter with pink" make our hearts glow with beauty. Henry Ward Beecher wrote:

"In the month of May, apple trees go a-courting. Love is evermore father of poetry. For an apple tree in full bloom is like a message sent fresh from heaven to earth, of purity and beauty. In the month of May, the very flower month of all the year, the crown and glory of all is the apple tree. In my calendar hereafter, I do ordain that the name of this month be changed. Instead of May, let it henceforth be called 'the month of the Apple Blossom'."

———:———

WHEN THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN

When the lights go on again
All over the world,
And the boys are home again
All over the world.
And rain or snow is all
That may fall from skies above
And a kiss won't mean good-bye
But hello to love.
When the lights go on again,
All over the world,
And the ships will sail again
All over the world.
Then we'll have time for things
Like wedding rings
And free hearts will sing,
When the lights go on again
All over the world.

—Selected.

EDWARD KIDDER GRAHAM

By Geraldine Coburn

Edward Kidder Graham loved North Carolina, and because he loved the State and believed in its many possibilities he wished to render it every service possible. Although he served only five years as acting-president and president of the University of North Carolina, during that time he lived up to the statement he made in his inaugural address, "that a state university was not a thing apart, but the best instrument yet devised through which a state could serve itself." Every concern of the State's was in part an immediate concern for the State University, whose campus consisted of the entire area of the State. He never stopped to consider what obligations the State owed the University. Instead, he considered what the University owed the State, and under his adminstration the people of the State came to accept the University as "the instrument of democracy for realizing all the high and healthful aspirations of the democratic state."

Graham, who was born in Charlotte, on October 11, 1876, was from an old North Carolina family, and his ancestors had been leaders in fields of education and government since the earliest settlers came to this country. It was only natural, therefore, that he too should be an educational leader. Before entering the University in 1894, he attended the city schools and the Carolina Military Institute of Charlotte. He had a bright mind, but he never strove for brilliancy. He finished second in his class at the University, won the senior oratorical prize, was secretary of Alpha Theta Phi (which has since been absorbed into the Phi Beta Kappa Society), served as editor-in-chief of the college newspaper, the Tar Heel, and also the University Magazine, but never did he boast of his ability or seek praise from anyone. He never had to, for his accomplishments spoke for themselves. After his graduation he taught for a short time in a private school in Charlotte, but in 1899 he returned to the University to served successively as librarian, instructor, associate professor, professor, dean, acting-president and president.

On June 25, 1908, he married Miss Susan Williams Moses, of Raleigh. She also had a brilliant college and professional career, for she was a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Cornell University and had obtained her master's degree from the came school.

When Graham became dean of the college of liberal arts in 1909, he was given the opportunity of putting into practice his democratic ideas of a self-governing campus where the students were placed on their honor to govern themselves. Someone has said that "The remarkable advance in education, health, public welfare, highway construction, and industry which North Carolina made in two decades between 1910-1930 was due in large measure to the ideas to which Graham gave vivid expression as dean."

In 1914, the year that Graham be-

came president, he established in the University the department of rural economics and sociology, helped in founding the North Carolina Club, a faculty-student organization for the consideration of state problems, and provided for the publication of the University News Letter, a weekly publication devoted to the study of North Carolina economic and social questions. He gave the University a "social-mindedness" which still endures.

Graham was one of the victims of the influenza epldemic of 1918. When he died he was serving as director of the Student Army Training Corps of the South Atlantic States, as trustee of the American University Union in Europe, as member of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, and as member of the educcational committee of the Council of National Defense.

Today there stands on the University campus a memorial building which is a monument to Edward Kidder Graham. In a broader sense, however, the entire University is a memorial to him, for, under another Graham, the cousin of Edward Kidder, it is to a large degree the product of the liberal and progressive policies and the ideal of service which he fostered.

---:---

TEN POINTS

1. You cannot bring prosperity by discouraging thrift.
2. You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong.
3. You cannot help small men by tearing down big men.
4. You cannot help the poor by destroying the rich.
5. You cannot lift the wage-earner by pulling the wage-payer down.
6. You connot keep out of trouble by spending more than your income.
7. You cannot further the brotherhood of man by inciting class hatred.
8. You cannot establish sound security on borrowed money.
9. You cannot build character and courage by taking away a man's intiative and independence.
10. You cannot help men permanently by doing for them what they could and should do for themselves.

—Selected.

LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT FRUIT

By C. Joseph Hull

It is very likely that every morning, or almost every morning, you have some form of fruit for breakfast. Maybe you will find oranges, or grapefruit, or prunes at your place; but in any case, fruit of some kind is certain to have a preferred place on the American breakfast menu.

Again at lunch you might find some type of fruit in the crisp salad served you. At dinner it is quite possible that you will be served a fruit sauce for the dessert course. And many people make a habit of eating some fruit each night before retiring.

Containing many essential vitamins and supplying, in many cases, beneficial acids to the digestive system, fruit has come to be one of the indispensable items of a healthy diet. Fruit has become so fixed in the family food program that most people simply takes its benefits for granted and are scarcely aware that many interesting facts are associated with this class of edibles. For instance, did you know that—

Everyone in this country eats half an apple every day? Anyway, that is the proven per capita daily consumption of apples in the United States.

Concord grapes were given that name by the early New England settlers, and that they were actually named for Concord, Massachusetts?

The fig tree is one of the few fruit-bearing trees, if not the only one, that produces two crops each year?

Tomatoes were first grown as early as the sixteenth century in Peru? The red fruit, which is sometimes incorrectly classed as a vegetable, was brought to Mexico in later years and finally introduced to the United States. Tomatoes have been produced in this country for about one hundred years.

The cantaloupe derives its name from the city of Cantaloupe, Italy? It was first grown in this locality.

A fruit is raised in Mexico which is called the peachmond? It is a hybrid variety or cross between the peach and the almond.

The average person in the United States eats about five grapefruit each year, sixteen lemons, and fifty-eight oranges? This is more than twice what the average yearly consumption of fruit was before 1925.

There exists a fruit named the jujube? It has a small elliptic or oblong shape. It contains a whitish, flesh colored body that is of mealy texture. The flavor is sweet and it has a hard stone center.

The apple tree holds the all-time record as the fastest growing fruit tree? However, the peach and plum tree bear fruit earlier in the growing season.

The cranberry was originally named the crane-berry? This name was derived from the fact that the fruit grows on a curved stalk which resembles the neck of a crane.

New York State leads the nation in apple production? It is followed by Washington, then Virginia, then Ohio.

The loganberry is named for Judge J. H. Logan? Judge Logan first produced the berry in California in 1881.

The bright red maraschino cherry is made from Marasca cherries which are grown in Zara, Dalmatia? The

preservative for maraschinos is white honey and clear syrup.

The crab apple was given its name by the people of middle England and that they named it "crab" in tribute to its sour, disagreeable, astringent taste?

———:———

WE SHALL FIND PEACE

'Twas thus I dreamed: there was an evening sky,
A sky from which the sun had barely set;
And over where horizons slowly die
Small cloudlets trembled with a last regret.

Oh, did I dream this thing? For o'er the earth
There was a Cross suspended in the air!
Oh, never since the time of His sweet birth,
When shone a Star, did Vision shine so rare!

So radiant it was with Heaven's glow
It seemed the sun and moon and stars combined!
Ah, never had I ever hoped to know
Such strengthening of soul—such peace of mind!

Yet as I looked it faded from my view
And particles of cloud stood in its place;
And out of all the atmosphere they drew
The outlines of a cruel, wicked face.

And there, the head of some wild killing beast
Had filled the place set for my Blessed Cross;
I turned away; my eyes were filled with tears,
My heart had swelled to breaking with its loss!

Oh mortal, rise, and let your weeping eye
Rest on the spot where dared that ghastly fraud!
Look up, my soul! Behold the western sky!
And see once more the Wondrous Light of God!

Though all Satanic furies may molest,
Though nations crumble and our lifetimes cease,
If we believe, we shall be truly blest:
Beneath the Shining Cross we shall find Peace

—Dorothy Clarke.

EPILEPTIC CHILD'S CONVULSION CAN NOW BE CONTROLLED

By Dr. H. N. Bundesen

For the child suffering from epilepsy there is more hope today than ever before of controlling the convulsions and allowing the child to have a normal life. This is largely due to the methods of treatment now employed, and the discovery just a few years ago of a new drug effective in controlling the epileptic attacks, phenytoin sodium.

Just what causes epilepsy is still a matter of much dispute. Dr. D. Stewart Polk, of Penneylvania, says it is essential that this disorder be diagnosed and treated early before repeated convulsions have a chance to do irreparable damage to the brain. The chances for cure, he believes, are much better before such injuries to the brain have occurred. Furthermore, the treatment must be such as to completely control the convulsions and ward off the attacks. He says it is necessary to pay particular attention to the child's home surroundings and how he gets along with his playmates and in school. The parents must understand the importance of regularity in the child's rest, work and play and, particularly, the avoidance of fatigue.

On the other hand, the seizures are more likely to occur when the child's mind and body are idle. Thus, it is best for the youngster to be pleasantly occupied and not overtired. In most instances the epileptic child can continue with his regular attendance at school. It may be necessary to place some epileptic children in special schools.

The child with epilepsy should be given a careful physical examination and any infections such as may be present in the teeth, tonsils and sinuses should be overcome, if possible. Any disturbance of the glands of internal secretion, such as the thyroid gland, should be taken care of. In other words, the child must be put into the best possible physical health through proper medical attention, diet, rest and moderate exercise.

In epileptic children the ketogenic diet has been found successful in many cases. This is a diet which is rich in fats and low in starches and sugars. It tends to produce a condition of acidosis and a lessening of the water content of the tissues. This in turn lessens the ease with which the nervous system can be upset. About one-half of the patients treated with this diet are benefited. The difficulty with the diet is that because of its nature it may produce sickness. Hence, the child may refuse the diet and some other form of diet must be employed.

Another method of treatment is with drugs, particularly phenobarbital, and the new drug, phenytoin sodium. Of course these drugs must be administered only under the directions of the physician to prevent severe reactions and overdosage. Phenobarbital may be used together

with the ketogenic diet. The reactions which may occur from the phenytoin sodium consist of dizziness, fatigue, sickness to the stomach, skin rashes and overgrowth of the gum tissue. Hence, when this drug is employed the physician must check the child's condition from time to time so that if any of these symptoms occur, the dose of the drug may be reduced or its use stopped altogether.

SPEAKING THEN OF LOVE

Speak not of War:
Too long the drums of Hate
Have beat their grim tattoo of Death
Upon the mind of Man.

Too long has each aggressor sought
To blame all others for the
Stark destruction caused by
Lust for gold, for land, for power.
Too prone has Ego been
To shun the mute appeal of those rare
Few who've found true joy
To dwell not in aggrandizement or kingly halls
But in the clasp of trusting friends.

Too long has Man aspired
To Godlike potency.
How blind the Fool.
For he sees not that Christ,
God's sacrificial gift of Love, through deep humility
Has awed more millions than
The mammoth dogs of steel and wealth
That thunder and obscure
His world of Beauty and of Peace.

Speak then of Love
For therein rests the key to Life.

—Emily C. Yocom.

GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH

(Selected)

Those ringing words of patriotic fevor uttered 168 years ago re-echo in ears in a time when the liberty of the country is again threatened by foreign foes. Again we have taken up defense of the rights, the freedom, and the democracy which the brave and hardy patriots battled for and won in the bloody battle of the Revolution.

Patrick Henry has always been the idol of every school boy, an idol never forgotten, He still lives in the hearts of all patriotic citizens. This is his birthday month. He was born in Hanover County, Va., May 29, 1736. He was an indolent, dreamy boy, not much given to books and study but passionately fond of fishing and hunting. Patrick and an elder brother were put in business by their father. The elder brother was a liquor addict and the brunt of management fell on Patrick, whose lax methods were soon followed by bankruptcy.

Married at 18 to Sarah Shelton, who was younger than Patrick. Henry was a father at 19. Parents of these young folks provided a small farm and six slaves, but the plan did not turn out successfully. Henry tried store-keeping again and that was again a failure.

At this point he decided to study law, and was admitted to the bar in 1760. Almost immediately he sprang into prominence in the "Parsons Case." In a fiery speech he denied the right of the King to abrogate acts of the Colonial Legislature. If he had been a failure in business, he found his place in law and oratory which he used effectively in opposition to the English and for the benefit of the colonists. In his first three years of practice he had more than 1000 cases. His career was a brilliant one as member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, in the Continental Congress, as Governor of Virginia and in other high public places. His commentators say, "Henry was, Webster alone excepted, probably the greatest of American orators, and at the same time an able and far-seeing statesman."

Patrick Henry is best known for his "Give me liberty or give me death" speech which ended as follows:

"Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

Ten years prior Henry made another speech which is frequently quoted, and sometimes confused with the preceding famous climax. This was in 1765 and Henry, with his fiery eloquence, said:

"Tarquin and Caesar had each his Brutus—Charles, the First, his Cromwell—and George, the Third—("Treason" shouted the Speaker) may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it."

SHE ATTENDED 265 SCHOOLS

(The State)

From the time they enter the first grade until they graduate from high school, most children in North Carolina attend only one school. Or they move from the graded school building to the high school building in the same town.

That just about covers the extent of their traveling.

In some cases, however children attend two, three, four or five different schools; depending on how many times their parents move around while the young 'uns are trying to get an education.

With Miss Wilma Williams, however, it is an entirely different proposition. Wilma is sixteen years old and graduated on April 30 with the senior class of Garland High School, down in Sampson County. She has attended a total of 265 schools, and if that isn't a record, we miss our guess.

Wilma is the daughter of Rusty and Dot Williams of Siler City. Rusty is proprietor of Rusty Williams' Tent Show, "The Old Reliable," and he and his troupe have been entertaining the people in this section of the country for many years. They travel from town to town, remaining in each place a week or two weeks—depending upon the patronage they get. Shortly after Wilma was born, she started traveling with her mother and dad. Almost ever since she was able to walk she has had a part in the show. But in every instance, just as soon as the tent show arrived in a town, Wilma was sent to school. She has always stood well in her classes, and the fact that she graduated from high school at the age of sixteen goes to show that she's a mighty fine student. She still continues to sing and dance on the show and is also studying piano and clarinet.

She's undecided on what college she will enter this fall, but Rusty and Dot insist that she'll have to go somewhere. When she does, her connection with the show will terminate, for she'll have to stay put.

Altogether, Wilma has had a total of approximately 500 teachers during her grammar-school and high-school career.

An average of more than 26 schools during every school year is certainly going some. We doubt that there's another child in North Carolina—or anywhere else for that matter—who has had such an experience.

———:———

Today is your day, and mine, the only day that we have, the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole we may not understand, but: we are here to play it, and now is our time. This we know: It is a part of action, not of whining. It is a part of love, not cynicism. It is for us to express love in terms of human helpfulness. This we know, for we have learned from sad experience that any other course of life leads toward decay and waste.—David Starr Jordan.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Heavy rains this week caused some damage to one of our hillside fields. The spots which were badly washed are now being repaired, and in a short time will be in good condition.

—:—

Superintendent and Mr. S. G. Hawfield spent last Thursday in Raleigh. Mr. Hawfield attended a meeting of various social service groups, called by Governor Broughton.

—:—

"Broadway Limited" was the attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in our auditorium last Thursday night. This highly entertaining picture is a United Artists production.

—:—

The annual tonsil clinic for our boys started last Wednesday. A number of boys, having been examined during the past twelve months by Dr. R. M. King, the School's attending physician, were listed to receive this treatment. During the year there have been several urgent cases in which boys were taken to Concord at various intervals for the removal of tonsils. There are now twenty-four boys at the School who need similar treatment. Of this group, nine were taken to the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, where Dr. R. B. Rankin performed the operations. Another group will be taken next Monday morning. Following the operations, these lads will be placed in our infirmary until they recover sufficiently to return to their respective cottages.

—:—

Johnnie Holmes, who was a member of the Cottage No. 7 group about fourteen years ago, and is now in the United States Army, recently sent us a card from Fort Worth, Texas. He was an en route to Camp Livingston, Lousiana, after having been on maneuvers and attending school in California. He writes:

"Hello Friend: Am on the go again —on my way back to Camp Livingston. I completed my course at school with a general average of 94½, and they gave me a ten days' delay in going back to my base camp. I really had a great time in California, taking in all the sights of Hollywood. Attended several of the big radio broadcasts, and went on three movie studio tours. We watched them make three pictures, and it was very interesting. Met many of the big stars, and took snapshots of them. Will mail you some as soon as I have them developed. Give my regards to all at the School who remember me, especially Mr. W. M. White. So long for this time, John Holmes."

—:—

Floyd C. Lane, formerly a house boy at Cottage No. 2, who has been a member of the United States Marine Corps for quite some time, recently wrote his brothers, Joseph and William, of Cottages Nos. 7 and 14, respectively. His letter, dated May 5, 1943, coming from the Southwest Pacific battle area, reads in part, as follows:

"Dear Brothers: Was glad to hear from you boys. Just received your letters today. Should have written you long before this, and am sorry I did not do so. I am well and as happy as possible for anyone to be so far away from home. Am on a

small island in the Pacific. It is about like any other island out here. There is thick jungle in this locality and plenty of mosquitoes, which is one of the unpleasant things here. While part of the life on this island may be bad at times, there is also a good side to the picture. Bananas, oranges and cocoanuts are plentiful here, and we certainly enjoy them, and the natives are all friendly toward us. They are very black, and live in thatched-roof huts which look something like hay-stacks.

"There is not much else to say except that I want you to be good boys, and do whatever your teachers tell you to do. Please remember me to Mr. Godown and Mrs. Lee, and tell them I shall write them soon. With love, Floyd."

—:—

On Saturday afternoon of last week, a full schedule of games were played at the School, three on each diamond, with the following results:

League Number One—First Cottage 10 Fifth Cottage 3; Receiving Cottage 21 Third Cottage 0; Fourth Cottage 12 Eighth Cottage 0.

League Number Two—Thirteenth Cottage 10 Ninth Cottage 9; Tenth Cottage 15 Fifteenth Cottage 4; Eleventh Cottage 16 Fourteenth Cottage 3.

CLUB STANDINGS

League Number One

	W	L	Pct
Receiving Cottage	4	0	1.000
First Cottage	3	0	1.000
Fourth Cottage	2	1	.666
Fifth Cottage	1	3	.250
Third Cottage	0	3	.000
Eighth Cottage	0	3	.000

League Number Two

	W	L	Pct
Tenth Cottage	3	0	1.000
Thirteenth Cottage	3	1	.750
Eleventh Cottage	2	1	.666
Fourteenth Cottage	1	2	.333
Fifteenth Cottage	1	3	.250
Ninth Cottage	0	3	.000

—:—

A recent issue of The Charlotte News carried a list of American war prisoners held by Germany, Japan and Italy, as announced by the War Department, May 21, 1943. In looking over this list we noticed the name of George H. Wright, of Canton, N. C., who was once a student at the School, now being held prisoner by the Italians.

George was admitted to this institution, July 1, 1938 and remained here until October 9, 1939. He was employed as house boy in Cottage No. 5 for about eleven months of his stay with us, and during the rest of the time spent at the School, he worked in the laundry.

We were very sorry to learn that George had had the misfortune to be captured by Mussolini's forces, and sincerely trust he will soon be released or exchanged. He is the second former Training School boy to be reported to this office as having been captured by the Italians. We reported in these columns several weeks ago that Ernest Beach had met the same fate during the fighting in North Africa. He, too, was a member of the same cottage group during his stay at the School, so now we have two former Cottage No. 5 boys being held prisoner by the Italian army. It would be strange indeed if these two lads should meet in a European internment camp.

Mr. W. W. Johnson recently received a letter from Giles E. Greene, formerly of Cottage No. 7, who has been in the United States Army for several years. His letter from "Somewhere in the Southwest Pacific," dated April 27, 1943, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Johnson: I realize it has been quite some time since I last wrote you. Since then, I've really been places and did things. Have traveled several thousand miles from Hawaii to land on an island and see action against the Japanese forces. Due to strict censorship, I cannot go into details as to where we are located, but can say that we hit those Japs with everything we had, and were victorious in all operations.

"It has been five years, five months, and sixteen days since I left the School, but it really doesn't seem so long. I have traveled approximately thirty thousand miles, met lots of people, and seen many interesting things. One thing I would like to see now is the Jackson Training School. As I've said before, I shall never be able to repay the School for what it did for me. The training received there has been a great help. When I get back to the States, I am surely going to visit you. Right now, I don't have any idea how long that will be, but hope it is soon.

"Have been in the Army more than three years, and have spent all but three months overseas. I am proud of my record as a soldier, as I haven't been into any kind of trouble, and have been getting along just fine.

"Do you remember Harry Leagon? He is here with me, and also a few others who were at the School. All of them are very good soldiers and are doing their part toward winning the war.

"Guess this will be about all for now. Shall be looking for an answer real soon. Please give my best regards to Mr. Wm. White, Mr. Liske, Mr. Barber, and all of my other acquaintances at the School. Yours very truly, Giles E. Greene."

—:—

Our old friend, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, came up from Charlotte last Sunday afternoon, bringing with him, Mr. James F. Trazzare, handwriting expert, of that city to address the boys. Prior to singing the opening hymn, Mr. Ralph J. Brausa directed the Training School Band in a short program. As an extra attraction, Mr. Brausa, who, in addition to being an excellent band director, is the possessor of a fine baritone voice, sang "The Recessional" in a most pleasing manner. Miss Gene Cook, of Concord, played the piano accompaniment.

Superintendent Hawfield then read part of the Twenty-sixth Psalm and made a prayer, after which he introduced the speaker of the afternoon.

At the beginning if his remarks, Mr. Trazzare complimented the boys on their fine singing, and made some commendable remarks concerning the part rendered by the band. Music, said he, is a universal language, and added that he was glad to see our lads so deeply interested in it.

The speaker stated that he had never seen anything that equals a boy, nor had he ever known of one who was not worthy of someone's consideration. He told his listeners to remember that the biggest men in the world have all been boys, and urged them to strive for the highest possible goal. He told them to remem-

ber at this period in their lives that boyhood was the ante-room to destiny. We are all headed toward destiny, he added, and all boys should think seriously about approaching manhood, and try to improve themselves at every opportunity, for the kind of characters they develop into as boys, they will continue to be when they become men. The world's work has to be done every day, and we must decide the parts we are going to play in it. When we begin to do our part of the world's work, it will be necessary for us to think things through to a conclusion if results are to be obtained. We must depend upon other people, and must also help those who depend upon us. If we think we can get along in the world without receiving some help from others, we are sadly mistaken. No man can live to himself and be a power for good in the world. Friendship is that peculiar sort of cement that binds men's souls together.

The speaker then told the boys that in America we enjoy the highest standards of living in the world, and that this sort of living is only possible under our form of democracy, which is based on the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. Citizenship based upon such a foundation cannot fail.

Mr. Trazzare then spoke briefly to the boys upon handwriting, and how it is possible to determine people's characters by studying the manner in which they write. He called attention to an analysis he made of Adolph Hitler's handwriting in June, 1940, before Italy went into the war. Later, in 1941, he made a further study of Hitler's character through his handwriting. After careful study, Mr. Trazzare stated that it clearly showed he was conceited, vane and had a great thirst for power; that in time the German officers and men will distrust him; and that there will be dissention and much trouble in the country. It is shown by his handwriting that he is inclined to moodiness and to violent fits of anger; it also shows that whatever he will do in the future is unpredictable. A further analysis by Mr. Trazzare indicates that eventually that Adolph Hitler, who aspires to dominate the world in a most ruthless manner, will probably wind up in hopeless insanity. He told the boys he had written a book on this subject, and would send free copies to those who desired them.

In conclusion the speaker told the boys that in America, where the people rule, we must think of the kind of character that will help to keep America the greatest of all nations, and not to lose sight of the fact that in this country there is equal opportunity for every boy—regardless of class, color or creed.

———:———

A MESSAGE OF PEACE

Were half the power that fills the world with terror
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error
There were no need of arsenals or forts!

—Longfellow.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 23, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Raymond Davis
Ira Montgomery
Weaver Ruff
Malcom Seymour
Richard Sheahan
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Thomas Barnes
Everett Benfield
Richard Billings
Clyde Brown
Jack Harmon
Leonard Lovelace
Harold McKinney
Jack Ray
David Swink
Kenneth Tipton
Luther Vaughn
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Hurley Bell
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Joseph Dew
Burlin Edmondson
Arthur Ingle
Dewey Lanning
William Meeks
William Painter
Ralph Powell
Samuel Pritchett
Milton Talley

COTTAGE NO. 4

Clarence Bell
Elbert Brown
William Davis
William Deaton
Elster Jones
William Lanning
Harry Lewis
Roy Patton
Lewis Sawyer
Roy Swink
Jerry Talbert
Newman Tate
Walter Thomas
Ernest Turner
Edward VanHoy

COTTAGE NO. 5

Charles Brookshire
Hoyt Newell
Willford Seegers

COTTAGE NO. 6

Eugene Bowers
Kenneth Caldwell
Ralph Gibson
Chester Lee
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean
Joseph Turner
William Ussery
Robert Jarvis

COTTAGE NO. 7

Arthur Beal
R. C. Combs
Wallace Foster
Robert L. Furr
William Hardin
Cecil Kinion
Amos Myers
John McLean
Leroy Pate
Jerry Ray
Edgar Shell
John Tolley
W. C. Whitehurst

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Bennett
Homer Johnson

COTTAGE NO. 9

Herbert Branch
Curtis Campbell
Cecil Caldwell
Leonard Church
Riley Denny
Fred Grimstead
Edward Guffey
Henry Hattem
Thomas Ingram
Isaac Mahaffey
Charles McClinney

Albert Newton
Robert Owens
Troy Parris

COTTAGE NO. 10

Fred Carswell

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Marvin Bradley
Frank Fargis
Robert Goldsmith
William Guffey
Fred Holland
Robert Moses
J. C. Rhodes
Clyde Rhodes
Everett Stamey
Martin Walters
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

W. C. Boyd
Dewell Cooper
Millard Ellege
Donald Hobbs
Robert Hobbs
Richard Kye
Banks McKnight
Dillard Shelton

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Walter Carver
Robert Caudle
John Fargis
William Harding
Robert Holbert
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William E. Lanford
James Linebarrier
Roy Mumford
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
Robert Travis
John Pritchard
Walter Stansberry
Alvis Watkins

COTTAGE NO. 15

Charles Lanford
Lawton McDowell
Hugh Roberts
Carl Willis

INDIAN COTTAGE

Robert Brady
Raymond Brooks
Peter Chavis
R. C. Hoyle
Marshall Hunt
James Lochlear
Herbert Lochlear
W. C. McManus
Charles Pearson
Donald Sides

INFIRMARY

(No Honor Roll)

———:———

"TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF"

A little English girl, a refugee in Canada, was saying her night prayers recently. She closed with "God bless mama in England and protect her from bombs, and take care of daddy in the army and of Uncle Wilbert in his airplane in Egypt." Then, she paused for a moment and added, "and God, be sure to take care of Yourself, too! Because if anything happened to You, we'd all be sunk."—University of Notre Dame Religious Bulletin.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 5, 1943 No. 23

(Orange County)
(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

LOOK FOR THE GOOD

Oh! be not the first to discover
A flaw in the fame of a friend;
A flaw in the faith of a brother,
Whose heart may be true to the end;
For we none of us know one another,
And often into error we fall;
So let us speak well of each other,
And when we can't, let us not speak at all.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
WITH THE U. S. ARMED FORCES		8
THE ORIGIN OF MEMORIAL DAY	(Contributed)	12
THE SONS OF LIBERTY AND THE STAMP ACT	(N. C. Dept. History)	17
BUILD YE A HIGHWAY TO A BETTER WORLD	By E. C. Durham	20
AT BOWERY'S END	By A. Hoyt Levy	23
PRESIDENT OF THREE UNIVERSITIES	By Beth Crabtree	25
INSTITUTION NOTES		27
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE LAW OF OBEDIENCE

The first item in the common-sense creed is obedience.

Do your work with a whole heart! Revolt is sometimes necessary, but the man who mixes revolt and obedience is doomed to disappoint himself and everybody with whom he has dealings. To flavor work with protests is to fail absolutely.

When you revolt, why, revolt—climb, get out, hike, defy—tell everybody and everything to go to limbo! That disposes of the case. You thus separate yourself entirely from those you have served—no one misunderstands you—you have declared yourself.

But to pretend to obey, and yet carry in your heart the spirit of revolt, is to do half-hearted and slipshod work.

If revolt and obedience are equal, your engine will stop on the center and you benefit nobody, not even yourself.

The spirit of obedience is the controlling impulse of the receptive mind and the hospitable heart.

There are boats that mind the helm and boats that don't. Those that don't get holes knocked in them sooner or later.

To keep off the rocks obey the rudder.

Obedience is not to lavishly obey this man or that, but it is that cheerful mental condition which responds to the necessity of the case and does the thing.

Obedience to the institution—loyalty! The man who has not learned to obey has trouble ahead of him every step of the way—the world has it in for him because he has it in for the world.

The man who does not know how to receive orders is not fit to issue them. But he who knows how to execute orders is preparing the way to give them, and better still—to have them obeyed.—Elbert Hubbard.

SOLVING FOOD PROBLEMS

On the east side of Highway No. 29, that passes through the Jackson Training School grounds, twenty acres have been enclosed with a substantial fence, as pasture land for beef cattle, the Hereford stock. To supply the demands of the institution requires two beeves monthly. At present there are fifteen young cattle of this

breed at the School, as a foundation for a beef herd which, it is hoped may be adequate for home consumption in the future. A nice board fence now surrounds this pasture, and will later receive a coat of white paint. Aside from the food value and the fertilization of the land, it is expected that these acres will later become a beauty spot, somewhat like the farm lands of Kentucky. Activities of this type are indicative of the fact that the officials of the School are "food-conscious," and are trying to meet the demands of wartime needs.

* * * * * * * *

A LONG SERVICE

The oldest man in the service at the Jackson Training School is the assistant superintendent, Jesse C. Fisher. It was thirty-four years ago on June 1st, that the late James P. Cook, brought him to the School, using "Old Lady Horse" and the Columbus phaeton as the means of conveyance. Mr. Fisher related that incident the other day with a great deal of interest, while bringing a group of boys back from the hospital, where they had undergone tonsil operations. He stated, "My love for the institution will never die."

While Mr. Fisher is the oldest man in service here, he is not the oldest in years, since he came here as a very young man. He said that in looking back over the years spent at the School, there had been many sorrows, but the joys realized made one forget the hardships.

* * * * * * * *

THE ORIGIN OF MEMORIAL DAY

Every one likes to know the origin of certain anniversaries observed, including dates, places and names of participants. It was our good fortune a few days ago, to contact living descendants of the women who first decorated the graves of the heroes of The War Between the States. This incident took place at Columbus, Mississippi, April 25, 1866. The house in which three women met for the purpose of planning an annual Decoration Day (later called Memorial Day) still stands in that city. This house, known as "Twelve Gables." contains many relics of that period.

This particular city, Columbus, was the home of the aristocracy of the state. The people prided themselves upon having the choice spot of the state in which to live, and traced their ancestors back to early Colonial days. Even today, they take great pride in preserving those old homes, together with all furnishings. That they also know their family trees was evidenced by the fine letter received from Mrs. B. K. Sessums, the grand-daughter of one of the originators of Decoration Day.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found some very interesting articles, sent by Mrs. Sessums, which will be interest to members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. We greatly appreciate the very generous response to our letter of inquiry to Mrs. Sessums, president of the U. D. C. Chapter, of Columbus, Mississippi.

* * * * * * * *

HOLD FAST TO THE INVISIBLE

Not the outward incidents of life and the varied appearances of time so much as the inner experiences of life count and remain with us. The tender associations of the years make the invisible world count beyond all else. The old homestead stays with us. The older we grow and the farther we roam from the dear, sacred scenes of our childhood the tenderer their memories. We are never too old to sing with Thomas Hood, the English poet:

> I remember, I remember the house where I was born, The little window where the sun came peeping in at morn.

But we do not love simply the old homestead. It is the sweet recollections that are dear to the heart. Nor do we love merely the visible friends of long ago. What we love is that unseen personality that left its impress upon our youthful mind and heart which survives the loss of flesh and blood.

Eugene Field's Little Boy Blue, weary with games of the day, lays his little dog and little tin soldier on the mantel, saying, "You stay here till I come again." But that night he hears an angel sing. The years pass by, many and long; still the little toy dog and the little tin soldier stand unmoved. Why does the mother refuse to touch them? Not because she loves what she sees but because they bring to her memory the last request of her Little Boy Blue. "You stay

here till I come again." What she really loves is that invisible one whose invisible feet are still treading the shore of an invisible world.

Not the visible but the invisible in life and in religion that counts most. Jesus always went to the heart of things and warned against relying upon the outward in religion. Fasting, praying and giving lost their genuine worth in his estimate when they became outward forms done to be seen of men.—N. C. Christian Advocate.

* * * * * * * *

Once upon a time an actor died in New York City. Another actor, Joe Jefferson, noted for immortalizing Rip Van Winkle, went to the pastor of one of the great churches and asked if the funeral services for his friend might be held in his church. The actor who had died had helped mend many wounded hearts. He had brought laughter and hope and courage into the world, given the gifts lavishly to those who sat beyond the fan-fare of lights and watched.

But the pastor shrugged his shoulders. He did not think it proper to hold the obsequies of an actor in his church. "But there is a little church around the corner," he suggested, "where they take anything. Go there."

The great actor bowed silently. "Thank God for the 'little church around the corner'," he said.

The theatrical people came. And through the years they have gathered there. It has become their church home. They have never forgotten. And the church has become world famous as "The Little Church Around the Corner."—Helen Welshimer.

* * * * * * * *

Our Army's Special Service Division thought it might be well "to learn what were the Army's sore spots." So a "research agency" was set up under the direction of its chief, Brigadier-General F. H. Osborn, which discovered that ours was not only "the best paid, best fed, and best dressed army in the world." but also the "best educated." Of every three in the service, two are college or high school men—14 per cent went to college; 25 per cent are high school graduates; 28 per cent went to high school. The record for World War I

was as follows: 80 per cent had only a grade school education; 11 per cent went part way through high school; 4 per cent were high school graduates; 5 per cent had some college training.

Church attendance claims 50 per cent of the present forces. Of these 12 per cent seek their chaplains for guidance in personal problems, of whom the better educated make such requests. Church attendance percentages break down as follows: 70 per cent Catholic, 50 per cent Protestants (why not better?), 31 per cent Jews.

An Armed Service Institute, co-operating with the Special Service Division, is encouraging the continuance of education in the ranks by supplying 700 types of courses, from accounting to welding. Contacts are made with high schools and colleges to obtain academic credits for the correspondence work. Enrollments, at a present rate of 1,500 weekly, come in from Guadalcanal to North Africa and from Iceland to Natal and Panama.

* * * * * * * *

Aviation, the force that fulfilled man's age-old ambition to soar through the skies, had its birth in North Carolina. It was at Kitty Hawk, in 1903, that the Wright brothers made the first successful flight in an airplane.

* * * * * * * *

No other state has the same kind of coastal formation as North Carolina's outer banks, which encircle deep and magnificent bodies of water where the whole world could go surf bathing at once.

* * * * * * * *

North Carolina has the largest supply of olivine known—mostly in deposits near the surface, from which enough magnesium metal could be produced to supply 1,000,000,000 pounds a year for 590 years. How much more is needed?

WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES

The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that two employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

Staff Members

Patterson, James L. (Army)
Query, James L. (Army)

Former Staff Members

Barrier, Captain George L. (Army)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G. (Navy)
Parker, Major Samuel I. (Army)
Wingate, Wm. J. (Army Air Corps)

Former Students

Adams, Clyde (Navy)
Adams, Felix (Army)
Alexander, J. Mack (Army)
Alexander, Robert (Army)
Almond, Odell H. (Navy)
Allen, Burl (Navy)
Allen, Julian Herschel (Navy)
Allen, Grady C. (Navy)
Allen, Wayne (Navy)
Allred, James R. (Army Air Corps)
Andrews, Julian (Marine Corps)
Ashley, Arthur (Army)
Atkins, Richard (Army)
Atkinson, Hiram (Navy)
Atwell, Robert (Navy)
Atwood, Earl (Army)
Barber, Winfred V. (Army)
Batson, Jack (Navy)
Barkley, Joel (Army)
Barrett, Allen (Army)
Barrier, William T. (Navy)
Branch, Glatley (Army)
Baynes, Howard (Army Air Corps)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
‡ Beach, Ernest L. (Army)
Beaver, Albert (Army)
Beaver, Walter (Army)
Bell, William G. (Navy)
Benson, John (Navy)
Bordeaux, Junior (Army)
Bowman, Charles (Army)

Branch, Horace (Army)
Brantley, Elmond A. (Marine Corps)
Bray, Relons Odell (Army)
Briggs, Paul (Marine Corps)
Britt, Jennings (Navy)
Brogden, Norman (Navy)
Broome, Jack (Army)
Broome, Paul (Marine Corps)
Broome, Shannon (Army Air Corps)
Brothers, William (Naval Air Corps)
Brown Aldene (Army)
Brown, Harold (Army)
Bunn, Homer (Army)
Burke, Ensign William H. (Navy)
Burkhead, Dermont (Navy)
Burrow, John B. (Navy)
Butner, Roy (Marine Corps)

Capps, John T. (Army Air Corps)
Carter, Douglas (Army)
Carter, Fred (Army)
Carver, Gardner (Army)
Causey, Floyd (Army)
Chapman, Edward (Army)
Chattin, Ben (Army)
Cherry, Herman (Army)
Cobb, Frank E. (Army)
Coffer, Robert (Army)
Collins, Glenn L. (Army)
Connell, Harry (Army)
Connell, James (Navy)
Cooke, George C. (Army)
Cooper, Lake (Army)
Cooper, Walter (Army)
Cox, J. C. (Marine Corps)
Craft, Arthur (Army)
Crawford, Louis (Army)
Cunningham, David C. (Army)
Cunningham, Jesse S. (Navy)

Dalton, James (Army)
Daubenmyer, Nelson (Army)
Davis, Duke (Army)
Davis, Hubert (Navy)
Davis, James (Army)
Dodd, Carroll (Army)
Donaldson, Harold (Marine Corps)
Dorsey, W. Wilson (Army)
Driver, Malcom (Army Air Corps)
Dyson, Fred (Navy)

Eaker, Arnold Max (Army)
Earnhardt, Donald P. (Navy)
Edmondson, Arthur (Army)
Efird, N. A., Jr. (Army)
Elders, James R. (Marine Corps)
Elmore, A. C. (Marine Corps)
Ennis, James C. (Navy)
Ennis, Noah (Navy)
Ennis, Samuel (Army)
Evans, John H. (Army)
Evans, Mack (Army)
Everidge, Samuel (Navy)

Faggart, John (Marine Corps)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)
Faschnat, Mose (Navy)
§ Ferris, Russell (Army)
Fisher, Edward (Army)
Fisher, John H. (Army)
Freeman, Richard (Army)
French, Ian (Army)
Furches, William (Marine Corps)

Gaddy, William (Navy)
Gardner, Horace T. (Army)
Gatlin, Britt C. (Army)
Gibson, Merritt (Army)
Glasgow. Mumford (Army)
Glasgow, Norwood (Navy)
Glasgow, Ramsey (Army Air Corps)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)
Glover, Henry (Marine Corps)
Godfrey, Warren (Army)
Godwin, John T. (Navy)
Godwin, Paul D. (Army Air Corps)
Goodman, Albert (Army)
Goodman, George (Army)
Greene, Giles E. (Army)
Gregory, Charles J. (Army)
Gregory, Roy (Army)
Griffin, Charles (Army)
Griffin, James H. (Marine Corps)
Grooms, J. B. (Army Air Corps)

Hall, Joseph (Army)
Haney, Jack (Marine Corps)
Hardin, Wilbur (Navy)
Harris, Edgar (Army)
Hawkins, William T. (Navy)
Head, Elbert (Army)
Hefner, Charles (Army)
Hefner, Eugene (Navy)
Hensley, J. B. (Navy)
Hendren, Isaac (Navy)
Hendrix, John (Army)
Henry, Charlton (Navy)
Hicks, Garland (Army)
Hill, William (Army)
Hodge, Dallas (Army Air Corps)
Hogan, Gilbert (Army)
Holland, Burman (Army)
Holland, Donald (Army)
Hollars, Ralph (Army)
Holmes, John (Army)

Honeycutt, Nathaniel (Army)
Hulan, Norman (Navy)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)

Ingram, John E. (Navy)
Irvin, Raymond (Army)

Jackson, Edgar (Marine Corps)
Jackson, William (Navy)
Johnson, Coley (Navy)
Johnson, Edward (Navy)
Johnson, Hugh (Navy)
Jones, Mark Twain (Navy)
Jordan, James E. (Army)

Keen, Clinton (Army)
Keith, Monroe (Army)
Keith, Robert (Navy)
Kelly, Jesse (Army)
King, Cleo (Army Air Corps)
King, Frank L. (Army)
Kinley, Robert (Marine Corps)
Knight, Thomas (Army Air Corps)
Knight, Thurman (Army)
Koontz, J. Milton (Army)
Kye, George (Army)
Kye, James (Army)

‡ Lamar, A. C., Jr. (Army)
Land, Reuben (Army)
Land, Wilfred (Marine Corps)
Landrum, Luther H. (Army)
Lane, Floyd C. (Marine Air Corps)
Langley, William (Army)
Laramore, Ray (Army)
Lawrence, Robert (Marine Corps)
Leagon, Harry (Army)
Ledford, Harvey L. (Army)
Ledford, James (Marine Corps)
Lee, Valton (Army)
Lett, Frank (Army)
Lewallan, Paul R. (Army)
Long, Loyce (Army)
Long, Stacey L. (Army)

Martin, Willie H. (Army Air Corps)
* Matthews, Douglas (Army)
May, George O. (Army)
Medlin, Clarence (Army)
Medlin, Ervin J. (Army)
§ Medlin, Wilson (Army)
Merritt, Edgar (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Miller, Latha (Navy)
Montgomery, Samuel (Navy)
Moose, Claude L. (Marine Corps)
Moose, Eugene (Navy)
Morrow, Chas. W. (Army Air Corps)

Morrozoff, Ivan (Army Air Corps)
Morgan, William S. (Navy)
Murphy, Lemuel (Army)
Murray, Edword J. (Army)

McBride, Irvin (Army Air Corps)
McCain, Edward G. (Navy)
McColl, Vollie O. (Navy)
McCoy, Hubert (Army)
McEntire, Forrest (Marine Corps)
McGee, Norman (Army)
McIver, Jordan T. (Navy)
McKay, John C. (Marine Corps)
McKee, Thomas R. (Army)
(Enlisted 1937)
McNeely, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1933)
McPherson, Arthur (Navy)

Nelson, Larry (Navy)
Newton, Willard M. (Army)

Owen, Fred, Jr. (Marine Corps)
Owens. Leroy (Army)
Oxendine, Earl (Navy)

Padrick, William (Navy)
Page, James (Army)
Patterson, James (Navy)
Patterson, Joseph (Navy)
Payne, Joy (Army)
Peak, Harry (Marine Corps)
Pearson, Flay (Army)
Pennington, Grady (Army)
Plemmons, Hubert (Army)
Pope, H. C. (Army)
Pyatt, Jack (Marine Corps)

Quick, James (Navy)
Quick, Simon (Navy)

Ramsey, Amos (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Reep, John (Navy)
Revels, Grover (Navy)
Rivenbark William W. (Army)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)
Rhodes, Paul (Army)
Roberts, Lonnie (Navy)
Robinson, Perry (Army Air Corps)
Rochester, Nicholas (Navy)
Russ, James P. (Army)

Sands, Thomas (Navy)
Scism, Arlee (Navy)
Seibert, Fred (Army)
Scott, Archie (Army)
Shannon, William L. (Navy)
Shaver, George H. (Navy)
Shropshire, Hassell (Army)

Simmons, Horace K. (Navy)
Sloan, Lonnie (Army)
Small, Clyde E. (Army)
Smith, Julius D. (Navy)
Snuggs, Charles L. (Navy)
Springer, Jack (Army)
Stack, Porter (Army)
Stanley, Brown (Coast Artillery)
Stepp, James H. (Navy)
Strickland, Robert W. (Army)
Stubbs, Ben (Army)
Sullivan, Richard (Army)

Tessneer, Calvin C. (Navy)
Thomas, Harold (Navy)
Thomas, Richard (Army)
Threatt, Sidi (Army Air Corps)
Tipton, Kenneth (Navy)
Troy, Robert (Army)
Tucker, Joseph (Army)
Tyson, William E. (Navy)

Waldrop, Ned (Army)
Walker, Glenn (Army)
Walker, Oakley (Army)
Walsh, Harold (Army)
Walters, Melvin (Army)
Ward, Eldridge (Army)
Ward, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1928)
Watkins, Floyd A. (Army)
Watson, Lieut. Lemuel (Army)
Watts, Boyce (Army)
Weaden, Clarence (Army)
Webb, Charles R. (Army)
* Whitaker, William E. (Army)
White, Marshall (Coast Artillery)
Whitener, Richard M. (Army)
Whitlock, Winfred (Army)
Widener, Charles (Navy)
Wilhite, James (Army)
Williams, Everett L. (Army)
Williams, Samuel R. (Navy)
Williams, William R. (Navy)
Williamson, Everett (Navy)
Wiles, Fred (Army)
(Enlisted 1927. Now a Recruiting Officer)
Wilson, John C. (Army)
Wilson, Thomas (Navy)
Wilson, W. J. (Army)
Winn, J. Harvard (Navy)
Wood, Leonard (Army)
Wrenn, Lloyd (Army)
‡ Wright, George (Army)

York, John R. (Army)
Young, Brooks (Army)
Young, R. L. (Marine Corps)

Ziegler, Henry F. (Navy)

(‡) Prisoner of war.
(§) Missing in action.
(*) Killed in action.

"He serves his country best
Who lives pure life and doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths however others stray,
And leaves his sons, as uttermost bequest,
A stainless record which all men may read;
This is the better way."

THE ORIGIN OF MEMORIAL DAY

(In response to our request, the following letter and other interesting articles concerning the first Memorial Day, were recently received from Mrs. B. K. Sessums, of Columbus, Mississippi. We are deeply grateful to this good lady for so kindly supplying this information.)

The letter from Mrs. Sessums reads in part, as follows:

Meek Place
524 Eighth Street, North
Columbus, Mississippi
May 25, 1943

My Dear Mrs. Cook:

Your letter has just reached me, having been missent to Corinth. The president of the U. D. C. Chapter there is a friend of mine, and at once forwarded it to me. I am the president of Stephen D. Lee Chapter U. D. C, and, belonging to a pioneer family here, I well know our local history. My father was a colonel in the Confederate States Army, and my grandmother and mother were participants in that first Decoration Day program. My grandmother, Mrs. William R. Cannon, was president of the Ladies' Memorial Association, which erected the first Confederate Monument in Friendship Cemetery.

I am sending an article which gives the origin of Decoration Day, when both Confederate and Federal graves were decorated. Plans for this event were formulated when three ladies, Miss Matt Morton, Mrs. Kate Hill and Mrs. Jane Fontaine, met several days before the excercises mentioned, at the home of Miss Morton. Mrs. W. E. Sykes is credited with asking that the Federal soldiers who were buried in Columbus also receive flowers, which brought forth the very beautiful poem, "The Blue and the Gray," written by Judge Francis Miles Finch, of New York, when he heard of the impartial act.

I enclose a story which is authentic. It was published in this form when our State U. D. C. Convention met here several years ago. It carries the article which was printed April 26, 1866, the decoration having occurred on the 25th, but now the 26th is observed as the Legislatures of Mississippi and a few other states passed an act creating the 26th as a legal state holiday. That was the date on which General Joseph E. Johnston surrendered to General William T. Sherman, virtually closing the war.

The copy of "The Blue and the Gray" I am sending was torn from our elaborate booklet, "The Pilgrimage," publication of which was discontinued four years ago. We hope to resume the beautiful pageant after the war is over. Am also sending a folder which shows some of the old homes here. Some of these fine old residences have been bought and restored by "new" people but a few belong to the descendants of the original families, and old furnishings, china, silver, and art treasures are still there to remind us of those dear ones who are now gone.

If you publish an article on the subject of the first Decoration Day, I hope you will send me a copy. I am president of the local chapter U. D. C.; past regent and historian of my D. A. R. chapter; local chairman of the Colonial Dames; historian for the

Presbyterian Church auxiliary, and organist of the church, and am intensely interested in anything that has to do with local history. I enjoy my work and am always glad to give out what information I have on the history of this community.

Very truly yours,

Carrie Meek Sessums.

Mrs. Sessums also sent the following article, with a note stating that her grandmother, Mrs. W. R. Cannon, was in the solemn procession, in mourning for a son killed in the Battle of Jonesboro, Georgia.

First Decoration Day

The first Decoration Day to be formally observed after the War Between the States was on April 25, 1866, by the ladies of Columbus, Mississippi, one day prior to that celebrated by the ladies of Columbus, Georgia, which date was April 26, 1866.

In the spring of 1866, three ladies, Miss Matt Morton, Mrs. Kate McCarthy Hill and Mrs. Jane Butler Fontaine, names now immortal in the history of Columbus, Mississippi, inaugurated the beautiful custom of decorating the soldiers' graves, a custom which has prevailed through the years.

On the eve of the day when the first ceremony was to be held, another sweet-spirited lady, Mrs. W. E. Sykes, whose husband had sacrificed his life on the alter of patriotism, suggested that, as there were numbers of Federal soldiers who had died in hospitals in Columbus and were buried among the Confederate soldiers, they be remembered with flowers on that day. All animosity was forgotten, and the wonderful spirit of Christ was manifested in a floral tribute impartially decorating the graves of the Blue and the Gray alike. Mrs. Sykes later married Mr. G. W. Cox, and has descendants of her two marriages in the Southland.

To definitely prove the statement so often disputed, the following is accurately quoted from an issue of the Mississippi Index, issue of April 26, 1866: "The procession of yesterday in honor of the Confederate dead was large and imposing. First marched in twos, the young ladies and girls, dressed in immaculate white, each bearing her bouquet or chaplet of flowers. Next came the matrons dressen in mourning; like the others, with flowers in their hands—their black dresses typical of the Southern heart in gloom for its beloved dead—the fair flowers emblematic of woman's admiration and affection for all that was gallant and chivalrous in patriots. Lastly came the carriages bearing the elderly ladies.

"Arriving at the cemetery the ladies assembled around the graves of the soldiers in the form of a square; from the center of the group an elaborate and eloquent address was delivered by Rev. G. T. Stainback, and following this, a fervent prayer by Rev. A. S. Andrews. The ladies performed the beautiful and touching duty of decorating the graves with flowers.

"There were over 1,400 graves to be decorated. Through exertions and appeals of the kind ladies superintending the good work, all these graves had been neatly cleaned off; so after the decoration was completed 'God's Acre' of heroes looked as if freshly blooming with a thousand flowers, bearing up to heaven a fra-

grant and beautiful evidence of woman's love, tenderness and appreciation.

"We were glad to see that no distinction was made between our own dead and about forty Federal soldiers, who slept their last sleep by them. It proved the exalted, unselfish tone of the female character. Confederate and Federal—once enemies, now friends—receiving this tribute of respect."

The date of Decoration Day in Columbus is now April 26, in accord with a legislative act, which was passed in several Southern states, directing that a legal day, April 26th, be established as a holiday in Mississippi.

A few years ago, a Columbus newspaper printed the following:

Daughters attending the U. D. C. convention in Columbus are doubtless greatly interested in the origin of Decoration Day, and for that reason The Commercial Dispatch reproduces below interesting facts about the inception of the custom, as written by R. E. Johnston, secretary of the Columbus Chamber of Commerce. Here's the story:

The beautiful custom of decorating the graves of both the Confederate and Federal dead originated in Columbus, Mississippi, and the sentiment of that Memorial Day will live on through the ages and is a contribution to the national spirit and history of America.

Recounting the incident, John F. Kennedy, chief printer of the United States Navy, contributes the following article for a widely read magazine:

Some seemingly well-known facts are often forgotten. We should do well to recount the facts and circumstances of the origin of Memorial Day.

It may be interesting to know that Memorial Day, now observed throughout the North and South, had its origin in Columbus, Mississippi, on April 25, 1866. The familiar poem, "The Blue and the Gray," by Francis Miles Finch, was inspired by an incident which occurred there. The "inland river" referred to in the poem was the Tombigbee River, upon whose banks the beautiful little city is situated. The following is taken from an article in The Expositor:

"In the spring of 1866 three ladies of Columbus were in the habit of visiting Friendship cemetery and of clearing off as best they could the weeds and briars and decorating with flowers the graves of the Confederate dead."

This beautiful custom inagurated by them found a hearty response in the breasts of the ladies of Columbus, and resulted in the determination to make the decoration of the soldiers' graves an annual occurrence. The first celebration took place on April 25, 1866.

Mr. Kennedy then quoted the article in the Index of April 26, 1866, as is heretofore reproduced, and comments as follows:

A few days after the account of this incident was published, The New York Times printed these words: The women of Columbus, Mississippi, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings to the memory of their soldier dead. They have strewn flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and National soldiers in the Columbus cemetery."

Thereupon the North was thrilled with the tenderness and generosity of the act, and Francis Miles Finch

was inspired to write his immortal moving lyric, "The Blue and the Gray."

Grace Augusta Ogden, of Atlanta, the little granddaughter of Mrs. Augusta Cox, to whose spirit such tribute is paid, heard for the first time a rumor of this episode and wrote to have it substantiated. The reply in the daintiest feminine tracery, of a generation past, lies before me, and is, in part, as follows: "Just after the first decoration of the Confederate soldiers' graves, I was on the committee with a dear friend, Miss Matt Morton, and we had a large quantity of flowers in excess of what we needed for our own dead. The graves of the Federal soldiers looked so bare and desolate that I said to my friend 'Let us drop a flower on each of their graves for their mothers' sakes, for each mound represents some mother's darling'. She responded cheerfully, so we led off, followed by a few; but now it has become a custom to remember the Blue and the Gray, and we know that Jesus would have us forgive as we hope to be forgiven. He loved everyone, and we are to follow his example or we cannot be his disciples. This was a long time, ago, but how good God is in allowing me to tell one of my grandchildren; and surely it is easier for you to forgive who only knows through others of the horrors of war. Let us strive to forget the past and remember that God is love."

So this brave little woman, who buried the love of her young life with a Confederate soldier, and turned to drop a flower on the grave of a fellow foe, still lived in 1916—a silver-haired great-grandmother—to inculcate lessons of peace and forgiving love in the hearts of the fourth generation.

In Friendship Cemetery in the city of Columbus, Mississippi, there is a marble tablet, set in stone, in the midst of hundreds of soldiers' graves, on which is inscirbed:

Site of First Decoration Day
April 25, 1866
Erected by John Foster Society
Children of the American
Revolution

Nearby stands a stone shaft, thirty feet high, erected in 1873 by the Columbus Monumental Association—the first monument to be unveiled in honor of the Confederate dead.

The Blue and the Gray

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the green grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one the Blue,
Under the other the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe,
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses the Blue,
Under the lilies the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold the Blue,
Mellowed with gold the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth,
The cooling drops of the rain.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain the Blue,
Wet with the rain the Gray.

These in the restings of glory,
These in the gloom of defeat;
All with the battle-blood gory
In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel the Blue,
Under the willow the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the year that are fading,
No braver battle was won,
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms the Blue,
Under the garlands the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banished our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead,
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue.
Tears and love for the Gray.

—Judge F. M. Finch.

WARTIME PRAYER

Now the daylight fades away,
For our commonwealth we pray.
Guard our sailors out at sea,
From all danger keep them free
Bless our airmen in the sky,
Safe as angels may they fly.
Firemen, wardens, and police,
Grant Thy strength and inward peace
Shield our soldiers as they stand
Guarding Freedom's native land.
These, and all who work or sleep,
Mighty God, in safety keep.

—Thomas Tiplady.

THE SONS OF LIBERTY AND THE STAMP ACT

(North Carolina State Department of Archives and History)

A solemn procession was marching through the little town of Wilmington, North Carolina. At its head went a drummer, sounding a mournful beat. Next was borne a coffin in which was an effigy of Liberty. Across the night air came the sound of the muffled town bell, tolling a doleful knell. The procession wended its way to the churchyard. Here it paused, preparing to commit to the ground the body of Liberty. But first someone felt the pulse of the effigy. Suddenly through the throng spread a murmur—Liberty still lived! Back went the assemblage from the cemetery. A huge bonfine was lighted, Liberty was removed from her coffin and placed in a large two-armed chair, and the throng loudly rejoiced that Liberty in the colony still lived.

The cause of these ceremonies was the Stamp Act, passed by the British Parliament earlier that same year, 1765. This act required that all newspapers, legal documents and many business papers used in the colonies should be stamped. Although the revenue derived from the sale of the stamps was to be spent for defending the colonies, nevertheless the colonists, who were not represented in Parliamnt, believed that a tax laid on them by that body was an infringement on their liberty, and resolved to resist the Stamp Act to the death.

Wilmington was the chief port in North Carolina, and William Tryon, governor of the colony, resided at the nearby town of Brunswick. It was natural, therefore, that in North Carolina the Cape Fear should become the chief scene of resistance to the act.

Two weeks after the ceremonies described, Dr. Willaim Houston, stamp master for the colony, came to Wilmington. Immediately three or four hundred people gathered together and with drums beating and colors flying carried Houston into the courthouse, where they required him to resign his office as stamp master. That evening a bonfire was lighted and every person appearing in the streets had the word "Liberty" in large letters displayed on his hat. Gathering around the bonfire, the Sons of Liberty, as they came to be called, drank the favorite American toasts of "Liberty, property, and no Stamp Duty," giving three cheers at the conclusion of each.

Governor Tryon, alarmed at these demonstrations, called a number of the leaders into consultation and tried to persuade them to accept the act. But the merchants refused to consent to the use of the stamps.

The last of November the sloop Diligence of the royal navy, bringing an assignment of stamps, cast anchor in the Cape Fear River. Up and down the river men snatched their rifles and hurried to Brunswick, where they threatened to prevent by force the landing of the stamps. The captain of the Diligence prudently kept the stamps on board the ship.

Two months passed. Business on the Cape Fear was at a standstill.

Vessels lay idly at anchorage, sails flapped lazily against their masts, ships bound for the Cape Fear passed by to other ports, and the people of the colony, uneasy, discontented, and dejected, wondered what would be the outcome. Courts were closed trade was almost suspended, and the merchants were facing ruin. Nevertheless, the Sons of Liberty refused to allow the landing of the stamps. Early in the new year the struggle reached its climax. Two vessels reached Brunswick without stamps on their clearance papers, and were seized by Captain Lobb of the royal cruiser Viper. Later a third vessel was detained. The passions of the Sons of Liberty were aroused, and when the attorney-general decided that the vessels were rightfully held, the angry citizens refused provisions to the king's vessels, seized the boats sent ashore for supplies, and threw their crew in jail. Men of the surrounding counties snatched their guns, hurried to Wilmington, and marched to Brunswick to rescue the outlawed vessels. Hearing that Lobb was at the governor's house near Brunswick, they turned their steps in that direction; but learning later that he was not there, they withdrew to the town. Next day a delegation went aboard the Viper and demanded and secured the release of the detained vessels.

The following day the royal comptroller, Pennington by name, learned that the Sons of Liberty were searching for him and took refuge with the governor. The next morning four or five hundred armed men marched to Tryon's house. Three hundred yards away they drew up in line, and sent sixty men to the door with Cornelius Harnett as spokesman. Then followed the most dramatic scene of the struggle—a brief but intense interview between William Tryon, representative of the royal government, and Cornelius Harnett, representative of the Sons of Liberty. Tryon, who only recently had become governor, was tactful, courtly, dignified, and courageous. Harnett, a leading merchant and citizen of the Cape Fear, was easy and courteous of manner, had unerring judgment as to what was best to say, and could be wary and circumspect or bold and daring as the situation required. In this interview each of the two men needed all the forcefulness of personality at his command.

Harnett opened the interview by demanding that Pennington be permitted to accompany him. Tryon replied that Pennington had sought refuge with him and that as an officer of the crown he should receive all the protection the governor's roof and prestige of office could afford. Harnett insisted, saying, "The people are determined to take him out of the house if he is longer detained, an insult," he added quickly, "which they wish to avoid offering to your Excellency." "An insult," retorted Tryon, "that will not tend to any consequences, since they have already offered every insult in their power, by investing my house and making me in effect a prisoner before any grievance or oppression has been represented to me." Meanwhile the frightened Pennington grew more uneasy, and finally said he would go with the crowd. Again Tryon offered him protection, but the nervous official, doubtful of the governor's power to make good his offer, decided to go with Harnett, telling the governor, however, that he would rather

resign his office than do anything contrary to his duty. "If that is your determination," replied the disgusted governor, "you had better resign before you leave here." Although Harnett objected, the governor insisted, and the resignation was written and accepted. "Now, sir, you may go," said Tryon bitterly; for the governor, though his sympathies were with the people and though his duty was a disagreeable one, would have seen his house go up in smoke before he would have yielded one inch in the performance of his offical duties.

Their purpose accomplished, the Sons of Liberty withdrew to the town, where they placed the comptroller and all public officials in the center of a large circle and administered to them an oath not to enforce the Stamp Act.

After these events vessels passed freely in and out of the port. The stamps remained boxed on shipboard, and no further effort was made to enforce the law. Two months later the British Parliament repealed the obnoxious act, and the news was hurried across the Atlantic in the fleetest vessels. Without bloodshed and without disguise, the Sons of Liberty on the Cape Fear, together with their compatriots in the other Thirteen Colonies had won a notable victory.

IDEAS PRESERVE YOUTH

There are today many men not yet out of their twenties who are decidedly and definitely old. They are old because they will never have a new idea as long as they live.

Contrariwise, there are plenty of young men in the seventies, men whose minds are elastic enough to strech to new notions. They may have rather less on top of their heads but they have certainly more inside, and it is lack of ideas not lack of hairs that makes any man old. Those who are still ready to learn, still willing to admit that they don't know, still interested in life, are the people who retain their youth and whose eager joy of living belies the physicial signs of age. The others, who shy from new ideas as a horse shies from a shadow, are gray-beards at thirty and ancients at forty.

—Selected.

BUILD YE A HIGHWAY TO A BETTER WORLD

By Ernest C. Durham

If I had all the many thousands of North Carolina young people in one vast assembly who are now being graduated from our high schools and colleges and universities, I think I would find inspiration enough to make them feel that they really have a challenge now to build a highway out of this present wilderness of darkness and confusion to a far better world—a highway to a better order, which would be far more satisfactory to all people concerned than the new order proposed by the frothing, fuming, fussy dictators of the enemy lands to all free and democratic countries of the world of today.

These thousands of young people must feel that somehow, even though they are being graduated from educational institutions that are sound and great, they are facing a world of confusion and a future that does not look any too bright. In other words, they are being turned out of these institutions, with their diplomas, into a wilderness; a wilderness where, if there were ever any roads leading anywhere, the trees and undergrowth have covered them over, and in which wilderness the signposts that stood on the old roads have been torn down.

So which is the way out? What is the direction that they should take from where they now stand, in their bewilderment, to a better order of things and a world that really has meaning in it?

A great man sometime ago, out driving one dark night, having entirely lost his direction, came to the parting of the ways. There were the roads leading in different directions and he didn't know which one to take, in order to get on to where he had started. So what should he do? What would you do under such circumstances?

Well, he got out of the car and took along with him an electric torch to find a guidepost and to read it. But, lo and behold, the guidepost was torn down, and he didn't know how many times the post had been turned around since it had been thrown; therefore, if he should set it up, which way should he point the arms pointing in certain directions? There he was with a useless guidepost—with no guide at all but his own blind guess.

That pretty well describes the situation that many of these thousands of young people find themselves in right now, as they stand with diplomas in their hands. The guideposts are down on the ways of life that were once clearly marked. They know not which way to go.

Recently I have run across some facts that prove that our young people are confused and disappointed. Some of these young people have clearly stated their position.

Here is one saying: "The earliest memories which I can recall are those of cutting out war pictures when I was a boy. Then I was sent to school and college in the hectic, booming 19-20's, graduating from Harvard in 1929. That fall I was thrown into a depression. I have never yet lived in

what you would call 'normal times.' What I need is someting to believe in, something to hold to."

Literally thousands of young people could write like that, especially since this new world war has come on.

And I think these young people are taking this business seriously. The old jazz song no longer appeals to them, which ran something like this: "We don't know where we're going but we're on our way." There was a time when young people were singing that, rather merrily and carelessly—disregarding the fact that all good and honest people ought to know where they are going, if possible.

I have just run across a poem, written by a lad of only 16 years of age, which proves to me that young people are seriously thinking about this tragic hour. That poem was written by William Sockman of New York City, and when I read it, I was surprised at the ability of young people to think so well and to express that thinking so forcibly.

This is the poem—and I am sure that his father, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, is willing for me to use it, just as I find it in his challenging book, "The Highway of God":

"Our op'ning eyes have looked upon
The fires that consumed the lost generation.
And on each new horizon, we discern
Old Chaos, wagging shaggy head,
And hear his laugh amid a bloody dawn.
We see, as you saw not, our fathers in your childhood,
That by each man the ghost of failure walks,
And that this ghost shall plead the better case
Before life's arbiter.
We have been, born our fathers, in a time
When Progress means but wild experiment,
The sympton of despair."

He, with so many others, are feeling that they are coming to the end of deadend streets, and what hope for living, and for facing the future, can deadend streets inspire?

Here is another putting it this way: "We have been schooled to distrust force, appeals to emotion, and the catchwords of easy patriotism. We have been impregnated with the knowledge that war is the enemy of democracy. With stunning suddenness, the signals have been switched. Within a year, gun-powder and shells are urged upon us as the panacea for the ills of mankind. The result has been confusion."

And so, on and on, we could continue; but the case has clearly enough been stated, I think, as to the bewilderment of youth.

But, now I want to issue the challenge: Build ye a highway out of this wilderness of confusion. There can be a future; no wilderness yet has been so vast that a trail could not be blazed through it, and then a highway built. Neither has the darkness ever been so dense that a way out of it could not be found, and always darkness has been followed by light.

Imagine yourselves, young men and women, at such a place as described above—at the parting of the ways, and the signposts down. Better still, imagine yourselves there after a Rip Van Winkle experience of sleeping 20

years, and the roads that were once clear now grown over. That, and the signposts down!

Then what?. Well, look to the North Star. That is forever a sure guide. Face it. Then turn a right-angle to the right—and you'll face the East, and the sunrise. Start in that direction. You will meet the sunrise, and a new day. That is the way out of the wilderness.

Even if at first when you look for the North Star it is cloudy and the clouds have covered it over, remember this: Clouds have always had a way of passing over; soon the star will appear again. And you can then find the way out, just as directed above.

Let that North Star stand for God. Sometimes the clouds cover Him over, and doubt is greater than faith. You cannot find God. And thus you cannot find the way of life. But, just as was said about the clouds passing away, the time will soon come, as you wait patiently and holding on to all that is good that you know anything about, when the clouds of doubt will vanish, and God will appear again.

Then you can turn toward His Son —and in the light that shines brilliantly from Him, you can find a way out of any confusion. You can blaze the trail through any wilderness, and make a highway for yourself and the teeming multitudes to follow. For Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

That means that you are to find light, and liberty, and love, and by these things you will find life and satisfaction in a noble pursuit; and you will make your definite contribution to the constructing of a highway for future civilization such as the world has never yet seen. That is your possibility, and that is what you owe to humanity, as well as to yourself and your God.

Do you yet believe there is a way out?

Just as surely as there has ever been a way out of any tragic experience for any person, there is a way for this present generation.

Look at that youngster who was so badly burned in one of our great cities when his school building was burned down that the doctors said the boy would never again walk. After some improvement, the doctors changed their saying to something like this: "Well, if he ever walks again, it will be a miracle." But that miracle happened. Patiently, and with faith in his possibilities, Glenn Cunningham made such use of his muscles as he could, and later he forced himself to follow along after a plow, walking as he held to the handles of the plow; and he learned to do pretty good walking again. And he not only became a good walker, but such a good runner that four years ago, at Dartmouth, he ran the world's fastest mile—up to that time.

Just as he found a way out, so can you. And for this whole generation, there can be a highway. Will you not say: "There shall be a highway out of this confusion to a far better world for all men."

———:———

It is vain to expect any advantage from our profession of the truth if we be not sincerely just and honest in our actions.

AT BOWERY'S END

By A. Hoyt Levy

The Bowery. That same beautiful, broad, vine-bowered highway of old New Amsterdam along which Peter Stuyvesant and his staid Dutch settlers strolled, sat and smoked, had degenerated, in time, to the most immoral and crime-laden street in all America. To this section of Manhattan Island, as to a magnet, were drawn the dregs of the world. To this thoroughfare of glorified iniquity drifted the seediest bums, the drug addicts, the petty thieves.

The Bowery seemed to enjoy its disrepute.

Fourth Avenue, in contrast to the Bowery, enjoyed the reputation of being an intellectual thoroughfare. Here came pedantic professors and book-lovers to brouse among musty old books on undusted shelves of gas lighted second-hand book-stores, or to thumb age-yellowed prints, or to pick up a bit of bric-a-brac from one of its many antique shops.

Within a triangle, the bad, bad Bowery, the intellectual Fourth Avenue, and Third Avenue over which, somewhat later, the pony engines of the roaring Elevated poured out a perpetual pall of smoke, met as social equals. The three thoroughfares have since passed through a face-lifting operation. And there within the triangle still sits unperturbed, high up on a chair, with his back to the Bowery, a man of unusual mien. Rugged in build, with keen yet kindly eyes, a luxurious beard beneath his chin and fringing his firm jaws, he sits at ease, proud, and with reason, of the brown stone edifice upon which his gaze is fixed—Cooper Union.

Few men who have achived fame in American history, starting from scratch with nothing more than grit and determination as their assets, have tackled so many diverse ventures and carried them through with complete success as had Peter Cooper.

Laboring at various jobs during his youth, in a hat factory, a brewery, a brick-yard, at the age of 17 he apprenticed himself to a coach builder for four years, working 60 hours a week at a wage of $25 a year. Considering the fact that his board, washing and mending were thrown in, Peter felt that he was doing right well. But although he had become a highly skilled coach builder, he gave up his vocation upon the expiration of his apprenticeship and took a job in a woolen mill. While at this job, he invented a machine to finish cloth. With the proceeds from the patent and the savings from his wages, he decided to go into business for himself. A grocery store on the intellectual side of the aforesaid triangle offered that inducement and Peter Cooper was soon engaged in selling tea, coffee, sugar, butter, hominy and other eatables to the housewives of the neighborhood.

The grocery store did well enough and most young men would have been satisfied to stay with it. But the retail business did not appeal to Peter. Or maybe it was the housewives. Whatever the reason, when a purchaser for the business appeared, Peter sold the grocery store and with

the funds bought a furniture factory, so advancing from retail merchant to manufacturer.

In the manufacture of furniture, glue is an important item. Peter did not like the glue he was getting. "If you can make a better glue," retorted the glue maker who had lost patience with Cooper's constant complaints, "why don't you go in the glue manufacturing business?" Peter thought that a good idea. "Alright," he replied, "I'll trade my furniture factory for your glue factory." It was a good trade all around for Peter did improve the quality of the glue and the furniture-maker was able to build chairs and beds and guarantee that they would not fall apart.

But much as he liked the glue business, Cooper, unlike his product, did not stick to it. The reason was the machine-shop which he had in a corner of his factory and which kept the wheels of his mechanical mind in constant motion. He had already several inventions to his credit but his first important invention that brought him wealth was the engine he built—the first steam locomotive in America. His next venture was a rolling-mill in which he made the first iron structural beams. Cooper was now in his 37th year and an ironmaster of note. At 40 he was worth fifty thousand dollars—a lot of money in his day. At 45 his wealth doubled; at 50 it again doubled. "Higher brackets" had as yet not been heard of and Peter Cooper became a leading financier.

But money had no charm for the man who came up the hard way. Deprived of schooling himself, he realized more than any other its necessity in the new and growing country. And so he became a member of the school-board in New York. And to fight politicians who controlled the education of the youth, he became a member of the toughest political body in the country at that period—the New York Board of Aldermen.

It was hard going. To carry out his ideas of what a school should be, Cooper had to build the school with his own money and by his own efforts. He began its construction in 1854. Five years later it was completed at a coast that nearly ruined him.

The year 1876 marked the hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. It also marked the appearance of a new party—the Greenback party—on the political horizon. Peter Cooper, now in his 85th year, had already engaged in local politics so that it was not a new experience for him to become interested in the new party whose policy to issue irredeemable paper money, he believed, would increase the wealth of the country and place its finances on a more solid basis. He agreed to become the party's candidate for President. And here he met his first defeat in life. For the platform he espoused was one of the most unpopular in the political history of the country. The people could not grasp the "Greenback" theory and they paraded, shouted and voted to the slogan, "We want money we can bite." It is hardly probable that he expected to win, but even at his advanced age, he was ready as ever to fight for a principle.

Peter Cooper's adventures into business, finance and politics are little known to the present age. And they are, indeed, of small matter as compared to his adventure in educa-

tion. The brown stone structure which he built in the triangle has sent into the world thousands of able scientists, engineers, architects, artisans and teachers. And from his high seat facing the structure, he will, no doubt, see his great school carry on for generations to come.

———:———

Of all earthly music that which reaches farthest into heaven is the beating of a truly loving heart.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

———:———

PRESIDENT OF THREE UNIVERSITIES

By Beth Crabtree

If an individual's career can be characterized by a phrase, then Edwin A. Alderman's should be described as one devoted to the up-building of the South through education. This guiding principle of his life had its origin in his native State where he began his record of public service.

Born in Washington, North Carolina, on May 15, 1861, Alderman grew up at a time when the South was struggling to re-adjust itself, when the Old South was on the way to becoming the New South. As a prophet of the New South he profited by looking to the future, instead of fruitlessly yearning for "the good old days" of the past. Facilities for public education were sparse at that time and knowledge was acquired in the home and at private schools. Alderman was fortunate in having a mother sufficiently alert and interested to spend much time in repeating orations to her son, demanding that he in turn learn and deliver orations himself. Later he attended two private schools, following by two years of preparation for college at Bethel Military Academy, near Warrenton, Virginia. Alderman entered the University of North Carolina in 1878, when it was getting back on its feet following its suspension of activities during the days of Reconstruction. What it may have lacked in physical facilities it made up in spirit, having "something in the air, at that time and place which quickened local patriotism of youth and prepared it for notable service." Alderman and his classmates, Charles Brantley Aycock, Locke Craig, James Y. Joyner, and Charles D. McIver, bore out this prophecy in years of service to their State.

After leaving Chapel Hill Alderman was called to Goldsboro, at the suggestion of Edward P. Moses, to teach in the new graded school. He entered the teaching profession only temporarily, he thought, but the inspiration he found in Moses and his own ideal of educational equality tied him to it for the rest of his life.

In 1899 Charles D. McIver and Alderman were elected by the State Board of Education to serve as institute conductors. The institutes con-

sisted of weekly meetings held for the instruction of public school teachers; it informed the public of the schools' needs and presented an opportunity for the teachers to suggest improvements in the school system. These two enthusiastic educators travelled all over the State, and from their observations and experience made a report on educational conditions. Following their work with the institute, McIver and Alderman became associated with the Normal and Industrial School for Women established in Greensboro in 1892. McIver served as president and Alderman as professor.

Two years later Alderman returned to the University as professor of the history and philosophy of education. His revival of the teacher-training summer school kept him in touch with the public schools. In 1896 he was elected president of the University.

Alderman was developing into the spokesman of the South. He stressed an interest in a new society of trained leadership with a democratic disregard of caste, emphasizing the dignity of labor and inculcating education with an ideal of public service. In 1900, when Aldeman was offered the presidency of Tulane, he accepted with the idea that it presented a broader field of endeaver. Here he continued to be a spokesman for public education, serving with McIver on the Southern Board of Education as a district director and later as chairman of the campaign committee. Alderman's oratorical ability was widely recognized; he was in constant demand as a speaker and he cheerfully responded, being duly rewarded by having one honorary degree after another added to his name.

Four years later Alderman had the great honor of becoming the first president of the University of Virginia. One of his contemporaries aptly expressed the significance of his acceptance ". . . it links the University of Virginia with all its tradition and its powerful influence on southern thought, with the movement for the democratization of education." Here as elsewhere, Alderman strove to coordinate educational forces, to develop a summer school to aid high schools, principals, superintendents, and college students. He spent twenty-seven years at the University of Virginia seeing it expand, largely through his efforts, in student body, in faculty, and in physical facilities.

Alderman's strength had declined following a long illness but he remained actively interested in education in its broadest application. It was on one of his many trips to a meeting of educators that he was stricken, April 29, 1931, and died soon after without reganing consciousness. A practical evangelist, he had devoted his life to the cause of popular education.

———:———

No man is so foolish but he may sometimes give another man good counsel, and no man is so wise that he may not easily err if he takes no other counsel than his own. He that is taught only by himself has a fool for a master.—Ben Johnson.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our farm forces, aided by extra boys from the school rooms, are now very busily engaged harvesting oats. While the crop is not as good as in former years, there will be a nice quantity of grain realized from this work.

—:—

"The Bugle Sounds" was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in our auditorium, last Thursday night. A comedy, "Waldo's Last Stand," was shown at the same time. Both are Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions.

—:—

J. C. Lynn, of the Receiving Cottage, was taken to the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, last Sunday night, where he underwent an operation for appendicitis. The surgeon in charge of this case was Dr. Rae Morris. According to latest reports coming from the hospital, J. C. is getting along fine, and will soon be allowed to return to the School.

—:—

The tonsil clinic among the boys is now closed. During the past two weeks, twenty-two boys were taken to the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, where the operations were performed by Dr. R. B. Rankin. These boys have returned to the School. Some have been permitted to return to their cottages, while others are recuperating in our infirmary. They are all getting along nicely.

—:—

Five more of our boys have enlisted in the United States Navy, going directly from the campus to training stations. During the past two weeks, the following boys have enlisted: Kenneth Tipton, Cottage No. 1; Coley Johnson, Cottage No. 5; Joseph Patterson, Cottage No. 10; John Reep, Cottage No. 13; Eugene Moose, Indian Cottage. These lads first went to the Charlotte recruiting headquarters for preliminary examination, and then to Raleigh for their final physical examination. Leaving Raleigh, they were given a short leave, spending a few days at home, before leaving for their places of basic training.

—:—

Rev. James W. Fowler, pastor of Kerr Street Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson, he read part of the 16th chapter of Mark, and in his message to the boys, called special attention to the 15th verse: "And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

In commenting upon these words spoken by the Master, Rev. Mr. Fowler said he hoped that some day, some of the boys in the group before him might accept this service and become ministers of the gospel.

The speaker told the boys the following story: A Filipino came to this country, and while in Boston, was asked to speak to a group of men. He accepted, and attended the meeting, dressed in his native costume. His very first act surprised the people. As he stepped out in front of his audience, he suddenly reached under his belt, and pulled out a bolo—a huge curved knife, very sharp—and turned toward his host. Placing the bolo in his hand, he said: "In my country, when one gives his bolo,

his only means of protection, it means he has faith in you." He then went on with his speech.

As he spoke of this incident, the speaker told his listeners what a wonderful thing it is to be trusted. He urged them to strive to be so dependable that all men might have faith in them, and be willing to trust them with their most cherished possessions.

Rev. Mr. Fowler then told the boys this story of a great missionary: Robert Moffitt heard the call to do something worthwhile, and went to Africa for the purpose of leading the people of that country into paths of righteousness. Upon landing, the people told him of a recent experience, in which a farmer had treated a native unkindly. In a few weeks, a leader of a native tribe, accompanied by a number of his warriors, came down to the village, and the farmer was mysteriously killed. The leader, whose name was Africano, and his tribesmen went back to the mountains. When Moffitt heard the story, he decided to go up into the hills and live among those savage people. The white settlers told him that he would certainly risk his life by so doing, but the missionary made up his mind to go, no matter what the cost might be.

Moffitt went up into the mountains, and upon his arrival, met Africano, who had guards placed all around their meeting place. At first, the native leader looked at the missionary with a feeling of hatred, and there was a look of scorn written all over his countenance. As he closely studied Moffitt's face, his expression changed, for in this good man's face he saw kindness and goodness. The missionary said that he wanted to live among them and help them, and Africano gave him permission to do so.

Moffitt told the savages how good and lovable Christ was, and how he wanted to help them. Africano finally came to the mission, and after some time, was very favorably impressed. He and the missionary became friends, and he was converted. One day, Moffitt said: "Africano, you have been an outlaw. Let's go down to Capetown, where I want you to surrender to the authorities." The native again looked into Moffitt's face and saw kindness, and he answered, "I'll go."

The missionary and the savage chief went to the Capetown officials. Moffitt told them how this man's life had been changed, and that he was a true Christian. The people saw also that instead of the old vicious look on Africano's face, there was now a look of kindness. Because of the great change in his life, and through Moffitt's influence, Africano was pardoned. From that time, the native leader loved Robert Moffitt from the depths of his heart, because he found that he could trust him even with his life.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Fowler told the boys that during their stay at the School they should try to become faithful, trustworthy and dependable. By so doing, said he, when they returned to their respective communities, they would become the kind of men whom people could trust, which is the type of men sadly needed in the world today.

In addition to being a speaker with the ability to bring a most interesting and helpful message to the boys, Rev. Mr. Fowler is a very good singer, possessing a fine tenor voice. As on his previous visit to the School, he was requested to render a solo, which

he did in a delightful manner. The number he sang on this occasion was "My Father Watches Over Me." We were very glad to have him with us last Sunday afternoon, and trust he may find it convenient to visit the School many times during his stay in Concord.

—:—

Six baseball games were played at the School last Saturday afternoon, three of them being staged at the old ball grounds and three on the new diamond. In one or two instances, the games were rather one-sided, but some of them were very interesting. In the game between the Receiving Cottage and Cottage No. 1, it was necessary to play a couple of extra innings. The scores of the contests were as follows:

League Number One—Receiving Cottage 5 First Cottage 4; Fourth Cottage 5 Third Cottage 1; Fifth Cottage 13 Eighth Cottage 1.

League Number Two—Ninth Cottage 10 Fifteenth Cottage 9; Tenth Cottage 6 Eleventh Cottage 0; Fourteenth Cottage 7 Thirteenth Cottage 4.

CLUB STANDINGS

League Number One

	W	L	Pct
Receiving Cottage	5	0	1.000
First Cottage	3	1	.750
Fourth Cottage	3	1	.750
Fifth Cottage	2	3	.400
Third Cottage	0	4	.000
Eighth Cottage	0	4	.000

League Number Two

	W	L	Pct
Tenth Cottage	4	0	1.000
Thirteenth Cottage	3	2	.600
Eleventh Cottage	2	2	.500
Fourteenth Cottage	2	2	.500
Ninth Cottage	1	3	.250
Fifteenth Cottage	1	4	.200

———:———

An army captain who lacked formal education posted a notice on the company bulletin board that was so constructed grammatically that it ended with a preposition. A Harvard-educated private in the outfit read it and commented: "Isn't it awful for a man with my education to have to take orders from a man who ends a sentence with a preposition?" The captain learned of the private's remark and constructed a new notice:

"There is a certain amount of insubordination in this company up with which I shall not put."—The Chicago Sun.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 30, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Marion Cox
Raymond Davis
Donald Jolly
William Love
Ira Montgomery
Weaver Ruff
Malcom Seymour
Richard Sheahan
Lee St. Clair
Harry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Richard Billings
Donald Carland
George Cox
Jack Harmon
Harold McKinney
William Poteat
David Swink
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Hurley Bell
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Joseph Dew
Dewey Lanning
William Meeks
William Painter
Ralph Powell
Samuel Pritchett
Milton Talley

COTTAGE NO. 4

Clarence Bell
William Davis
William Deaton
Bruce Harper
Elster Jones
William Lanning
Raymond Medlin
James Moore
Roy Patton
Lewis B. Sawyer
Roy Swink
Jerry Talbert
Newman Tate
Walter Thomas
Ernest Turner
Lee Turner
Edward VanHoy
Eugene Watts
Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 5

William Gentry
Jesse King
Hoyt Newell
Willford Seegers
Eldred Watts
Kenneth Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Charlton Cox
Ralph Gibson
Everett Galleon
Earl Gilmore
Gerald Kerman
Chester Lee
Samuel Lynn
Stanford McLean
Hayes Powell
Reitzel Southern
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7

Albert Allen
R. C. Combs
Wallace Foster
Robert Lee Furr
William Hardin
Cecil Kinion
John McLean
Jerry Ray
Marion Todd
John Tolley
W. C. Whitehurst

COTTAGE NO. 8

George Guyton
Homer Johnson

COTTAGE NO. 9

Herbert Branch
Cecil Caldwell
Riley Denny
Fred Grimstead
James Hale

Henry Hattem
John Hill
Thomas Ingram
James Jarvis
Isaac Mahaffey
Albert Newton
Robert Owens
Troy Parris
Milford Ward

COTTAGE NO. 10

Fred Carswell
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Marvin Bradley
Frank Fargis
Robert Goldsmith
William Guffey
Leon Rose
J. C. Rhodes
Clyde Rhodes
Everett Stamey
Ray Taylor
Martin Walters
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Dewell Cooper
Millard Ellege
Donald Hobbs
Robert Hobbs
B. J. Mayberry
Banks McKnight
Dillard Shelton

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Fred Bostian
Charles Callahan
Walter Carver
John Fargis
William Harding
Vernon Harding
Robert Holbert
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William E. Lanford
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pittman
Theodore Young
Peter Tuttle
Robert Travis
John Pritchard
Alvis Watkins

COTTAGE NO. 15

James Cantrell
Lawton McDowell
Carl Willis
John Watts

INDIAN COTTAGE

Robert Brady
Roland Brooks
Raymond Brooks
Peter Chavis
James Chavis
Paul Deal
R. C. Hoyle
Marshall Hunt
James Lochlear
Samuel Lochlear
Herbert Lochlear
Eugene Moose
W. C. McManus
Charles Pearson
Donald Sides
Elmer Godley

INFIRMARY

Sterald Cline
Lawrence Rice
Dewey Bunn

———:———

God grant that not only the love of liberty but a thorough knowledge of the rights of man may pervade all the nations of the earth, so that a philosopher may set his foot anywhere on its surface and say, "This is my country."—Benjamin Franklin.

JUN 14 1943

THE UPLIFT

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 12, 1943 No. 24

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

OUR FLAG

Flag of the fearless-hearted,
Flag of the broken chain,
Flag in a day-dawn started,
Never to pale or wane.
Dearly we prize its colors,
With the heaven light breaking through,
The clustered stars and the steadfast bars,
The red, the white, and the blue.

Flag of the sturdy fathers,
Flag of the loyal sons,
Beneath its folds it gathers
Earth's best and noblest ones.
Boldly we wave its colors,
Our veins are thrilled anew
By the steadfast bars, the clustered stars,
The red, the white, and the blue.

—Margaret E. Sangster

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
TWO FINE OLD SCHOOLS	By Miss Annie Hoover	8
COUNTIES THAT HAVE VANISHED	By C. T. Ellis	11
GRADUATION IN 1943	By Dr. H. B. Blakely	15
OUR FLAG, LONG MAY IT WAVE	By LeGette Blythe	16
THE BATTLE OF MOORE'S CREEK BRIDGE	(N. C. Dept. History)	20
WHAT OF THE FUTURE ?	By Margaret A. J. Irvin	22
PRAYER MEETING ON A LOG	By Rev. E. B. Jenkins	23
INSTITUTION NOTES		24
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

WHAT THE FLAG MEANS

"This Flag means more than association and reward. It is the symbol of our national unity, our national endeavor, our national aspiration. It tells you of the struggle for independence, of union preserved, of liberty and union one and inseparable, of the sacrifices of brave men and women to whom the ideals and honor of this nation have been dearer than life.

"It means America first; it means an undivided allegiance. It means America united, strong and efficient, equal to her tasks. It means that you cannot be saved by the valor and devotion of your ancestors, that to each generation comes its patriotic duty; and that upon your willingness to sacrifice and endure as those before you have sacrificed and endured rests the natonal hope.

"It speaks of equal rights; of the inspiration of free institutions exemplified and vindicated; of liberty under law intelligently conceived and impartially administered.

"There s not a thread in it but scorns self-indulgence, weakness and rapacity. It is eloquent of our community interests, outweighing all divergencies of opinion, and of our common destiny."—Charles Evans Hughes

———:———

LADIES TEACHING IN THE SCHOOL

"Still water runs deep" is an expression familiar to everyone. The leader who thinks ahead does little talking, but as a rule, is quietly laying plans to meet emergencies. For a long time the officials of this institution have realized that sooner or later the shortage of man-power would be one of the problems to solve. These conditions, all of us know, are existing throughout the nation, and the only alternative is woman-power. The ranks of man-power have been greatly thinned, in the school rooms as well as in other departments. In order to keep the good work of the School going, four lady teachers have been employed. These new teachers will fill vacancies in the first, second, fourth and sixth grades.

We know that women are adepts when lt comes to managing young

children, including boys who are not always incorrigible, but just have a surplus of mischievous energy. If carefully managed, this trouble will soon subside. The home is not complete without the tender touch of mother, and this School is the home for boys who have been forgotten, therefore, we feel that the introduction of women in the school rooms will prove beneficial, and there will soon be a mutual understanding between the new teachers and our boys. To make a well-rounded citizen it takes the refining influence of good women—in the home, school rooms and elsewhere.

* * * * * * * *

TWO FINE OLD SCHOOLS

This periodical, the mouthpiece of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, carries in this issue two important, as well as informative articles captioned "North Carolina College" and "Mont Amoena Seminary," written by Miss Annie Hoover, a teacher in the Concord City Schools. These two institutions were located in Mount Pleasant, and are well known to the older people of the county. They played a conspicuous role in the history of Cabarrus County, giving both young men and young women superior educational advantages. It is quite true, as stated by Miss Hoover, that these institutions sent out both men and women who were valuable acquisitions to the state and to the country at large.

In the palmy days of old North Carolina College, the village of Mount Pleasant was filled with students coming from as far north as Maine and as far south as Texas. These early settlers of Mount Pleasant were great advocates of educational advantages for their young people, therefore, the doors of the homes were opened to the student body, and in this manner the young men were domiciled during the scholastic year. We must not forget to say that Professor H. T. J. Ludwig, the teacher of mathematics had not only a national, but an international reputation as a mathematician. We were told by his sister, Miss Lillie Ludwig, that it was a common occurrence for him to receive letters from the higher institutions of learning in this country with problems enclosed, asking that he solve them. She also related that he received similar requests from Oxford University, England. We have often heard it said by the young men

whom he taught, that Professor Ludwig was a wizard in figures.

Those of us who love history thoroughly enjoy knowing not only the builders of character, but the artisan who can build a brick wall with perfect accuracy and symmetry. Few of us know who built the main building, or more properly speaking, the first building of this institution of by-gone days. Mrs. Hattie Weddington White, a native of Cabarrus County, said that her grandfather, Colonel William Addison Weddington, was the builder of this structure. These walls, standing since 1852, tell the story of a builder who wrought well. When this building was constructed there were no automobiles, no railroad or any other ways of modern invention to carry building material from a distance. We are inclined to think the ox-cart was in evidence. The young people of today cannot visualize the hardships encountered for all the fine things we are enjoying today.

We feel constrained to add a little information as to the re-building of Mont Amoena Seminary after the fire in 1911. One citizen, the later Luther Shirey, the father of five lovely girls, was obsessed with the desire to give a better building for the education of young women. To accomplish his purpose, he bought a brick kiln, and supervised the burning of the bricks that went into the walls of the new building. We have often heard it said by friends who knew Luther Shirey intimately, that this venture overstaxed his strength and was the cause of his early death. It takes a fine heart as well as a sweet spirit to give of yourself for the future generations.

We must not forget the two brothers, C. L. T. Fisher and J. H. C. Fisher, educators and ministers of the gospel, who rendered splendid service by example and precept in training young women as teachers and home-makers in this school.

It would be impossible to estimate the far-reaching influence of these two institutions. We know the old has to give way and make place for the youth of the land, and in the same manner, the old bulwarks of learning have been supplanted by the up-to-date schools of today.

The property known as Mont Amoena Seminary has passed into the hands of the members of Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, of Mount Pleasant, which is a most fitting disposal, since it continues to be used for church purposes. The beautiful site and buildings once known as North Carolina College are no longer the property of

the North Carolina Synod. It was sold, and it seems just too bad that it could not have been used for some purpose pertinent to the spiritual or physical development of humanity.

* * * * * * * *

THE FLAG SPEAKS

This morning, as I passed down the street, I happened to notice Our Country's Flag snapping briskly in the breeze. I had passed this same flag many times, conscious of it, yet never stopping to give it more than a passing glance—just as I have passed nodding acquaintances dozens of times without pausing to exchange the time of day.

However, today was a bit different. I looked up at it and mentally paid it a respectful salute, and the flag returned me a most cordial salutation. Its rippling folds and flashing colors seemed to speak: "Greetings, Mr. American! And how are you this morning?"

Somehow or other, it made me feel a bit important—more conscious of the flag's real meaning. And yet I know I am not so important. I have taken my privilege of citizenship as a matter of course—rather felt that patriotism and loyalty were the duty of officials.

So I said: "You must be mistaken, Old Glory. I am just an ordinary citizen. I am not an admiral, or a general, or a member of Congress. I don't rate."

"Oh, so that's it?" the flag seemed to exclaim. "I have often wondered why you have been too busy or too pre-occupied to notice me as you passed, because I knew it wasn't indifference. I knew if I needed your friendship, I could somehow count on you. You see, I know you pretty well. I remember when you started to school, and how you used to stand at attention each morning to salute me as you recited the pledge of allegiance, like a little patriot.

"So, I am glad you stopped for a little visit today. After all, we do need to get better acquainted, to understand each other better—what with the war clouds and all. And I want you to understand that even though you may not wear a uniform, or fill an official office, I belong to you, and you belong to me. We are members of the same family. It is because of the deeds of you and the millions like you, and the heroic sacrifice of your forefathers, that I swing so proudly

to the breeze. I do not want you to feel that I represent only a chosen few, but that I represent you and yours. With loyalty, I shall continue to wave over a free and independent people.

"I give you greeting, Mr. American Citizen!"—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

We have clipped the following from the pen of Dr. Oscar F. Blackwelder, a son of Cabarrus County, and an outstanding minister of the gospel in Washington, D. C. He pays tribute to the late Bishop Leonard, of the Methodist Church, as follows:

"This paragraph is written under the shock of the news that our neighbor, Bishop Adna Wright Leonard, crashed in Iceland while on his visit to the battle fronts to confer with chaplains at the request of President Roosevelt. We talked with him the day before he left Washington. He had promised to make his first public statement on return under the auspices of the Washington Federation of Churches, perhaps with national radio hook-up. Bishop Leonard inspired that which the world needs most today—courage. He was an iron man. Things moved in his area. He combined conservatism in theology with rigid administration. He is the only man we know who rivaled Dr. Knubel in parliamentary procedure. There hasn't been a Speaker of the House or a President of the Senate in ten years in his class. We looked with green envy at his amazing administrative gifts. He was a man's man. At sixty-eight he could work several hours a day more than the average of us. We salute you, Bishop, on the slopes of glory.

* * * * * * * *

The presence in North Carolina of at least one emerald mine has been claimed by a reliable citizen.

* * * * * * * *

Petrified clams and oysters have been discovered in North Carolina in deposits more than 30,000,000 years old.

TWO FINE OLD SCHOOLS

By Miss Annie Hoover

North Carolina College
1852 - 1901

The North Carolina Synod of the Lutheran Church has always firmly stood for general education among the people and especially for an educated ministry.

For years it had been the desire of the Synod to have a school of its own on its own territory, so when the Synod met in session at Concord, on July 1, 1852, a temporary Board of Directors was appointed, who decided to locate the school at Mt. Pleasant, Cabarrus County.

A suitable location being secured, a three-story building of brick and a President's House was erected, and in 1853, The Western Carolina Male Academy began its career with Rev. William Gerhardt, of Pennsylvania, as Principal and Professor, with an assistant Professor. The Academy was very successful under the administration of Dr. Gerhardt and in a few years it was decided by the North Carolina Synod to have the charter amended, so as to change the Academy to a college with the power to confer degrees.

The State Legislature in session in 1859 amended the charter and the institution became known as North Carolina College, with Dr. D. H. Bittle, of Pennsylvania, as President. Two additional buildings were erected, more professors employed, and an endowment of twenty thousand dollars was raised. For several years the college enjoyed a large patronage and prospects were very bright for many years of service.

Soon the work was interrupted by the War Between the States, many of its students entering the army, the professors resigned, and the school closed.

The ladies of the town ripped up the carpets from the floors of the two society halls, the Philalaethean and Phisigmaphi, and made them into blankets for the boys of Company H, 8th Regiment, which was composed of boys from Mt. Pleasant and surrounding counties. One of the blankets is in the possession of Mrs. Axley, of Murphy, North Carolina, whose father, Dr. Paul Barrier, carried it with him during the war. Dr. Barrier, physician to the College and also an instructor joined Company H., when it was organized in the chapel of North Carolina College.

In 1866 after the close of the War, the college was re-opened with Dr. L. A. Bikle as President. The first class graduated in 1871. During the thirty years that followed under the able administration of such men as Dr. Bikle, Bernheim, Davis, Schaeffer, Shirey, Scherer and Lutz, twenty-five classes were graduated. Many of the graduates entered the ministry, some becoming leaders in Church and State, North and South. Others were prepared for the duties of intelligent citizenship.

Here I must mention the name

of Professor H. T. J. Ludwig who gave the best years of his life to the college. Professor Ludwig was an eminent mathematician. His fame in this branch of science was known not only to the State, but he had a national reputation.

The College never recovered from the serious losses of the war and losing its endowment, for varied and wise reasons at the time, the college work was suspended by an act of the Synod concurred in by the Board of Trustees in 1901.

After the college closed a private school was conducted in the college building by Rev. Busby and Prof. George McAllister.

The next year the Board of Trustees of the North Carolina Synod arranged for the opening of a Secondary School as a successor to North Carolina College. Thus in 1902 the Collegiate Institute under the Principalships of Prof. McAllister and Rev. McCullough began a successful career.

Its two-fold aim was (1) to prepare students to enter the advanced classes of our best colleges, and (2) to train others to best equip themselves for their special work in life.

Indicating the growth of the school in 1919-1920, 173 students were enrolled from six states, four professors and two tutors being employed.

In 1907 a modified military system was introduced in the Institute, with Col. McAllister as Commandant.

Those acquianted with the work of the Institute during its military career bear testimony of its being one of the best regulated schools in the country.

With the opening of the High Schools by the State, though they did not offer the same curriculum, it was thought best to close the Institute in 1933.

During the years that have followed the splendid influence of both the College and the Institute have been felt through out our State and Southern Lutheran church.

Mont Amoena Seminary
1859 - 1927

Early in the spring of 1859, an institution was organized at Mount Pleasant, North Carolina, under the name of Mont Amoena Female Seminary, with Mrs. Bittle, wife of Dr. Bittle, President of North Carolina College, as Principal.

At that time it was a private enterprise without the help of the North Carolina Synod. During the War it remained a private enterprise until 1868. Rev. G. D. Berheim, who had become owner of the property of the school, offered it to the North Carolina Synod, he becoming agent to procure funds to purchase the property.

In 1869 having secured the necessary funds, the school became the property of Synod, subsequently it was conducted successfully by a Board of Trustees elected by the Synod.

The school was chartered by the Legislature with the rights and privileges of higher institutions of learning including the conferring of degrees. Tending however, that the best interest of the Church and that a real

educational need would be supplied, the authorities waived the charter and ran the school as a Seminary.

In 1899 an addition to the school was built, adding greatly to the comfort of the students, all modern conveniences being installed.

On the evening of Thanksgiving Day, 1911, the old building in which the school had been conducted for nearly half a century was destroyed by fire.

The work of the school was not interrupted, the old Masonic Hall being used as recitation rooms and the students living in the homes of the people of the town.

Immediately the North Carolina Synod began plans to replace the burned building and by the following fall a new location being secured, a beautiful and modern building was erected.

The school was successfully conducted for a number of years but like the Institute, with the opening of the High Schools by the State, the Synod closed the school in 1927.

Some of our most prominent men and women of the Lutheran Church have presided over the destiny of the school for over two-thirds of a century. Many of these have passed into their eternal reward, but their work and influence is still felt.

Miss Mary Markley, one of the secretaries of National Education of the United Lutheran Church of America, said that the school had turned out more church workers than any school she knew of.

———:———

Peace will come to this tortured world again—and within our time. Although war and hatred seem to rule at this moment, the time is not far away, when fertile lands will be teeming with workers of the soil, and great industries will be producing for the good of humanity, not the destruction thereof. And the Peace will be a just one—based on the guideposts for humanity as taught and demonstrated by the Prince of Peace. It will be a peace in which all are equal—so renew your faith, and take heart, for Peace will come again.—Oriental Consistory News.

COUNTIES THAT HAVE VANISHED

By C. T. Ellis, in The State

The three original Carolina Counties were Albemarle, Bath and Clarendon which disappeared from the map after but brief existence. There also were four other counties, established at a much later date, which have vanished—Tryon, Bute, Glasgow and Dobbs.

Most famous of our Royal Governors was William Tryon, and he was once high in favor with the rank and file of Carolina people. The Colonial Assembly, anxious to do honor to the representative of British Royalty, created the county of Tryon, a western empire, centering in what is now the county of Rutherford. To further wind themselves into the good graces of his Excellency, the obsequious Assemly established an eastern county, which was named in honor of Eastern Wake, the Governor's sister, and in the course of events this county became the seat of the state government.

But Tryon became involved in numerous troubles with the people, which grew more serious with the passage of the years. Parliament passed the hated stamp act, which brought to Carolina the honor of being the first Colony to offer armed resistance to British authority, for the patriot forces under the leadership of Hugh Waddell, John Ashe and Cornelius Harnett, marched upon the Governor's residence at Russelboro on the lower Cape Fear, forced the resignation of William Houston, the Stamp Collector, and compelled three British sloops of war to leave the harbor without unloading their cargoes of stamped paper.

Like Julius Ceasar, Tryon was an ambitious man, and he proceeded to levy onerous taxes upon a burdened people, with the proceeds of which he erected a palace in our city of New Bern, a building which, when constructed, was pronounced the finest in all America, a portion of which remains in existence and in use to this day, and constitutes one of the show places of our State. The people began to nourish in their hearts a growing resentment against the Royal Governor.

Then the local officers of the Crown exacted numerous illegal fees and were guilty of daily extortions in office, a notorious case being that of Edmund Fanning, Clerk of the Court in Orange County, whose acts in office were so tyrannical as to cause a local revolution. Having appealed to the Royal Governor for redress without success, the people became so restive under the illegal exactions of the local Government, that they formed themselves into an organization known as the "Regulators." They marched into Hillsboro, freed some of their comrades who had been imprisoned, drove the Colonial Judges from the Bench, destroyed Tryon's residence, whipped one of the Attorneys in attendance on the court, and committed divers other acts of violence.

Tryon determined to exert the full force of his Royal authority against the Regulators and he marched against them with some two thousand

troops. The Regulators had no one recognized leader, knew nothing of warfare, had but loose organization, and were utterly unable to withstand the organized and disciplined troops of the Governor. The contending factions came into conflict, and what is known, as the "Battle of Alamance Creek" ensued in which the Regulators were completely routed and their power utterly crushed. Tryon was merciless in his dealings, and on the heels of his victory and without any trial or hearing he summarily hung a number of the Regulators; and forced the Regulator leader, Herman Husbands to flee the State. But from his exile Husbands wrote an account of the Regulators which has lived through the years and which pillories Tryon for the manner of man that he was.

Forced to take cognizance of the illegal acts of Fanning, he was finally indicted and convicted by the court in numerous cases of extortion in office, whereupon the court imposed as punishment a fine of—one penny!

The actions of the Governor against the Regulators evidently brought him into higher favor with the British Ministry, and he was named as Governor of the State of New York. He left his palace in New Bern never to return to Carolina; and a burdened people breathed a sigh of relief.

Notwithstanding all of which, there are today in Carolina two memories of Governor Tryon—one in the Polk County town of that name; the other an important street in our Queen City of Charlotte, a city declared by my Lord Cornwallis to be a "Hornet's Nest" of revolutionists against the British authority. It seems strange that in such a city, the site of the adoption of the "Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence of May 20, 1775," one of its principal business streets should continue to bear the name of this Royal Governor.

In Colonial days, the English nobleman, Lord Bute, was high in the favor of our people, and the Assembly delighted to do him honor by creating a large eastern county and designating it with his name. When the Revolution came on, Tories were numerous in Carolina, the earliest Carolina battle of that historic struggle for liberty having been fought at Moore's Creek Bridge between the patriot forces and the Scotch Tories under the leadership of General Allan Macdonald, husband of the famous Flora. Indeed so active did the Tories become that a large band under the leadership of the notorious David Fanning, made a raid upon the seat of Government at Hillsboro, captured Governor Thomas Burke and members of his suite, and carried them to Charleston, where they were held captive by the British for some eighteen months until the Governor succeeded in effecting his escape.

But all the people of Bute were patriots, and there was a saying which has come down to us through the years and which has become famous in Carolina history: "There are no Tories in Bute." For in all that section King George and his redcoats were anathema to all its people.

Following the Revolution and the estabishment of independence, the legislature abolished the county of Bute, and erected the territory which it had constituted into two new counties—Warren and Franklin—honoring the Boston patriot Samuel Warren; and the most versatile

American man of genius, Benjamin Franklin. Through all the years this section has lived up to his high reputation for patriotism, from Warren having come such eminent Carolinians as Speaker of the National House of Representatives and United States Senator Nathaniel Macon; and Governor and United States Senator James Turner—Warren being one of two Carolina counties which enjoys the distinction of having once had both United States Senators at the same time, sharing this distinction with the county of Orange which was thus similarly honored in the persons of Senators William A. Graham and Wiley P. Mangum. From Franklin have come such men as the silver tongued and golden hearted Thomas Walter Bickett, war Governor; and the great jurist Charles Mather Cooke. Franklin also enjoys the distinction of having been the first county in the South in which a Confederate flag was flown in the early Spring of 1861—more than sixty days before our State seceded from the Union.

In his day David Glasgow was one of the State's most influential politicians, and for years he was the honored and trusted Secretary of State of the Commonwealth. While he yet occupied his high office, the legislature created the county of Glasgow. But alas and alack! Like Lucifer, Glasgow fell from his high estate, for it was discovered that he had been issuing fraudulent State Grants, and that he had committed divers and sundry high crimes and misdemeanors in office against the peace and dignity of the State.

Glasgow was stripped of his office; and the legislature changed the name of the county to that of Greene, in honor of the patriot General Nathanael Greene, commander at the battle of Guilford Court House, whose name and fame is further commemorated in our gate city of Greensboro, and in the eastern city of Greenville.

The memory of General Greene was thus honored, notwithstanding his poor opinion of the valor of our Carolina militia. In reporting to General Washington on the battle fought at Guilford Court House, Greene said that the North Carolina militia fired but one volley and then retreated from the field in disorder and confusion, having lost but two killed and few wounded. Far be it from a layman to criticise the military tactics of so eminent a soldier, but I wonder what would have happened had Greene placed his veteran regiments of the Continental Line in the van of his fighting forces, instead of placing his raw and inexperienced militia to receive the first full onset of the foe.

Colonial Governor Arthur Dobbs was high in favor with his people, and the Colonial Assembly honored him by establishing a Carolina county bearing his name. Now just where was Dobbs County? I shall not satisfy your curiosity, for if you have not sufficient interest in your State to get down your history and read the record of this ancient barony, you do not deserve to know the location thereof. Decades elapsed following the death of this Colonial Governor before even his grave could be located, but his remains were finally found interred on his Town Creek plantation in the county of Brunswick—quite a commentary on the transitory quality of human fame.

Is there at present a Carolina

County which bears the name of a Royal Governor? Just one—the county of Martin, commemorating the name of Josiah Martin, last of the long line of Royal Governors, who was forced to flee from the fury of the people and find refuge on a British man of war anchored in Cape Fear, from the security of which he issued divers and sundry proclamations endeavoring to recall the people to their allegiance to his Brittanic Majesty—proclamations to which the populace paid not the least attention.

These vanished Counties illustrate the dirge of the hymn writer "Change and decay in all around I see." But I think the poet William Winter has more forcefully expressed it in his lines.

"The seasons change; the winds
they shift and veer,
The grass of yesteryear is dead;
empires dissolve,
Peoples disappear."

———:———

A MAN MUST WANT

It's wanting keeps us young and fit;
It's wanting something just ahead
And striving hard to come to it,
That brightens every road we tread.

The man is old before his time
Who is supremely satisfied,
And does not want some hill to climb
Or something life has still denied.

A man must want from day to day,
Must want to reach a distant goal
Or claim some treasure far away,
For want's the builder of the soul.

He who has ceased to want has dropped
The working tools of life and stands
Much like an old time clock has stopped
While time is mouldering his hands.

Want is the spur that drives us on
And oft its praises should be sung,
For man is old when want is gone—
It's what we want that keeps us young.

—Selected.

GRADUATION IN 1943

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

It is commencement time across the land. Seniors are standing up in caps and gowns to recieve the "'sheepskin" diplomas for which they have labored for four years. College is now over, and they adventure into life. What does the world hold for them?

Upon this question the seniors themselves are uncertain. Some think that in their generation there will be more opportunities than in the years which have gone before, but others believe the world will be much more difficult.

One thing is certain. The most important single factor in determining what will happen to a person is the spirit which he carries within. History is filled with the stories of men and women who made themselves the masters of circumstance. Some people have the quality of soul that will not quit.

One thinks of courageous hearts, such as Robert Louis Stevenson, with his tuberculosis; Helen Keller, blind and deaf; and countless others who over physical handicaps rose to be victorious persons. The fastest mile on record was made by Glenn Cunningham, who ran it in four minutes, four and four-tenths seconds. As a boy he was so crippled in fire that the doctors said he would never be able to walk. He learned to walk by following a plow across the field, and leaning upon the handles for support. Patiently through the years by indomitable will power he exercised his legs until the scarred tissue-tied muscles carried him to victory with the fastest mile on record.

One remembers that Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Cervantes' Don Quixote, Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World, and some of O. Henry's stories came from prisons: the authors were locked up but their spirits could not be confined. St. Augustine wrote his City of God while civilization was crumbling in confusion around him. Commencement 1943—and we look out on the world. Did ever so many things wait to be done? Is there any comparable time when so many new discoveries were waiting to advance the welfare of men? It is not an easy world for a 1943 graduate, but it is chock-full of adventure. There are more great things to be done in the next half century than in any fifty years in human history. Some graduates of 1943 will accomplish great deeds; they will write their names high among the adventurers of humanity. Others will sulk in their tents, wondering why fate ever set them amid such tragic days; and for these the books are already closed—the spirit acknowledges defeat before the battle begins.

———:———

Prosperity is a great teacher; adversity is a greater. Possession pampers the mind; privation trains and strengthens it.—Hazlitt.

OUR FLAG, LONG MAY IT WAVE

By LeGette Blythe, in The Charlotte Observer

Today is the birthday anniversary of an emblem that means the difference between world freedom and world slavery.

Today is the birthday of Old Glory.

In a modest two-story house sitting down even with the sidewalk on a Philadelphia street, a colonial house with a dormer in the steep roof, was born the Stars and Stripes, emblem of freedom, implacable enemy of those hateful philosophies that today are threatening to engulf the world.

In this house lived Betsy Ross, who has a place secure in world history as the woman who designed and made the first American flag, the flag that on June 14, 1777, was officially designated by the Continental Congres as the flag of the fledgling nation.

The story of the American flag constitutes in itself an interesting chapter in American history. Though only a comparatively small proportion of Americans know it, there have been many national emblems within the 166 years of our independence. In fact, no other nation, in all probability, has had as much.

The story of the origin of the flag and the various changes in its design through the years parallels the story of the origin of the nation and its rapid development.

And in the same way, as the United States of America is a nation that has evolved out of many nations and many peoples, so is its flag an emblem whose pattern took shape out of many patterns that may be traced into the obscurity of distant ages.

The white star in its field of blue, for instance, is a symbol of the heavens and the divine goal to which man through the centuries has aspired, while the stripe is symbolic of the rays of the sun enlightening the darkness of the world, and both stars and stripes have long been devices upon the banners of peoples from the astral worshippers of ancient Egypt and Babylon and the Spanish Conquistadors under Cortez, whose emblems bore stars, and the striped standards of Holland and the famed East India company of two centuries ago to the numerous present day patterns of stars and stripes on the flags of nations throughout the world.

The first American flags revealed the struggles of the colonists with the wilderness about them. There was the famous "Don't Tread on Me" with the coiled rattlesnake, used by Commodore Esek Hopkins as commander-in-chief of the young nation's fleet, and borne on the drums of the Marines recruiting men for the new corps being formed as authorized by the Continental Congress at Philadelphia in November, 1775, and subsequently used by the Marines on various expeditions. There was the first Navy jack which had a rattlesnake, uncoiled, with the motto, "Don't Tread on Me," on a full background of seven red and six white stripes, used early in the battle for independence. There were emblems

bearing pine trees, beavers, anchors, various types of crosses, half moons and other devices, some on fields of red, some blue, some white, some red and white stripes.

But the first flag of the colonists to bear a resemblance to our present Old Glory was the Grand Union flag, which consisted of 13 stripes. red and white, representing the 13 colonies, with a blue field in the upper left hand corner bearing the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, signifying union with the mother country. It was flown in 1775 and 1776.

Another flag of that period was one that had a field of 13 stripes on a yellow silk standard, flown at the head of the Philadelphia troop of light horse when that unit was serving as escort to General Washington on his trip to Cambridge to assume command of the Continental army.

But it remained for the days—gloomy and foreboding days, too—that followed the promulgation of the national declaration of independence and the desperate efforts to establish unity among the colonies in the common fight against Great Britain to witness the actual birth of Old Glory.

History records that story in the visit of George Washington and a group of patriots to the little Philadelphia house of Betsy Ross.

They brought with them a rough sketch of a flag they proposed for the infant nation. It resembled the Grand Union flag, but instead of the union of crosses of St. Andrew and St. George, there was a union of 13 stars in a circle on a blue field.

Thus was born, through official recognition by the Continental Congress on June 14, 1777—166 years ago today—in the resolution: "That the flag of the 13 United States be 13 stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be 13 stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation," the National Emblem of the United States of America.

But many changes of design followed this first one.

After the organization of the new nation under the Constitution, the flag continued to be modified with the addition of a new star and a new stripe for each newly admitted State.

Soon, however, it was evident that the design of the flag would be materially spoiled by the addition of a stripe for each State, and Captain Samuel C. Reid of the United States Navy during the War of 1812 suggested to Congress that the stripes remain 13 in number in honor of the 13 original colonies and that one star be added for each new State joining the Union. This suggestion was adopted in a resolution effective July 4, 1818.

In 1896 Congress adopted the plan of arranging the stars in eight rows but is was not until 1912, following the admission of Arizona and New Mexico, that the flag we have today was formed. President Taft, by executive order, decreed that the stars be arranged in eight rows of six stars each and that this arrangement be the national standard of the United States of America.

Plans were under way when war broke out in the Pacific to bring Hawaii into the union as the forty-ninth State. There are many who advocate admission of Puerto Rico as a State, and also Alaska. Old Glory,

therefore, has not yet reached what may be called a permanent pattern of the stars in the field of blue.

Respect your flag and render it the courtesies to which it is entitled by observing the following rules, which are in accordance with the practices approved by leading flag authorities:

The national Flag should be raised and lowered by hand. It should be displayed only from sunrise to sunset, or between such hours as may be designated by proper authority.

Do not raise the Flag while it is furled. Unfurl, then hoist quickly to the top of the staff. Lower it slowly and with dignity.

Place no objects on or over the Flag. Various articles are sometimes placed on a speaker's table covered with the Flag. This practice should be avoided.

(1) When displayed over the middle of the street, the Flag should be suspended vertically with the union to the north in an east and west street, or to the east in a north and south street.

(2) When displayed with another flag from crossed staffs, the flag of the United States of America should be on the right (the flag's own right) and its staff should be in front of the staff of the other flag.

(3) When it is to be flown at half-mast, the flag should be hoisted to the peak for an instant and then lowered to the half-mast position; but before lowering the flag for the day it should again be raised to the peak. By half-mast is meant hauling down the flag to one-half the distance between the top and the bottom of the staff. On Memorial Day display at half-mst until noon only; then hoist to top of staff.

(4) When flags of states or cities or pennants of societies are flown on the same halyard with the flag of the United States of America, the latter should always be at the peak. When flown from adjacent staffs the Stars and Stripes should be hoisted first and lowered last.

(5) When the flag is suspended over a sidewalk from a rope, extending from house to pole at the edge of the sidewalk, the flag should be hoisted out from the building, toward the pole, union first.

(6) When the flag is displayed from a staff projecting horizontally or at any angle from the window sill, balcony, or front of a building, the union of the flag should go clear to the peak of the staff (unless the flag is to be displayed at half-mast.)

(7) During the ceremony of hoisting or lowering the flag, or when the flag is passing in a parade or in a review, all persons present should face the flag, stand at attention, and salute. Those present in uniform should render the right hand salute. Those men not in uniform should remove their headress with the right hand and hold it at the left shoulder, the hand being over the heart. Women should salute by placing the right hand over the heart. The salute to the flag in a moving column is rendered as the flag passes.

(8) When a flag is displayed in a manner other than by being flown from a staff, it should be displayed flat, whether indoors or out. When displayed either horizontally or vert-

ically against a wall, the union should be uppermost and to the flag's own right, that is, to the observer's left. When displayed in a window it should be displayed in the same way, that is, with the union or blue field to the left of the observer in the street. When festoons, rosettes or drapings are desired, bunting of blue, white and red should be used, but never the flag.

(9) When carried in a procession with another flag or flags, the Stars and Stripes should be either on the marching right, or when there is a line of other flags, our National flag may be in front of the center of that line.

(10) When a number of flags of cities or pennants of societies are grouped and displayed from staffs with our National flag, the latter should be at the center or at the highest point of the group.

(11) When the flags of two or more nations are displayed they should be flown from separate staffs of the same height and the flags should be of approximately equal size. International usage forbids the display of the flag of one nation above that of another nation in time of peace.

When displayed in the chancel or on a platform in a church, the flag should be placed on a staff at the clergyman's right; other flags at his left. If displayed in the body of the church, the flag should be at the congregation's right as they face the clergyman.

Do not use the flag as a portion of a costume or athletic uniform. Do not embroider it upon cushions or handkerchiefs nor print it on paper napkins or boxes.

Take every precaution to prevent the flag from becoming soiled. It should not be allowed to touch the ground or floor, nor to brush against objects.

When the flag is used in unveiling a statue or monument, it should not be used as a covering of the object to be unveiled. If it is displayed on such occasions, do not allow the flag to fall to the ground, but let it be carried aloft to form a feature of the ceremony.

A federal law provides that a trademark cannot be registered which consists of, or comprises among other things, "the flag, coat-of-arms or other insignia of the United States, or any simulation thereof."

On suitable occasions repeat this pledge to the flag: "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation, indivisiable, with Liberty and Justice for all."

When one door closes, another opens; but we often look so long and regretfully upon the closed door that we do not see the one which has opened for us. Defeat is nothing but education; it is the first step toward something better.—Selected.

THE BATTLE OF MOORE'S CREEK BRIDGE

(North Carolina State Department of Archives and History)

"We consider ourselves engaged in a cause the most glorious and honorable in the world . . . in the support of which we are determined to hazzard every thing dear and valuable"—so ran a letter written on February 20, 1776, from Whig Commander James Moore to Tory Commander Donald McDonald. The Tories were encamped near the town of Cross Creek (now known as Fayettville), North Carolina, and the Whigs were only a few miles away. It was early in the War of the American Revolution, in which no important battle had been fought in North Carolina. A victory for either side would go far toward deciding the outcome of the entire war in that state.

The Scottish Highlanders, who had settled in large numbers in the region around Cross Creek, were firm in their loyalty to the British crown. At the call of Royal Governor Josiah Martin they had come together and were ready to set out, with bagpipes playing and with the king's standard flying, to subdue the rebellious town of Wilmington. The Whigs, firmly resolved to resist the hated British policies toward the American colonies and inflamed by news of battle further north, had been watching these movements of the Highlanders and had taken a position at Rockfish Creek, eight miles south of Cross Creek.

The day after writing the letter to McDonald, Moore learned that the Tories had crossed the Cape Fear and were on their way to Wilmington. Immediately the Whigs were astir. At Commander Moore's order, James Thackston and James Martin marched with their troops to Cross Creek to prevent the enemy's return to that town. Richard Caswell and his minute men took possession of Corbert's Ferry on Black River, which was on the road the Tories were travelling. Alexander Lillington and John Ashe set out with their forces to reinforce Caswell if possible, but if not, to take possession of Moore's Creek Bridge, which was also on the route the enemy was following. And now Moore, having seen that every avenue of escape was closely guarded, rushed with his Continentals and the Duplin militia to Elizabethtown, hoping to cross the river there in time to meet McDonald, or to fall on his rear and surround his forces.

Soon Caswell sent word that the Tories had avoided Corbert's Ferry by erecting a temporary bridge across Black River five miles above him. It was then evident that Moore's Creek Bridge would be the scene of action, and Moore immediately hurried to Lillington's assistance, ordering Caswell to do the same. Caswell reached the bridge on the afternoon of February 26, where he found Lillington and Ashe in an entrenched position at the east end of the bridge. He took up a position at the west end. But in the night, leaving his camp fires burning, he crossed the bridge and joined Lillington and Ashe. The

flooring of the bridge was then removed, and only the narrow sills were left in place above the dark water below.

In the early hours of the morning of February 27, while it was still dark the Highlanders approached the bridge. They were led by Donald McLeod, a trained soldier who had left his bride (a daughter of the famous Scottish heroine, Flora McDonald) at the altar in order to do his duty to the king. Arriving at Caswell's abandoned camp they were surprised to find it deserted, and they concluded that the enemy had fled. "Who goes there?"challenged Caswell's sentinel as they approached the bridge. "A friend," replied McLeod. "A friend of whom?" asked the voice in the darkness. "To the king," replied the Highlander. Then there was silence. Thinking the challenge might have come from one of his friends, McLeod called out in Gaelic. Still no answer. Raising his gun, he fired toward the spot whence the voice came, and made a dash across the uncoverd sills. Then the Whigs fired—and McLed fell. Those who tried to follow him were shot down or fell into the creek below. More than thirty of the bravest Highlanders were killed. The others, losing heart, fled.

The Whig victory was complete. Only one of their men was killed and one wounded, while the Tories lost about fifty killed and wounded and the remainder of their army was completely scattered. Col. Moore, arriving too late to take part in the battle, pressed in pursuit of the fleeing Highlanders so vigorously that he captured 850 soldiers and many officers, as well as quantities of guns, swords, rifles, and other equipment. Among the prisoners was Donald McDonald. who had been too ill to command during the battle. Another captive was Allan McDonald, husband of Flora McDonald. They, with other prisoners, were sent to Halifax, and afterwards to Philadelphia.

Though the battle of Moore's Creek Bridge lasted only a few minutes and though the casualties were light the results were of vast importance. The march of the Highlanders to Wilmington was part of a well conceived British plan to conquer not only North Carolina, but the other southern colonies as well. The Highlanders' defeat at Moore's Creek Bridge marked the failure of this plan, and when the British troops who were to aid in the conquest reached Wilmington some months later they did not even attempt a landing. This victory of the Whigs therefore, saved North Carolina from being overrun by the British and in all probability postponed the conquest of South Carolina and Georgia for three more years.

———:———

Education elevates the mind to a sphere of sympathy. The educated man understands his relation to the universe, his obligation to his country, his duty to his neighbors and to himself.—Selected.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

By Margaret A. J. Irvin

There are people who live entirely in the present. For them the past is vague, shadowy, and completely unreal. They have no capacity for remembering their own past experiences or imagining those of others. History is something that exists between the pages of musty unused books.

Nor is the future any more real. Today they know. Tomorrow is but a continuation of today.

There have always been people like that, but perhaps there are fewer of them in 1943 than in most of the epochs of history. Most of us talk glibly about the future as though it were just around the corner. We know we are living in "an era of transition." The most stable fact about the present is its instability. Indeed, the only way some of us can live through the present is by assuring ourselves over and over that "it can't last forever."

Even those who talk most about this future that is bound to come know that we are living on hope. Call it faith if you like. Or call it grim determination, if you prefer. Our hope contains an element of both. We know that God will not forsake His people in their desire to build a better world, and almost in the same breath we are aware of an almost wrathful willingness to build that new world if it takes the last breath of our bodies. For many of us the patience which is part of Christian hope is almost impossible. We want that future world, and we want it now.

Women particularly find the waiting hard. While millions of our sex are engaged in aiding the war effort as their way of hastening the future, many more millions are keeping on in women's traditional role of homemaker and morale builder.

Sometimes that role seems pitifully limited and limiting. We read with interest such articles as "Look Out for the Women," by Harold Ickes, in the Saturday Evening Post, or "The Future Belongs to the Women," by John Erskine in the New York Times. We start to think about the mess this "man's world" has become. We wonder whether it may be our duty to come out of the kitchen and take a more active part in the affairs of the world.

Then we begin to wonder about the future of the race. Of what good will an intricately constructed new world be if the next generation to inhabit it grow into a band of criminals? If too many women are drawn out of the homes, what will become of the future.

Then we wonder some more. We ask ourselves whether there must be a clear-cut choice. Perhaps there is some way of eating our cake and having it.

So far we haven't found an answer. We are still asking, "What of the future?"

PRAYER MEETING ON A LOG

By Rev. E. B. Jenkins

It was at an Orphange in the mountains of Western North Carolina where we were in a revival meeting. One of the teachers asked us to take a group of little boys from 6 to 11 years old out to the church and have a prayer meeting. 'Twas not long before sunset and the boys asked to have the prayer meeting out in the church yard on a big log. So with about a dozen boys all sitting on the log we read the 3rd chapter of John. Before we went to prayer we told the boys we wanted to pray for the meeting, for the preachers, for the teachers, and the missionaries, and to ask the Lord to send some groceries (that was long before rationing was ever thought of) and some sugar as we did not have any for our coffee and cereals that morning for breakfast.

We have been in many prayer meetings since childhood, but never one like this. The boys all knew how to pray. They prayed for the meeting, the preachers, the missionaries. Then they thanked the Lord for food and one little boy thanked the Lord for bed covering at night to sleep under. Then they asked the Lord to send some food, and some sugar (early next morning a bag of sugar came by some one the Lord had moved to bring). As we prayed one little boy prayed: "Lord, send Willie some shoes." This prayer got on our hearts and after the prayer meeting was over we asked one of the boys which one was Willie. He pointed out one of the smallest boys. We looked and his shoes were badly worn and one shoe was split all the way up the heel. All that day that prayer, "Lord send Willie some shoes" kept coming into our minds.

That morning one of the workers in the Orphanage carried us home. We gave him $5.00 (we were tithers and had it in our tithe box in obedience to I Chorinthians 16:2) and told him to give it to the Superintendent and to get Willie some shoes. "Give and it shall be given unto you" was literally fulfilled to us that day. Within one hour after we gave the $5.00 we were asked to perform a wedding ceremony and received $1.00 We told this story the next day, Sunday, to a young men's Bible class and one of the members carried us aside after the Sunday school lesson and gave us $10.00. Later in the week we had another wedding to perform and received $5.00. Later had another wedding and received 55c making a total of $17.55 within a week after we gave the money for Willie's shoes. Not long after this a lady in Denver Colorado learned of Willie's need and sent the Orphanage $2.00 to get some shoes. A hobo recently said: "Cast your crumbs upon the water and it will come back to you a chicken sandwich." But better still the Bible says:

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." (Ecclesiastes 11:1.) Reader, if you will give to Orphan children the Lord will greatly bless you. We doubt the religion of any man or woman who will not break bread with an orphan child.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."(James 1:27).

INSTITUTION NOTES

"Moonlight Masquerade" was the attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in our auditorium, last Thursday night. It is a Republic production.

—:—

As this is being written, the members of our outside forces are busily engaged harvesting grain. Considerable extra help is being pressed into service in an effort to get the grain all in before being damaged by rain.

—:—

At a recent meeting of the North Carolina Conference for Social Service, held in Winston-Salem, Superintendent S. G. Hawfield was elected a member of the Board of Directors, for a period of three years. This is recognized as being a distinct honor, both to Mr. Hawfield and the Jackson Training School.

—:—

In going about the campus recently we noticed quite a number of youngsters and some of the older folks working in their Victory Gardens. Some fine vegetables have already been gathered from these gardens, and from the looks of most of them, there will soon be a nice supply of vegetables available later.

—:—

We have just received a card from Corporal James L. Query, a former member of the School's staff of workers, stating that he had been transferred from Fort Bragg to Nashville, Tennessee. For the benefit of his friends here who might like to write him, we give his present address: Corporal James L. Query, No. 34256-160, 326th Airborne Medical Company, A. P. O. No. 472, Nashville, Tennessee.

The large trellis in the rear of the Cannon Memorial Administration Building is being repaired by Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys. Old timbers are being replaced with new ones, and when the these repairs are completed, and coat of paint added, will make a decided improvement in the appearance of the building.

—:—

Henry Wilkes, formerly of Cottage No. 11, called at The Uplift office the other day. This lad, who will be fifteen years old next September, entered the School, January 2, 1940 and was conditionally released to return to his home, near Winston-Salem, June 11, 1942. Henry told us that since going back home he had been doing a lot of farm work. He said that he looked after their small farm while his father was working steadily in town.

—:—

The entire personnel at the School enjoyed a most excellent Southern fried chicken dinner last Sunday. The fryers used were products of our own poultry yards, and the report comes to this office that from the way the young spring chickens are developing, there will be many more such dinners served in the future. Both the boys and the officials of the school will be glad to hear this, as all agree that the only thing better than fried chicken, is more fried chicken.

—:—

Mack McGee, of Cottage No. 5, who is a sixth grade pupil, recently handed us the following item, concerning activities in the school room:

The boys of the sixth grade, with Miss Pearl Carriker as teacher, are

planning to give a chapel program in the auditorium, Friday morning, June 11th. There will be readings, songs and some harmonica music. We have four new teachers who arrived last Monday, and will teach during the summer months. They are: Misses Pearl Carriker, Violet Lester, Vertie and Faye Selma Downs.

—:—

A recent card from John Holmes, who has been in the United States Army about two years, states that he is again on the move, having left Camp Livingston, Louisiana and gone back to California for further training. He writes: "Here I am back again in California, but this time it is not quite so nice. We came out here for desert training. It is rough, but I can take it. Thanks a lot for sending me copies of The Uplift, and please say 'hello' for me to all my old friends at the School. Don't forget to write when you can. Sincerely, John Holmes."

—:—

Raymond Eugene Moose, formerly of the Indian Cottage, who enlisted in the United States Army about two weeks ago, recently wrote us from the Naval Training Station, Bainbridge, Maryland. His brief letter reads as follows: "Dear Mr. Godown: I am getting along just fine here. There are 116 boys in my company, most of them are from North Carolina. I saw Hiram Atkinson in church today, and it turned out that he was in the barracks right next to mine, but this was the first time we happened to meet. Tell all the boys at the School that this is a fine place and it would be good for them to come here. Please remember me to Mr. Fisher, Mr. Hawfield and all the boys, and don't forget to send me The Uplift once in a while. Yours, truly, Eugene Moose."

—:—

We have often heard it said that the average gardener in this section of the state feels satisfied if he is able to have fresh string beans by June 10th, and if this is true, our gardens are running a little ahead of schedule this year. The first string beans of the season were gathered on June 4th, and made a fine addition to the menus at the various eating-places at the institution the following day. A few days later, some nice squashes were gathered and issued to the cottage kitchens. For some time we have been enjoying lettuce, English peas, beets, onions and other early vegetables. Should favorable weather prevail, this should be a banner year for all kinds of vegetables, as the crops look very promising at this time. It is hoped that it will not be long until our cannery is in operation, preparing a goodly supply of vegetables for winter use.

—:—

Jesse Cunningham, formerly of Cottage No 8, one of our lads who enlisted in the United States Navy, going directly from the campus, recently wrote Mrs. Betty Lee, his former matron. His letter, coming from the training station at Bainbridge, Maryland, reads in part, as follows:

"Dear Mrs. Lee: Am glad that I can write you again and let you know that I am still getting along fine in the Navy. Just as soon as I get back from my leave, I am going to start to work in the cooking and baking school. I will go in as third class cook, and I sure do appreciate your teaching me how to cook, for without

that I would not be able to get into the school. When I get going good, I'll bake a cake and send it to you. I'll never forget the many good things you did for me while I was at the School. I can look back over those days now and see my mistakes, and it really makes me ashamed of myself, and I hope you will forgive me. Please give my regards to Miss Lucy May and to all the boys in the cottage. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am, your friend, Jesse Cunningham."

—:—

Howard Brown Fralix, one of our old boys, called at The Uplift office last week. This lad entered the School, March 15, 1928, and remained here until August 3, 1932, when he was released to return to Gastonia to live with his mother and an uncle. During his atay at the School, he was a member of the Cottage No. 1 group and worked in the laundry. At the time of his admission, he was placed in the third grade, and at the time of leaving us, he had been in the seventh grade several months.

Howard told us that shortly after leaving the institution, he went to Knoxville, Tennessee, where he finished high school, following which he returned to this state, making his home in Charlotte, and attended Davidson College in 1936-37. While at Davidson, he stated that he worked for the Charlotte Observer during his spare time through the school year and in the vacation period. This young man, who is now twenty-six years old, further informed us that he had served one and one-half years in the United States Army, and had recently received an honorable medical discharge. Returning from the Army, he was employed a short time at radio station WBT, Charlotte. For the past two weeks, Howard has been in Concord, where he is working for radio station WEGO. He told us that he liked his present location very much, and was getting along nicely.

—:—

We received a letter from John T. Capps, a former member of our linotype class, who has been in the United States Army a little more than a year. He is now a member of the 899th Chemical Company, A. O., stationed at Daniel Field, Augusta, Georgia. Johnnie Writes:

"Dear Mr. Godown: I'll bet you thought I had forgotten all about you and the School, but that's not the case. Shall never forget what you and the other officers up there have done for me. I have been transferred from Bainbridge, Georgia, to the Chemical Warfare, Air Operations, and am stationed near Augusta. Right now, I am waiting to be transferred to another camp to take thirteen weeks of infantry training, and then eight more weeks of special training in chemical warfare, after which we shall probably be sent across the pond. I'll be glad when we do get over there, for I feel that I can do more good there than any other place. At the present time, I am working in the Orderly Room (Company Office) and will probably stay here until transferred. I like it here, as it is a pretty nice town and the camp is a very good one. Have been in swimming every day for the past week, and hope I can go in tonight, for we do have hot weather down here. Last week the thermometer stayed around the 100 mark.

"Have traded my Kodak Bantam f. 4.5, for a twin lens reflex camera.

The name of it is Ciro-Flex, and it has a f. 3.5 lens, and takes a picture 2¼ x 2¼. It is a fine camera, costing about $55.00. You can bet I'll keep a camera with me as long as I can get films and the Army regulations allow us to make pictures. Will send you some prints before very long.

"All indications point toward my being transferred to Camp Sibert, Attalla, Alabama, which is near Birmingham. In a way, I shall be glad to get there, because my girl is living there at present.

"Bet you can't guess who I ran into the other day here in Augusta. It was old Melvin Walters. He was home on a furlough. He told me that he was a proud new papa. Said he had to go back to Fort Dix on June 10th, and that he was in the Coast Artillery of the Yankee Division.

"How are things going at the old School, and are there any boys there now who were there with me? Please give my best regards to all my old friends, especially Mr. Boger and Mr. Fisher. Guess I had better sign off and get to work. Write soon. Your old pal, Johnnie."

—:—

The Charlotte Observer, issue of Friday, June 4, 1943, carried a list of North Carolinians held prisoners by the Axis forces, as announced by the War Department on June 3rd, and in the list of twenty-four Carolinians thus held, were the names of three former Training School boys: James D. Causey, Jr., David Odom and Daniel Taylor. These three lads are being held by the Japanese.

James Causey came to the School from Greensboro, November 15, 1935 and remained here until January 15, 1937, when he was conditionally released to go to his parents, who were then living in Raleigh, where his father was employed on a contract job. James stayed in the Receiving Cottage during the entire time spent at the School, where he was employed as house boy. He made a good record in Raleigh, and enlisted in the United States Navy in the Fall of 1937, and was given an honorable discharge in May, 1938. Evidently he served a period of enlistment in the Navy, and in more recent years had volunteered for the Army or had been called into service, since the War Department made the announcement, listing him as PFC when taken prisoner. He is now twenty-three years old.

David Odom, of Goldsboro, was admitted here, March 15, 1934, and was conditionally released, October 5, 1937, at which time he went to live with his sister and brother-in-law at Fremont, Wayne County. While here, David was in Cottage No. 5, where he spent much of the time as house boy. He also did some work in the carpenter shop. This lad made a very good record while with us, and continued to do so after leaving the institution, and on April 18, 1940, he was granted an honorable discharge from further parole supervision. His age is now twenty-three years.

Daniel Taylor entered the School, April 14, 1923, and remained here until some time during the latter part of 1924 or early in 1925, when he was allowed to return to his home in Kinston. He is now twenty-two years old. While at the School, Dan was a member of the Cottage No. 7 group and was one of Mr. W. M. White's helpers in the storeroom. Older members of the staff will recall that he was a most likable little chap, popular

with both boys and officers, and had a pleasant smile and cheery word for everyone he met as he would be running errands in various sections of the campus.

The information given in the newspaper list, showing names of next of kin of these three fellows, corresponds with information on file here at the School. We regret that they had the misfortune to become Japanese prisoners, and trust their exchange or release may soon be arranged.

—:—

Rev. C. C. Herbert, pastor of the Forest Hill Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson, he read part of the 15th chapter of Luke, in which Jesus spake the parables of the lost sheep, the lost piece of silver, and the prodigal son.

At the beginning of his message to the boys, the speaker stated that he wanted to call attention to a most important and serious subject in the lives of men—how many people really know Jesus Christ as a savior from sin.

He then told the boys this story: A man was riding along the road one day, and saw a car in the ditch. Thinking he might be of some service, he went to the car, and noticed that a man had two small kittens hitched to the car with a string. He told him that he did not think he would be able to pull the car out with so little power as a team of kittens, to which the man replied, "Why not? I've got a whip, haven't I?"

Rev. Mr. Herbert then told the boys that they all knew what it meant to be good—not to steal, swear, lie, drink and commit other evil acts. He added that they also knew that they should be kind, honest, truthful and dependable. These are the two ways to travel, said he, but so many of us get into a rut and seem to be about as helpless in trying to pull out as was the man who was trying to make the kittens pull his car out of the ditch. Many times we say to ourselves, "I'm going to live a better life. I'm going to pull out of this." At the time we probably have the best intentions, but somehow, we not only fail to pull out, but slip back in, deeper than ever before. That is the time we need a power greater than our own, and the only source of sufficient power to pull us out is Jesus Christ.

St. Paul once found himself in that sort of fix, said the speaker. He was a leader in the Hebrew Church. He wanted to be a good man, and tried to be as good as he knew how. Paul finally realized that he was not satisfied with the kind of life he was living. On the road to Damascus he learned that he had been wrong, and it was there that he found that Jesus was the only one who could save him. So it is with us, continued the speaker. Jesus can take hold of our lives and save us, if we will just give ourselves over to him. Our own strength will not be sufficient, but Jesus has the power to pull us out of life's deepest ruts.

Rev. Mr. Herbert then called attention to such an incident as a man overboard far out on the ocean. It would not do any good to tell him to swim hard for the shore, a thousand miles away. If he were the best swimmer in the world, he would drown before reaching the shore. The man is certainly going to sink unless somebody comes along in a boat and saves him.

So it is with us. If we have only our own strength to depend upon to save us from our sins, we are lost. Our own power is not sufficient to save us. We need the power of the Master.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Herbert urged the boys to give their hearts to Jesus Christ, that he might guide them along the right pathway as they go through life.

Before the regular service was started, Mr. Ralph Brausa and his glee club boys put on a short program. These boys, about fifty in number, took their places on the stage and sang two numbers, after which they rendered two harmonica selections. Mr. Brausa played the piano accompaniment. This was the first appearance of the newly-organized glee club, and, considering the short time the rehearsals have been going on, they did remarkably well.

—:—

Interest is increasing in both local baseball leagues as the season progresses, and the contests are becoming more interesting. Two shut-outs featured the six games played last Saturday afternoon as the Receiving Cottage boys defeated Cottage No. 8 by the score of 4 to 0, and Bill Young twirled his Tenth Cottage team to a 7-0 shut-out over the lads in Ninth Cottage. The game between First Cottage and Third Cottage resulted in a 7 to 6 victory for the former. Some fine fielding plays were made in these contests. Following are the scores: ao

League Number One—Receiving Cottage 4 Eighth Cottage 0; First Cottage 7 Third Cottage 6; Fourth Cottage 6 Fifth Cottage 1.

League Number Two—Tenth Cottage 7 Ninth Cottage 0; Thirteenth Cottage 10 Eleventh Cottage 4; Fifteenth Cottage 11 Fourteenth Cottage 7.

CLUB STANDINGS

League Number One

	W	L	Pct
Receiving Cottage	6	0	1.000
First Cottage	4	1	.800
Fourth Cottage	4	1	.800
Fifth Cottage	2	4	.333
Third Cottage	1	5	.166
Eighth Cottage	0	6	.000

League Number Two

	W	L	Pct
Tenth Cottage	5	0	1.000
Thirteenth Cottage	4	2	.666
Eleventh Cottage	2	3	.400
Fourteenth Cottage	2	3	.400
Fifteenth Cottage	2	4	.333
Ninth Cottage	1	4	.200

———:———

The reason so few people reach the top in the great game of life is because no successful method has yet been devised by which a person may sit down and slide up hill.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 6, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Raymond Davis
Robert Finley
Donald Jolly
William Love
Ira Montgomery
Malcom Seymour
Richard Sheahan
Lee St. Clair
Weaver Ruff
Harry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Richard Billings
Donald Carland
Marion Cox
Douglas Dorsett
Jack Harmon
Roy Jones
Leonard Lovelace
Harold McKinney
James Parker
Walter Riggs
Leonard Robinson
James Shell
David Swink
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Hurley Bell
Dewey Bunn
Clyde Bustle
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Dewey Lanning
Sam Pritchett

COTTAGE NO. 4

Clarence Bell
Elbert Brown
William Broadwell
William Davis
William Deaton
Elster Jones
William Lanning
Harry Lewis
Raiford Medlin
Roy Patton
Lewis B. Sawyer
Newman Tate
Walter Thomas
Ernest Turner
Lee Turner
Eugene Watts

COTTAGE NO. 5

William Gentry
Jesse King
John Lipscomb
Allen Morris
Hoyt Newell
Leroy Pruitt
Willford Seegers
Robert Walters

COTTAGE NO. 6

Eugene Bowers
Ralph Gibson
Everett Galleon
Earl Gilmore
Robert Jarvis
Gerald Kerman
Chester Lee
Buddy Marshall
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean
Hayes Powell
Reitzel Southern
Wesley Turner
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7

R. C. Combs
Wallace Foster
Donald Grimstead
William Hardin
Robert Helms
Cecil Kinion
Amos Myers
John McLean
Leroy Pate
Jerry Ray
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 8

Homer Johnson

COTTAGE NO. 9

Cecil Caldwell
Leonard Church
Riley Denny

Eugene Dyson
Fred Grimstead
Edward Guffey
James Hale
Henry Hattem
John Hill
Thomas Ingram
James Jarvis
Morris Johnson
Isaac Mahaffey
Albert Newton
George Strayhorne
J. R. Truett
Milford Ward
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

Fred Carswell
Arcemias Hefner
Joseph Kincaid
E. C. Stamey
Clifford Spriggs
Joseph Willis
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Marvin Bradley
Robert Goldsmith
William Guffey
Fred Holland
Robert Moses
Clyde Rhodes
Ray Taylor
Ervin Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Adrian Carter
Dewell Cooper
Ernest Davis
Millard Ellege
Donald Hobbs
Robert Hobbs
B. J. Mayberry
Banks McKnight
Dillard Shelton
Russell Stikes

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Charles Callahan
Walter Carver
Robert Caudle
William Harding
Robert Holbert
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William E. Lanford
James Linebarrier
Roy Mumford
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pittman
Peter Tuttle
Robert Travis
John Pritchard
Alvis Watkins
Walter Stansberry

COTTAGE NO. 15

James Cantrell
Burlin Edmondson
Fred Fox
Charles Lanford
Lawton McDowell
Hugh Roberts
Carl Willis
A. B. Woodard
John Watts
William Whittington

INDIAN COTTAGE

R. C. Hoyle
James Lochlear

INFIRMARY

Sterald Cline
Robert Owens
Lawrence Rice

Do not think of your faults, still less of others'; look for what is good and strong, and try to imitate it. Then your faults will drop off, like dead leaves, when their time comes.—Ruskin.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM
(Orange County)
(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 19, 1943 No. 25

FATHER AND SON

Not Father and Son in a solemn way,
But chums and good partners at work or at play!
Not Father and Son separated by fear,
But comrades in friendship and honor and cheer!
Not Father too busy to care for his boy,
Not Son thinking only of personal joy,
But let each be true to the love in his heart
And nothing can draw Son and Father apart!

Not Father and Son for a day or a week,
But loyal companions who constantly seek
To make life a happy adventure in fun,
And welcome the glory of each morning sun
With eager delight, for to them it extends
A chance to become closer comrades and friends.
Oh, nothing could ever mean more to a lad
Than taking his place as a pal of his Dad!

—Lawrence Hawthorne.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
A CHIEF WITHOUT A TRIBE	By R.W. Prevost	8
LAFAYETTE'S VISIT TO NORTH CAROLINA	(N. C. Dept. History)	11
A SONG TO SING	By Leta Z. Adams	13
HE DIVES FOR A LIVING	By Pauline Worthy	18
THE LOST GEM	By Emily A. Johnson	22
THE BEAUTY AND WONDER OF THE WORLD	(N. C. Christian Advocate)	23
OUR FUTURE TASKS	(Baptist Standard)	24
INSTITUTION NOTES		26
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

DADDY KNOWS

Let us dry our tears now, laddie,
Let us put aside our woes;
Let us go and talk to daddy,
For I'm sure that daddy knows.
Let us take him what we've broken,
Be it heart or hope or toy,
And the tale may bide unspoken,
For he used to be a boy.

He has been through all the sorrows
Of a lad at nine or ten;
He has seen the dawn of morrows
When the sun shone bright again;
His own heart has been near breaking,
Oh, more times than I can tell,
And has often known the aching
That a boy's heart knows so well.

I am sure he well remembers,
In his calendar of days,
When the boy-heart was December's,
Though the sun and flowers were May's.
He has lived a boy's life, laddie,
And he knows just how it goes;
Let us go and talk to daddy,
For I'm sure that daddy knows.

Let us tell him all about it,
How the sting of it is there,
And I have not any doubt it
Will be easier to bear;
For he's trodden every byway,
He has fathomed every joy,
He has traveled every highway
In the wide world of a boy.

Heart of ours or hope or toy,
He will put aside the worries
That his day may follow through,
For the great heart of him hurries

At the call of help from you.
He will help us mend the broken
And the tale may bide unspoken—
For he used to be a boy.

—James W. Foley.

FATHERS' DAY JOINS THE PARADE OF HOLIDAYS

Fathers' Day was first entertained about thirty years ago. It is a day set aside for him, and he can be certain that the day has now joined the parade of holidays and is here to remain.

Mrs. John Bruce Dodd, of Spokane, Washington, honorary president of the international Fathers' Day Association, was the first one to observe Fathers' Day as a tribute to her own father, William Jackson Smart, a G. A. R. veteran. From that inspiration the idea grew until now Father will find many clubs and organizations dedicated to him—the protector and provider.

For a time the idea lost ground, and it was not until 1928 that it was revived again. Dalaware was the first state to legalize the day, and was issued a charter for its observance. While it is not a national holiday, it is now in popular acclaim in every state.

A figure inconspicuous is Father, who bears the burdens of his little kingdom on his drooping shoulders with that fortitude and courage that seems to be his divine heritage. Bent and perhaps toil-worn he returns daily to an atmosphere supposedly permanent with contentment.

He asks nothing for himself and seeks only that which will provide for the well being of his loved ones. Their comforts, joys and sorrows are the wheel of his life, he smiles with them and weeps with them when grief overcomes them.

It would be well for all of us to follow in his footsteps and resolve that those lessons learned at the cost of his bitter experience shall serve as a medium by which we, too, shall inherit a forebear's place in the world.—Selected.

* * * * * * * * *

Many thanks to the editor of Charity & Children for the nice expression of appreciation for our little magazine. It is not the first

time that educators and other civic leaders have made similar comments relative to the uplifting articles found therein. It is with pride that we publish the following comment, because it comes from one familiar with worthwhile reading:

"A weekly journal, The Uplift, published by the Stonewall Jackson Training School, Concord, is indeed and in truth an uplift. It is edited by S. G. Hawfield, with Mrs. J. P. Cook as associate. It is one of the most wholesome magazines that we get. It should have a large subscription list in the state. Certainly, every library, city, school or church, in the state should take it."

* * * * * * * *

TEAMWORK

Said President Roosevelt in his Flag Day proclamation: "Only by teamwork can we win the war and establish a lasting peace." Our Chief Executive in asking that we honor the flags of the thirty-two United Nations on Monday, June 14, stressed the importance of teamwork among nations.

This is because working together, pooling our resources, planning and executing a global war is the very heart of the United Nations idea. Every nation has to do its part because we can win only if we work together.

This goes for each one of us here in the United States. Some of us are on the battlefront, fighting shoulder to shoulder with our United Nations Allies. Some of us are working long hours in war plants or laboring on the farms to keep our nation and these United Nations fighting at full strength.

America cannot win, the United Nations cannot win, unless there is perfect teamwork, with each one of us doing everything he can.

* * * * * * * *

NEEDS FOR PULPWOOD

From Garland B. Porter, State News Bureau, Raleigh, come the following interesting items concerning the uses of pulpwood:

Needs for pulpwood in war materials, greater than any needs ever placed on the products of our forests, have reached a point that

Donald Nelson, head of the War Production Board, has issued another appeal to farmers and forest owners to make their pulpwood available without delay, stated State Forester J. S. Holmes today.

There is still much timber available for pulpwood in the state, he said, but usually it should be marked out by trained foresters, and these are available in the six main districts and from the state headquarters.

Pulpwood is vital as a material for making explosives, plastics, paper, carton-board and many other things which the vast war machine eats in enormous quantities. There is enough at hand, it was stated, but owners should make their trees available at once. All are urged to report their supply to the county agent, or extension forester, or to Mr. Holmes' office in Raleigh. Experts will promptly mark off the trees so that re-timbering will be speeded up and new crops will be helped.

One source which may never again be at such premium is that of burnt over timber, even when killed by fires, if taken within a few months.

Mr. Nelson stated that if every one of the 3,800,00 farmers in the 27 pulpwood producing states were to give three extra days this year to cutting pulpwood "the theatened shortage of 2,500,000 cord would be relieved with wood to spare."

The Department of Conservation and Development is now placing a few car-loads a week into war production by thinning the Bladen Lakes State Forest, near Elizabethtown. That particular stand is being improved thereby, and the timber injured by fire is being saved for a good cause.

Mr. Holmes pointed out that those who feel that they lose by scientifically cutting their timber now, should consider what it would be worth to them if our war materials prove less than needed to overcome our enemies. This question rapidly clears up any doubtful answer, he said.

To get an idea just how much one farm's trees may actually add to our power, one cord of pulpwood will make enough powder to fire two rounds of a 16-inch naval gun, it was pointed out. One such shell fired will travel more than twenty miles, weighs a ton, and is capable of proving the deciding shot in a naval battle.

A FINE TRIBUTE TO MAYOR McKELDIN

It is difficult to estimate the value, or more clearly speaking, the character of officials who have entrusted to them the affairs of a great city or state. There are two classes of individuals holding public office—the politicians and the statesmen. The former too frequently looks only to the next election, while the latter thinks of the next generation. But when a man is conscious of the need of a spiritual enrichment as is the mayor of Baltimore, we feel that he has the true characteristics of statesmanship. We print below the following tribute to Mayor Theodore R. McKeldin, of Baltimore, from the pen of Dr. Oscar F. Blackwelder, in a recent issue of The Lutheran:

> Washington doesn't have a mayor and we like the idea, so we are going outside the "parish" for this story. Theodore Roosevelt McKeldin was inaugurated Mayor of Baltimore today. He sent one of your correspondents a personal invitation to share the occasion, and we went. Ted has been a prized friend for nearly eighteen years. He is another example of a humble boy who by grit, talent, good sense, clean living, and work and high principles, rises to the top like cream to the top of milk. Away with the notion that a man has to get dirty in politics. Interesting, by the way, that the Mayor of Baltimore and the Governor of Maryland neither drink nor smoke. Ted began his inaugural address by reading Galatians 6:1-10, on which he had just laid his hands to take the oath of office. Why doesn't our church inspire more good men of real ability to run for public office?

* * * * * * * *

North Carolina leads all states in textile manufacturing and in the manufacture of tobacco products. North Carolina farms also lead the nation in tobacco production.

* * * * * * * *

North Carolina's mountains lift 125 peaks more than 5,000 feet into the sky, 43 more than 6,000 feet, and one, Mount Mitchell, higher than any other in Eastern United States.

A CHIEF WITHOUT A TRIBE

By R. W. Prevost, in The State

Junaluska, the famous Cherokee chief, whose career as warrior, statesman, and white man's friend stretched across a century of early American life, lies buried on a little hill outside the town of Robbinsville, county seat of Graham County.

His resting place in marked by a huge boulder taken from the nearby Tallulah Creek and which bears the following inscription:

"Here lie the bodies of Junaluska, the Cherokee chief, and Nicie, his wife. Together with his warriors he saved the life of General Andrew Jackson at the Battle of Horse Shoe Bend, Alabama, March 27, 1814, and for his bravery and faithfulness North Carolina made him a citizen and gave him land in the county of Graham. He died November 20, 1858, aged almost one hundred years. This monument was erected to his memory by the General Joseph Winston Chapter D. A. R. November 5, 1910."

Besides this sturdy stone that marks his grave a monument to his honor stands in Washington, D. C. and his memory is further perpetuated by the mountains, streams, resorts, hotels, and residences in western North Carolina that bear his name.

His humble tomb at Robbinsville has unitl recently been little known or noticed by the public but now with a modern highway passing hard by, the citizens of Robbinsville are beginning to direct the attention of tourists to the old chief's monument and as a consequence thousands of visitors every year make their way up the winding trail to do belated honor to the memory of this grand old chief of the once proud Cherokee nation.

Junaluska's name in the original Cherokee was Tsunulahunski which means "one who tries, but fails," but the white man corrupted it to Junaluska. The name was given him at a dance following his campaign against the Creek Indians of Alabama in which he failed to accomplish his avowed purpose of exterminating the Creek before he returned. When Junaluska and his braves returned a great dance was held in their honor. The song leader gave out the word, "detsinulahungu," meaning "I tried but could not," which was the word used by Junaluska in announcing the result of his efforts. It was chanted throughout the evening by the dancers and it gave the disappointed warrior the name which he ever afterwards bore.

But Junaluska's hatred of the Creeks did not wane with his unsuccessful venture. When Andrew Jackson launched his campaign to subdue the Creeks in 1814, the Cherokee chief and tradition says fifteen hundred of his braves went with him.

Jackson met his hunted foes at the Horse Shoe Bend of the Tallapoosa River. The Creeks had erected strong fortifications of logs across the neck of the "horseshoe" behind which a thousand warriors and their families had retreated. To provide a means of escape if necessary they had strung their canoes along the bank of the river behind them. Jackson attacked them in front while his Cherokee

allies guarded the river to the rear.

For hours the battle raged. The Creeks held their position stubbornly, meanwhile pouring their deadly rifle fire into Jackson's troops. Junaluska, sensing the danger of defeat that faced Jackson, led a number of his braves in swimming the river to steal the Creeks' canoes. With these the Cherokee leader and his warriors crossed the river and then attacked their foes in the rear, with the result that the Creeks were almost annihilated and their power forever broken.

It is said that Junaluska and his warriors brought home hundreds of Creek scalps which were preserved and worn in the Cherokee dances for many years.

When, during the Presidency of Andrew Jackson, the Cherokees were removed to the West, Junaluska is said to have remarked: "If I had known that Jackson would drive us from our homes, I would have killed him that day at the Horse Shoe."

Junaluska went with his people in 1838 on their long heart-beaking trek to the West, leaving behind them forever their beloved mountains and valleys, but he was not happy in the new home. In a short while he returned to North Carolina and took up his solitary abode in the land of his birth, a chief without a tribe. He found occasional companionship among the few scattered Red Men who had succeeded in evading their captors and who had remained to rove their native haunts. The State of North Carolina honored the old chief with citizenship and gave him three hundred thirty-seven acres of land in Graham County where he lived until his death.

At the unveiling of his monument the Reverend Armstrong Cornsilk, aged Cherokee preacher and personal friend of Junaluska, deliverd an oration in which he recounted reminiscences of their friendship.

In his address the old preacher said:"I knew Juna well. I recollect how he looked. He wore his hair cut off on the back of his head and he would plait his hair on the top of his head so as to make it stick up like horns. He was a good friend. He was a smart man. He made his mind think good. I am glad he is up above."

Junaluska's interest in his red-skin brothers never lagged. He made a number of trips to Washington, D. C., and to other cities to discuss with government representives problems that related to their welfare.

In him the cunning and sagacity of his race was coupled with a rare intelligence. Tradition says that he once followed the trail of an Indian girl, who had been kidnapped by traders, to Charleston, S. C., where she had been sold as a slave. He secured her release by proving that she was not a Negro by microscopic examination of her hair.

There are at present about 300 Cherokee Indians living among the Snow Bird mountains of Graham County a few miles from the grave of their once great leader. They are said to represent the purest Cherokee blood in existence because their isolation has served as a barrier to their intermarriage with the whites.

Almost any day in the week one may see little groups of these Indians huddled together about the public square or in front of the stores in Robbinsville where they come to buy

the few necessities required by their simple existence.

Their presence supplies a rare bit of local color much sought by the visitor and tourist. The grave of the grand old chief reminds those who pause to read its epitaph of the departed glory of a nation whose power was once supreme in the southern highlands

———:———

WHO WILL BUILD THE WORLD ANEW?

Who will build the world anew?
Who will break tradition's chains?
Who will smite the power of gold?
Who will chant the spirit's gains?

War and hatred, let them go!
Caste and creed have had their day;
Pride and lust will lose their power—
Who will find the better way?

Who will preach that might is weak?
Who will teach that love is power?
Who will hail the reign of right!
This his day and this his hour!

Faithless priests and warring lords
Are, as Babylon and Tyre,
Making way for prophet hosts
Shouting truth in words of fire.

Who will live to slay the false?
Who will die to prove the true?
Who will claim the earth for God?
Who will build the world anew?

—Thomas Curtis Clark.

LAFAYETTE'S VISIT TO NORTH CAROLINA

(North Carolina State Department of Archives and History)

"Lafayette is coming! Lafayette is coming!" The exciting news was on every tongue as the people of North Carolina enthusiastically prepared for the arrival of their famous guest. In Murfreesborough, Halifax, Raleigh, and Fayetteville, the chief towns on his route, the inhabitants were busily erecting lights, building platforms, and making other preparations for a celebration, while the militia saw that their uniforms were bright and shining and that the cannon were in good order for a rousing salute to the general. From Charlotte a comany of volunteer dragoons set out to march a hundred and fifty miles to Raleigh to bring the visitor greetings from the County of Mecklenburg.

Nearly fifty years had passed since the Revolution had first brought Lafayette to America. But North Carolinians still remembered with affection and gratitude the Frenchman who, at the age of nineteen, had volunteered his aid to the American cause, had been made a major-general in their army, and had contributed materially to the defeat of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Many events had transpired in France, where another revolution found him again ready to fight for liberty and the rights of man. Because of his opposition to the more radical phases of the revolution, however, he had been thrown into prison, and there he had spent five long years. After his release he had lived quietly in retirement for a time, but eventually public life had again claimed him. In July, 1824, he had accepted the invitation of the Congress of the United States to visit the country whose liberty he had helped win; and though he was nearly seventy years of age, before coming to North Carolina he had already spent six months touring the United States as the nation's guest, receiving everywhere overwhelming popular applause.

It was late on the afternoon of February 26, 1825, when Lafayette reached Murfreesborough, where he was to spend his first night in the State. He had been delayed about an hour just outside the town, where his carriage had become stuck in the mud. The delay, however, gave to his first impression of the town an unusual quality, for, from the foot of the hill where his carriage was mired, the brilliantly illuminated town seemed a city in flames, while the noise of the welcoming cannon, the cries of the escort, and the swearing and whipping of the drivers caused such a clamor that it was difficult to understand the indifference of the tired horses, which, sunk to their knees in mud, seemed to have taken root and were not aroused to exertion by all the combined tumult. At length, however, the town was reached and the general and the companions were met with such hospitality that they felt amply compensated for their discomfort on the road.

The next day the party proceeded to Halifax. They arrived late in the day, and were carried across the

Roanoke River in a ferryboat amidst the thunder of artillery. The stay in Halifax was short, and the next morning Lafayette set out for Raleigh.

After traveling two days over miserable roads, the party reached the capital of the State. Here the governor and other officials, as well as the militia and all the populace, were ready to entertain their distinguished guest. The dragoons from Mecklenburg County acted as his guard, and Governor Burton, who entertained him at the Governor's Palace, did all in his power to honor him.

From Raleigh Lafayette set out for Fayetteville, a town which had been named in his honor. He arrived on the fourth of March. Though the rain poured in torrents, the road for many miles was lined with men and boys on horseback and with militia on foot, while the streets of Fayetteville were crowded with elegantly dressed ladies, who hurried across gutters and muddy streets without seeming to notice the deluge.

On his arrival the guest was conducted to an elevated platform in front of the town-house. The address of welcome was made by Chief Justice Troomer, who recalled to the memory of the assemblage the obilgations which America owed to Lafayette, described the persecutions to which he had been exposed in France and Austria for having remained faithful to the cause of liberty and the rights of man, and concluded by comparing the young republic of the United States with the old monarchies of Europe.

After Lafayette had thanked the people for the reception given him, he was taken to the residence of Duncan McRae. Here he was received by a special committee which had been appointed to supply his wants. "You are here in your own town," said the chairman of the committee, "in your own house, surrounded by your children. Dispose of all—everything is yours."

Although the dreadful weather continued throughout the stay in Fayetteville, every minute was filled by celebrations and demonstrations of gratitude and friendship. Volunteer militia companies, assembled to render military honors to the last surviving major-general of the Revolutionary army, would not quit the little camp which they had formed in front of the balcony of the McRae house, where the general could easily see them manoeuvre. They were still under arms on the morning of his departure. As Lafayette passed in front of the line they had formed, he stopped his carriage, alighted, and passing through the ranks took each officer and soldier by the hand. This friendly act aroused the spectators to such a pitch of enthusiasm that a large number of them accompanied his carriage outside the town and left him only late in the afternoon.

Twenty-four hours after his departure from Fayetteville he was met at the State line by a deputation from South Carolina, and the escort from North Carolina turned back. Lafayette's visit to the Old North State had ended. But North Carolinians were long to remember their excitement and pleasure when they had entertained so distinguished a guest.

A SONG TO SING

By Leta Zoe Adams

"But are you going to leave me here alone, Mr. Hallett?"

The fourteen-year-old boy looked up in dismay at the man who was slinging a musket to his shoulder. The other members of the newspaper staff had already gone to join the sharpshooters.

"Can't help it, Sam," Mr. Hallett said. "Baltimore needs every able-bodied man today. You know that."

Yes, Sam knew it. The Patapsco River bristled with British ships bent upon the conquest of Fort McHenry. A British land army was in a death grip with the militia on the outskirts of the city. For this was the War of 1812—the very thick of it. Not many days before, the captial had been burned, its American defenders, including President Madison himself, fleeing to the interior for safety.

Many Baltimore residents had also fled and were still going. On his way to the office Sam found it necessary to push his way through throngs of people weighted down with luggage. The streets were glutted with horsemen and carriages. Sam had passed groups of men, and even some women, going out to help the militia throw up breastworks to fend off the invaders. All was hurry and confusion, dust and September heat.

And, like a menacing accompaniment, the booming of the guns from the British fleet and the answering salvos from Fort McHenry could be heard in the distance.

As Mr. Hallett snatched up his cap and started to the outside door, there was another roar.

He said quickly, "Don't know when I'll return, Sam. Don't know when any of the staff will be back. Since the paper is suspended until after this is over you won't have much to do here. I just want you to stay and watch the property. Don't leave, night or day. You can sleep on that cot in the composing room and run around the corner for your meals."

Sam's eyes grew rounder. "I understand, sir. Do you want me to stay here even if the British take the city?"

"Yes, unless they run you off by force." He put a hand on Sam's shoulder, looked into his eyes. I'm depending on you, lad."

The door slammed shut.

Slowly Sam turned back to the room. He walked by the empty desks, through the composing room where some page forms, left by the journeymen, were only half set up, and on to the press room. Usually there was a healthy bustle of activity with men rushing around shouting orders and the machinery humming sweetly, but now a heavy silence hung over everything.

Sam slid onto a high stool in the composing room and began to sort out type. He felt an odd resentment at being left to watch the property of his employers. He hadn't told Mr. Hallett, for that man hadn't given him a chance, but he had intended asking to be allowed to join the volunteers who were throwing up breastworks for the defense of the city. The idea had come to him as he made his way through the crowded streets,

just now. He wanted to be doing something active. He wanted to be where things were happening, where the soldiers were. And now he had to sit here like a dunce and—just wait.

While Sam was occupied with these thoughts he heard the front door open and slid off the stool hastily to see who had come into the office.

His face lighted when he saw his friend, Patrick Kimball. The other boy was dressed in old clothes and carried two short-handled shovels.

"Come on," he called out as Sam hurried forward. "I've got hold of an extra shovel for you."

"Where are you going?" Sam asked quickly, almost fearfully.

"To help the militia build trenches, of course. Everybody's going, didn't you know that?" Patrick sang out. "We've got to keep General Ross's army out of Baltimore, and it's up to fellows like you and me to help."

Sam bit his lip. "I'd like to go with you, Pat, but they've left me in charge of the place here. I've got to stay."

Patrick looked his amazement. "Got to stay? Why? For what? Nobody's going to come near here. Everybody is too busy defending the city, or getting out of it. Where're your keys? Let's lock up. We don't have any time to lose."

Sam glanced around the room. Action! He had only to take the keys out of that desk drawer and walk out. And he would. He just had to, that was all. It wasn't fair to keep him penned up here when so much was going on.

Sam's feet took him to the desk where the keys lay. He snatched them up as if he feared they would bite him. He closed the door firmly, thinking, "I'll tell Mr. Hallett that I went because I was needed."

But Mr. Hallett had said: "I'm depending on you."

Sam paused. It seemed to him that his heart was a stone that had somehow become fastened in his throat.

He said hoarsely, "I—guess I can't go, after all, Pat. My job is to stay here."

He was half in the door, but Pat caught his arm. "All right, stay, then. I'll have all the excitement. I'll have all the stories to tell!"

He gave Sam a contemptuous push and walked off.

Sam's fists doubled. He watched Pat disappear, then he went back into the building.

After the hours were interminable to Sam. He occupied himself as best he could in tasks about the office, but every little while he opened the door and peered anxiously in the direction of Fort McHenry. He knew that he could not see the sprawling, low-flying fort from the office door, but he thought he might be able to see some of the flashes from the guns.

Once a company of dragoons galloped by, their faces set and grim. They were going to join General Stricker's forces on the shore of the river. Another time, as Sam watched, a soldier from Fort McHenry passed the door. Sam knew he was on some urgent errand but made bold to ask how the garrison was faring.

"It is touch and go." the man called back. "But the flag still flies high."

The flag still flies high! Sam gazed up into the sky, straining his eyes. If he could only see the flag!

What he did see was thunderclouds gathering over the beleaguered city. An electrical storm was coming, no

doubt of it. This would be a night to remember! Lucky Pat out there where things were happening. He would have stories to tell, in truth.

"And when it's over I'll have nothing to tell," Sam reflected bitterly. "In days to come when people ask me what I did to help defend Baltimore on this terrible night, I'll have to say 'I watched an empty office'."

Sam's plight seemed suddenly unbearable and, going back into the front office, he buried his head on his arms and sobbed.

When he roused himself at last night had fallen. The storm had struck in the fullness of its fury. Lightning flashed at the windows. Thunder—or was it the cannonading of the British—rolled again and again across the heavens like the forerunner of some awful doom. The building shook as if under the force of an earthquake.

It was impossible to sleep and Sam did not try very hard. He could not know that over a thousand of the British had sailed up the Patapsco to attack the Fort in the rear, and that a furious battle was raging.

When dawn came there were still sounds of firing, but diminished, and presently the firing ceased altogether. Before long Sam learned from passersby that Fort McHenry still held and that the British fleet had retreated down the river.

But, on land, the fighting still went on. However, eye witnesses dropping into the office at various times during the day told Sam that the worst was over and that it would probably not be long before the soldiers would be returning home.

Still none of the staff came to relieve Sam, and his bitterness deepened with every hour that passed.

In spite of that he slept well. The next morning, soon after he returned from his hasty breakfast, the door opened and a stranger strode in. He introduced himself as Captain Nicholson and told Sam that he wanted a job of printing done at once.

"But, Captain, sir all the men have gone to the trenches," Sam answered, in solemn respect, for he knew that Captain Nicholson was the commander of the Fencibles, and one of Baltimore's foremost citizens.

The Captain frowned. "Surely not all have gone. This is a simple printing job. A journeyman could do it in an hour."

Sam saw then that he held a sheet of limp paper upon which was written a poem in a fine, clear hand.

"I'm sorry," Sam repeated, and added as an afterthought, "but if it isn't too difficult, I might do it for you, sir. I'm only an apprentice but. . ."

Captain Nicholson did not wait for him to finish. He thrust the sheet of paper into Sam's hands. "Do the best you can, lad. Run off a few hundred handbills—about six by seven. I'll call back for them soon."

It had all happened so quickly that Sam did not even have time to look at the paper until the Captain's form had vanished. Then he saw that the piece was entitled—"The Defense of Fort McHenry."

It was a patriotic poem written around the moving events of the last few days. No author's name was given, but it said: "Tune—Anacreon in Heaven."

Sam knew that tune. It belonged to another patriotic song. He began reading the poem, trying to fit the words into the old melody—

O! Say can you see by the dawn's
early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the
twilight's last gleaming
Whose broad stripes and bright
stars through the perilous
fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd
were so gallantly streaming?
And the Rockets' red glare, the
Bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that
our Flag was still there;
O! Say does that star-spangled
Banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the
home of the brave?

Why! It was a picture of the battle of night before last! Someone who had been right in the middle of the action must have written it. Captain Nicholson? Perhaps. Although he had not said he was the author.

On the shore dimly seen through
the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in
dread silence reposes. . .

Upborne by a kind of ecstasy that the words instilled, Sam's hands skimmed over the type, setting one letter after another so quickly that before he realized it, the form was complete. Then on to the press it went and the wheels hummed as handbill after handbill passed under the ink.

Even then the ink was scarcely dry when Captain Nicholson returned for the handbills.

He was in a hurry, but Sam could not forego asking a question or two about the song that had such a strange effect upon him.

"Did you write it, sir?" he inquired eagerly.

"No, lad, my brother-in-law, Francis Scott Key, has that honor. He is a lawyer from Georgetown, but through a series of circumstances was forced into the line of fire during the recent bombardment of Fort McHenry. He began the song, so he tells me, while pacing the deck of the boat where he was held that night. He finished the poem yesterday here in Baltimore and I am hastening to distribute it to the citizens."

Sam wanted to ask more questions but the captain hurried off.

Sam returned to the press room and picked up a handbill he had saved out, trying the words of the song again and again.

Presently he heard a step and, startled out of his reverie, saw Mr. Hallett coming in. He was haggard and dirty, but smiled when he saw Sam.

"Are you still here?"

Sam stiffened a little. Still there! "You told me to stay until you returned, sir," he said defensively.

"So I did, so I did. Good lad." Mr. Hallett sank into the handiest chair and, glancing at the handbill Sam held, asked, "What do you have there?"

Sam explained about Captain Nicholson and the song. He stammered over his part in preparing the handbills, for he was not certain that Mr. Hallett would approve.

But Mr. Hallett did not even appear to be listening. He was reading the handbill, humming the tune. Twice he went through it, and once more. Sam could see his tired shoulders straighten and a brighter gleam come into his eyes.

At last he laid the handbill aside and stood up, placing his hands on Sam's shoulders.

"Sam," he said, in a solemn tone, "this is no ordinary song. It is a song that will never die as long as there is an America. Long after the defense of Fort McHenry is forgotten the people will be singing it, lad. You've made history, today, do you know it?"

Made history! It was those who had been active in the defense of Baltimore who had made history. He had only stayed and watched his employer's property.

"But maybe," Sam reflected, "the important happenings aren't always the showy ones."

Anyhow, he was glad, suddenly, that he had not gone with Pat, but had remained at his post there in the newspaper office. And if Pat had a stirring story to tell about action in the trenches, he had a song to sing—the most beautiful song that he had ever heard.

———:———

TEMPER

When I have lost my temper I have lost my reason, too;
I'm never proud of anything which angrily I do.
When I have talked in anger and my cheeks were flaming red,
I have always uttered something which I wish I hadn't said.

In anger I have never done a kindly deed or wise,
But many things for which I felt I should apologize.
In looking back across my life, and all I've lost or made,
I can't recall a single time when fury every paid.

So I struggle to be patient, for I've reached a wiser age;
I do not want to do a thing or speak a word in rage.
I have learned by sad experience that when my temper flies
I never do a worthy thing, a decent deed or wise.

—Author Unknown.

HE DIVES FOR A LIVING

By Pauline Worthy, in The State

Behind almost every achievement there may be found some unsung hero; some "mute inglorious Milton" without whose services the job would have been incomplete.

When the DPC-202, the first of thirty wooden barges for which the Gahagan Construction Co. holds a $2,000,000 contract from the Maritime Commission, slid into the Pamlico River a few minutes ahead of schedule on May 19, perhaps not more than one or two persons among the group who witnessed the first formal launching to be held in Washington, North Carolina, in more than half a century, gave a thought to the construction of the marine railway down which the giant fuel carrier slid into the water.

All eyes were on the great black barge (capacity equal to 25 tank cars) which was designed to carry crude oil along the Inland Waterway in order to relieve the oil shortage in the east and thus eventually to win the war against the Axis. If any of the uninitiated thought of the sloping track at all it was probably to wonder if it ended at the river's edge. As a matter of fact this marine railway ran under water at a gradually increasing depth for a distance of 320 feet.

A single man laid that track, diving down beneath the water, lining up the piling, sawing the piling to the grade, placing the sills, and bolting them through the piles. Other workmen sank the steel track with its rollers designed to bear the barge's weight, but it was placed underwater by the diver, John H. L. Mogg, a man who has not only sailed the seven seas but who has spent much of his life beneath the water's surface.

In the wildest flights of his imagination Jules Verne never imagined any experiences more remarkable than those of Captain Mogg.

John Henry Louis Mogg, the son and the grandson of a deep-sea diver, was born in Sydney, Australia in 1893. At sixteen he was apprenticed to a shipyard but he was so miserable there that his father decided to let him try diving just to prove to him that it was hard work and that he wouldn't like it.

"But I liked it, I did," said the Captain. The keen gray eyes, deep set in the heavily tanned face, twinkled as he recalled that early experience. "And I've been diving ever since—thirty-four years now." (Thirty-four years! And the life expectancy of the average diver has been estimated at five years.)

"Did you receive all your training from your father?" Captain Mogg was asked.

"No, I was trained partly by the Australian Navy. I was in the Navy for four years. I had four years in the Army, too, during the first World War; and I married the girl who nursed me through shrapnel wounds and concussion of the brain during that war."

Between the two World Wars John Mogg became an American citizen. Since World War II began he has been working up and down the Atlantic Coast from New York to Georgia. In North Carolina he has built launchways for the Liberty Ships in

Washington and has worked for the Barber Boat Works in New Bern. The ways at the Washington shipyard are his seventeenth since the United States declared war.

Divers are needed in many tasks in the field of engineering. They are necessary in building dams, tunnels, docks, lighthouses, breakwaters, etc., and Captain Mogg has served in every conceivable capacity.

One job for the Australian government took him to New Guinea in the interests of the pearl industry. New Guinea pearls are the finest in the world. Mogg's job was to secure the pearl oysters which were then shipped to Suva to be transplanted on the reefs of the Fiji Islands.

At the Naval Base at Singapore he helped to build the largest dry dock in the world. It is now in the hands of the Japanese.

"Oh, yes, I've been to Japan. I've been around the world—as far north as Spitzbergen and as far south as the Bay of Wales. The place I liked best? Well, maybe West Africa. I'm a wild man and I like wild country."

But he doesn't look like a wild man. He is as courteous as Lord Chesterfield and as dignified as a Sunday school superintendent. As a matter of fact he amuses himself while down below by singing hymns. His favorite is " Jesus, Lover of my Soul," perhaps because he knows so well the Bishop's Rock lighthouse off the English coast where that hymn was composed.

The Captain admitted a special fondness for India. He spent two years in Bombay, and the most interesting experience of his career occurred off Point d'Galle at Colombo, Ceylon. He had been sent out to look for some valuable machinery which had been lost off a barge during the monsoon season. The machinery was eventually found among the coral reefs, and when digging for the fourth case the diver struck something which turned out to be the blade of an enormous oar. Investigation proved that he had located a six-hundred-year-old trireme, an ancient warship with three banks of oars which were manned by galley slaves. Wood does not decay in water if it is below a depth of 130 feet, and the antique vessel, with its beautifully carved bow in the shape of a Chinese dragon's head, was intact. Chained to the oars were the bones of the galley slaves who had rowed the boat, three banks of oars, three men to an oar. The massive silver candlesticks, the jewel case and the five-foot gong, still the property of Captain Mogg, are now in a loan collection in the Colombo museum.

"Did you ever go down with no other object than treasure hunting?" the diver was asked.

"Well, I was once engaged to try to salvage three million dollars worth of uncut diamonds but I never found them. They were on a British merchant ship called the Elizabethville, which was torpedoed during the first World War and sank off Cape Ushant in the Bay of Biscay."

Five other sunken vessels were found at the bottom of the Bay of Biscay, but the Elizabethville was never located although the diver descended to a depth of 530 feet, a record depth. For this expedition he had to wear a specially constructed steel suit fitted with an oxygen tank. The outfit weighed half a ton. the weight necessary to relieve the water pressure. On the bottom it weighed

only 200 pounds. It was so dark that far below that two 4,000 candlepower lamps had to be fitted to each of the diver's shoulders.

In tropical waters the sun's rays pentrate for 600 feet but in northern waters darkness begins at a depth of about 450 feet. The cut of Gibraltar is considered the dividing line between northern and southern waters.

"What about the vegetation and the animal life below the surface?" the inquiring reporter wanted to know. "Are the colors as brilliant as the National Geographic would have us believe?"

"They are wonderfully pretty—down as far as 150 feet anyway," was the answer. "I enjoy watching the fish. The man who catches a fish never sees how pretty it is for all the vivid coloring disappears the instant it comes in contact with air."

It was while en route to North America that Captain Mogg, sailing his own schooner, The Pioneer, stopped for some time in Venezuela. During some underwater salvage operations he was one of a group who located a Spanish galleon. In the cabin he found a solid gold crucifix, 18 inches long, which sold later in New York for $27,000.

The first important job he had in this country was helping to lay the tunnel from Detroit to Windsor, Canada.

He bought a home in Canada, and there was born a little daughter, Barbara, now in England. And then his good angel seemed to forsake him. His home burned down. He lost his savings in the depression, his wife left him and his precious schooner, The Pioneer, was wrecked in an ice jam in Lake Superior. He almost lost his life, but after two days afloat on an ice floe he was rescued.

"I've heard the angel Gabriel blow her horn many a time," he remarked, "but somehow it never quite got to the last toot."

"I thought the angel Gabriel was supposed to be masculine," the reporter objected.

"Who ever heard of a man angel?" the Captain answered witheringly. "Why, I've seen angels! And they are all ladies. I found one, once, off the Immortellite, off Tunisia, over there where they're fighting now—a seven-foot wooden angel with red hair and a golden trumpet and golden feathers in her wings. The museum at Cairo wanted it, but I wanted it, too, so I kept it for good luck." It was lost with The Pioneer.

Captain Mogg and his guests sat in the cabin of his present boat, The Diver, a 64 ft. tug in which he has plied the Atlantic coast for the past four years. A comfortable, substantial and sea-worthy craft, it nevertheless did not look like one would expect to find the permanent home of a man who makes eighty-five dollars a day. (Diving is one of the highest paid professions in the world.) On this boat the Captain lives alone, even doing most of his own cooking.

Food came naturally into the conversation. He spoke of the succulence of alligator tails, and told an excellent story of a monkey pie eaten at the home of a friend of Martin Johnson's on the Zambesi River. (In case you are curious: It also contained apples and onions and was flavored with cloves.) "I never did eat ants, though," he stated, explaining that they were a staple article of diet in some parts of Africa. "They are

mashed to a paste, and I'm told they taste sweet, but I never had the heart to try 'em."

While salvaging a British cruiser in the Bay of Zanzibar he had the most terrifying experience which can come to a diver. He recognized indications that an octopus was near. The octopus itself absorbs color from whatever it lights on and therefore cannot be seen, but it throws off what appears to be a cloud of ink, somewhat like a smoke screen. The Captain knew what that ink cloud meant even before he felt the sinister creature grip his legs.

"I went after him," he declared, describing the battle dramatically. "There's two of us now, I thought. It's me and him!" The creature nearly hugged him to death, but at last the great tentacles unloosed and fell away as man overcame beast with a veterinary's hypodermic needle filled with hydrocyanic acid. When the monster was tied to a drop line and brought to the surface it proved to have a spread of more than 40 feet. The carcass was mounted by the Nyangwe Museum in British East Africa.

"Now that you have finished the job at the Pamlico Shipyard, Captain, what are your next plans?"

"Well," he answered, gray eyes still twinkling, "I've been hearing a lot around here about Blackbeard. I think I'll put in at Bath Creek for a while and do a little treasure hunting on my own."

———:———

BLUEPRINTS

Men plan their lives, and then neglect their days,
Hold up the blueprint for the public praise,
Explain this angle and describe this wall,
But built on paper is not built at all.
We need a purpose, but the greatest need
Of any future is the present deed.

Men plan their lives, and much admire the plan,
But hands must finish what the heart began.
Whatever purpose we are planning for,
To plan is something, but there's something more:
A dream is nothing but a deed undone,
And no one builds a building not begun.

Men plan their lives, with many a lovely tow'r,
The future dream, neglect the present hour.
But one day longer means a week more late;
Though men may idle, time will never wait.
No wall is builded, turret upward thrust,
By pretty blueprints left to gather dust.

—Douglas Malloch.

THE LOST GEM

By Emily Anne Johnson, in Boy Life

Here is an old, old story, but one that has in it a valuable lesson for all of us. A man, noted for his peculiarities, called two neighbor boys into his yard and offered to pay them a certain amount of money if they would draw the water from a cistern by buckets. Near the cistern he placed a closely woven splint basket. and into this he demanded that the boys empty the water.

The agreement was made between the man and the boys, for the boys were eager to earn some money. They began at once to work in an enthusiastic manner. Bucket after bucket was lifted from the cistern and poured into the basket. As fast as the water was being poured into the basket, it would run out again, and the process began to seem foolish to them.

Finally Joe turned to Frank and said, "This is the silliest thing I ever heard of! No sense to it!"

"It does look foolish," replied Frank.

"I'm just going to pour out the water, and not put it in the basket every time. Folks seeing us think we're crazy!" declared Joe.

"We agreed to do it, this way, and we'd better do it as the man said," advised Frank.

Joe's face turned red. "Aw, I'm quittin'," exclaimed Joe. "No one can make a fool out of me!"

"But we agreed to empty the cistern," Frank reminded Joe.

"It's the bunk," retorted Joe. "The man's cracked, if you know what I mean, and I'm through. It's too silly—emptying water into a basket!"

"I guess I'll stick it out," Frank said, as he began to work all the harder.

"Yes," scoffed Joe, "and maybe when the old man comes back, he won't pay you, because there's no water in the basket to show that you've been workin'. Ha, ha, ha! So long, and good luck!"

Frank looked up just in time to see Joe disappear through the heavy stone gateway. The cistern was deep, and the pulling became longer and harder.

Finally the man returned. Frank anticipated his prospects. "You can't tell by looking at that basket, sir, but every bucketful has passed through the basket, just as you ordered, and I'm beginning to draw short measures."

The man did not say a word, but passed right by Frank and stooped to look into the basket. Frank watched him, and felt surely the man must be beside himself.

"The cistern isn't entirely empty yet—" But Frank didn't get to finish his remark.

"Here it is—see here!" the man almost shouted.

Frank turned to gaze upon a sparkling gem in the man's hand. The man was very happy, and so was Frank.

"I was quite sure," said the man, "that this jewel dropped into the cistern, and the only way I could think of getting it back was to draw out the water. And now, for your good work, here is double pay."

"Thank you, thank you," exclaimed Frank. "And may I go and tell Joe?

You see, he quit because he thought your order was foolish."

"Yes, you might go and tell him," replied the man.

"And tell him, too, that it pays to obey orders."

Life is a ladder, infinitely stepped, that hides its rungs from human eyes; Planted its foot in chaos-gloom, its head soars high above the skies.—The Kasidah.

THE BEAUTY AND WONDER OF THE WORLD

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

It is great to be able to love the grass, the trees, the running streams, the autumn leaves and the flowers of spring. Fields and forest have numerous tongues for him with ears to hear, and for him with eyes to see there is beauty everywhere.

But we will let John Burroughs tell the story of its beauty as he was so well able to do. Listen to him.

"The longer I live the more my mind dwells upon the beauty and the wonder of the world. I hardly know which feeling leads, wonderment or admiration.

"I have loved the feel of the grass under my feet, and the sound of the running streams by my side. The hum of the wind in the tree tops has always been good music to me and the face of the fields has often comforted me more than the faces of men.

"I am in love with this world; by my construction I have nestled lovingly in it. It has been home. It has been my point of outlook into the universe. I have not bruised myself against it, nor tried to use it ignobly. I have tilled its soil, I have gathered its harvest, I have waited upon its seasons, and always have I reaped what I have sown. While I delved I did not lose sight of the sky overhead. While I gathered its bread and meat for my body, I did not neglect to gather its bread and meat for my soul. I have climbed its mountains, roamed its forests sailed its waters, crossed its deserts, felt the sting of its forest, the oppression of its heats, the drench of its rains, the fury of its winds, and always have beauty and joy waited upon my goings and comings."

OUR FUTURE TASKS

(Baptist Standard.)

What the future holds for us none can guess, but there are some things of which we can be certain. The task of the churches is increasing in proportion to the increase of sin, shame, and want in the world. The blacker the night of destruction, the greater is the need for the light of the gospel. The more desperation reigns, the more is the cry for the home the gospel offers. The more sin overruns the nations, the greater is the need for liberation, both physical and spiritual.

To look at one thing at a time, let us begin at home. What is our obligation to our schools! We cannot carry on a great religious program without our schools, These are a vital factor in our civilization and in our religion. They are indispensable in the training of leaders and in giving a proper interpretation of the facts of the world.

Our schools are passing through very trying times. The enrollment in all colleges, state and denominational, is greatly reduced. The war has called our young men into the armed services until a mere handful remains. This cuts the revenue down so low, it is difficult for the schools to meet the requirements in order to do their best work. It is impossible to make improvements because of lack of sufficient funds and because of the inability to secure materials.

These prevailing conditions are due, of course, to the unusual and abnormal conditions of the times, and will some day change, But while we are passing through them, we must take care of our institutions.

Two suggestions may be in order: First, it is a good time for institutions to secure additional endowment. Money is abundant and the people have a willingness to give it. With a little, well planned organization on the part of the institutions, a sizeable sum might be secured now that would greatly strengthen the institutions. A second suggestion is our denominational schools might do well to strengthen the lines at these points by reinforcing these institutions in a financial way. This might be done in two or three ways; but a fuller discussion of details must be reserved for the present.

We must use good judgment in carrying on our schools in the face of the present conditions. It may become necssary to make some temporary adjustments in some ways until times become normal. But two things must be regarded—common sense and religion.

———:———

How the poor dupe Mussolini must yearn for the good old days when he could strut out on a balcony and shout a speech, without having it first edited by the German censor.

A TALE OF THE TRAIL

This life's a middlin' crooked trail, an' after forty year
Of knockin' 'round I'm free to say th' right ain't always clear.
I've seen a lot of folks go wrong—get off th' main highroad
An' fetch up in a swamp somewhere, almost before they knowed.
I don't pretend to be no judge of right and wrong in men,
I ain't been perfect all my life, an' may not be again;
An' when I see a man who looks as though he'd gone astray,
I think perhaps he started right, but somehow lost his way.

I like to think th' good in folks by far outweighs th' ill;
The trail of life is middlin' hard and lots of it's up hill.
There's places where there ain't no guides or signboards up, an' so
It's partly guesswork an' part luck which way you chance to go.
I've seen th' trails fork some my self, an' when I had to choose,
I wasn't sure when I struck out if it was win or lose.
So when I see a man who looks though he'd gone astray,
I like to think he started right an' only lost his way.

I've seen a lot of folks start out with grit an' spunk to scale
Th' hills that purple over there an' somehow lose the trail.
I've seen 'em stop an' start again, not sure about th' road,
An' found 'em lost on some blind trail almost before they knowed.
I've seen 'em circlin', tired out, with every pathway blind,
With cliffs before 'em, mountain high, an' sloughs an' swamps behind
I've seen 'em stringin' through the dusk, when twilight's gettin' gray,
A-lookin' for th' main highroad—poor chaps who've lost their way.
It ain't so far from right to wrong—th' trail ain't hard to lose.
There's times I'd almost give my horse to know which one to choose.
There ain't no signboards on th' road t' keep you on th' track,
Wrong's sometimes white as driven snow, an' right looks awful black.
I don't set up to be no judge of right an' wrong in men,
I've lost th' trail sometimes my self—I may get lost again.
An' when I see some man who looks as though he'd gone astray,
I want to shove my hand in his an' help him find th' way.

—James W. Foley.

INSTITUTION NOTES

"Duke Box Jenny" was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night. Shown on the same program was a comedy, "Twenty-one Dollars a Day, Once a Month." Both are Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions.

—:—

Donald McFee, a former member of the printing class, who has been employed in a ship yard at Portsmouth, Virginia, for several months, visited his mother, Mrs. L. S. Kiser, a few days ago. "Mac" told us that he had been to Camp Croft for his physical examination, and that he expected to be inducted into the United States Army in a few days.

—:—

Torrence Ware, formerly of Cottage No. 10, called on friends at the School a few days ago. This lad, now sixteen years old, entered the institution, July 2, 1937, and was conditionally released, April 4, 1942, when he returned to his home in Charlotte. He informed us that he was still living in that city, and for the past few months had been employed as truck driver.

Torrence told us that his brother, Dewey, also a former student here, had been in the United States Army several weeks. Dewey, who is now eighteen years old, came to the School, June 2, 1937, and was allowed to return to Charlotte, August 23, 1941. According to reports coming to this office, he had been getting along very well up to the time of his enlistment, and his brother stated that he liked Army life very much, and was still doing nicely.

We recently received a card from William S. Morgan, a former member of our printing class, who left the School in November, 1942, to enlist in the United States Navy. After receiving basic training at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, he attended a Naval Radio School, located at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. Having completed his course there, Bill has been sent to the Pacific Coast, and will soon be on duty out on the briny deep. His card reads as follows:

"Am writing this on a train from Ohio to the State of Washington, via Chicago. Will go to my ship, and after spending about three days in Washington, will be at sea for about one year. If I get back alive. I shall certainly be over to see you. Am now a third-class petty officer in radio. Good luck until I see you. Bill."

—:—

We recently received a brief message from Postell Clark, formerly of Cottage No. 2. He entered the School, August 2, 1937 and was permitted to return to his home in Shelby, March 4, 1939. Since then we have heard from him from time to time, and it would seem that he has been making a good record since leaving the institution. For some time after leaving us he was employed in a garage in Shelby, and then he secured employment in a shipyard near Baltimore, Maryland, and his reports were always that he was getting along fine.

It will be recalled by many of the staff members that this young man, now twenty years old, was quite a husky chap, capable of doing a good day's work whenever called upon. At

play, he was equally energetic, and was a member of the School's football team. He was one of the best ball carriers ever developed here.

Postell's most recent message, mailed at Tulsa, Oklahoma, reads as follows: "Hello Mr. Godown: Guess you will be suprised to hear from me, that is, if you still remember me, and I'm sure you do. I shall never forget you and all you did for me, although at times I thought you were pretty hard on me. It was all for my own good, as I now can see, and I'm glad that you did bear down once in a while. I have started for California, and will give you my address when I get there. Please remember me to Mr. Barber and all the rest of the folks at the School. Sincerely, Postell Clark."

—:—

Duke Davis, formerly of Cottage No. 8, who has been in the United States Army for quite some time, recently wrote us from Fort Benning, Georgia, where he is a member of the parachute infantry. He entered the School, January 16, 1933 and was conditionally released, January 31, 1938. Duke is now twenty-one years old. His letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Am sorry I haven't written you sooner, but we have been very busy, and I haven't had much time for letter writing. As today is Sunday, we will have about six hours off, and then we will have to pack our chutes for use on Monday. We have been making night jumps for the past week. Altogether we have made fifty-seven jumps, from 1,200 to 2,700 feet, and it sure is a thrill. It was quite 'scary' business for a while, and we often felt butterflies in our stomachs, but now it is just like jumping off a rocking-chair, and we don't mind it the least bit. This is a tough job, but someone has to do it. All paratroopers are volunteers, and many of them go through this post every month, and finish up as qualified paratroopers. I have had my wings for about eight months, and am now a corporal. Please let me know the price of The Uplift, as I would love to read it and keep up with the news of the institution that has done so much for me and for many other boys. Yours truly, Duke Davis."

For the benefit of those at the School who would like to write this young man, we give his present address, as follows: Corporal Duke Davis, Company E, First Parachute Training Regiment, Airborne Command, Fort Benning, Georgia.

—:—

Mr. W. W. Johnson, our school principal, recently received the following letter from Arthur A. Edmondson, one of our old boys, now in the United States Army:

"Dear Mr. Johnson: Will write you a few lines to let you know how I am getting along. Right now, I am in the hospital with two broken ribs, but aside from that, am feeling fine, and truly hope this finds you well and enjoying life.

"I think I'll get a furlough when I get out of the hospital, but am not so sure about it. But if I do get a leave, am certainly going to visit the school.

"We are having some beautiful weather up here at present, for a change. When I first came up here, all I could see was snow and rain, mixed up with plenty of cold wind. But the place has changed now, and I

like it, and, believe it or not, I really like the Army.

"I surely do miss the old School, and I'm telling you that the training received there has done me a lot of good. You should see me working at K P. Am sure you would laugh if you could see me prancing around in an apron.

"Will have to sign off now, and promise to write more next time. It makes me quite tired to sit up in bed very long. Please give my regards to all at the School, and drop me a line, for I sure would like to hear from you. Yours truly, Arthur A. Edmondson."

Although we know nothing of the circumstances regarding Arthur's injury, we regret to learn that a couple of broken ribs has him down, and trust he will soon be in first-class condition. His present address is: Private Arthur A. Edmondson, A. S. N., No. 14188341, U. S. Army, Ward 321, Station Hospital, Camp Edwards, Mass.

—:—

Rev. J. W. Whitley, of Albemarle, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Hebrews 12:1-2 and II Timothy 4;6-8, and the subject of his message to the boys was "The Resume of a Great Life."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Whitley stated that everyone admires a great man, and we pick out from among the great men of history certain ones as our heroes, and try to be like them.

Life is not easy, continued the speaker, and if one is to build a great life, he must make great sacrifices. To attain greatness requires effort, energy and determination.

One of the greatest words in the English language, said Rev. Mr. Whitley, is the simple word, "no." It is not an easy thing to say "no" and really mean it. There are many people traveling the broad road that leads downward to destruction, and they always try to take others along with them. When we know they are wrong, it is our Christian duty, not only to refuse to go with them, but to attempt to get them started in the right direction. To learn to say "no" with determination is the only key to real greatness. The persons who follow the lead of others in the way of unrighteousness will always find themselves doing things that are far below their own high ideals.

Rev. Mr. Whitley then stated that people always like to be victorious in various sports and games. This thought should also be transferred to the great game of life. In all sports and games there are certain rules regulating the way in which they should be played, and penalties are inflicted when these rules are violated. Likewise in the game of life, we have rules. The Holy Bible gives us the rules and regulations, and if we find ourselves violating them, we must eventually suffer the consequences.

The speaker further stated that if the group of boys in the audience would whole-heartedly give their lives to the service of God, all of North Carolina would be thrilled with the results, and would be rocked spiritually to its very foundations. Every one has his own talents, which, if used to the maximum, would enrich the entire world.

Rev. Mr. Whitley next called attention to Paul's words, when he stated that a crown of life had been laid up

for him, and for others who kept the faith. In speaking of crowns, he pointed out the crowning of"May Queens" in many schools and colleges, adding that while they are very beautiful at the time, such crowns soon fade away. Great ceremonies accompany the coronation of rulers of some of the world's greatest countries, in which jewel-studded crowns are placed upon the monarchs' heads. Such crowns, too, fade and are soon forgotten. But the crown to which the Apostle Paul referred is one which will endure throughout the ages of eternity.

—:—

Several closely contested baseball games were played at the School last Saturday afternoon. In League Number one, the Receiving Cottage boys, after having won six straight games, lost to the lads of Fourth Cottage by the score of 6 to 1. However, they still cling to the lead by a scant half-game margin. In League Number Two, the boys of Tenth Cottage defeated Thirteenth Cottage by the score of 10 to3, thus keeping their slate clean, with six victories and no defeats. Following are the scores:

League Number One—Fourth Cottage 6 Receiving Cottage 1; First Cottage 7 Eighth Cottage 1; Fifth Cottage 3 Third Cottage 1.

League Number Two—Tenth Cottage 10 Thirteenth Cottage 3; Fourteenth Cottage 3 Ninth Cottage 1; Eleventh Cottage 16 Fifteenth Cottage 2.

CLUB STANDINGS

League Number One

	W	L	Pct
Receiving Cottage	6	1	.857
First Cottage	5	1	.833
Fourth Cottage	5	1	.833
Fifth Cottage	3	4	.428
Third Cottage	1	6	.143
Eighth Cottage	0	7	.000

League Number Two

	W	L	Pct
Tenth Cottage	6	0	1.000
Thirteenth Cottage	4	3	.571
Eleventh Cottage	3	3	.500
Fourteenth Cottage	3	3	.500
Fifteenth Cottage	2	5	.286
Ninth Cottage	1	5	.166

———:———

The most sacred thing in the state and to the state is the child, whether it be your child or the child of the dull-faced mother of the hovel. The child of the dull-faced mother may, for all you know, be the most capable child in the state. At its worst, it is capable of good citizenship and a useful life, if its intelligence be quickened and trained. Several of the strongest personalities that were ever born in North Carolina were men whose very fathers were unknown. The child, whether it has poor parents or rich parents, is the most valuable undeveloped resource in the state.—Walter Hines Page.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 13, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Raymond Davis
Robert Finley
Donald Jolly
William Love
Ira Montgomery
Weaver Ruff
Richard Sheahan
Malcom Seymour
Lee St. Clair
Harry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Thomas Barnes
Richard Billings
Clyde Brown
Donald Carland
Oscar Carter
Marion Cox
Douglas Dorsett
Jack Gray
Jack Harmon
Roy Jones
Leonard Lovelace
Harold McKinney
James Parker
Walter Riggs
Leonard Robinson
David Swink
Luther Vaughn

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Jack Bateman
Hurley Bell
Clyde Bustle
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Albert Hames
Arthur Ingle
Dewey Lanning
William Meeks
William Painter
William Pegram
Ralph Powell
Rhonda Price
Samuel Pritchett

COTTAGE NO. 4

Elbert Brown
William Davis
William Deaton
Elster Jones
William Lanning
Raiford Medlin
Roy Patton
Lewis B. Sawyer
Roy Swink
Jerry Talbert
Newman Tate
Walter Thomas
Eugene Watts

COTTAGE NO. 5

Randolph Ammons
William Gentry
Eugene Kerman
Jesse King
John Lipscomb
John Mazoo
Hoyt Newell
William Penninger
Eugene Stubbs
Robert Walters

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Charlton Cox
Jack Hensley
Gerald Kermon
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
Buddy Marshall
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean
Hayes Powell
Reitzel Southern
Joseph Turner
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7

R. C. Combs
John Fine
Donald Grimstead
William Hardin
Amos Myers
Leroy Pate
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Bennett
Homer Johnson

COTTAGE NO. 9

Herbert Branch
Cecil Caldwell
Leonard Church
Riley Denny
Eugene Dyson
Fred Grimstead
Edward Guffey
James Hale
Henry Hattem
Thomas Ingram
James Jarvis
Morris Johnson
Isaac Mahaffey
Albert Newton
Robert Owens
Troy Parris
L. J. Sherman
George Strayhorne
Milford Ward

COTTAGE NO. 10

Fred Carswell
Arcemias Hefner
Frank Jones
Joseph Kincaid
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Marvin Bradley
Velda Denning
Frank Fargis
Robert Goldsmith
William Guffey
Fred Holland
Orin Helms
Robert Moses
Leon Rose
Clyde Rhodes
J. C. Rhodes
Everett Stamey
Ervin Wolfe
William Wilkerson
Martin Walters

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Adrian Carter
Millard Ellege
Donald Hobbs
Robert Hobbs
B. J. Mayberry
Banks McKnight
Russell Stikes
Dillard Shelton

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Fred Bostian
Walter Carver
Charles Callahan
Robert Caudle
John Fargis
William Harding
Vernon Harding
Robert Holbert
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William E. Lanford
James Linebarrier
Robert Moose
Theodore Young
Peter Tutle
Robert Travis
Walter Stansberry
Paul Stone

COTTAGE NO. 15

Burlin Edmondson
R. V. Hutchinson
Charles Ledford
Lawton McDowell
Hugh Roberts
John Watts
Leroy Willetts

INDIAN COTTAGE

Peter Chavis
Herbert Lochlear
Charles Pearson
R. C. Hoyle

INFIRMARY

Dewey Bunn
Alvis Watkins

It has been suggested that our great inventors and scientists keep in mind something that will produce wealth tomorrow as fast as the war is destroying it today.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 26, 1943 No. 26

(Orange County)
(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

JUN 26 1943

ONE MORE TRY

It's easy to cry, "I'm beaten," and die.
It's easy to crawfish and crawl.
But to fight and to fight,
When hope's out of sight,
Why, that's the best game of them all.
And should you come out of each gruelling bout
All broken and beaten and scarred,
Just have one more try—it's easy to die—
It's the keeping on living that's hard.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
THE STATE PRESS ASSOCIATION	By R. C. Lawrence	8
OUT OF ENGLAND	By Dr. H. B. Blakely	13
OLD CHARLEY	(N. C. Dept. History)	14
THE PENETRATING EYE	(Sanatorium Sun)	17
JUNE BRIDES	By Hoyt McAfee	20
ONE JOB AND TWO PEOPLE	By M. F. Anderson	23
INSTITUTION NOTES		24
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

A SUMMER CREED

I believe in the flowers, and their glorious indifference to the changes of the morrow.

I believe in the birds, and their implicit trust in the loving Providence that feeds them.

I believe in the prayer-chanting brooks, as they murmur a sweet hope of finding the far distant sea to which they patiently run.

I believe in the whispering winds, for they teach me to listen to the still small voice within my feverish soul.

I believe in the vagrant clouds, as they remind me that life, like a summer day, must have some darkness to reveal its hidden meaning.

I believe in the soft-speaking rains, accented with warm tears, telling me that nothing will grow save it be fertilized with tears.

I believe in the golden hush of the sunsets, reflecting a momentary glory of that great world beyond my little horizon.

I believe in the soft-falling dew, revealing the infinite spring of living waters for everything parched and withered.

I believe in the holiness of twilight, as it gives me sense of the presence of God, and I know I am not alone. And whatever else I believe is enshrined in those abiding feelings that lie too deep for words.—A. A. Argow.

INCREASE IN DELINQUENCY

A commentator within the past two weeks gave a graphic picture of the cause of the increase of delinquents throughout the nation. The statements made were based on reports from the F. B. I., and we absolutely know that all information from this source is recorded after a most thorough investigation. The commentation said most emphatically that delinquents were on the increase throughout the forty-eight states. He left one feeling that the challenge was to all correctional institutions, with responsibility growing with the march of time.

The causes for the increase in the ranks of wayward youths are

the employment of mothers in national defense, and the enlistment of young women in military service. In all cases it is necessary for women to take the places of men when possible, so the latter may answer the call to serve on far-flung battle fronts. Therefore, there is nothing for the heads of such institutions to do but to gird their armor tighter and meet the demands of the army of delinquents of both sexes. These young people, who are victims of conditions, must be sheltered and trained, it matters not how difficult the task may be. The officials of these schools will have to serve as foster parents to this class of young people or they will prove to be charges to the state, instead of assets.

* * * * * * * *

HISTORY MADE

A most appropriate program, from June 6th to 13th, inclusive, was arranged so as to properly observe the one hundredth anniversary of St. James Lutheran Church, and the dedicatory exercises at the handsome Gothic structure, located on the corner of South Union and West Corbin Streets, Concord, were most impressive. One cannot but feel that the pioneer organizers of this church in the village of Concord, June 6, 1843, sowed the seed of supreme faith in fertile soil.

These organizers, like those of all other Christian churches, stood the acid test of hardships, including wars and busness depressions, but did pull through, and the good work continued. The first place of worship of these early residents was a frame building, the next was an imposing brick structure, and the third is the Gothic structure of today, with a congregation numbering nearly six hundred.

Sunday norning, June 13th, was the date for the dedicatory exercises. Each day of the previous week, an inspirational message was brought either from one of the sons of St. James, now ministers of the Gospel, or from some former pastor. The picture presented on the day of dedication was beautiful, dignified and inspirational. "A great day," was the soft, soulful utterance heard expressed after the triumphant march into the church of the ministers, councilmen and the vested choir on this occasion. There was unspoken joy written in the faces of all who witnessed the burning in front of

the altar of the mortpage on the church property. The dedicatory remarks by Dr. J. L. Morgan, president of the North Carolina Synod; the eloquent message by Dr. L. A. Thomas; the beautiful music; the prayers and reading of the Scripture, were appropoiate; all combining to make an impressive ceremony. The picture registered in the minds of those who were present on this memorable occasion will never fade, and the story will be transmitted from one generation to another for many years to come.

It is obvious that supreme faith inspired the pioneer builders and their descendants to hold fast to the Christian ideals until they reached their goal—a magnificent house of worship, a house of rest, and a place for spiritual refreshment.

* * * * * * * *

A WONDERFUL WORLD

There is no excuse for any one to be ignorant or uninformed concerning the ever-changing course of events. The press, the airplane that reduces miles to a minimum, and the radio that gives out news no sooner than enacted, make one feel that truly "we are living in a wonderful world." In fact, it is staggering when we look back and think of the marvelous accomplishments in the past twenty-five or thirty-five years. We can recall very clearly the first automobile that appeared on one of Concord's thoroughfares. "What happened?" is the question uppermost in the minds of the younger generation. Well, every one rushed to the street to see the high-wheeled conveyance puff and blow until it reached the top of the steep hill at the intersection of West Corbin and South Union Streets. Doubtless there are some people who are consumed with curiosity to know the name of the owner of this antique. We will leave the curious-minded guessing. Since that time, all kinds of motor vehicles have been put into use, and all closses, including the rich and the poor, are riding. The automobile is a necessity. It is not a modern device used only for joy rides. Since the first automobile made its appearance, it looked like an old horse-drawn surrey, stripped of its top, with front and rear seats elevated, we now hear constantly the airplane that thunders over the house-tops with a tremendous volume of power, measuring distance by minutes and hours.

The radio also contributes immensely by broadcasting the latest happenings from the four corner of the world, therefore, there is no reason for the masses not to keep abreast of the times. These broadcasts include varied programs to suit the tastes of all classes of listeners. We thoroughly agree with our radio friend, Abner Peabody, who, when conversing with his partner, Lum Edwards, closes practically every statement with the expression, "Wonderful world!"

We stand aghast awaiting the introduction of television while conversing with our friends in the distance. We feel when that occurs, we will have a complete picture of conditions as we wish them to be, and hope to live to see the same. However, innovations today do not startle us or make us rush to the door to see what is happening. We sit calmly, knowing the sounds of automobiles and airplanes, and the deafening roar of the siren that tells us of the black-out.

* * * * * * * *

A CHECKERED CAREER

Henry M. Stanley was born in Wales, June 29, 1841. His father died when he was only two years old, and his career in life became a checkered one. At the age of sixteen, he went as a cabin boy to New Orleans, and was there adopted by a merchant whose name he assumed.

A few years later, he enlisted in the Confederate army, and was captured in the Battle of Shiloh. He soon made his escape, went back to visit his old home in Wales, and then returned to America, where he volunteered in the Uuited States Navy, and became an ensign on the "Ticonderoga." After the war, he became correspondent for the New York Herald and other newspapers. About that time, David Livingstone, the great explorer, was given up as lost in the African jungles, and Stanley was sent to investigate. He found him at Lake Tanganyike, and assisted in his explorations for a time. The results of his explorations made him immensely popular in England, and he was made a member of Parliament. Stanley wrote several books, the most popular of which are "How I Found Livingstone," "The Congo," and "In Darkest Africa." He died in 1904, at the age of 63.

FRANCE OR AMERICA?

After the French general Giraud escaped from the German prison fortress at Konigstein, he wrote a seventeen-thousand word memo to Marshal Petain, giving his reasons for the fall of France. Some of the highlights of that remarkable document are here given:

France majored in football, boxing, horse-racing, automobile racing for the entertainment of the populace.

Alcohol and syphilis undermined the health of the entire nation.

The schools taught "egotism, personal interest, and envy; after that, negation of everything spiritual, of everything divine, of everything ideal. Atheism, if not proclaimed, was at least encouraged."

From top to bottom of the industrial ladder there was a lack of interest and co-operation. The business heads dawdled in the clubs, or played at games. In summer they were at the seaside; in autumn, hunting; in winter, skiing. Typists arrived a quarter of an hour late, and put on their lipstick a quarter of an hour early. Truck drivers wasted time. Fitters chatted with neighbors instead of performing their duties with precision. Working hours and the working consciences decreased. Costs of production rose alarmingly.

Spurious luxury increased. Perfumers made fortunes.

Politics became a career of "arrangement," and betrayal. Intrigue took the place of hard work.

Laziness became popular under the name of "leisure." The corner cafe became its headquarters. Money was squandered in gambling and alcohol.

And so, when the testing time came, France fell. Her inner spirit and strength were gone.

And as one reads General Giraud's analysis, he has to pinch himself at intervals to keep from thinking he is reading about America —at least metropolitan America. God grant that we may see the handwriting on the wall, and save ourselves before it is too late!

—James DeForrest Murch, in The Lookout.

THE STATE PRESS ASSOCIATOIN

By R. C. Lawrence, in The State

The press made no effort to exercise its power as an organized body until 1873; when Captain William Biggs, of the ancient Tarboro Southerner, circulated a call for such a meeting to be held at Goldsboro. The Captain had been a gallant Confederate soldier, and he was a lawyer as well as an editor, and his editorials denouncing the conduct of certain of the Reconstruction judiciary were so scathing that Judge "Jay Bird" Jones disbarred him from the practice—which action was reversed later by the Supreme Court.

On May 14, 1873, some twenty-five editors in person or by proxy were in attendance when the Press Association was first organized in Goldsboro by the election of Major (later Secretary of State) James A. Englehard of the Wilmington Journal as President. Milton must have been a considerable town in that day, as the editor of its paper was elected vice president of the infant association. At the first meeting the press was represented from mountains to the sea, Asheville sending Robert M. Furman of the Citizen as its representaeive, and Wilmington sending J. C. Mann of the Post. Within a few minutes after the election of its officers, it recieved a telegram of congratulation from the Georgia Press Association, then in session at Columbus. On the social side, the editors accepted the invitation of the Atlantic Railroad for a free excursion to Morehead City, and the Atlantic Hotel of that resort tendered the visitors a banquet and other courtesies.

Finance was the first matter of business to engage the attention of the new Association, and the first committee it named advised that all papers adhere most strictly to their published rates, and that the Association would discountenance any editor who deviated therefrom; and the resolution strongly disapproved the custom of having "patent" pages printed at foreign points and sent to local papers, an action which the Association reversed in later years. The action of the postoffice department in charging postage upon exchanges was sternly reprobated.

The second meeting held at Raleigh in 1874 found forty-five papers represented, the important business at this session being that the Association placed itself behind the effort to require the publication of all legal advertisements in newspapers; and resolved that gratuitous advertising in the form of complimentary notices be no longer published. At this session appeared Col. L. L. Folk of the Wadesboro Ansonian. who was in later years to become founder of the Progressive Farmer, the first Commissioner of Agriculture, President of the National Farmers Alliance and one of the founders of the Populist party. The social side included a visit to the "mammoth plant" of Edwards & Broughton Co., where they were regaled with "cakes, ice cream and delicious strawberries"; after which they paid a visit of ceremony to Governor Tod R. Caldwell, where that statesman unearthed "his best Carolina drinkables" (probably Nash County apple brandy) and toasted the Press: "May they ever defend the

right and always condemn the wrong." Somehow the editors survived ice cream, strawberries and hard liquor taken within the hour!

Eighteen hundred seventy-five found the Association at Wilmington, among those attending being John T. Patrick of the Wadesboro Herald, later Commissioner of Immigration, and founder of the resort of Southern Pines. Twenty-seven were present, and the body condemned the legislature for paying out hundreds of dollars for advertising in New York and London newspapers when the money should have been spent here at home. Resolution deploring "personal quarrels" among members of the Association was unanimously adopted as also resolutions requesting State and National aid in the development of the harbors of Wilmington, Beaufort and New Bern. An excursion to Southport was enjoyed, and free tickets were furnished for the lecture of former Governor Vance, which was doubtless on the "Scattered Nation." A trip was made through Fort Caswell, where the visitors were serenaded by the band, and the commanding Colonel and his staff tendered them something besides water. Reporters stated that Vance was the center of attraction during the excursion.

The body was to have met at New Bern in 1876, but the Messenger reported that this was an inglorious failure, as scarce half a dozen editors were present. But the President, Col. John D. Cameron, refused to let the body fall into "innocuous dessetude" and called a special meeting to be held at Raleigh the following month to consider whether the Association should be continued. Twenty editors attended; resolved to continue the Association; elected Dr. Manning of the Roanoke News as President and resolved to hold the next meeting at Charlotte.

The Charlotte meeting was attended by "Rev." J. H. Mills of the Oxford Orphan's Friend. Here Col. William L. Saunders was elected President. He had been desperately wounded during the Civil War, after which he became Grand Dragon of the original Ku-Klux Klan, and as such was summoned to Washington before a Senatorial committee of investigation and threatened with dire penalties unless he disclosed the secrets of that organization; but he courageously stood his ground, defied the Committee and made no disclosures. While editor of the Raleigh Observer, he was elected as Secretary of State, and rendered invaluable service in compiling the "Colonial Records."

Rev. Dr. C. T. Bailey (father of our Senator) figured at this meeting as chairman of a Committee to examine the books of the treasurer. A dinner was tendered and the contemporary report stated "A more orderly or better behaved company never assembled at a public dinner." Bragging on themselves!

Did you know that Francis D. Winston, United States District Attorney, Superior Court Judge, Lieutenant Governor, President of the Bar Association, first student to enter the University when it reopened after the Civil War, and toastmaster at its Commencement for more than fifty years, was once an editor? He made his appearance at the meeting of 1878 at Catawba Springs as editor of the Chapel Hill Ledger. Few attended this meeting which was

opened with "an appropriate prayer" by a preacher editor. At this session certain amateur editors were enrolled as honorary members, and Josephus Daniels, tnen in his 'teens but editor of the Southern Star first made his appearance at a Press Association. The name of Colonel Richard B. Creecy, of the Elizabeth City Economist also appears at this meet-in. He will be remembered as the author of "Grandfather Tales."

Dorsey Battle of the Tarboro Southerner was long connected with the association in almost every capacity from President down, and at this session he delivered the oration. The name of J. M. Broughton also appears on the minutes—no, the Governor was not then an embryonic reporter as he became in later years, but it was his father who was present as repressenting his denominational paper, the Biblical Recorder.

Colonel Clement Manly, State Counsel for the Southern Railway, General Counsel for the R. J. Reynolds Company and President of the State Bar Association, was one of the most distinguished lawyers our State has produced, but before he removed to Winston, this famous son of United States Senator Matthias E. Manly edited the New Bern Nut Shell. He was not only an editor, but what was worse, a poet; and in 1878 he was elected as poet for the ensuing year, a duty which the minutes disclose he performed in a "pathetic and impressive manner!"

Robert M. Furman of Asheville moved that the poetess May Bayard Clark (any relation to Congressman Bayard Clark?) of New Bern be invited to attend the next meeting, whereupon nearly every editor moved to include some other fair author or poet, and so many names were placed in nomination that the Assocation concluded to invite none at all!

In 1879 the body was to have met at Beaufort, but a terrible storm had wrought havoc and disaster there, destroying the Atlantic Hotel in which the meeting was to have been held. But August found the body in session at Goldsboro, where appeared Henry A. London of the Chatham Record, also distinguished lawyer and legislator, who, as Confederate courier, carried the order to "cease firing" at Appomattox. Fifty-two editors attended. Captain Samuel A. Ashe, who lived to become the last surviving officer of the Confederacy, put in his appearance as editor of the Raleigh News, and resolutions were adopted thanking a large number of railroads for free passes, which were then to be had for the asking by any editor or reporter!

Eighteen eighty found the body at Asheville, and it having been announced that a reception ball would be tendered the visiting editors, authorized representative of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist churches lodged formal protest on the ground that at such a ball unseemly conduct would no doubt occur. They knew their editors! President Dorsey Battle presided, and the railroads promptly offered a free trip to Atlanta. In his address President Battle differentiated editors from Washington: "George Washington could not tell a lie; the press can but will not." Colonel Creecy delivered the oration on the "Power of the Press." The editors were then tendered a banquet, at which they gorged theselves to such an extent

that the very sills under the floor gave way, precipitating the gathering to the ground below, a distance of six inches! At this session partisan politics were laid aside, and former Governor Williom W. Holden was requested to write a history of the Carolina press, and no abler man could have been selected for such purpose. W. T. Blackwell, the Durham tobacconist of "world fame," presented to each member a chess board and men; a package of his smoking tobacco and a fan!

Eighteen eighty-one found the meeting at Winston where three hundred sat down to a repast at tables laden with the richest in viands, wines and hard liquors. Here Captain Ashe was elected as president, and the railroads as usual came to the aid of the editors with a free trip to Morehead in a special car provided for the occasion.

Eighteen eight-two found the meeting at Elizabeth City, and President Ashe, to reach that point, took a 'through freight' to Nofolk, and then proceeded to his destination over the line of railroad just constructed to that point.

Eighteen eighty-three found the meeting at Waynesville. How did they get there? As far as Pigeon River by rail, then by omnibusses, bretts (ever hear of this?), phaetons, Concord wagons and other means to destination where Henry A. London was elected as President, and Josephus Daniels who had advanced on his journalistic career far enough to become editor of the Wilson Advance, was honored with election as third vice president! Here the South Carolina Association met with their brethren of the Old North State; both being banqueted at Asheville, where Senator Vance was the outstanding attraction. An excursion to Hot Springs was enjoyed, but the minutes report that the French Broad was not as beautiful as it might have been, for local rains had stained its crystal face, and given it somewhat of a "rubicund and rowdy appearance," and it was somewhat low and sullen, and made no music as it contended with the rocks." How this reporter could sling his English!

Eighteen eighty-four found the Assoication meeting in the "House of Commons." At this meeting Uncle Joe was elevated to the presidency; and the name of Walter Hines Page, in later years World War Ambassador to England, figures in the proceedings as editor of the State Chronicle. He was named on the committee to memorialize the legislature on the age-old question of legal advertising.

The Association met at Morehead again in 1886, and left that point on an excursion to Washington to "air our importance and impress the President with good looks of the North Carolina Press in general. Forty-five papers will be repressented."

Limitations of space preclude even the mention of all Association presidents; but the list includes two Doctors of Divinity in T. N. Ivey and J. O. Atkinson, and one "blockade" preacher in Archibald Johnson, editor of Charity and Children. Outstanding on the list in Joseph P. Caldwell of the Charlotte Observer, who stood almost alone in his refusal to accept free passes from railroads; W. W. McDiarmid of the Lumberton Robesonian; W. C. Dowd of the Charlotte News; Henry B. Varver of the Lex-

ington Dispatch; M. L. Shipman of Hendersonville.

Hight Point furnished a President in J. J. Farris; Raleigh in Clarence Poe, editor of the Progressive Farmer; Congressman W. C. Hammer of the Asheboro Courier; Santford Martin of the Winston Journal; Charles A. Webb of Asheville; John A. Park of the Raleigh Times; J. Roy Parker of Ahoskie; D. Hiden Ramsey of the Asheville Citizen; and the incumbent W. K. Hoyt.

State Librarian J. B. Sherrill served as Secretary for more than thirty years; and Miss Beatrice Cobb has been the efficient Secretary since 1921.

———:———

EDUCATION AND DEMOCRACY

Public education is the corner-stone of American democracy. The school, perhaps more than any other factor, has served as the principal unifying force in America.

Our schools, beginning with the "little red schoolhouse," have made us one—blending age-old contrary cultures into the harmonious ideals of a new world. From the mingled blood and traditions of every race and clime, the American school system is evolving a people whose interests and loyalty and ideals are the same.

That every child, irrespective of birth, is entitled to school opportunities, has been the steadfast belief of our people since the nation's founding. The success of our form of government depends upon an intelligent citizenry, and, firm in this belief, our country has established and continuously improved a system of free public education. Without education, a democratic form of government could not exist. Any threat to our schools is a threat to our form of government. The future of our democracy is most vitally dependent upon the education of our people.

In the stress of emergency years, when our schools may be seriously handicapped, it is proper and fitting that parents and teachers, and other citizens earnestly consider the relation of the school and democracy.

OUT OF ENGLAND

By Hunter B. Blakely

Today I have read the three most recent copies of The Christian World. a church paper from London. It is remarkable how the British are standing up under difficulties. Three of the Free Church denominations present their plans for the future: Congregational, Presbyterian, and Baptist.

All of them tell of church buildings demolished by bombs, of others unroofed, of all kinds of war damage to property. But the churches have no thought of quitting. They are rising up in a determination to rebuild.

The English Congregational church with less than 500,000 members announces a Reconstruction Fund of 500,000 pounds, equivalent to $2,-500,000. In one issue of The Christian World, called the "Congregational Reconstruction number," there are four pictures of shattered churches, one wall stands in a London chhrch, another has two walls and no roof; a Coventry rhurch must have had a bomb go straight throhgh its center; and a large Bristol church is now a shattered shell. It is stated that more than 200 Congregational chhrches have lost their bhildings besides suffering great destruction of other property. Three-fifths of the Congregational churches of London were damaged; in Bristol, a city of less than 400,000 inhabitants, the Congregationalists alone had 26 churches damaged; in Coventry the central churches were smashed along with everything else; and the City Temple of London, that center for years of all English Non-Conformists, was demolished. This denomination, with churches everywhere in ruins, took up a slogan: "Our building has gone, but our fellowship remains." Their recent reports tell that from all parts of England come thrilling responses to the call to rebuild. As one leader puts it: "We shall give because we believe in the future. Every sacrificial gift to the fund is a statement of our confidence in what the Church of Jesus Christ can do in the coming days, and our conviction that the churches of our own order have a part to play."

Presbyterians are a small denomination in England, numbering only about 71,000 members. Somehow Presbyterians flourished across the border in rugged Scotland, but they have never grown large numerically in England. A recent General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of England met in Liverpool, and the first page of its program summoned the Presbyterians of England "to envisage and prepare to meet the challenge of post-war days." This little group of Presbyterians, scarcely more than one-eighth the size of the comparatively small Southern Presbyterian church in our own country, announce their determination to provide a fund of $2,000,000 to rebuild and carry on after the war. The Moderator of this assembly stated that he did not share the view of those who maintain "that, in the midst of things that are all in flux, the church should

OLD CHARLEY

(North Carolina State Department of Archives and History)

Terror, death, and misery reigned among the Eastern Cherokee as, in the year 1838, squads of soldiers of the United States army searched every small cabin in the coves of the southern Appalachians, seized their Indian occupants, and, with rifle and bayonet, drove them out to begin a six months' journey to land reserved for the tribe in the West. For the treaty of New Erhota, signed in 1835, by a handful of Cherokee, had ceded to the United States all Cherokee territory east of the Mississippi River, and had provided for the removal of the tribe to Indian Territory in the West. Although 16,000 Cherokee had protested, claiming that the 300 or 400 who had made the treaty had no authority to cede the lands of the nation, goverment authorities were determined to put the terms of the treaty into effect. The Cherokee were equally determined to remain in their native homeland, and on May 26, 1838, the expiration of the time for their departure, only about 2,000 of the 17,000 members of the eastern nation had moved west.

General Winfield Scott was now appointed to force emigration; and under his orders the Cherokee were started on an exile far exeeding that of the Acadians in grief and pathos. Families were driven from the dinner table and with oaths and blows were started on the weary march to the stockades where they were to be held preparatory to their removal. Men were seized in the fields, women were taken from their cooking, and children were dragged from their play. Often the exiles, turning for one last look as they crossed the ridge, saw their cabins in flames, fired by the lawless rabble who, bent on loot and pillage, followed on the heels of the soldiers.

Among these exiles was an old man namen Tsali or Charley. Driven from his home with his wife, his brother, his three sons and their families, he followed the soldiers' commands with apparent submission. But within him rebellion raved at the injustice he and his people were suffering. His exasperation became unbearable when he saw his wife, who was unable to walk fast, being prodded with bayonets Speaking in Cherokee, a language which the soldiers did not understand, he urged the other men to join him in a dash for liberty. Suddenly each warrior sprang upon the soldier nearest him. So sudden and unexpected was the attack that one soldier was killed and the rest fled, while Charley and his companions escaped to the mountains.

Here, with hundreds of others who had managed to escape, they subsisted on roots and wild berries while the troops hunted vainly for them. When their kinsmen in the stockades were started on the long, tragic journey westward, more than a thousand fugitives remained in the fastnesses of the high mountains, suffering and dying from starvation and exposure, but defying every effort to effect their capture. About half the refugee warriors had put thmselves under the command of a noted leader named Utsala, who made his headquarters

in the lofty peaks at the head of Oconaluftee.

Realizing the difficulty of capturing these refugees, General Scott seized the incident of Charley's escape as an opportunity for offering to compromise. He sent William H. Thomas, a white trader who was the Cherokee's most trusted freind. to Utsala with an offer to call off the pursuit and allow the fugitives to stay unmolested until an effort could be made to secure from the general government permission for them to remain permanently, provided the Indians would seize Charley and his companions and surrender them for punishment.

Taking with him one or two Indians, Thomas made his way over secret paths to Utsala's hiding place. He presented Scott's proposition, and stated to the chief that by aiding in bringing Charley's party to punishment he could secure respite for the mass of his followers, and possibly permission to remain in their own country, while if he rejected the offer the seven thousand troops which had now completed the work of gathering up and deporting the rest of the tribe would be set loose upon his own small band until the last refugee had been either taken or killed.

Utsala considered the proposition long and seriously. His heart was bitter, for his wife and little son had starved to death on the mountain side. He thought of the thousands already on their long march into exile, and then he looked round upon his little band of followers. If only they might stary! Even though a few must be sacrificed, it was better than that all should die—for they had sworn never to leave their country. At last he consented, and Thomas returned to report to General Scott.

Charley and his party were in hiding in a cave of the Great Smokies at the head of Deep Creek. Thomas determined to go to him and try to persuade him to come in and surrender. He went alone to Charley's cave, walked up to him, and told him his mission. The old man listened in silence. Then he said, "I will come in. I don't want to be hunted down by my own people." And with his brother and his sons, he voluntarily came from his hiding place and gave himself up to be shot. General Scott compelled a detachment of Cherokee prisoners to do the shooting in order to impress upon the Indians the fact of their utter helplessness. Only the youngest son, Wasituna, was allowed to live, being spared on account of his youth.

After several years of persistent effort at Washington, Thomas at last obtained permission for the refuges in the North Carolina and Tennessee mountains to remain. Acting as their agent, he bought up lands upon which they could be permanently settled and aided them in orgarnizing a government. And so the remnant of the tribe began life on what is now the Cherokee reservation in western North Carolina.

In Bryson City there stands today a marker erected by the State of North Carolina to commemorate the heroic act of old Charley and family who were shot nearby; and the Cherokee still remember with rever ence the old man who with his sons, voluntarily sacrificed his life that his kinsmen might remain in their native home.

remain essentially unchanged, miraculously preserved intact and inviolate," but he urges the Presbyterians of England to improve their worship, strengthen their preaching, rethink their education, capture the youth for Christ, and go forward as part of Living Church of God.

The English Baptists are not a large church, numbering less than 400,000. They aiways have been a great missionary church, giving to the world its William Carey and other notable adventurers for Christ. The program of their missionary society has caught their imagination; and while they must rebuild their shattered churches and plan for their future in England, they are seeking a $750,000 missionary fund and 150 new volunteer missionaries to go out to the ends of the earth in a new missionary enterprise.

From these papers of three weeks, out of Scotland comes the story of how a generous soul has established a fund of 100,000 pounds, a half million dollars, for the purpose of aiding the development of the work of the Church of Scotland for the moral and religious welfare of the youth. That man, who set aside such a sum for his church, believes amid war days that spiritual values are supreme.

It happens that these papers with religious wews of three weeks tell of the smaller denominations. They do not tell of the work of the great Anglican church in England, or of the strong Methodist church. It has little news from the strongest churh in Scotland, the Presbyterian. This does not mean that these are falling behind their brethren. It is simply that their work happened not to be reported.

The church news from England should encourage us in America; it should stimulate our faith and quicken both our activity and our giving, for while our land is untouched by bombs, there must be great undertakings and large giving if we are to do our part in building a better world.

———:———

WHAT IS HOME?

A roof to keep out the rain. Four walls to keep out the wind. Floors to keep out the cold. Yes, but home is more than that. It is the laugh of a bady, the song of a mother, the strength of a father. Warmth of loving hearts, light from happy eyes kindness, loyalty, comradeship. Home is first school and first church for young ones, where they learn what is right, what is good and what is kind. Where they go for comfort when they are hurt or sick. Where joy is shared and sorrow eased. Where fathers and mothers are respected and loved. Where children are wanted. Where the simplest food is good enough for kings because it is earned. Where money is not so important as loving kindness. Where even the tea-kettle sings from happiness. That is home. God bless it!—Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink.

ROENTGEN AND THE PENETRATING EYE

(Sanatorium Sun)

The old saying that truth is stronger than fiction has been reinforced these latter years by the marvelous discoveries of science. The ancient Persian story-tellers were wholly unaware of telephones, autos, airplanes, submarines and wireless. They had to journey for days to visit relatives who lived but a few miles distant. There were no modern devices to enable more speedy communication. But they were great dreamers, and in their imagination they pictured magic carpets upon which they might float across incredible distance at an unbelievable pace. They invented a talisman, by holding which they could talk with friends in remotest countries. Dissatisfied with the limitation of sight they conjured up an eye that could span the boundaries of the earth and see right through palace walls and the bastions of their enemies' fortifications.

It is not hard to fancy their bewilderment if these dreamers could drop back upon the earth today and see so many of their visions realized and many more even beyond the limit of their fertile imaginations. The magic carpet is propelled by gasoline; voices now sound across earth spaces, the existence of which they had not conceived; the penetrating eye of the X-ray looks not alone through inanimate obstructions, but through the human body as well and reveals many of the wonders of its structure and watches it perform the complicated processes of life.

Since its discovery forty-eight years ago, the X-ray—one of the great scientific marvels of all times—has been accepted as part of the equipment of our modern and highly complex civilization. The child of today grows up to accept it in the same matter-of-fact manner in which he accepts his spinach or his pasteurized milk. The physician of today finds it hard to picture the practice of medicine without the X-ray's ever-helpful assistance.

In our hurried lives we think too little of the significance of those marvelous inventions which the past fifty years records and of how far our safety, our health, our comfort, our happiness depend on those inventions. Back of such great discoveries lies a patient trail of study and research bravely followed by one or more great scientists devoting themselves step by step to the glorious task of adding to the sum of human knowledge. Such a man is Dr. Wilhelm Konrad Roentgen of the University of Wurzburg.

He was born in Germany in 1841 and, after the usual preparation, went to Apeldoorn in Holland, where he was graduated in engineering from that famous school. Later he won his doctor's degree in physics at the Zurich Polytechnic in Switzerland, where he established a reputation for remarkable accuracy and attention to details in his research work. Through his inlustry and ability as a student he attracted the attention of the famous physicist, August Kundt, whose assistant he became after graduation

and whose interest in the young scholar greatly influenced his future career.

Roentgen followed Kundt to Wurzburg and later to Strassburg, where he became associate professor of theoretical physics. Then after nine years at Giessen he was called back to Wurzburg to become director of the Institute of Physics, where he remained until his death in 1923 and where his most noted work was done. For his discovery of the X-ray and his other notable contributions to physics he received the Nobel Prize in 1901.

There was an apparent element of chance in his discovery of the rays which have been christened with his name. Yet this chance could only have been grasped by a skilled scientist and a careful observer willing to pursue with infinite patience any suggestive lead which might be presented in the course of his experiments. He was studying the light thrown out by a strange new vacuum-tube, invented by Professor Crookes of London, which glowed with a peculiar phosphorescence when electricity was passed between two electrodes place inside the tube. We can picture him in his laboratory—a big, full-bearded man with unusually keen deep-set eyes, bending in complete absorption over his fascinating new instrument. One day he was called away from his work, but before leaving he took the precaution to remove his precious tube from its clamp and set it down, still glowing, on a book he had been reading that morning.

That simple act of caution gave to the world one of the epoch-making discoveries of modern science—the X-ray. For, in the center of that book, serving as a book-mark, lay a large, flat, antique key, while underneath the book lay a photgraphic plate-holder which Roentgen had loaded to a preparation for an afternoon outing. Returning later to the laboratory, he gathered up this holder, among others, and spent the rest of the afternoon outdoors enjoying his hobby of photography. When he developed the plates the shadow of his book-mark, the key, appeared on one of them. He must have been annoyed because the picture was spoiled, just as you or I might be under similar circumstances. But his scientific mind was puzzled. How did the image of the key get on the plate? He showed it to his students and asked them how it might have happened, but none of the explanations satisfied him.

The rest is history. The phenomenon set up a new train of thought in Roentgen's mind, which resulted in his belief in the existence of an unknown light ray, which he called the X-ray, and he set to work to prove his theory. Finally on December 28, 1895, he made a report of his experiments before the Wurzburg Physico-medical Society, in a paper called "A New Form of Radiation," and placed humanity forever in his debt. For, Roentgen gave his discovery freely to the world and never attempted to make a penny from it.

The different ways the X-ray has served mankind are too numerous to recount. The greatest of these is its contribution to medicine. At first, with the older technique, it was used chiefly to detect fractures and diseases of bone, since the greater density of the bones showed plainly contrasting shadows in comparison with the soft parts of the body. But in recent years refinements have been

rapid, and now many diseases of the organs, as well, may be studied. Especially is this ture of the lungs, which are light structures filled with air and so allow the rays to pass with little interruption.

If disease of the lungs is present, it may often be shown with great clearness and accuracy by the darker shadow which it throws upon the X-ray plate. This is of signal value in detecting tuberculosis, espesially in its earlier and less dangerous stage when it cannot be definitely found by any other means. Tens of thousands of pictures of the chests of school children are being taken annually, and here and there we can pick out youngsters with an undiscovered tuberculous infection of the lung which, if neglected, might lead to serious trouble. Many a child owes his health, and perhaps his life, to this outstanding scientific achievement—the discovery of the X-ray by Wilhelm Konrad Roentgen.

So the ancient Persian fable of the magic eye that could see through palace walls and fortifications has come true. By means of the X-ray we are enabled to see the enemy, Disease, even behind the walls of the body and trace it to its most secret haunts. The unsuspected tumor, the fractured bone, the damaged lung, cannot hide from the penetrating vision of the Roentgen ray.

THERE IS NO TROUBLE

There is no trouble outside the castle that matters:
Only trouble within
Among the defenders, weakness, conflict that shatters
What might have been.

When bomb disfigures the tower, when bullet whistles
Through splintered glass,
If the warders within are hardy it might be thistles
Blowing through grass.

All that matters is under the castle's cover,
Till the very end;
Till the walls and the besieger, leapinf over
Becomes the friend.

—Dorothy Lee Richardson.

JUNE BRIDES

By Hoyt McAfee.

As many couples get married during October, December, and April as during June, but June long has been popularly regarded, in romantic fancy, in stories, and by society writers, as the month of brides.

How does the simple, unpretentious American ceremony in these stirring war days compare with what couples go through in other parts of the yorld to become man and wife? Let's look in on a few odd wedding rites in far places of the world—and let American girls determine whether they would like to be in the shoes of brides in those lands.

First, let's go to an igloo village of an Eskimo tribe. Merrymakers have gathered for a feast. Excitement is in the air; the suitor has permission to marry a certain girl—and he enters the tent to look for her. When he sees her, he remarks: "Some woman had better go out and climb into my sled." From her—only provocative laughter.

This the suitor takes as a challenge to his manhood; and so he asserts himself. When he tries to carry his bride-to-be off to his sled, she resists with all her might. She kicks and claws him, and screams at the top of her lungs. All the while he's doing his best to subdue her. It's a sight to tickle, and roars of laughter come from those gathered for the wedding feast.

Now the suitor and the one he wants to make his wife renew their scrap. They crash into and upset a large oil lamp. Theirs is a good old-fashioned knock-them-down and draw-them-out fight; and the spectators all howl with delight. Clawing and kicking, the couple roll outside the tent, and tear into each other again, largely to please the guests there who have not been able to crowd into the tent.

In a few moments, however, the bride ceases her resistance—and the groom bears her away, in triumph and on his shoulders, to his sled. Once on it, she becomes his property; his wife. She's bleeding, and breathing fast; but she quickly wipes her tears away and smiles happily. He and she both are bursting at the seams with pride over the notice they've attracted and the attention they've received. And off they go to a honeymoon in a snowhouse.

In Tibet, marriage is pretty much of an economic affair; only very rarely do men and women marry for romantic and emotional reasons. No papers, no marriage license, no parental consent, no Lamas are needed. Simply, the Tibetan man, in company with his friends, rides to the tent of a woman he has singled out, siezes her, and rushes back to his home with her. There's much of the fanfare—he and his buddies can't resist showing off; which they do by whooping and firing off their guns.

In hot, yet comical, pursuit of them comes the girl's father, accompanied by his friends. They likewise do a lot of shooting—into the air; their

way of "protesting" against the "kidnapping" of the bride.

In a little while, however, all is forgiven as everyone concerned joins in a merry feast and drinks beer with a kick to it. That's all there is to it—from that point on the young couple are considered man and wife.

After three days of "trial marriage," she may if she chooses leave him; if so, that's the end of the union. When she rejoins her family, she is given the heartiest welcome; in fact, her action merely adds to her popularity and makes her more desirable in the eyes of other men.

Aside from the trial marriage, Tibet is known for its casual yet complete acceptance of monogany, polyandry, poligamy, group marriage, and temporary marriage. To illustrate: if a Tibetan man goes on a business journey to another part of the country, he may marry some woman in the village in which he's visting for the length of his stay. His going away, at the expiration of his visit, brings the "temporary marriage" he and she have entered into a close—and this is done casually, easily, and without bitterness.

Customarily, when a woman marries a Tibetan she becomes the wife of all brothers. Often however, each of the brothers will wed a different woman. So, five brothers, five wives. Now, the brothers will swap and interchange wives freely, frequently, and without a whit of jealousy. In this "scramble," no wife knows from one day to the next with which husband, or brother, she will find herself. This is called "group marriage"; and the Tibetans look upon it with great favor, since they think it is conducive to begetting many children. And the more children the better; they're wanted and needed to tend the flocks of sheep.

Take the case of the Tibetan woman married to five brothers. Whichever brother is inside the house with her, must deposit his slippers on the front doorstep. Not until he comes out and removes them may another brother enter and he with the "family wife"—and numerous are the instances when they (brothers) line up and race to determine who will be the first to go inside!

It well to remember that Tibetans regard marriage as a "business partnership"; sexual considerations bear a secondary importance. Tibetans women, incidentally, laugh with great amusement when they are told that American girls have only one husband.

In Tanganyika, Africa, a wedding stretches over a three-day period. It all starts with a big feast. Beating tom-toms . . . Guests arrive . . Flickering fires . . . circling dancers, all stamping their feet . . . During the first night, the bride to-be can bestow her favors on as many different men as she pleases . . . Her intended groom is busy eleswhere; beating drums, feeding the fire, carrying beer, and listening to the gossip of the villiage elders. . .

On the third day, there's another feast. More beating of tom-toms, more dancing, more drinking of beer. And then the screams of women signify that the big moment finally is at hand . . . A figure covered entirely with white muslin stalks toward the groom . . . It is tall headless and armless . . . Then the bride's

sister pulls him to his feet . . . Shy and blushing, he nevertheless undrapes the apparation . . . And thus is revealed his bride, on the shoulder of her sister . . .

He notes that every hair in her head has a multi-colored bead in it. Her body painted white, is covered only by a scant apron. He helps her down from her high perch, and they sit, hand-in-hand, against the wall — the while all guests present make frank and observing comment about their respective points. That night the couple bed down with the girls relatives; and they sleep in this order —the girl, her parents, the brothers, anl the groom away down at the end. It isn't until next norning that the nuptial vows are spoken.

In Arabia, a girl's parents decide who she will marry. With the arrangements completed, she issues forth from behind barred windows —still veiled, with silver earrings, anklets, and bracelets. Her face is painted, her hair is red with henna, and her hands and feet are dyed. Receptions are held at her house and the groom's house. She recieves and entertains her friends, and he his.

When the procession sets out from her house, she rides crouched down, in a gayly-colored box. Hanging from it are bells, fluttering ribbons, tinsel. No one can obtain a view of her. This fact adds to the excitement of the wedding celebrants as fireworks start popping.

Her box, mounted on long poles, is borne by four men. Lantern bearers walk alongside, followed by burly Negroes who beat on drums, play reeds, shout and cry. At the grooms house women dressed in black are waiting. In squatting positions, they beat tom-toms held between their knees.

All the groom's relatives pass him, high in his chair, and plant a kiss on his cheek—raising and lowering their veils as they do so. Finally, the silk hood is taken off the bride's head, and she spins three times in front of the groom. Then it is that he engages her hand, leads her to the nuptial chamber where they become united. His religion entitles him to four wives—more if he can support them. He may have as many female slaves as he wishes. A divorce may be secured by the mutual consent of the couple.

Russia probably has the simplest and the quickest wedding ceremony of all. A couple present themselves to a clerk at the ZAGS (Bureau for regisration of Civil Acts). They tell him what their occupation is, where they were born, about their state of health, and the social status of their parents. Then they pay him a normal fee — and they're man and wife without further ado.

———:———

TIME

Since Yesterday is gone beyond recalling,
And since for us Tomorrow may not be,
The wise man bravely makes each fleeting moment
Of his Today an opportunity.

ONE JOB AND TWO PEOPLE

By Myron F. Anderson, in World Horizons

John Pitkin was as perplexed in the decision he was obliged to make as was Hamlet in his soliloquy, "To be or not to be." He had been employing two clerks, but business had slowed down so much that he felt it necessary to discharge one of them. But which one? He liked both—both worked hard and faithfully, both were honest and capable, both dressed neatly, and both treated the patrons with fairness and courtesy. An idea came to Pitkin in the middle of the night.

The next morning he said to Joe: "Son, I want you to take a day off. Why not go out into the country and have a good time?"

When Edward came in, he said the same thing to him. Then, having rid himself of the two young men, he chuckled as he rubbed his hands and went speedily to work stamping "Joes" and "Edward" on a pack of small cards, on each of which was the word "Why?"

As customers came into the store, Pitkin handed each the two cards, with the explanation: "I am obliged to let one of my clerks go. Will you please drop through the slot in the nail keg the name of the clerk you want me to keep, and why?" And Pitkin noted that most of the customers were quite eager to comply with his request.

That night Pitkin tallied "votes" late into the night. The final count gave Joe three hundred and seventy-two, and Edward forty-five.

"How do you account for it?" asked his good wife. "Edward is a mighty fine young man."

."It's accounted for right in these answers to the question 'why?' " said Pitkin. "Let me read you a few of the reasons given in favor of Joe:

" 'Joe smiles when he sees me coming in.'

" 'Joe never fails to ask about little Johnny, my crippled son.'

" 'Joe has a good word for everyone.'

" 'Joe is never too busy to do a little extra for me.'

" 'I like the way Joe gives me back my change.'

" 'Joe's voice is so gentle and human.'

" 'Never saw Joe out of humor.'

" 'Joe can keep ten people in good humor while he waits on one.'

" 'Because Joe likes me—he shows it.'

" 'Joe knows me on the street.'

" 'Joe sent my little niece a big sack of candy when she was sick.'

" 'Joe carried my bundles all the way home one day when the walks were slippery.' "

And Pitkin decided that his own vote would be to keep Joe working.

———:———

Nothing shall warp me from the belief that every man is a lover of truth. There is no pure lie, no pure malignity of nature.—Emerson.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys are giving the school building basement a fresh coat of paint, and are also painting the newly-erected pasture fence, located on the east side of the highway.

—:—

A group of painters from Concord have been working at the School for the past week, painting the basements of several cottages. It is hoped that all cottages may thus be improved in appearance in the near future.

—:—

"The Marines Fly High" was the name of the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show held in the auditorium last Thursday night. A comedy, "Arrow Points," was shown on the same program. Both are R-K-O productions.

—:—

Various roads and drives on the campus and about the farm have been re-shaped and put in excellent condition. This not only makes better traveling, but is a decided improvement in the appearance of the School grounds.

—:—

Our gardens continue to furnish a generous supply of early vegetables, and just recently the first tomatoes of the season were gathered. The Victory gardens at various cottages also seem to be quite productive, if we are to believe all the yarns we hear, as the gardeners tell of their work.

—:—

Our herd of young Hereford cattle was recently removed from the pasture near the barn buildings to the newly-fenced pasture on the east side of the grounds. These young cows are doing nicely and present a fine appearance in their new quarters.

—:—

The members of the barn force and some of the other outside groups have been quite busy this week, threshing the oats and wheat which was recently gathered in. While the yield has been estimated as being less than last year, these crops were considered pretty good, despite the bad weather early in the season.

—:—

We learned a short time ago that Leroy Owens, one of our old boys, was in the United States Army. He entered the School, March 3, 1930 and was permitted to return to his home in High Point, March 1, 1932. Progress reports coming back to us concerning this lad since leaving have been very good. During the greater part of his stay at the institution he was employed on the outside forces. Leroy is now twenty-seven years old. We were not informed as to how long he has been in the Army, but have

reason to believe that he has been serving Uncle Sam for several months.

—:—

The boiler at the cannery has been overhauled, and plans are being made to make necessary repairs to the window screes and othherwise have this plant ready for use. When this work is completed our cannery will be in first-class condition. It is hoped that we may be able to preserve more vegetables this years than in any previous season.

—:—

Our old friend, Clyde A. Bristow, postcards us from Columbus, Georgia, that he is again employed by the Roadway Express Company, for whom he drove a huge transfer truck for several years. He states: "Am Roadwaying again, on the Greensboro and Columbus, Georgia, run and getting along fine. Our babies are growing nicely—ditto Victory Garden. Best regards to all."

—:—

According to a recent news item in the Charlotte News, William J. Wingate, a former member of our teaching staff and officer in charge of Cottage No. 7, has been commissioned a second lieutenant in the United States Army. He received his commission at Fort Washington, Maryland, where he graduated from the Adjutant General's School. The news item stated that "in the Army he will be assigned to an administrative position."

We were glad to learn that our good friend, Bill, had received this promotion. He has been in the Army for about two years. This was the first we had heard anything about him since early last year, at which time he was stationed at Keesler Field, Mississippi.

—:—

In the Charlotte News, issue of June 15th, we noticed the name of Reid Beheler, a former student at the Training School, listed among those who had enlisted in the United States Navy. This lad, along with many others, was inducted through the mass enlistment ceremony, held at the Carolina Theatre, Charlotte, on Flay Day, June 14th. Superintendent Hawfield received a letter from Reid a few days ago, stating that he was stationed at Bainbridge, Maryland, and was getting along fine.

Reid entered the School, April 15, 1940 and remained here until February 9, 1943, when he was conditionally released to return to his home in Mt. Holly. During part of his stay with us he was house boy at Cottage No. 8, and at other times was employed in the shoe shop. At the time of his admission to the institution, he entered the first grade, and at the time of leaving he had been in the third grade for several months.

—:—

We recently received a nice letter from Rev. Franklyn H. Board, former rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, who is now a Chapan in the United States Army. He is now taking a course at the Chaplains' Training School, Harvard University,

Cambridge, Mass., at the completion of which he will be assigned to an Army post. Frank's letter reads in part, as follows:

"Thank you for the fine letter. I enjoyed the news of yourself and the comment on the boys. Tell my young friends at the School to stick in there and keep up their good work. They are fine little fellows. Rhoda and Mickey are fine. I see them over the week-ends. The Army is shooting the works here. We rise at 5:30 a. m. and have a full day until 10 p. m. Today, we had a six-mile hike, just to get warmed up. I miss seeing the folks and living in Concord. Some day we will return, but in the meantime there's much needed work to be done in the Army. Remember us kindly to all."

—:—

Clyde A. Kivett, a fromer member of our printing class, wrote us a few days ago. This young man, now twenty-six years old, entered the School, January 20, 1927, and returned to his home in Rutherford County, March 16, 1932; re-entered, March 1, 1933; was again permitted to leave, April 8, 1936. He went to Concord, and for a little more than a year was employed as linotype operator by the Herald-Observer. When that newspaper merged with the Concord Daily Tribune, Clyde obtained a position in Asheboro. Shortly thereafter, he enlisted in the United States Army, and for a couple of years was a member of the coast artillery, and was stationed in Panama. In December, 1942, following an attack of malarial fever, Clyde was given an honorable medical discharge, and returned to the United States. During the Christmas holidays, he visited the School, and went about the business of securing employment. In January, we saw an item in the paper, stating that he had married a young lady in Concord, which was the last we had heard of him until the arrival of his recent letter, which reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Please don't think that I had forgotten you, but at long last I have finally gotten settled down here in Statesville. Have bought most of my furniture and appliances. My wife and Iare getting along fine, and I think she is a pretty swell girl to put up with me.

"When I left Concord last Christmas, I went to Mocksville, but Mr. McQuage had an operator from Salisbury who was working three nights a week, and was setting enough type for him. He advised me to go to Statesville, where I would have a better chance to get work, and exactly twenty-four hours after you phoned Mr. McQuage, I was hired by the Statesville Daily Record. I like my work here, and am getting alone fine.

"Hope to visit Concord soon, and will see you some of these days. Hoping to hear from you soon, and wishing you the best of health and happiness, I am, Your friend, Clyde."

—:—

We have received another letter from William S. Morgan, the printing department's only representative in the United States Navy. Bill writes from Bremerton, Washington, as follows:

"I'm writing you just before going to sea. Am now at one of the largest and finest naval bases in the world.

Here may be seen all kinds of men and all type of ships. The battleship Pennsplvania, which fired the first shot at Attu, is in port here, undergoing repairs. Here we see aircraft carriers, battleships, cruisers, destroyers and all other kinds of vessels, down to the small Liberty boats which are being built right in the yards.

"I don't know what kind of a ship I'm going to be placed on, and I don't care. All I want is a good chance to have a crack at the Japs. This is what I've been waiting for. After nine weeks in "boot " camp and sixteen week weeks in service school, am ready for anything Uncle Sam wants me to do. Am now a petty officer, a third class radioman—just one among many thousands in the U. S. Navy—and we are all in this thing together. Among these men, all kinds of rates and trades are represented, and some of these fellows have been in all the sea battles of the war. On all sides I can see men who are wearing campaign bars, with stars marking survivors; others proudly wear the Navy Cross, the Order of the Purple Heart and other marks of merit. When a fellow like me sees all this ,he realizes just what we are all fighting for, and feels that he is just one little grain of sand on the beach.

"I went to church here last Sunday. It was my first service in a long time, but Iresolved not to miss any more. In other words, when a fellow feels that he is near to God, he feels better satisfied. Somehow I feel that we are on the right side, and that the United Nations will win this fight, and that everything in going to be all right. With men such as we have here, we just can't miss.

"Please remember me to all my friends at the School, and try to write me before I go to sea. I'll be leaving soon, and want to be able to write one more letter before getting out into the restricted mail area. Hope you received the cards and folders. Sincerely, Bill."

—:—

John C. Robertson, formerly of Cottage No. 3, who has been away from the School about three years, rerently wrote the following letter:

"Dear Superintendent: Do you remember a boy named John C. Robertson, who was in Cottage No. 3? He was a little short, fat boy, and he was a cook. That is, he cooked for the officers there. If you don't remember me, I am sure Mrs. Webb or Mr. Johnson will, if they are still working at the School.

"Would like to remind you that that boy isn't so short and fat now, and has been in the United States Army a little more than four months and is getting along fine. I like the work I am now doing. Am a Military Police, and take pride in my work.

"I shall always remember Jackson Training School and the training received while there. It has helped me a lot since I returned home. I hope some day to come back to the School and see if any of the boys I know are still there, also to spend a day or two where I spent the best part of my childhood.

"I hope the old School is still running in the same order as when I was

there, for it's a good way to train a boy to go out into life and make something of himself.

"Will have to close now for we have an inspection this morning, and I must get my rifle cleaned up. Remember me to everybody, and let me hear some news of the School some of these days. Very truly yours, James C. Robertson, Jr."

James entered the School, December 1, 1937 and remained here until July 12, 1940, when he was conditionally released to return to his home in Winston-Salem. He was house boy in Cottage No. 3 during practically his entire stay at the institution. Upon entering, he was placed in the fifth grade, and at the time of leaving, had been in the seventh grade thirteen months. He weighed 114 pounds when admitted and measured five feet-one inch; his weight when he left was 181 pounds and height was five feet, six inches; which shows that he stretched out five inches and gained sixty-seven pounds while here. Throughout his entire stay with us, James made a very good record, and continued to do so after returning to Winston-Salem, and, upon recommendation of the Welfare Department of his home county, he was granted an honorable discharge from further parole supervision, January 31, 1942.

—:—

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Acts 9:1-20, and in his message to the boys he stressed the importance of applying ourselves to our daily tasks.

At the beginning of his remarks, he told how Peter the Great, of Russia, once went into the shop of a humble cobbler and made shoes just to prove to his people that work was honorable. Some people find it difficult to apply themselves to tasks, feeling they are too good to work. Such people can get a good lesson from the act of the ruler of Russia.

The speaker continued by saying that we need to find places in which to apply ourselves. To see a gifted artist paint a picture looks very easy from the side-lines, but we all know that the painter had to go through a long period of training before being able to make a picture. We sit back and listen to a great band. The musicians seem to handle the various instruments with the greatest of ease, but they, too, had to go through long practice periods. The same is true in all phases of life. If we are going to accomplish anything, we must work hard. Things which come easily are not of much importance.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then told the boys to look at the great leaders of the world—men and women who are not afraid of work—doing great things every day which will enable them to be remembered many years after they have passed on. There will be found no record of loafers in history. In order to make a name for ourselves we must work.

In conclusion, the speaker told the boys that many people may never reach the top in their chosen professions, but as long as we keep climbing the ladder, even though we may not reach the top, we are better off than we were before starting to climb.

Early in life we should decide on something we want to do, and then keep climbing in the direction of our goal. When we turn back, that is the first sign of defeat, but if we face forward, we shall reach the coveted goal.

Before the beginning of the regular service, Mr. Ralph Brausa directed the band in the rendition of several numbers. They played some fine old hymns, and the entire audience joined in singing with them. An additional feature of this part of the program was a number played by a cornet trio. They rendered "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God" in a most delightful manner. The lads composing this trio were, Edward Loftin, Arcemias Hefner and Velda Denning. Our band boys are now showing considerable improvement each time they appear upon the stage, and these short musical program on Sunday afternoons are thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

—:—

Interest in local baseball seems to increase as the season progresses. Last Saturday's games were spirited contests, with enthusiasm running high as both boys and officers cheered their respective teams on to greater effort. The hardest fought game in League Number One was the one in which First Cottage nosed out the boys of Cottage Four by the score of 2 to 1. In League Number Two, the Tenth Cottage boys continued their winning ways by beating Fourteenth Cottage by the score of 18 to 5, thus racking up their seventh straight win, with no defeats charged against them. The scores of the games were as follows:

League Number One—Receiving Cottage 10 Fifth Cottage 4; First Cottage 2 Fourth Cottage 1; Third Cottage 9 Eighth Cottage 7.

League Number Two—Ninth Cottage 10 Eleventh Cottage 6; Tenth Cottage 18 Fourteenth Cottage 5; Thirteenth Cottage 10 Fifteenth Cottage 2.

CLUB STANDINGS

League Number One

	W	L	Pct
Receiving Cottage	7	1	.875
First Cottage	6	1	.857
Fourth Cottage	5	2	.714
Fifth Cottage	3	5	.375
Third Cottage	2	6	.250
Eighth Cottage	0	8	.000

League Number Two

	W	L	Pct
Tenth Cottage	7	0	1.000
Thirteenth Cottage	5	3	.625
Eleventh Cottage	3	4	.429
Fourteenth Cottage	3	4	.429
Ninth Cottage	2	5	.285
Fifteenth Cottage	2	6	.250

———:———

More different kinds of minerals have been discovered in North Carolina than in any other state in the Union.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 20, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Robert Finley
Donald Jolly
Ira Montgomery
Weaver Ruff
Malcom Seymour
Richard Sheahan
Lee St. Clair
Harry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Richard Billings
Oscar Carter
George Cox
Marion Cox
Douglas Dorsett
Jack Harmon
Roy Jones
Leonard Lovelace
Harold McKinney
Walter Riggs
David Swink
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Jack Bateman
Paul Childers
Robert Coleman
Joseph Dew
John Holder
Arthur Ingle
Fonzer Pittman
Ralph Powell
Rhonda Price
Samuel Pritchett
Elbert Russ
Milton Talley

COTTAGE NO. 4

Elbert Brown
William Davis
William Deaton
Elster Jones
William Lanning
Roy Patton
Lewis B. Sawyer
Roy Swink
Jerry Talbert
Walter Thomas
Ernest Turner
Edward VanHoy
Eugene Watts
Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 5

Randolph Ammons
Harold Cruse
William Gentry
Eugene Kermon
Jesse King
John Mazoo
Hoyt Newell
Wiliam Penninger
David Eugene Stubbs
Willford Richard Seegers
Kenneth Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 6

Eugene Bowers
Kenneth Caldwell
Charlton Cox
Ralph Gibson
Everett Galleon
Robert Jarvis
Gerald Kermon
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean
Hayes Powell
Reitzel Southern
Wesley Turner
Joseph Turner
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7

R. C. Combs
Donald Grimstead
William Hardin
Cecil Kinion
Amos Myers
Leroy Pate
Jerry Ray
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Bennett
R. D. MiCurdy
Eugene White
Homer Johnson

COTTAGE NO. 9

Robert Brady
Herbert Branch
Riley Denny
Fred Grimstead
Edward Guffey
James Hale
Henry Hattem
John Hill
Thomas Ingram
Morris Johnson
Isaac Mahaffey
Charles McClenny
Albert Newton
Robert Owens
Troy Parris
L. J. Sherman
George Strayhorne
J. R. Truett
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

Fred Carswell
Joseph Kincaid
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Dewey Bunn
Velda Denning
Frank Fargis
Robert Goldsmith
William Guffey
Jack Gentry
Fred Holland
Earl Harris
Robert Moses
J. C. Rhodes
Clyde Rhodes
Everett Stamey
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Adrian Carter
Ernest Davis
Millard Ellege
Donald Hobbs
Robert Hobbs
Banks McKnight
Russell Stikes
Dillard Shelton

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Fred Bostian
Charles Callahan
Robert Caudle
John Fargis
William Harding
Robert Holbert
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William E. Lanford
James Linebarrier
Charles Pittman
John Pritchard
Walter Stansberry
Paul Stone
Peter Tuttle
Theodore Young

COTTAGE NO. 15

James Cantrell
Burlin Edmondson
Lawton McDowell
Hugh Roberts
Roger Reid
Evans Watson
John Watts

INDIAN COTTAGE

Peter Chavis
Charles Pearson

INFIRMARY

Sterald Cline
Lawrence Rice
Alvis Watkins

———:———

True gentleness is founded on a sense of what we owe to Him who made us and to the common nature which we all share. It arises from reflection on our own failings and wants, and from just views of the condition and duty of men. It is a native feeling, heightened and improved by principle.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., JULY 3, 19[illegible] No. 27

(Orange County)
(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library
JUL 5 [illegible]

PATRIOTISM

He serves his country best
Who lives pure life and doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths however others
stray,
And leaves his sons, as uttermost bequest,
A stainless record which all men may read;
This is the better way.
No drop but serves the slowly lifting tide;
No dew but has an errand to some flower;
No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray,
And man by man, each helping all the rest.
Make the firm bulwark of the country's
power;
There is no better way.

—Susan Coolidge.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
WITH THE U. S. ARMED FORCES		8
THE FOUNDING OF DIX HILL	(N. C. Dept. History)	12
N. C. TIMBER RESOURCES	By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough	15
THE LIBERTY BELL	By George Lippard	19
"OH BRUDDERS, HOW MY HEART GROWS WEARY	By A. Hoyt Levy	20
DOCUMENT FOR AMERICAN FREEDOM	By J. B. Sinclair	21
WINNING THE BATTLE	(Selected)	23
INSTITUTION NOTES		24
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE SHIP OF STATE

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

NATIONAL FESTIVALS

On July 1st, in Canada and July 4th, in the United States, the people will be reminded of their beginnings in the realm of citizenship. Seven decades have elapsed since the Dominion of Canada was proclaimed as the consummation of the union of four great provinces. More than twice that number of years of free government

have been enjoyed by Americans since their separation from Great Britain in 1776, when their Declaration of Independence was drafted and promulgated.

To the extent that possession of vast resources and the will to be contented and prosperous are the indication of divine favor, Canada and the United States can justly claim to have enjoyed the blessings of God. History offers no parallel to the occupation of so vast a realm in so short a time. It is true that labor-saving machinery energized by newly-discovered, or at least newly applied energies, has greatly multiplied man-power in the conquest of land, water and air. But the generations that planted fields and built factories, likewise invented and applied the methods and mechanisms by which America and Canada rewarded their inhabitants and achieved national fame. Also, one notes with satisfaction how advancement has been applied to culture. Capacity for appreciation has been enlarged. To the possession of these non-material assets, art, literature, language and habits of living bear inspiring testimony. There is no other conclusion than that God's favor has been vouchsafed these two great peoples.

Perhaps it is this very abundance of natural and social resources that has created a condition of danger for the future. Certainly many thoughtful citizens are alarmed lest the Source of our great national power and prosperity shall be forgotten—even denied. With solemn emphasis they quote the psalmist's words, "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord, and the people whom He hath chosen for His inheritance," remembering the terrible fate of those same chosen ones when they forsook the source of their power. In short, the need to appraise our valuation of religion is in order on both sides of our boundary line. July 1st in Canada and July 4th in the United States should be used by press and pulpit to emphasize gratitude to God and respect for His will for us as nations.—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

FURTHER PROMOTION FOR FORMER TEACHER

I an issue of this little magazine, dated August 29, 1941, we carried a most interesting article concerning the military career of Samuel I. Parker, hero of World War I, who was once a popular and

efficient member of the teaching staff of Stonewall Jackson Training School. At that time it was stated that "Si," as he is familiarly known here, was again serving in the United States Army, and had been elevated from the rank of captain to that of major.

We were delighted to learn recently that Major Parker had again been promoted, and now holds the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Our attention has been called to an article in a recent issue of the Daily News Record, published in New York City, entitled, "Colonel Parker —Businessman-Soldier," which we are pleased to pass on to our readers, as follows:

Fort Benning, Georgia.—The recent promotion of Major Samuel I. Parker to the rank of lieutenant-colonel was the highlight of the third phase in the military career of this businessman-soldier.

Colonel Parker, who holds all the major war decorations available to a soldier in the United States Army, served with distinction in World War I, and was discharged from the Army in 1919. He was commissioned in the organized reserves when they were formed in North Carolina in 1923, but was obliged to relinquish his commission because of business duties in 1939. In August of last year, he was returned to active duty in the Infantry School here, where he served as an instructor. At present, he is developing a course in the leadership of small units.

His is particularly qualified in this field because of his experience in the firstWorld War. With the First Division, he participated in five major engagements and served in the Army of Occupation. During one of the battles in the Aisne-Marne sector. Colonel Parker, then a second lieutenant, took his depleted platoon, picked up some French stragglers and charged an enemy machine gun battery, taking 40 prisoners and six machine guns. On the following day, he was placed in command of two battalions on the line. For these achievements, he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.

In another engagement, he charged a German emplacement and shot the gunner with his pistol. For this he received the Distinguished Service Cross. Colonel Parker also holds the Purple Heart with Oak Leaf Cluster and the Silver Star with Oak Leaf Cluster.

Colonel Parker in on leave of absence from the Ciba Company, Inc., dye manufacturers, which he served as general sales manager.

One of the richest young women of the United States, Doris Duke Cromwell, has enlisted as technician at the University of North Carolina. Doubtless, Doris felt the impact of the treacherous attack of the Japs at Peal Harbor. She has an estate, a perfect haven of rest and beauty, on the Hawaiian Islands, and while there, December 7, 1941, she knows by experiance, that if the totalitarians or dictators win in this great wor, there will be no opportunities for men of the calibre of James B. Duke to build up a business that will prove to be a blessing to humanity. Like her father, one of the greatest philanthropists this state has ever known, she responds to the call, and gives not only of her wealth, but tenders her services like other young women who give thousands to the cause for freedom of speech, the press and religion. This gesture of service upon the part of this young women is indicative of the fact that she is a chip off the old block, and "dares to do." We beleive that environment contributes to the shaping up of one's ideals and smooths out the rough spots, but we none-the-less feel that heritage counts. In this instance, Doris Duke reflects the interest and courage of her noble forebears.

* * * * * * * *

Stephen Collins Foster, great American song writer of an early period in the life of America, was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, July 4, 1826. His compositions number 125, nearly a fourth of them being negro melodies. The best-known of these productions are Old Folks at Home, Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming, Uncle Ned, Old Dog Tray, and My Old Kentucky Home. Foster died in New York, January 13, 1864.

We learn things by comparison, therefore, in order to make clearer conditions for the students of today, we take great interest in mentioning Irving Berlin, a Jew as the next greatest song-writer of the nation. He has contributed hundreds of popular airs that are heard over the radio daily. For instance, God Bless America has been popularized by Kate Smith, the woman who never tires of putting over her programs. One marked difference between Foster and Berlin is that Foster died a very poor man, while the latter has accumulated a fortune from his musical compositions. Elsewhere

in this issue will be found an article telling an interesting story of these two men.

* * * * * * * *

FOOD CONSERVATION

It is generally conceded that people are growing "food-conscious." While in conversation recently with a housewife, she stated that she was canning sauerkraut. It was an unusual statement from this particular home-maker, because previously things of this kind had not absorbed her attention. In another instance, the report comes that one of the well-to-do housewives had recently canned one bushel of blackberries. There are many other similar instances that could be named, but we feel that when women of means become interested in food conservation, they are setting a fine example for others.

The point system now in operation throughout the land makes people realize the shortage of food, therefore, there is nothing to do but revert to an age-old custom—that of canning everything possible and storing such products away for future use. A slogan came to our ears recently, in which some one was quoted as saying: "We eat what we can, and what we can't eat, we can."

* * * * * * * *

Not satisfied with having performed wonders in the saving and use of blood by the establishment of blood banks, medical science has arranged to go further in the salvaging of fractional humanity. Dr. Paul Weiss recently informed the American Neurological Association that he had perfected a method for storing fragments of nerves for future use in grafting injured nerves. He has proved to his own satisfaction that nerve fragments can be preserved indefinitely by being de-hydrated in a vacuum, sealed in and stored in a dry condition in a temperature 150 degrees below zero Centigrade. Water must be added to make the nerves usable in operations. If those whose nervous systems need grafting have trouble with their nerves later on, they will have a ready alibi for themselves by putting the blame on others' nerves.—Selected.

WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES

The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that two employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

Staff Members

Patterson, James L. (Army)
Query, James L. (Army)

Former Staff Members

Barrier, Captain George L. (Army)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G. (Navy)
Parker, Lt.-Col. Samuel I. (Army)
Wingate, Lt. W. J. (Army Air Corps)

Former Students

Adams, Clyde (Navy)
Adams, Felix (Army)
Alexander, J. Mack (Army)
Alexander, Robert (Army)
Almond, Odell H. (Navy)
Allen, Burl (Navy)
Allen, Julian Herschel (Navy)
Allen, Grady C. (Navy)
Allen, Wayne (Navy)
Allred, James R. (Army Air Corps)
Andrews, Julian (Marine Corps)
Ashley, Arthur (Army)
Atkins, Richard (Army)
Atkinson, Hiram (Navy)
Atwell, Robert (Navy)
Atwood, Earl (Army)
Barber, Winfred V. (Army)
Barkley, Joel (Army)
Barnes, Norton (Army)
Barrett, Allen (Army)
Barrier, William T. (Navy)
Batson, Jack (Navy)
Branch, Glatley (Army)
Baynes, Howard (Army Air Corps)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
(‡) Beach, Ernest L. (Army)
Beaver, Albert (Army)
Beaver, Walter (Army)
Bell, William G. (Navy)
Beheler, Reid (Navy)
Benson, John (Navy)
Bordeaux, Junior (Army)

Bowman, Charles (Army)
Branch, Horace (Army)
Brantley, Elmond A. (Marine Corps)
Bray, Relons Odell (Army)
Briggs, Paul (Marine Corps)
Britt, Jennings (Navy)
Brogden, Norman (Navy)
Broome, Jack (Army)
Broome, Paul (Marine Corps)
Broome, Shannon (Army Air Corps)
Brothers, William (Naval Air Corps)
Brown Aldene (Army)
Brown, Harold (Army)
Bunn, Homer (Army)
Burke, Ensign William H. (Navy)
Burkhead, Dermont (Navy)
Burrow, John B. (Navy)
Butner, Roy (Marine Corps)

Capps, John T. (Army Air Corps)
Carter, Douglas (Army)
Carter, Fred (Army)
Carver, Gardner (Army)
Causey, Floyd (Army)
(‡) Causey, James D. (Army)
Chapman, Edward (Army)
Chattin, Ben (Army)
Cherry, Herman (Army)
Cobb, Frank E. (Army)
Coffer, Robert (Army)
Collins, Glenn L. (Army)
Connell, Harry (Army)
Connell, James (Navy)
Cooke, George C. (Army)
Cooper, Lake (Army)
Cooper, Walter (Army)
Cox, J. C. (Marine Corps)
Craft, Arthur (Army)
Crawford, Louis (Army)
Cunningham, David C. (Army)
Cunningham, Jesse S. (Navy)

Dalton, James (Army)
Daubenmyer, Nelson (Army)
Davis, Duke (Army)
Davis, Hubert (Navy)
Davis, James (Army)
Dodd, Carroll (Army)
Donaldson, Harold (Marine Corps)
Dorsey, W. Wilson (Army)
Driver, Malcom (Army Air Corps)
Dyson, Fred (Navy)

Eaker, Arnold Max (Army)
Earnhardt, Donald P. (Navy)
Edmondson, Arthur (Army)
Efird, N. A., Jr. (Army)
Elders, James R. (Marine Corps)

Elmore, A. C. (Marine Corps)
Ennis, James C. (Navy)
Ennis, Noah (Navy)
Ennis, Samuel (Army)
Evans, John H. (Army)
Evans, Mack (Army)
Everidge, Samuel (Navy)

Faggart, John (Marine Corps)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)
Faschnat, Mose (Navy)
(‡) Ferris, Russell (Army)
Fisher, Edward (Army)
Fisher, John H. (Army)
Freeman, Richard (Army)
French, Ian (Army)
Furches, William (Marine Corps)

Gaddy, William (Navy)
Gardner, Horace T. (Army)
Gatlin, Britt C. (Army)
Gibson, Merritt (Army)
Glasgow. Mumford (Army)
Glasgow, Norwood (Navy)
Glasgow, Ramsey (Army Air Corps)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)
Glover, Henry (Marine Corps)
Godfrey, Warren (Army)
Godwin, John T. (Navy)
Godwin, Paul D. (Army Air Corps)
Goodman, Albert (Army)
Goodman, George (Army)
Greene, Giles E. (Army)
Gregory, Charles J. (Army)
Gregory, Roy (Army)
Griffin, Charles (Army)
Griffin, James H. (Marine Corps)
Grooms, J. B. (Army Air Corps)

Hall, Joseph (Army)
Haney, Jack (Marine Corps)
Hardin, Wilbur (Navy)
Harris, Edgar (Army)
Hawkins, William T. (Navy)
Head, Elbert (Army)
Hefner, Charles (Army)
Hefner, Eugene (Navy)
Hensley, J. B. (Navy)
Hendren, Isaac (Navy)
Hendrix, John (Army)
Henry, Charlton (Navy)
Hicks, Garland (Army)
Hill, William (Army)
Hodge, Dallas (Army Air Corps)
Hogan, Gilbert (Army)
Holland, Burman (Army)
Holland, Donald (Army)

Hollars, Ralph (Army)
Holmes, John (Army)
Honeycutt, Nathaniel (Army)
Hulan, Norman (Navy)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)

Ingram, John E. (Navy)
Irvin, Raymond (Army)

Jackson, Edgar (Marine Corps)
Jackson, William (Navy)
Johnson, Coley (Navy)
Johnson, Edward (Navy)
Johnson, Hugh (Navy)
Jones, Mark Twain (Navy)
Jordan, James E. (Army)

Keen, Clinton (Army)
Keith, Monroe (Army)
Keith, Robert (Navy)
Kelly, Jesse (Army)
King, Cleo (Army Air Corps)
King, Frank L. (Army)
Kinley, Robert (Marine Corps)
Knight, Thomas (Army Air Corps)
Knight, Thurman (Army)
Koontz, J. Milton (Army)
Kye, George (Army)
Kye, James (Army)

(‡) Lamar, A. C., Jr. (Army)
Land, Reuben (Army)
Land, Wilfred (Marine Corps)
Landrum, Luther H. (Army)
Lane, Floyd C. (Marine Air Corps)
Langley, William (Army)
Laramore, Ray (Army)
Lawrence, Robert (Marine Corps)
Leagon, Harry (Army)
Ledford, Harvey L. (Army)
Ledford, James (Marine Corps)
Lee, Valton (Army)
Lett, Frank (Army)
Lewallan, Paul R. (Army)
Long, Loyce (Army)
Long, Stacey L. (Army)

Martin, Willie H. (Army Air Corps)
(*) Matthews, Douglas (Army)
May, George O. (Army)
Medlin, Clarence (Army)
Medlin, Ervin J. (Army)
(§) Medlin, Wilson (Army)
Merritt, Edgar (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Miller, Latha (Navy)
Montgomery, Samuel (Navy)
Moose, Claude L. (Marine Corps)
Moose, Eugene (Navy)
Morrow, Chas. W. (Army Air Corps)
Morrozoff, Ivan (Army Air Corps)
Morgan, William S. (Navy)
Murphy, Lemuel (Army)
Murray, Edword J. (Army)

McBride, Irvin (Army Air Corps)
McCain, Edward G. (Navy)
McColl, Vollie O. (Navy)
McCoy, Hubert (Army)
McEntire, Forrest (Marine Corps)
McGee, Norman (Army)
McIver, Jordan T. (Navy)
McKay, John C. (Marine Corps)
McKee, Thomas R. (Army)
(Enlisted 1937)
McNeely, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1933)
McPherson, Arthur (Navy)

Nelson, Larry (Navy)
Newton, Willard M. (Army)

(‡) Odom, David (Army)
Owen, Fred, Jr. (Marine Corps)
Owens, Leroy (Army)
Oxendine, Earl (Navy)

Padrick, William (Navy)
Page, James (Army)
Patterson, James (Navy)
Patterson, Joseph (Navy)
Payne, Joy (Army)
Peak, Harry (Marine Corps)
Pearson, Flay (Army)
Pennington, Grady (Army)
Plemmons, Hubert (Army)
Pope, H. C. (Army)
Pyatt, Jack (Marine Corps)

Quick, James (Navy)
Quick, Simon (Navy)

Ramsey, Amos (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Reep, John (Navy)
Revels, Grover (Navy)
Rivenbark William W. (Army)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)
Rhodes, Paul (Army)
Roberts, Lonnie (Navy)
Robertson, John C. (Army)
Robinson, Perry (Army Air Corps)
Rochester, Nicholas (Navy)
Russ, James P. (Army)

Sands, Thomas (Navy)
Scism, Arlee (Navy)
Seibert, Fred (Army)

Scott, Archie (Army)
Shannon, William L. (Navy)
Shaver, George H. (Navy)
Simmons, Horace K. (Navy)
Sloan, Lonnie (Army)
Small, Clyde E. (Army)
Smith, Julius D. (Navy)
Snuggs, Charles L. (Navy)
Springer, Jack (Army)
Stack, Porter (Army)
Stanley, Brown (Coast Artillery)
Stepp, James H. (Navy)
Strickland, Robert W. (Army)
Stubbs, Ben (Army)
Sullivan, Richard (Army)

(x) Taylor, Daniel (Army)
Tessneer, Calvin C. (Navy)
Thomas, Harold (Navy)
Thomas, Richard (Army)
Threatt, Sidi (Army Air Corps)
Tipton, Kenneth (Navy)
Troy, Robert (Army)
Tucker, Joseph (Army)
Tyson, William E. (Navy)

Waldrop, Ned (Army)
Walker, Glenn (Army)
Walker, Oakley (Army)
Walsh, Harold (Army)
Walters, Melvin (Army)
Ward, Eldridge (Army)
Ward, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1928)

Ware, Dewey (Army)
Watkins, Floyd A. (Army)
Watson, Lieut. Lemuel (Army)
Watts, Boyce (Army)
Weaden, Clarence (Army)
Webb, Charles R. (Army)
Whitaker, John H. (Navy)
(*) Whitaker, William E. (Army)
White, Marshall (Coast Artillery)
Whitener, Richard M. (Army)
Whitlock, Winfred (Army)
Widener, Charles (Navy)
Wilhite, James (Army)
Williams, Everett L. (Army)
Williams, Samuel R. (Navy)
Williams, William R. (Navy)
Williamson, Everett (Navy)
Wiles, Fred (Army)
(Enlisted 1927. Now a Recruiting Officer)
Wilson, John C. (Army)
Wilson, Thomas (Navy)
Wilson, W. J. (Army)
Winn, J. Harvard (Navy)
Wood, James L. (Army)
Wrenn, Lloyd (Army)
(‡) Wright, George (Army)

York, John R. (Army)
Young, Brooks (Army)
Young, R. L. (Marine Corps)

Ziegler, Henry F. (Navy)

(‡) Prisoner of war.

(§) Missing in action.

(*) Killed in action.

(x) Died while being held prisoner.

THE FOUNDING OF DIX HILL

(North Carolina State Department of Archives and History)

Most visitors to Raleigh are taken to view the beautiful grounds and modern plant of "Dix Hill," the North Carolina Hospital for the Insane. Few visitors, however, are told the dramatic story of the founding of this hospital, for in the decades which have passed since its establishment the tremendous struggle which brought it into existence has been all but forgotten.

It is difficult for us today to imagine the inhuman treatment given those persons classed as "lunatics" a hundred years ago. Confined in cells and dungeons of county jails, or locked in cold, filthy rooms in poorhouses, the insane were treated as wild beasts rather than as human beings. In these wretched places they were chained to the walls or floor, bedded on filthy straw, clad in rags, fed on scraps like animals, and, when violent, were lashed into cowed submission. No attempt at cure was made. Those who were cared for at home fared little better, for the danger they represented often led to mistreatment.

The late eighteenth century saw the beginning of a great humanitarian movement which swept both Europe and America. This crusade expressed itself in the demand for increasing democracy, factory legislation, the fight for temperance, anti-slavery agitation, penal reform, schools for deaf and the blind, and a movement to give the insane humane care and scientific treatment.

North Carolina was behind many of the other states in providing the proper care and treatment for the insane. Although her leaders were aware of these movements outside the state, sectionalism, poverty, and conservatism combined to produce in this state a general indifference toward the reform movement. Archibald D. Murphy, Gov. John Motley Morehead, and others vainly strove for the establishment of a lunatic asylum, but it was not until 1848, when Dorothea Lynde Dix appeared upon the scene, that things began to happen.

Miss Dix, a New England woman, had become aware of the horrible treatment given the mentally ill some years before while teaching a Sunday school class in the East Cambridge jail. As a result, she began a campaign for the improvement of these conditions, and beginning with Massachusetts, she went from state to state, visiting almshouses, workhouses, and prisons, and making notes of the gruesome facts she found. These facts were presented to state legislatures with a plea for the establishment of "insane asylums." Her painstaking, convincing method, her poise and dignity, and her peculiar ability to influence men and convince them of the significance of the projects she sponsored had enabled her to persuade state after state to provide proper care for the insane. A sort of legend grew up about her, and there were many tales of her great beauty, her brilliance, her modesty, her magnetic personality,

and her ability to influence legislators. When she came to North Carolina, she had already achieved definite results in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Nova Scotia, and had begun work in a number of other states. Of the thirteen original states, only North Carolina and Delaware remained without state hospitals.

Following her usual custom, Miss Dix spent weeks travelling about the state, inquiring into and observing local conditions. She found over one thousand epileptic, insane, and idiotic persons were in jails, poorhouses, and private homes, living under inconceivably horrible conditions. Then, as usual, she drew up her findings and appeal in the form of a memorial.

In those days women could not appear in public on political issues, so Miss Dix worked through others. The problem of finding the right sponsor in North Carolina was unusually difficult, for the Democrats were pledged as a party to oppose any avoidable expenditure of state funds, and the Whigs, who in the past had sponsored the reform movement, assured Miss Dix that nothing could be done at this session. Miss Dix's next step was necessarily a bold one. She invited some leading Democrats to call on her at her hotel. After a short talk with them on her findings in the state, she turned to John W. Ellis, popular leader of the Democratic party, placed her memorial in his hands, and said, "I desire you, sir, to present it . . . and you, gentlemen," turning to the astonished delegation, "you, I expect, will sustain the motion this gentleman will present to print the same." This they did, and as a result, a bill to establish the hospital was introduced. The issue was opened. But a fierce struggle followed. The legislature was unwilling to agree to the large expenditures necessary to erect and equip such a building. All proposals for raising the necessary funds were rejected, and after prolonged debate the bill was defeated.

Then occurred one of those dramatic, personal episodes which seemed to arise whenever Miss Dix was at work. The leader of the Democrats in the House was James C. Dobbin. During the debate on the asylum bill he had been absent attending the bedside of his dying wife. Like Miss Dix, the Dobbins had rooms at the Mansion House, and a close acquaintance had developed between the couple and the reformer. When Mrs. Dobbin became very ill, Miss Dix became her devoted nurse. Deeply grateful for her kindnesses, Mrs. Dobbin expressed a wish that she might do something to show her appreciation. "You can do something," replied Miss Dix. "Ask your husband to speak in favor of the Hospital bill." Mrs. Dobbins' dying request of her husband was that he enter the struggle and do his best for the passage of the bill. Returning to the House after her funeral, Dobbin fulfilled her request. It was a dramatic moment, long and vividly remembered, when the leader of the party in opposition reappeared, just when the bill seemed doomed, and rose to make an eloquent plea for its reconsideration and passage. So moving

was his appeal that tears filled the eyes of listeners, opposition vanished into thin air, and the bill was carried by an almost unanimous vote. On December 30, 1848, it passed its third reading in the Senate and became a law. Shortly afterward Miss Dix was asked to aid in the selection of a site for the new institution, and helped choose the hill southwest of Raleigh where the hospital now stands.

In spite of this dramatic victory, there were still difficult problems to be met. The funds available were found insufficient, there were few persons capable of directing the work, and these were hard to secure at the salary provided for the purpose. Worst of all, the public mind became occupied with other problems, and interest in the project subsided. These difficulties were grappled with and eventually overcome, however, and on March 5, 1856, seven years after having been authorized, the hospital was opened with forty patients. And so began the active career of the institution which today is so essential a part of the state.

———:———

MY FLAG

I did not know it was so dear, 'til under alien skies
A sudden vision of it near brought tears to my eyes.
To wander down the crooked street of some far foreign town,
No friend amid the crowd you meet, strange faces peer and frown;
To turn a corner suddenly, and ah! so brave and fair,
To spy that banner floating free upon foreign air!
Oh, that will catch the careless breath, and make the heart beat fast;
Our country's flag, for life and death, to find our own at last!
In those far regions, wonder-strewn, no sight so good to see—
My country's flag—my own; so dear, so dear to me!

—Author Unknown

N. C. TIMBER RESOURCES PLAY LARGE PART IN WAR

By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough

The late Bion H. Butler once said, "Opportunity is looking over the fence into North Carolina."

He made this remark in reference to the state's great forest possibilities. He predicted the time would come when added demands would be made upon the ten million acres of timber land in North Carolina because of the usage to which the great variety of wood could be put.

With the large part wood is playing in the war effort, his predictions are daily coming true. The recent announcement, that for 1943 the requirements of war are estimated at approximately thirty-two billion board feet, is positive assurance that the timber resources of this state will be heavily drained.

A statement from Frank Block, director of the War Production Board committee of the bulpwood consuming industries, is most enlightening to those of us who usually think of wood in the ordinary terms of building construction, fuel etc. Said Mr.Block:

"Pulpwood is urgently needed for making smokeless powders, medicinal products for the armed forces, rayon for parachutes and military clothing, blue print paper, containers, shell cases, paper boards and dozens of other wartime uses. Wood cellulose is a source of paper, glucose, rayon, synthetic rubber, plastics, plywood, etc.

"Wood is a critical material," declared Mr. Block. "In fact, pulpwood and paper products are so vital to our war effort, if our supply of pulpwood was stopped tomorrow, we could not fight this war six months longer."

The pulpwood mills of North Carolina are aiding in the war effort by turning out their products on a mammoth schedule. The fibre mills at Canton, the paper mills at Brevard, the manufacturing plants at Sylva, Plymouth and at other points in the state hum with activity as they do their part in producing war supplies.

"In this war as in all others substitutes are a vital factor and wood is playing its part in this respect," said John C. Shepherd, of the Shepherd Lumber company. "It has been estimated by the National Lumber Manufacturers Association that the substitution of wood saved five million tons of war-scarce metal in 1942. This naturally made great inroads upon wholesale and retail stocks all over the country with the result that shortages exist where supplies have been depleted and in many cases were completely wiped out. But at the present time the needs of war are paramount and anyone in close touch with the many uses of lumber knows how indispensable it is for war purposes. One of the largest uses is the crating of munitions for shipment to war zones. If the lumber were not available for building crates the much needed blimps and other equipment could not be sent."

The vast forests of North Carolina have been taken for granted just as has been our climate, our water sup-

ply, our mountains and our beaches. The importance of this great gift was perhaps not fully realzied until the exigencies of war threw the spot-light upon it, although for many years the forests have been one of the chief sources of revenue to the people of the state.

Other states are noted for iron, coal and oil. North Carolina is noted for her forests, ranking eighth among the states in lumber production, with North Carolina farmers having a turnover of more than thirty-five million a year from their timber lands. A few years before World War II this state exported to 26 states, principally Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Virginia and Maryland, about four hundred and fifty million board feet of lumber annually.

While North Carolina then received lumber from 24 states, chiefly from South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee and Florida, approximately sixty-three per cent of all lumber consumed in the state was produced here. More than fourteen million dollars worth of forest products were used for home consumption each year and around eighteen million dollars worth of wood in the form of logs, fire-wood, pulp-wood, poles and other products were sold annually.

In the point of acreage this was North Carolina's most important crop and possibly the most profitable crop when costs are considered, for it needed neither cultivation nor fertilizer and culling the timber could be postponed indefinitely with an increase in its value while waiting. Naturally the war emergency has made changes in the handling and marketing of this important crop.

John S. Holmes, who has been state forester for 34 years, has made an extensive study of the trees of the state. He declares that the richness of the sylva of North Carolina is almost unequalled in the variety of hardwoods and conifers by that of any other region in temperate climates. The great variety of soils and climate has brought together trees from all parts of eastern America so that 24 kinds of oaks are to be found in the state, according to Mr. Holmes. Of the nine kinds of hickories known to occur in the United States, eight are to be found in N. C., all the lindens, all six of the American Magnolias, three of the birches, eight pines out of eleven, both hemlock and balsam, fir, three elms out of five.

A noted authority says, "There are more different kinds of trees and plants to be found in North Carolina than in any other state in the Union."

In the southeastern part of the state are found the palmetto, American olive, mock orange and live oak. In the mountains are the black spruce, striped and spiked maples, sumac, balsam, fir and aspen. Between these extremes lie the principal commercial forest trees of the state.

The mountain forests are of two entirely different kinds, the spruce forests above while below are many hardwoods with a mixture of hemlock and several species of pine. The principal hardwoods are yellow poplar, chestnut, hickory, red and white oak, with cherry, walnut and ash of exceptional value as furniture and decorative woods. The abundance of the different species vary with the elevation, slope, soil and with the amount of cutting which has been done.

The mild climate of North Caro-

lina is mainly responsible for the wealth of her forests. They are not like the forests of the northern states where the growing season is short, nor the scanty growth in some sections where the people never have enough timber or fuel or anything else that forests provide. With mild temperature, abundant rainfall, dews and soil that feeds plant growth, North Carolina has a forestry outlook unexcelled by any other state.

Some states have oil, which is now being steadily exhausted, others coal which is stealily being burned with no reserve for the days that lie ahead. Fuel is such a common thing in this state it has been given little thought. It has been regarded in much the same light as air and water. A generous growth of forest product has been as necessary for the successful existence of the people as any of the other prime materials, but it has been considered a matter of course.

"While the war effort must come ahead of everything else now, we must keep constantly in mind the fact that those who will rebuild after the war will be equally in need of timber and that plans to supply that need must be put into effect now," said Mr. Holmes. "The future productivity of the nation's forests should not be undermined by destructive cutting to meet wartime neels for wood and foresty materials. We do not want to find when the war is over, that we oudselves have destroyed one of our basic resources.

"The Foresty Division has always emphasized the importance of education and publicity and its foresters have considered themselves missionaries whose job it was to convert people from a practice of destruction to a doctrine of conservation. It has been estimated that there are five million acres of idle land which could and should be reclaimed for forests. This territory has been denuded by forest fires and by ordinary methods of logging. It is essential to our prosperity that the highest possible productiveness be obtained from our forest lands.

"The maintenance of an unburned or thrifty forest cover on land not used for general farming is necessary to the retention of soils and to the protection of our water power resources. If land is allowed to wash away, the land resourecs are depleted, the river and power site basins become filled with sediment and the vast and indispensable water power resources of the state are imperiled.

"North Carolina has a long lead in forestry over her sister states of the South. This is due to Dr. Joesph A. Holmes, a professor at the University of North Carolina, who was appointed state geologist when state forestry began officially in 1891. His interest in all our natural resources, his enthusiasm and foresight set N. C. far ahead in forestry. The General Assembly of 1891 created the Geological Survey, the object of which was to obtain a thorough examination of the nature and extent of the mineral and timber resources of the state. Dr. Holmes appointed W. W. Ashe to have charge of timber invesigations. In 1905 the legislature enlarged the scope of the Suvey and changed its name to the Geologic and Economic. Dr. Joseph Hyde Pratt was appointed state geologist. It was then that the importance and continuity of the forestry work gradually developed into a Division of Forestry."

Succeeding Mr. Ashe in 1909, Mr. Holmes continued to urge upon each

succeeding General Assembly the necessity for enacting legislation to give the forests of the state protection from fire. Partial success only resulted until 1921 when an appropriation of $10,000 for fire control was secured. By June 1924 the Division of Forestry consisted of five technical men. Mr. Holmes and four assistants, and the state was spending some $25,000 a year through the division, most of which was for fire control.

Mr. Holmes seeks to give Dr. Holmes credit for the state's advancement in a program of forestry but it is well known how persistenly he has labored for the expansion of this program. Under his supervision the state park work has been developed and a nursery was established for the much needed production and distribution of forest tree seedlings, which are largely the three important species of southern pine. The nursery includes 300 acres and a production of around 4,000,000 trees which can be stepped up when normal times return.

———:———

IF I HAD KNOWN

If I had known what trouble you were bearing;
What griefs were in the silence of your face;
I would have been more gentle, and more caring,
And tried to give you gladness for a space.
I would have brought more warmth into the place,
If I had known.
If I had known what thoughts despairing drew you;
(Why do we never try to understand?)
I would have lent a little friendship to you,
And slipped my hand within your hand,
And made your stay more pleasant in the land,
If I had known.

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

THE LIBERTY BELL

By George Lippard

It is a cloudless summer day; a clear blue sky arches and expands above a quaint edifice, rising among the giant trees in the center of a wide city. The edifice is built of plain red brick, with heavy window frames, and a massive hall door.

Such is the State House of Philadelphia, in the year of our Lord 1776.

In yonder wooden steeple, which crowns the summit of that red brick State House, stands an old man with snow-white hair and sunburnt face. He is clad in humble attire, yet his eye gleams, as it is fixed on the ponderous outline of the bell suspended in the steeple there. By his side, gazing into his sunburnt face in wonder, stands a flaxen-haired boy with laughing eyes of summer blue. The old man ponders for a moment upon the strange words written upon the bell, then, gathering the boy in his arms, he speaks: "Look here, my child. Will you do this old man a kindness? Then hasten down the stairs, and wait in the hall below till a man gives you a message for me; when he gives you that word, run out into the street and shout it up to me. Do you mind?" The boy sprang from the old man's arms, and threaded his way down the dark stairs.

Many minutes passed. The old bell keeper was alone. "Ah," groaned the old man, "he has forgotten me." As the word was upon his lips a merry ringing laugh was upon his ear. And there, among the crowd on the pavement, stood the blue-eyed boy, clapping his tiny hands while the breeze blew his flaxen hair all about his face, and, swelling his little chest, he raised himself on tiptoe, and shouted the single word, "Ring!"

Do you see that old man's eye afire? Do you see that arm so suddenly bared to the shoulder? Do you see that withered hand grasping the iron tongue of the bell? That old man is young again. His veins are filling with a new life. Backward and forward, with sturdy strokes, he swings the tongue. The bell peals out; the crowd in the street hears it, and bursts forth in one long shout. Old Delaware hears it, and gives it back on the cheers of her thousand sailors. The city hears it, and starts up, from desk and workshop, as if an earthquake had spoken.

Yes, as the old man swung that iron tongue, the bell spoke to all the world. That sound crossed the Atlantic—pierced the dungeons of Europe—the workshops of England—the vassal fields of France. That echo spoke to the slave—bade him look up from his toil, and know himself a man. That echo startled the kings upon their crumbling thrones. That echo was the knell of all crafts born of the darkness of ages, and baptized in seas of blood. For under that very bell pealing out at noonday, in that old hall, fifty-six traders, farmers, and mechanics had assembled to strike off the shackles of the world. And that voice now, through the Declaration of Independence still speaks out to the world:

Proclaim Liberty to all the Land and all the Inhabitants thereof. God has given the American continent to the free.

"OH, BRUDDERS, HOW MY HEART GROWS WEARY"

By A. Hoyt Levy

If the delivery clerk aloft who had charge of pasting the labels on the packages back in the year of eighteen hundred and twenty-six, had gotten his packages mixed, as delivery clerks down here have been known to do, and had shipped out by the Stork Express the package which contained Irving Berlin destined for future, delivery, instead of the one containing Stephen C. Foster scheduled for immediate delivery, Irving would have died a pauper seventy-seven years ago and Stephen would have become the wealthiest song-writer of the age. Furthermore, Irving would now be belatedly honored, immortalized in cold marble, and given a niche in the Hall of Fame, while Stephen would be composing "Oh! Susana" as the marching song for the American soldier boys now lghting on many battle-fronts.

There is more in common than their gift for song-writing between these two men, separated by a distance of more than three score and ten years —the one upon whom fate frowned and the other upon whom fate showered a fortune. Irving Berlin began his career in a Bowery beer-hall. Stephen Foster passed the last days of his life in a Bowery lodging-house. Both were gifted by the gods to lighten and soften the hearts of men with beautiful melodies, yet neither was a musician in the technical sense of the word.

Though Foster is identified in the minds of most of us with the South, he was born in Pittsburgh, one of a family of ten children. Of the six that survived, Stephen was the "black sheep"—he could not hold a job, could not find interest in such work as keeping books in the commission house of his brother. Until he reached the age of twenty-four, he could not find himself. And then when he did find himself—when he knew at long last that the one, the only thing he could do was to bring forth sweet melody, he lacked the ability to turn his genius to practical value. And there was no "ASCAP" organization to protect him from the exploiters who profited from his compositions for he was paid the barest pittance.

The song which brought him recognition and gave him the first real start in the work for which he had long yearned, was the aforementioned "Oh! Susana," made popular by the minstrel show of his day and soon to sweep the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific as the thousands of gold-seeking adventurers trekked across prairie, plain and desert in the California Gold Rush and made this lilting melody with its undertone of sadness their theme song.

In the four years after he left his bookkeeping job, Foster had already written and composel such successes as "The Old Folk at Home" better known as "Swanee River," "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground." He wrote other songs that enjoyed wide popularity but the music-sheet sales of these three songs alone ran to about 300,-

000 copies. This would be considered a large circulation even in these days of high pressure selling, yet he never had much more than enough to keep him in drink—the worst of his failings.

Though a Northerner by birth, Stephen Foster's heart was in the South. No other composer of songs knew the soul of the South as did this sad, young man who had never been South except in his dreams. No other songwriter reflected so sympathetically, so tenderly its spirit. Yet he had never seen the Swanee River where "my heart is turning ebber." Nor did he ever have a home in Old Kentucky of which he wrote so lovingly.

Thirty-eight cents—that was the sum total of Stephen Foster's material possessions when he was taken from a Bowery lodging-house to Bellevue Hospital where he died a few days later. The doctor at the hospital found that he had broken his ankle in a fall. Had the doctor scarched farther and more understandingly, he would have founl, no doubt, a broken heart that had grown weary on the Bowery of New York "far from the old folks at home."

———:———

A DOCUMENT FOR AMERICAN FREEDOM

By Jasper B. Sinclair

This year the Fourth of July—the birth date of our nation and of our nation's independence—takes on a new and deeper significance than at any previous time in the history of the United States.

No one needs to be reminded that the Fourth of July was itself made memorable by the adoption of one of the world's great documents, the Declaration of American Independence.

That document represents the one hundred and sixty-seven year old heritage of the American people. It is our charter of liberty and of national independence, our promise of tolerance and equality and hope. It is the expression of the very ideals which beckoned the pioneers to our shores.

The Declaration of American Independence kindled the fires of freedom and democracy throughout the Old World and the New, and gave to mankind a new concept of nationhood and the rights of all peoples to be free.

On this particular Fourth of July, and in these times of national and world crisis, some of the highlights from the story of that document are worth telling anew.

It was Thomas Jefferson who wrote the Declaration of Independence and then made some changes in it to conform with the suggestions of John Adams and Benjamin Franklin. It was presented to the Continental Congress on June 28, 1776, just six days before its formal adoption.

Prior to that, on the seventh of June, Richard Henry Lee introduced in Congress a resolution declaring, "that

these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

Three days later that resolution again came up for discussion in Congress. At that time a committee of five, headed by Thomas Jefferson, was appointed with instructions to embody the spirit and purpose of the resolution in a declaration of independence for the thirteen colonies. The other members of the committee were John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Robert R. Livingston and Roger Sherman.

Under the guiding inspiration of Thomas Jefferson, this committee presented the Declaration of Independence to the Continental Congress for its approval. In just three weeks they had completed the task assigned to them—and changed the entire course of New World history!

Contrary to the general belief, the members of the Continental Congress did not sign the Declaration on the Fourth of July, in the year 1776. It was merely adopted by Congress that day and was signed by John Hancock as President and by Charles Thompson as Secretary.

Congressional records for that day contain no other statement in regard to the signing of the document beyond the fact that it was signed "by order and in behalf of the Congress, John Hancock, President. Attest, Charles Thompson, Secretary."

A copy of the Declaration, engrossed on parchment, was signed by members of Congress on and after August 2, 1776. Thomas McKean of Delaware did not affix his signature till the year 1781, according to his own statement. He was with Washington's Continentals when the Declaration was engrossed.

The Declaration of Independence was first published in the Pennsylvania Evening Post on July sixth—just two days after the Liberty Bell had rung out the tidings of its adoption to the excited citizens of Philadelphia.

On January 18, 1777, Congress ordered that an authenticated copy of the Declaration and its signers, attested by Hancock and Thompson, should be sent to "each of the United States."

This was printed by Mary K. Goddard in Baltimore, where Congress was then in session. On the thirty-first of January, copies were distributed to the States.

In all, the signatures of fifty-six delegates are affixed to the Declaration of Independence. They were not all born in the colonies which, in itself, is a tribute to the "founding fathers" of this nation.

James Wilson and John Witherspoon were born in Scotland; Button Gwinnett and Robert Morris were born in England; James Smith, George Taylor and Matthew Thornton claimed Ireland for their land of birth, while Wales was the birthplace of Francis Lewis.

Benjamin Franklin's seventy years of wisdom made him the patriarch of all the signers. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson not only signed the Declaration of Independence, but had the further distinction of becoming presidents of the nation founded by that historic document.

The original Declaration of Inde-

pendence was long displayed in Independence Hall in Philadelphia. It is now in the possession of the Library of Congress at Washington, along with the original of the Constitution of the United States.

These two documents represent the birthright of American independence and American citizenship—symbols of all the rights and privileges that we enjoy as American citizens. The document whose adoption we celebate each Fourth of July is the very cornerstone of our nationhood.

WINNING THE BATTLE

(Selected)

One summer day in 1777 three men galloped up to a blacksmith's shop in a village in Vermont. One of the horses was limping. "Is there no one here?"called one of the men.

"Yes I am here," answered Luke Varnum, a boy of fifteen who was lame, and had been left at home while his father, Jonas Varnum, and all the able bodied men and boys had gone to join General Stark at Bennington.

"I see that," said the man. "But is there nobody here that can set a shoe on this horse?"

"I have been blowing the bellows for my father; I will try to set the shoe, and I can hold the horse's foot. I will start the fire and you can bring the horse inside," exclaimed the boy confidently, as he hurried to light the forge.

"Such luck," muttered the man on the lame horse as he looked at the boy in disgust, and dismounted. "But she's very tender-footed and I could not trust her five miles unshod."

The man produced the detached horseshoe and handed it to Luke. "This shoe is a poor fit, much too large," exclaimed Luke as he measured it.

"It will have to do," said the man.

"No," said Luke, "I have a better shoe."

The little blacksmith did the work well and quickly, and used two extra heavy nails which he had made himself. The men were away in a flash. The horse on which Colonel Seth Warner rode limped no more. History tells of how Colonel Warner led up his men just in time to save the day at Bennington.

Who won the battle? Some think it was Colonel Warner and his men. Many are apt to think of Luke Varnum, the lame blacksmith boy who saved the limping horse for Colonel Warner. For Luke Varnum it was the hour of a great opportunity, and he was equal to it. Had he not studiously watched his father's work as he pumped the bellows? And had he not made those two strong nails himself?

INSTITUTION NOTES

Three more cows have been added to our herd of Hereford cattle. This will be a valuable addition to the School's growing herd of beef cattle.

—:—

Our textile unit recently received eight warps from the Brown Manufacturing company, Concord, and is now producing hickory shirting for use at the School.

—:—

The new Sunday school quarterlies which were received a short time ago have been issued to the boys and their teachers. At the regular session tomorrow morning, the boys will be arranged in classes according to their grade-level in school.

—:—

"Young America" was the title of the feature picture at the regular weekly show in our auditorium last Thursday night. A short, "The Bird Tower," was shown on the same program. Both are Twentieth-Century-Fox productions.

—:—

The heavy downpour of rain last Tuesday night caused very little damage to our fields so far as washing is concerned. This storm and later rains, however, have increased the growth of grass and weeds in all field and garden crops. Just as soon as the condition of the ground will permit, all outside forces will make a vigorous attack upon this growth.

—:—

As this is being written, Mr. Brausa is really "bearin' down" on his band boys, as they have been invited to play at Webb Field, Concord, on Friday night, when the Concord Weavers will play the Landis Millers, in a Carolina Victory League game. They are working hard on a number of stirring marches, and should be able to give a good account of themselves at the ball park.

—:—

The Charlotte Observer of July 1st carried a list of American soldiers previously reported prisoners of Japan by the War Department, as having died since being taken prisoners. In the list was the name of PFC Daniel Taylor, of Kinston. A write-up in The Uplift, issue of June 12, 1943, carried his name as prisoner of war, and we deeply regret that it is now necessary to report his death. Dan left the School during the latter part of 1924 or early in 1925, and was thirty-two years old.

—:—

The Commodity Distribution Division, which formely operated under the W. P. A., has, by order of the President, ceased to function, and its supplies and equipment are being liquidatel. By reason of this process

of liquidation, the Training School has received a 1940 model Chevrolet truck, capacity one and one-half tons. The truck was allocated to the institution by the Division of Purchase and Contract, upon recommendation of the State Budget Bureau. The truck is in very good condition and will give good service on our farm. We are very glad, indeed, to secure this addition to our equipment.

—:—

The Charlotte Observer, issue of June 30, 1943 published a list of American soldiers who had previously been reported as missing in action, but are now definitely known to be held as prisoners of war by Germany, following the campaign in North Africa. In this group was the name of Russell Ferris, of Leaksville, N. C., a former student at the School.

In The Uplift, April 3, 1943, we carried an account of the War Department's report that our old friend, Russ, was missing in action, and expressed the hope that he might still be on top of the sod. We are very glad to learn that this good-natured young fellow is still in the land of the living, even though he has had the misfortune to be captured by Hitler's forces, and are of the opinion that Russ's million-dollar smile will enable him to get along wherever he may be held, and that he will some day be back with us.

—:—

We learned a short time ago that John Henry Whitaker, one of our boys, had enlisted in the United States Navy, and was receiving basic training at Bainbridge, Maryland.

John entered the School, December 15, 1938 and remained here unitl April 23, 1942, when he was permitted to go to live with an elder brother, near Concord. During his stay with us he was in Cottages Nos. 1 and 4, He worked in the textile plant, the plumbing shop and on the outside forces. Upon entering the School, he was placed in the third grade, and had been in the fourth grade about six months at the time of leaving. This lad got along very well while here, and continued to make a good record after leaving us.

John had an elder brother, William Edward, also one of our former students, who was killed in action when the Allied forces invaded North Africa, November 9, 1942.

—:—

In a recent letter, "Tiny" Morrozoff informed us that Norton Barnes, a former member of our printing class, was in the United States Army, and was stationed at Camp Claibourne, Louisiana.

Norton entered the School, Febuary 15, 1937, remaining here until January 30, 1940, when he was conditionally released to return to his home in Sylva. During his stay with us he was in Cottage No. 2 and worked in the printing department, where he became quite proficient as a linotype operator.

Upon leaving the School, he returned to Sylva, and for several months was employed by the Jackson County Journal. He then went to live with an uncle in Gastonia, and was working in a prining office in that city when

a younger brother, Henry, was admitted here in March, 1941. This information was given in Henry's case history, and stated that Norton was doing fine and was making $22.-50 per week. From time to time during Henry's stay with us, we heard that Norton was doing well and had received several promotions. We had not heard from him in about a year until learning recently that he was a member of Uncle Sam's fighting forces.

For the benefit of those at the School who remember this young fellow and might like to write him, we give his present address as follows: Private Norton Barnes, Company D, 177th Ordnance Battalion, Camp Claibiurne, Louisiana.

—:—

About sixty boys, members of our glee club and harmonica band, attended the service at Forest Hill Methodist Church, Concord, last Sunday night. They were accompanied by Superintendent S. G. Hawfield; Ralph J. Brausa, band director; W. M. White and Leon Godown.

Rev. C. C. Herbert, pastor of the church, very graciously welcomed the visitors from the Training School, and then presented Mr. Hawfield, who spoke briefly concerning the work of the institution. He stressed the fact that its chief object is to build character, teaching the lads entrusted to its care the necessity for obedience to authority, and the true value of honest labor.

Mr. Hawfield then introducel Mr. Brausa, who directed the youngsters in a musical program consisting of the singing of several hymns and some harmonica selections, and we might add right here that they rendered those numbers in a most delightful manner.

Both before and after this part of the program, Rev. Mr. Herbert announced that he had selected several hymns familiar to the boys in order that his people might hear some real group singing. The church was well filled, and the members of the congregation and the boys joined in singing those fine old hymns in a way that fairly made the rafters ring.

Judging from the comment that has come to our ears, the lads definitely made a "hit" with the Forest Hill people, and we know they thoroughly enjoyed being there.

—:—

Ivan A. (Tiny) Morrozoff, a former member of our printing class, who is now in the United States Army, wrote us few days ago from the Army Air Base, Portland, Oregon. His letter reads in part, as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Guess you thought I had forgotten you, but such is not the case. It's just the same old Tiny, neglecting to write his friends when he should.

"The 904th QM, including enlisted men and civilians, had a picnic the other day, and we all had a fine time. There were races, contests and baseball games, but a very sore toe kept me from taking part. The water looked so attractive that I just had to go in for a swim. I sure canught it from the base doctor, but it was worth it.

"I am still working at the QM office and getting more out of it every day. They are going to re-classify us and take all the limited service

men from our outfit. I hope that means a trip across the drink for us. If I don't get a chance to go over and fight just a little bit in this war, am going to be disappointed. To some, that might sound crazy, but there are many fellows here just like me, who are praying for a chance to get into it and do their bit toward winning this war.

"Have received two copies of the Uplift and appreciated them very much. It would seem that things are going along fine at the old School. Please remember me to all old friends there. I often think of the good times we used to have.

"Heard from one of your old boys the other day—Norton Barnes—who used to operate a linotype for you. He is now in the Army, and is stationed at Camp Claibourne, Louisiana. Drop him a few lines, for I'm sure he would be glad to hear from you.

"Do you remeber how you used to tell me not to try to learn two keyboarls at the same time? Now that I don't have a linotype, I have to be beating on something, so I'm getting plenty of experience on the typewriter. It will keep my fingers in good shape.

"Must cut this out and get busy. Hope to hear from you again in the very near future. Good luck. Your friend, Tiny."

—:—

Our old friend, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, visited the School last Sunday afternoon, bringing with him as the speaker for the occasion, Judge F. M. Redd, of the Juvenile and Domestic Relations Court, of that city.

Shortly after we entered the auditorium, Mr. Ralph J. Brausa directed the boys' glee club and harmonica band in a brief program. They sang "America," Abide With Me" and "Onward Christian Soldiers," and then played "Anchors Aweigh" and "The Marines' Hymn," with Buford Goodman, of Concord, playing the piano accompaniment.

Following this program, the entire assemblage sang "Comin' In On a Wing and a Prayer," which has recently become a great favorite with the boys.

Superintendent Hawfield then made the opening prayer, and, after the singing of a hymn, presented Judge Redd to the audience.

At the beginning of his remarks, Judge Redd told the boys how delighted he was to have the opportunity to visit them and to hear the special musical numbers and the fine group singing.

He stated that the subject of his message to them was just one word—"Life"—adding that today all mankind is participating in life in one way or another. He said that it would be wise for us to look both backward and forward and ask ourselves this question, "What kind of a life am I living?" He further stated that there are two roads in life—the right road and the wrong road—and that we shall never find such a thing as an intermediate road.

One of the good things to be found along the road of life, said the speaker, is kindness, that language which the deaf can hear and the blind can see, and told his youthful listeners that just one little act of kindness toward someone with whom they might come in contact, would make them feel happy all day.

Judge Redd next pointed out to the boys the value of politeness. He told them when they left the School and took their places in home communities, to always be polite to people. When meeting a neighbor, said he, give him a pleasant smile and say, "How are you this morning?" and see how pleasantly that person will respond. In all walks of life it is always best to have a kind word for those whom we meet.

The speaker told the boys to live each day as best they could, as they would never have the opportunity to live it again, and quoted the following familiar expression: "I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now; let me not defer or nelect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

We are just moring along down the pathway of life, continued the judge, so let us move down the right road—down the one that will bring happiness to us and to others. We should never nelect an opportunity to render kindness.

The speaker then said the world needs good citizens today more than at any other time, and told the boys to remember that a good citizen is one who obeys those in authority, and who, when told to do something, does it with a smile.

Another fine thing to remember, said he, is that as we travel along the road of life, we are going to have to work. Those who think the world owes them a living, will find that the world is a very poor paymaster. Every man who has ever amounted to anything worthwhile, has worked.

The world is calling for men of action today, said the speaker, and the only way to ever become such men is for us to learn to be faithful to duty when young. If this lesson is learned early in life, there can be no other result than that we shall grow up into fine men. He urged the boys within the range of his voice to decide at once to make something of themselves. no matter how difficult the task might be, and to remember that in order to become great and good in life, they must serve their fellow men. He told them it was possible for each one of them to be a success, and that there was no good reason for being a failure.

Some years ago, said the speaker, a large Chicago newspaper offered a prize to the person giving the best answer to the question, "What Is Success In Life?" A lady in California sent in the following solution, and received the prize:

"That person has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved popy or a perfect poem; who has admired the beauties of nature and has never failed to express it; who has looked for the best in others, and given the best he had in return; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a blessing."

In conclusion, Julge Redd advised the boys, as they go out into life and are faced with difficult problems, to seek advice from some older person who has been successful, adding that a boy can find no better example than a successful man.

There were some interesting games played in both leagues last Saturday afternoon. In League Number One, the hardest fought contest was that staged by First and Fifth Cottages, in which the former won out by the score of 4 to 3, after playing an extra inning. In League Number Two, the Tenth Cottage team went merrily on its way, racking up its eighth straight win of the season, with no defeats chalked up against it. The scores of the games were as follows:

League Number One—Receiving Cottage 23 Third Cottage 0; First Cottage 4 Fifth Cottage 3; Fourth Cottage 12 Eighth Cottage 2.

League Number Two—Tenth Cottage 10 Fifteenth Cottage 6; Thirteenth Cottage 6 Ninth Cottage 5; Fourteenth Cottage 3 Eleventh Cottage 0.

CLUB STANDINGS

League Number One

	W	L	Pct
Receiving Cottage	8	1	.889
First Cottage	7	1	.875
Fourth Cottage	6	2	.750
Fifth Cottage	3	6	.333
Third Cottage	2	7	.222
Eighth Cottage	0	9	.000

League Number Two

	W	L	Pct
Tenth Cottage	8	0	1.000
Thirteenth Cottage	6	3	.667
Fourteenth Cottage	4	4	.500
Eleventh Cottage	3	5	.375
Ninth Cottage	2	6	.250
Fifteenth Cottage	2	7	.222

———:———

THE CREED OF THE FAMOUS FOURTH

It is the birthday of America.

Today, as I think of my country, I make my faith in her an article of my creed.

This land of mine was settled in the long ago by the hard labor and courage of my ancestors. They tapped its mines, explored its forests, planted its soil, founded its cities. They wrote its laws, fought its battles, established its schools and its churches. They welded its scattered parts into a single nation.

So, because of them, I believe in America.

In the years since, a host of other men and women have labored to pass this nation on to me, greater than they received it.

For their sakes, I believe in America.

Today I hold in honor those who seek unselfishly to hand America on to the future, better and finer than it came to them.

Because of these, I believe in America.

This is my creed on America's birthday.—P. R. Hayward.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Enling June 27, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Raymond Davis
Robert Finley
Donald Jolly
Ira Montgomery
Weaver Ruff
Richard Sheahan
Malcom Seymour
Lee St. Clair
Harry Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Thomas Barnes
Richard Billings
Roland Brooks
Clyde Brown
George Cox
Marion Cox
Douglas Dorsett
Jack Gray
Jack Harmon
Leonard Lovelace
Jack Ray
Walter Riggs
Leonard Robinson
James Shell
David Swink
Frank Walker
John Franks
Rufus Massingill
Lee Turner

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Hurley Bell
Robert Coleman
Joseph Dew
Albert Hames
Arthur Ingle
Fonzer Pittman
Ralph Powell
Samuel Pritchett
Milton Talley

COTTAGE NO. 4

Clarence Bell
Elbert Brown
William Davis
William Deaton
Elster Jones
William Lanning
James Moore
Roy Patton
Lewis Sawyer
Roy Swink
Newman Tate
Jerry Talbert
Walter Thomas
Ernest Turner
Edward VanHoy
William Willis
Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 5

Randolph Ammons
Eugene Kermon
John Mazoo
Hoyt Newell
William Peninger
Leroy Pruitt
Truby Ricks
David Eugene Stubbs
Willford Richard Seegers
Kenneth Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Dougas Daniels
Ralph Gibson
Donald Griffin
Everett Galleon
Earl Gilmore
Jack Hensley
Gerald Kermon
Chester Lee
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean
Hayes Powell
Reitzel Southern
Joseph Turner

COTTAGE NO. 7

Albert Allen
R. C. Combs
Wallace Foster
William Hardin
Cecil Kinion
Amos Myers
Leroy Pate
Marshall Prestwood
W. C. Whitehurst

COTTAGE NO. 8

Elgin Atwood
Thomas Brannon
Homer Johnson
Vernon Reinhardt
Eugene White

COTTAGE NO. 9

Herbert Branch
Cecil Caldwell
Fred Grimstead
Edward Guffey
James Hale
Henry Hattem
John Hill
James Jarvis
Isaac Mahaffey
Albert Newton
Robert Owens
L. J. Sherman
George Strayhorne
Glenn Wilcox
Winley Jones
Robert Brady

COTTAGE NO. 10

Fred Carswell
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Marvin Bradley
Dewey Bunn
Robert Goldsmith
William Guffey
Orin Helms
Robert Moses
Everett Stamey
Ray Taylor
Edgar Shell

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Dewell Copper
Donald Hobbs
Robert Hobbs
Burley Mayberry
Banks McKnight
Dillard Shelton

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Fred Bostian
Robert Caudle
Robert Holbert
William Lane
William E. Lanford
James Linebarrier
Roy Mumford
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
James Pittman
Peter Tuttle
Robert Travis
John Pritchard
Walter Stansberry

COTTAGE NO. 15

James Cantrell
Burley Edmondson
Lawton McDowell
John Watts

INDIAN COTTAGE

R. C. Hoyle
W. C. McManus
Charles Pearson
Raymond Brooks
James Chavis
Marshall Hunt
Herbert Lochlear
James Lochlear

INFIRMARY

Harold McKinney
Alvis Watkins
James Parker

Names of post offices in the United States are drawn from various sources. Here are a few from the animal world:

Hare, Ky.; Swan, Mo.; Peacock, Ala.; Duck, N. C.; Chicken, Alaska; Airedale, Ky.; Finch, Mont.; Cat Springs, Texas; Parrot Ky.; Angora, Minn.; Bantam, Conn.; Guinea, Va.; Mousie, Ky.; Beagle, Kan.; Raccoon, Ky.; Turkey, N. C.; Bird, Ky.; Goldfinch, Texas; Birds Nest, Va.; Pigeon, Pa:; Sparrow, Ky.; Springer, Okla.; Spider, Ky.—Sunshine Magazine.

(Orange County)
(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., JULY 10, 1943 No. 28

WHY CHANGE?

In a country where a newsboy becomes a banker, a bootblack rises to riches, a black man, born to slavery, is set free—in a country where a printer becomes President of a nation—in a country where men of millions make mistakes and get set back where they belong—in a country where a poor man, with a dinner pail on his arm, is really more respected than a "cad" with a touring car—in a country where education is free, religion unhampered, and where every man and woman has equal rights, is there any sane reason for introducing any new form of government?

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-8
PIGEON HEROES OF THE WAR	By W. J. Banks	9
LEADERSHIP EXEMPLIFIED BY OUR MISSIONARIES	By Wendell Willkie	11
THE MUSEUM IN SALEM	By Mary C. Wiley	14
THE SHATTERING OR AN OAK	By Dr. H. B. Blakely	16
THOSE CHOSEN PEOPLE	By Nathan B. Melhorn	18
SHIPS THAT SAILED	(Selected)	20
SHOOTING FIREWORKS	By W. K. Putney	22
FAMOUS FATHERS	By Aletha M. Bonner	23
DELINQUENCY AND RECREATION	(Charlotte Observer)	24
HE LOVES HIS DRUM	By Richard Braustein	25
INSTITUTION NOTES		27
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

Vachel Lindsay, the poet, told of an experience he had one night when tired and hungry. Stopping at a farmhouse, he asked to stay overnight. He had no money, but offered to pay for his lodging by reciting original poetry. The housewife, not interested in poetry, replied: "We cannot keep you, but those people there may," and she pointed to a small house across the field.

Going over to the little house, the man welcomed him, and said: "You may stay if you are willing to put up with what we have." There were only two small rooms, the poet observed. Not a rug on the floor, no window shades, not one piece of furnishing worth two dollars. There was a bed, a rickety table, an old stove, and a few broken chairs.

When Lindsay left the next morning, this is what he said to a friend: "That man had nothing, and gave me half of it, and we both had abundance."

This may be a strange mathematical formula that won't work in arithmetic, but it will work in human relations.—W. G. Montgomery.

SOME RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN THE SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

1. The daily schedule provides a period for assembly programs twice each week. These are directed and presented by the boys themselves in order to develop talents of leadership, music and dramatics.
2. The classrooms are beginning to function like other public school classrooms with allowances for the boys to have certain responsibilities.
3. The library room has been completely rearranged and beautified, and twelve hundred new books purchased.
4. The basement and toilet rooms have been repainted.
5. A number of beautiful and appropriate pictures have been placed in the library, in classrooms, and in the halls.
6. All of the classrooms and hallways have been repainted with bright and cheerful colors.

7. Four women teachers are now employed, teachers with the highest state rating and with backgrounds of successful experience in modern methods of teaching.
8. Flower boxes with growing flowers have been placed in the classrooms.
9. The boys give the pledge of allegiance to the flag in a new way at the school.
10. Bulletin boards have been installed in all classrooms.
11. Several new maps have been purchased.
12. Many new sets of supplementary readers have been purchased.
13. New book-shelves have been installed in the classrooms.
14. The pupils' desks and other furniture have been repaired and re-arranged.
15. Drawings and other articles produced by the boys themselves are on exhibit in classrooms.
16. Some pupils have been re-classified, using standard tests in part, and a good many have been promoted.
17. All blackboards have been re-conditioned.
18. A band of 30 odd instruments has been functioning for seven months.
19. A strong Boy Scout troop has been operating for several months.
20. The school has two harmonica and glee clubs combined.
21. New flags of the United States and North Carolina have been placed in the auditorium.
22. A new classroom has been made available for an eighth grade.
23. Report cards are now being used.
24. Large unit studies have been begun in some classrooms.
25. New shrubbery has been planted on the school grounds.

* * * * * * * *

INDEPENDENCE DAY, 1943

The Fourth of July celebration this year was widely different from that of any previous year. Instead of fireworks, sky-rockets and other small combustibles to make a noise and reflect different

colored lights to illuminate the elements for amusing pastime for young people, the allied nations, including army, navy, marines and air squadrons, were pouring shot, shell and bombs to retain the freedom fought for so valiantly by our noble forebears. The American soldiers have shown in every instance that they have the courage and endurance of the pioneers of early American history, and are fighting to win. We repeat the words of our Chief Executive, "and we will win."

The fighting men of this country come from every walk of life, the rich, the poor, the professional class and those of most menial charges, and they are today brothers working for the success of one common cause--life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Various radio program on July 4th, gave complete details of the history of America, from 1776 to date. There is no excuse, after hearing those illuminating messages, for anyone to be ignorant as to the history of our country. We were impressed with the detailed information. For instance, such things as the number of men who signed that great document, Jefferson's Declaration of Independence. There were fifty-six signers. On April 12, 1826, there were four of those men living—Carroll, of Maryland, Jefferson, Adams and Monroe, and they were invited to help celebrate the 50th anniversary of our independence on July 4th of that year. Jefferson was too feeble to attend, but his letter of refusal was a masterpice of diction and an expression of hope and love for "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

* * * * * * * *

A FINE RECORD

The committee on War Industrial Coordination, created by Governor J. Melville Broughton in June 1942, has completed its first year of activity with a record of sound achievement, according to James E. Coad, secretary to the committee, and who has travelled almost constantly between North Carolina firms whom has assisted and points of procurement, such as Washington, Philadelphia, Wright Field, New York, and Detroit.

The report shows that the committee has worked throughout the year to "assist in breaking bottlenecks which prevented war industrial production." It showed that the secretary, or his associates, had

appeared before many government agencies in behalf of North Carolina producers, and that it interceded for more than 200 manufacturers.

To give any definite figure on monetary results would be impossible without an enormous amount of detailed research, it was stated, but that several millions of dollars worth of contracts have been assisted to find North Carolina production.

The furniture industry in the state alone has been benefitted in that "22 furniture plants located in 15 cities of the state obtained 42 contracts approximating three and one-half million dollars." The lumber industry also was assisted, resulting in the State's lumber being used in many War needs including military camps, for hospitals, wooden boats, gliders, and aircraft.

Although the textile industry has been operating for the last 18 months at almost full capacity, the committee has been able to assist in breaking many bottlenecks and to fill in some small gaps with contracts that proved important to the communities affected.

In the field of camouflage the committee has been active in that the State produces about 25 per cent of all camouflage netting used in the war. Employment for "upward of 800 and during the period have produced upwards of 85,000,000 square feet of camouflage netting," it is shown.

The machine shops in the state which have been assisted by the committee have obtained contracts approximating one and one-half million dollars. The type of products have been many, varying from large, heavy machine tools and machines, down to the smallest firing pins, screws and bolts.

The committee has taken a keen interest in dehydration and has been able to assist in establishing four plants for the dehydration of foods. The committee continues its research in this field, hoping to make some valuable contribution to the field of dehydration. Committee Chairman Josh Horne, of Rocky Mount, has been especially active in this work.

The committee has been interested in and continues its research into several different fields, looking toward further coordination of the vast resources of the State to the general war effort.

The following editorial, taken from an exchange, tells an interesting story. First, we learned that Harvard is the world's richest

university. On the campus of this great institution may be found a group of fourteen men, taken from various walks of life, placed there to learn the technique of leadership. We hope these young men will infuse the spirit of dignity into every profession, let it be what it may. Instead of having wages for a goal, there will an ambition to improve the quality of all products. If such prevails, there will be harmony in the ranks of all workers. Read:

> Harvard has just graduated its first class of potential labor leaders. It consists of a group of fourteen men (average age twenty-seven and one-half years), representing "garment, hosiery, hat, cap, millinery, radio, machine, electrical, woolen and worsted workers, painters, glaziers, and railway clerks," and coming from nearly as many states. They were chosen by their respective unions affiliated with the AFL and the CIO, and entered Harvard last fall on "scholarships designed to return them to their unions as 'better labor leaders." The cost of the scholarships was met equally by the unions and the university. On the campus they lived on equal terms at the world's richest university with "the boss's son," and from him, as one of the labor students put it, got "an insight into how papa's mind works." The beginning of the experiment has been encouraging, and the collegiate originators of the project are hopeful of its growing success. In view of the fact that there are at least 100,000 union administrative officers in the U. S. A., a great deal could be done to better the country's industrial relations. Present labor crises testify to that.

* * * * * * * *

ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK

John Paul Jones, famous commander in the American naval service during the Revolutionary War, was born in Scotland, July 6, 1747. At the age of twenty-six he emigrated to Virginia and when war broke out he offered his services to the United States, and was given command of the ship, Alfred.

In 1779, in command of the Bon Homme Richard, he captured the British sloop-of-war Serapis. This was his greatest achievement and high honors were accorded him. When he returned to America, Congress neglected him and he entered the Russian service with the rank of rear admiral. Because of jealousy of Russian commanders, he gave up his naval position and went to Paris, where he died at

the age of forty-five. In 1905 a search was made for his body, which was brought back to America and interred at Annapolis, Maryland. In 1925 he was selected as one of America's 150 immortals in the Hall of Fame.

July 7, 1898 is the date on which Hawaii was annexed to the United States. A joint resolution of Congress was passed and signed by President McKinley who appointed a commission to visit the islands and draw up a plan of government. The United States took formal possession of the islands in August, 1898, and Dole took the oath of office as governor of the islands in 1900.

John Davison Rockefeller was born in Tiaga county, New York, July 8, 1839. He had only a public school education and entered the commission business on his own account. At the age of twenty-one he engaged in the oil business and ten years later was president of the Standard Oil Company.

Rockefeller was the founder of the new University of Chicago, his endowments amounting to more than $10,000,000. He gave liberally to Vassar College, to Bapist mission boards and churches, and to other institutions. In 1905 he gave $10,000,000 to a general education board and $1,000,000 to Yale University. He retired at the age of fifty-seven but retained the title of president of the Standard Oil Company until it was dissolved in 1911. He lived to be more than ninety years of age.

Elias Howe, inventor of the sewing machine, was born at Spencer, Mass., July 9, 1819. He had only a common school education and worked in a cotton mill for many years—as a machanic. While working in a machine shop in Boston he conceived the idea of a sewing machine, and perfected it in 1845. America would not accept his idea, and he went to Europe. Upon his return he discovered that manufacturers were profiting from his invention. He prosecuted them and his claim to priority was legally established, and he soon became wealthy. He enlisted as a private in the Civil War, and once when the pay was delayed to his regiment, he advanced the money to pay off the men. For this he was accorded the Legion of Honor.

PIGEON HEROES OF THE WAR

By W. J. Banks

Winkie, treated to a special feed, strutted proudly in her cage. The boys of a renowned RAF Beaufort bomber squadron were giving a party. And the party honored Winkie, a tough little racing pigeon whose courage and stamina had saved four members of the squadron from the cold waters of the North Sea.

Returning from an offensive patrol jjoff Norway, the wounded bomber crashed into the water. At the last moment Winkie, a regular member of the crew, was released from her cage, and then the men took to their rubber raft. Winkie, battered by storms, her wings heavy with oil slick, reached her home loft in Dundee. Her code number told what craft she had come from; her known flying speed gave a clue to the distance, and a Netherlands scout plane found the exhausted airmen.

So Winkie earned the party and her owner received, on her behalf, a bronze plaque inscribed with the thanks of the grateful squadron.

When the most modern radio equipment fails, or when its use might betray to the enemy an advanced land post, a disabled plane, a parachute raider's position, or other information, modern warriors fall back on a means of communication almost as old as recorded history. Ancient Greece adopted the use of the pigeon as a carrier from still more ancient lands, and trained birds served Brutus in his ill-fated campaign against Mark Antony following the death of Caesar.

The homing pigeon who enlists in today's war may, however, have a few tricks unknown even to his more immediate ancestors. Some, against their natural inclinations, have learned to fly by night. Many can return to a mobile loft in an army truck after one half-hour practice flight from the new location. Still others are "two-way" birds, capable of going to an isolated post whose own supply of pigeons has been exhausted and returning to the home loft with a message.

The American army has been a leader in the development of the use of pigeons for modern combat work. In a grassy corner of a big army signal corps base you will find a group of low, white buildings housing hundreds of trained adult "homers," young "squeakers" just beginning to learn the fine points of the game, and breeding pairs loaned by leading pigeon fanciers throughout the country.

One loft, the home of the night flyers, has darkened windows and electric lights. Several smart trailers, labelled "Mobile Loft," await near by. Selected for intelligence and stamina, the birds are the pick of the land, and feed upon the best grain foods. Blue, grey and brown birds are used, for the white ones are too easily spotted.

In land warfare army pigeons normally are reqiured to fly comparatively short distances. When the homer joins the air corps he may have to carry messages hundreds of miles over stormy seas as well as land. One hundred birds may be taken in a single aircraft for training flights. British and Canadian bombers, fighters, and patrol planes carry two to

four birds. Well trained pigeons, two released at 1,500 feet, head into the slipstream, drop perhaps 25 feet, open wings and bank away to the normal flying level of about 700 feet. It is not uncommon for the air force birds to cover 400 miles in ten hours. With a tail wind a fast pigeon can make up to 75 miles per hour.

Though greatly enhanced by careful breeding and training, the pigeon's homing instinct is a miracle of nature. Science never has explained fully or satisfactorily the ability of the homing pigeon to find its way over sea and land which it has never seen befoe. Apparently there is no limit to the distance a well-trained bird can cover. One pigeon, carried by train and ship from Indo-China to France, returned 7,200 miles in 24 days.

With or without such modern refinements as night and two-way flying the training of the pigeon recruit in today's war fundamentally is the same as that employed throughout the ages. The young bird learns that in the loft, and there only, will he find food and comfortable shelter. From progressively longer distances he returns to his reward just as fast as he can. The birds who carried home the news of the local boy's triumph at the ancient Olympic games flew with the same motive, and the same inherent skill, as the war birds of today.

During the siege of Paris in 1870 the starving French capital kept in touch with the outside world by means of pigeons which carried thousands of messages, in spite of counter-measures taken by the resourceful Prussians in the form of trained hawks. Pigeons helped Reuters build his great news-gathering service and played their part in the founding of the Rothschild fortune. Carrying news of victory or defeat from Napoleonic battlefields, the bankers' private winged messengers turned stock market speculation into a sure thing.

Then came the first Great War, whose pigeon heroes numbered in the hundreds of thousands. Perhaps the most famous was the AEF'S Cher Ami, who through withering fire brought news of the Lost Battalion of the Argonne. On a later flight, Cher Ami delivered his message, dangling from the bleeding stump of a leg torn off by shrapnel. The Mocker was another army pigeon who did not allow the loss of an eye to interrupt him in the course of his duty.

The use of pigeons in news gathering came to the fore again a few years ago at the time of the arrival of the "Normandie" in New York on her maiden voyage. Birds flew from Quarantine to a newspaper office with exposed negatives in light-proof aluminum tubes. Opium smugglers and others with scant respect for the law also have made generous use of the homers' abilities and police often have puzzled over the problem of training pigeon "officers" capable of arresting the flight of their erring kin.

Today the pigeon's war job again eclipses his civilian pursuits. Already in this struggle the winged messengers have saved many lives, and when the full story can be told it may develop that they have won battles. An army is seldom defeated while its communications remain intact, and after all other means have failed the pigeon will deliver 95 per cent of his messages—even under the worst combat conditions. It is hard to beat a record like that.

LEADERSHIP EXEMPLIFIED BY OUR MISSIONARIES

By Wendell Willkie

(Excerpt from an address before the Presbyterian General Assembly in Detroit, May 31, 1943.)

Back in my home town in Indiana when I was a boy, we were always raising funds for foreign missions. Our Sunday schools provided us with books on foreign lands written by returning missionaries. They stimulated our interest in foreign countries, especially China, and we all gave our small contributions for the work that those Americans were doing.

In later years, I have sometimes wondered about the wisdom of foreign missions. In the light of the great teachings and the age-old civilizations of the East, it has sometimes seemed to me presumptuous, on our part, to aspire to convert the entire world to our particular religious views.

But on my recent trip, I saw at first hand a multitude of concrete instances which convinced me of the value of foreign missions both to the lands they serve and to the cause of good will for America. Everywhere I went I found American colleges, schools, hospitals and churches, many of them supported by the churches of this land. I found American missionaries, men and women, exerting a leadership—a human and personal leadership—which I have no hesitation in characterizing as vital to the future hopes, not alone of other nations, but of our own United States.

It is difficult to find words to describe the effect of these missionaries upon an American traveller. I cannot possibly hope to convey to you what it means after flying over thousands of miles of uninhabited mountains and desert to reach a small town, or maybe a great historic city of glamorous legend; to be greeted at an airfield by the local dignitaries; and to find, in a milling crowd of thousands of people dressed in strange garbs, speaking strange tongues, a little group of American missionaries, maybe half-a-dozen, or ten, or twenty, with their wives and children, who have come in from miles around. There they stand, clean, fresh, healthy, familiar, respected by all for their kindliness.

I asked people in every land whether they were not resentful that these foreigners should invade their country. The answer was universal enthusiasm for what American missionaries have done and for the lives they lead.

The missionaries are not resented, but respected and admired. This is because they have contributed so much more than mere preachment. As individuals they have exercised qualities of leadership in tiny villages and remote spots throughout the world. Their kindliness is proverbial. They have brought with them a high standard of health, of cleanliness and medical care. They have brought also

a standard of character that has helped to awaken in age-old, habit-ridden communities a new sense of self-respect and well-being.

Furthermore, the missionaries have everywhere stimulated a desire for education—not mere dusty scholarship, but reading and writing, the arts and sciences, living knowledge that binds men together. When Hitler wanted to prepare his people for war, he burned the books. We who want to prepare for peace must open them —open them all over the earth. China, for example, in now going through a kind of educational revolution, with millions going to school. It is this process that has made China today no longer a nation of inert masses, but a nation of individuals—individuals who are willing to fight and die for a future of freedom. They are just beginning to glimpse a future which they know is inevitably tied with the Western democracies. The germ of this process in my judgment, was planted fifty, sixty years ago, under the patient work and leadership of men and women who received little acclaim and no reward except the satisfaction of accomplishment. All America knows some of their sons and daughters. Pearl Buck's father was one of them; and Henry Luce's.

American missionaries and American schools and colleges have played a similar role elsewhere. Turkey has become one of the most modern of nations. She has adapted many of our western institutions to her own chosen way of life; and she has acquired social and economic standards that are amazingly congenial with ours. She withstands the onslaught of Axis propaganda and Axis pressure. She turns in her thinking to the Western World to which her neutrality has been a bulwark. One of the big factors in this attitude has been Robert College at Istanbul, where thousands of young Turks have received a western education.

This kind of work, in which our American missionaries have been so loyal and conscientious, is a fine example of what I mean by leadership. The missionaries themselves are leaders—but that is not all the point. They teach the people to provide their own leadership. They develop within their missions a sense of well-being, of self-reliance, of self-respect; others in nearby communities are awakened to these new forces; the movement, constantly nourished by western ideals, spreads outward to revitalize an entire nation. That is the practical and living process that has been going on now for decades. And that, I believe, is one of the chief causes for the goodwill toward the United States that now exists in almost every corner of the earth.

Furthermore, it is multiplicity of leadership exercised by thousands of men and women that is responsible for one of the most striking contrasts in the Far East today. In Japan, western education, western industrial development were welcomed more eagerly and earlier than in China. But they were imposed upon the people from the top by the leadership of a ruling clique who were interested solely in the commercial, mechanical and military advantages to be derived from these new ideas. In China, these same ideas spread slowly through the people, initially

under the leadership of missionary educators, doctors and religious teachers who were primarily interested in ethics, culture, and ways of living. Consequently, in Japan, tyrants perverted the great mechanized barbarizm. In China, the people, through their own leaders, have found in western ideas the way to individuality and freedom.

———:———

THE LITTLE LOG SCHOOLHOUSE FLAG

On the wooded summit of Catamount Hill in Colrain, Mass., stands a monument of native field stone which marks the spot where the first United States flag was raised over a public school building. This flag was raised over a rude log schoolhouse in 1812.

In the early years of the nineteenth century there were two great political parties, the Federalists and the Republicans. The Republicans, also called Loyalists on account of their loyalty to our government, keenly favored the war of 1812. The Federalists were somewhat in sympathy with England, and were inclined to excuse her offense of interfering with our commerce.

The Catamount Hill settlers were keenly interested in the events of the times and the one weekly paper that came into the settlement was loaned to everyone. Party feeling grew stronger, as one outrage followed another, and the Loyalists deemed it imperative to prove their faithfulness to their homes and this new land of freedom, by making an American Flag and paying reverence to it.

The Shippee families were strong Loyalists and Rhoda, wife of Amasa, gave a beautiful piece of her own hand-woven white linen for the field and stars. Mrs. Lois Shippee spun, wove and dyed the blue. The origin of the red is unknown but is credited to either Mrs. Alden Willis or Mrs. Stephen Hale who with Mrs. Shippee went to the home of Rhoda and Amasa Shippee and made the flag. Amasa Shippee marked out the stars with a compass and square.

While the women worked on the flag, Amasa went to the swamp and cut two pine saplings and spliced them together for a flag pole.

The next morning these sturdy farmers with their families journeyed to the little log schoolhouse, where they set the pole and raised the flag upon its standard. There were no speeches, no music, but as the colors floated, cheer after cheer broke the silence of the forest.

THE MUSEUM IN SALEM

By Mary Callum Wiley, in The State

In the heart of old Salem in a quaint tile-covered building, known for years as the Old Boy's School, is housed one of the most distinctive collections of museum pieces in the country.

With the meticulous care for which the Moravians are noted, not only have the daily happenings of their colonial settlements in Wachovia (now Forsyth County) been preserved in writing: but priceless old maps, original sketches of early houses, specimens of glass and pottery, cooking utensils—copper, brass and iron—and lovely old pieces of furniture have been handed down through the years. They are assembled now in the quaint three-storied Moravian schoolhouse and its annex, constructed along the lines of the original old building and in perfect harmony with it. The collection enables one to reconstruct the past and giving reins to the imagination to visualize the busy frugal life of the pioneer builders of bustling Winston-Salem.

In the Wachovia Museum we find the spinet upon which the little girl played for George Washington when he visited the brethern in 1791. Warm human interest is attached to the incident when we are reminded that the distinguished listener, looking down upon the fingers spread on the keyboard, earnestly remarked, "Little girl, let me conjure that wart off your hand."

Another memento of George Washington's visit to Salem is the great goblet with F. Marshall cut in the heavy glass and the dainty wine cup from which Washington is said to have drunk when he dined with Frederick Marshall, the leading citizen of the community.

A worn little shaving set, used by Matthew Stach, the first missionary to Greenland, brings to mind the remarkable missionary record of the Moravian Church.

Among the numerous pots and kettles, a certain little iron pot recalls the days when Lord Cornwallis and his Red Coats encamped on Salem boundaries; the story goes that when a thieving Red Coat, smelling the savoury dinner cooking in the pot, snatched the vessel from the fire, the indignant owner chased him back to camp, and appealing personally to Cornwallis, got back the pot—although not its savoury contents.

The small box-like fire engine, with its long handle manipulated by hand, and its stout leather buckets—the first fire engine brought to the States south of Pennsylvania—reminds one of the outstanding fire record of Old Salem, due to the fire regulations the Brethren carried out from the very beginning of their town. Ladders were kept in readiness on the outer walls of certain houses; the use of fire-dogs was urged in the private homes; and at regular intervals all fire places were inspected by men appointed for the job.

Thorough, systemiatic chimney sweeping was carried on in the pioneer village, the office of chimney sweeper being one of dignity and responsibility.

The records quaintly tell of one "brother" who made trial with chim-

ney sweeping, but could not manage it because he was too fat.

To the night watchman as to the chimney sweeper credit should be given for the excellent record of Old Salem; from betime to dawn, the watchman walked up and down the dark village streets and lanes, sounding out on his musical conch shell the passing hours.

The tall printing press in its place of honor in Wachovia Museum could tell many a tale of its valiant service, first in Hillsboro, where under the command of Cornwallis it turned out many a broadside against the Sons of Liberty, as the early Patriots were called; and after 1827 in Salem, where for sixty years and more, it enabled John Christian Blum to supply the countryside with Blum's Almanac and send out the news of the week, if not the day, through The Weekly Gleaner—the first newspaper published in this section of North Carolina—The Farmer's Reporter and Repository, and The Peoples' Press—the last-named periodical famous because of the part the poet, John Henry Boner, had in filling its columns.

The interesting old stove, six feet high and covered with tiles, the earthen pots and pans, the clay pipes, the handsome sign which Gottfried Aust hung up over his Salem potter's shop in 1772—these relics all testify to the big business the Moravian settlers carried on in the making and selling of pottery.

Gottfried Aust's sign is in perfect condition and is considered by collectors of rare pottery as one of the finest specimens of its kind in the United States. It is in the shape of a big round platter, beautifully shaded, with G. Aust and 1772 grooved into the clay on the outer rim and a floral design of soft colors in the center.

Such superior pottery did G. Aust turn out in "his burnings," first at Bethabara and after 1772 at Salem, that purchasers of the ware came from near and far, from over the mountains and across the Virginia border.

One entry especially stirs the imagination: There was an unusual concourse of visitors—the record reads —some coming sixty and eighty miles to buy milk crocks and pans in our pottery. They bought the entire stock, not one piece was left.

The great humorists of the world have ever been past masters in getting across unpleasant truths in a manner that fails to offend. Mark Twain serves a fine example in the following: "We have a criminal jury system which is superior to any in the world; and its efficiency is only marred by the difficulty of finding twelve men every day who don't know anything and can't read. And I may observe that we have an insanity plea that would have saved Cain. I think I can say, say with pride, that we have some legislatures that bring higher prices than any in the world."—Selected.

THE SHATTERING OF AN OAK

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely,

At the corner of Queens Road and Selwyn Avenue there stood a majestic oak. Nature had been busy at the building of that oak probably for nearly a century. First, it had been a tiny seedling, springing from an acorn dropped among forest leaves. Many, many years ago the oaklet had sent roots down into the soft woods soil; and as the roots went deeper, the tree grew taller. In the oak's youth it stood some four miles away from the hamlet that was Charlotte. It was then only a village of some one thousand inhabitants, and who would have dreamed that within the lifetime of an oak that village would have become one of the larger busy cities of the Southeast.

The oak had witnessed a city in the making. The Charlotte village began to reach out on every side; and as the tree grew taller, it could see the vanishing forest and farm lands as man's habitations pressed nearer. When the tree had reached maturity, it stood in the midst of a new city with a college campus on one side, and a stately avenue which approached from the north. At last, it stood a kind of monarch amid its surviving fellows, taller, stronger, and more stately.

Then on Thursday afternoon a thunder cloud passed over. There was a blinding flash, a loud crash, and the mighty oak stood stricken. Its great top had fallen, snapped off as if some giant had wrung its neck. Its mighty trunk was split to splinters opening up its inner heart. The lightning bolt had unclothed the oak, scattering bark in every direction, and leaving the trunk white and naked. The work of a century was finished in a second. Through the years that oak had defied summer and winter, its great branches had wrestled with wind and sleet, but in a moment the lightning bolt had riven it to its heart. One moment we looked at the proud, strong giant of the forest; the next we beheld the wreckage.

Long ago befor science had revealed the secrets of nature, primitive man looked upon the lightning and called it the "Thunder Bolt of Jove." It was the amr of God reaching out of the unknown to show His power. Of course, we know a little about electricity and understand that the rain clouds gather up charges of electricity as they form until there is release in a mighty bolt of electrical energy. But, after all, we know so little about electricity that it remains the mystery of God. We harness it to wheels, we turn it into fire, and it transforms darkness into dawn; but we have no adequate explanation for it. It is still a display of the power of the Eternal. If God be the God, not only of this tiny planet, but of a thousand million solar systems, then how great is God indeed. Perhaps the pigmy of an upstart dictator on the ball called earth is after all tragic but insignificant in His sight. The throne of God is still secure!

What destruction may fall within a moment! The energy of a bolt of lightning must be similar to that of

a "block-buster." It shatters the builiding of a century in the fraction of a second. Across our earth the lightning of battle strikes again and again. The treasures of civilization one by one are shattered into dust. The works that multitudes of men have wrought painfully and patiently are gone in the flash of explosions. War is too costly to be permitted ever to happen again. We dodged the cost of maintaining a righteous and lasting peace; and, therefore, we pay the price of our evasion of opportunity and obligation. The way of escape from duty is too costly, and we had best resolve never to walk the road of isolation again.

When lightning strikes the forest giant, nature never admits defeat. She goes about her work of restoration. There are other oaks which may still be grown from little acorns. Centuries matter little to nature as she plans her work. The rebuilding of our world will demand patience and fidelity through the years . Today we destroy, tomorrow we rebuild. In the hours while the lightning still flashes, we do well to plan for the centuries of restoration, through which we pray that God may give us grace and sense to build more beautifully, more justly and more abidingly. The work of destruction is that of the today's moment; the work of building is that of the years. To destroy is necessary now; to rebuild will be far more glorious and very costly.

———:———

TOMAS MASARYK, PRESIDENT OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Masaryk was a poor boy who grew up in a small European country where it was difficult to secure an education and any advancement in position. With the help of a brave mother, under great handicaps, he worked his way through college, and finally was able to teach in colleges and universities. When his country became a republic, he was elected president. Here are some principles of life which were proved and applied in this man's life:

Nothing is great if it is not true.

No one will ever know greatness who cannot begin with small things.

All honest workers are equal, and a good blacksmith is no less admirable than a good President.

Where a principle is at stake, compromise is morally imposaible.

The world demands truth and honesty, therefore, let everyone first of all be honest with himself.

Only through hard work do we build character.

Men use force through terror; they lie because they are afraid.—Selected.

THOSE CHOSEN PEOPLE, THE JEWS

By Nathan R. Melhorn

Just how much our "average reader" of The Lutheran is encountering the "Jewish problem" we have no way of knowing. Certainly some information reaches every one who either reads or listens, which describes the cruelties applied in countries under National Socialist domination to persons of Hebrew descent. Anti-Semitism has had a revival of which the nearest parallel would be the treatment of Jews by the Crusaders or by the fanatical Inquisition. By any standards of abstract justice and by any ideals of mercy to the young and to the weak, these people's persecutions must cry out to Him in high heaven, who declared—Vengeance is mine: I will repay.

But rescue from ill-treatmen is only the negative phase, so to speak, of conditions in which the fifteen or twenty million Jews in the whole world are active. On the positive side there appears to be an excellent organization for employment of press and radio to present not only persecutions and retribution, but also to plead for a peace settlement that will guarantee to the Jews a country. Illogical as it seems, there has been no basic interruption of pressure to make Palestime their National Home.

These paragraphs do not presume to prophesy what shall be the postwar fate of the land to whose borders Moses led his countrymen out of Egypt and out of bondage. One can recognize as a coincidence that when a great many Americans find as the heading of their Sunday school lesson on July 4 the words, "God in the Making of a Nation: Era of Moses," some of the convictions we have about the privileges enjoyed by this generation of Americans will come to mind. Ideas generated by the principles inherited from the laws of Moses will claim thoughtfulness in us. And as our minds work back, we will reweigh the significance of the phrase —"The Chosen People." It is not a mere abstraction. One is told that Frederick the Great once asked his court preacher, "What is the greatest miracle?" The chaplain is said to have replied, "The Jews, your majesty, the Jews." Probably somebody "made up" that story; beyond doubt it is old. But figure out if you can, how except by a religious agency could the preservation of a form of worship and the ties of race be preserved by a people without a country and under alien authority for two milleniums. Explain also how a group of such small numerical proportions (fifteen million out of the earth's two thousand million inhabitants) can gain the consideration, if not the love of their contemporaries, if not protected by providences. Let one use the date similar to what the American or the Britain or, for all we know, the Russian employs to assure himself of his nation's right to continue; then find the source of the boldness of these people, most of whom are disfranchised by the counries in which they lived prior to 1933, yet whose leaders see nothing inconsistent in claiming as their heritage the land of their ancient fathers. No explanation makes sense except their own:—they are a chosen

people. They have a destiny. The God of Nations has used them for the accomplishment of His own high and holy purpose.

It is the formative period of the Hebrew people that is described in the Book of Exodus. As a prelude to its understanding and to any application its of data to modern times, it is important to recall that the immediate predecessor of Exodus is Genesis, the narrative of man's creation. In that book of Beginnings one learns that humanity's role was to inhabit the earth and control its resources. That first book contains the names of men and women and the record of their deeds which Moses was inspired to write as the prelude to making his followers aware that they are to make known the will of God. The sons of Jacob, who with the patriarch came into Egypt to live under favor of Joseph their younger brother, localized and forecast the divine plan.

The community whose placement the favorite of Pharaoh had sponsored, grew in time and under favorable conditions to a size sufficient to attract the attention of an Egyptian ruler, who had no friendly feeling for the colony of Hebrews. They encountered the penalty of their self-isolation. They were easy victims of suspicion, for they did not mix with their neighbors. Their greatest possession they could not share. It was the passing from generation to generation of the promise that had come to Abraham, to Isaac, to Jacob, and thence from fathers to sons for a succession of inheritances prior to the arrival of Moses. This commitment was an idea, or rather it was the promise of what an idea expressed. For faith was the enabling factor.

Men and nations sometimes go forward in response to the beckoning of a promise or of a person who is the announcer of good tidings. But humanly speaking it is more often by compulsion that folk seek higher levels and abandon persistence in futile labor. It is significant that while the Hebrews maintained their racial identity by their expectation of an inheritance by promise, it was the Egyptians who by a series of cruelties gave them the determination to dare the dangers of a hostile army and the hardships of a desert trek. It is the custom of man to argue with God by citing against what he has the excuse ignorance of any future reward. This often illustrates the ways by which human logic errs and faith presents the facts about the future.

But wrong ideas figure also in the realms of evil tyranny. The Pharaoh "who knew not Joseph" no doubt took counsel and determined to exterminate those Hebrews whose rapid increase in numbers, he feared a threat to the lordship of an Egyptian people. He was afraid: The immoral nature of his fear is made evident by the measures he took to ward off the incidence of danger. It is here that one may make a general observation which has been proven true times without number in both individual and national experience. The principle is this: whenever an evil policy is pursued as a means of protection, a mirage of danger is envisioned. The real peril lies hidden in the means used to dissolve false fears. The safe refuge in the truth is denied to those who resort to cruelty.

SHIPS THAT SAILED

(Selected)

There sailed from Blackwell, England, on a blustery December 19, three hundred and thirty-six years ago, three ships, the "Sarah Constant," the "Goodspeed," and the "Discovery," bringing to these shores the founders of this nation. They arrived at Jamestown, Virginia, May 13, 1607, to make the first permanent English settlement in America.

These three ships lay at anchor, on that memorable day in December, at the head of a great bend in the Thames River, opposite the busy section of London's water front, known as Blackwell, and received passengers and cargoes from boats and barges.

Just prior to their sailing, Captain John Smith, hero of the colony, visited the Church St. Sepulchre, Holbron, and received communion before starting on his great adventure. He was dressed like a figure from a Shakespearean play, coming with other English gentlemen and adventurers to Blackwell stairs, seeing the three ships riding at anchor, and entering the small boat that would carry him to the three ships.

Strangely enough, these three ships, of greater moment to English speaking people than any others after Columbus, today can scarcely be named by the average American, Yet who in this country does not know the name and significant details of the "Mayflower's" arrival thirteen years later at Plymouth? And the "Mayflower," most of us forget, was also sailing for Jamestown, but was carried by adverse winds to the coast of New England.

It was late in the afternoon of May 13, 1607, that the three little ships came up the river—the "King's River," as the James was then called. The sun was setting in the west, and the purple and golden light reflected in the rippling water, and made it seem, as the passengers described it, "an earthly paradise."

The voyagers had landed at Cape Henry fifteen days previous, and erected a cross, but because "it was so open a road," too close to the Spanish ships in the Chesapeake Bay, they plied their ships up the James River, peering at the wooded shores, stopping now and then, and seeking the most secure place for settlement.

At Jamestown, in a region which seemed to be the least inhabited by Indians, they saw "a kinde of peninsula fastened to the mainland by a slender neck, and thrusting out into the middest of the channel." The channel ran so close to the shore that the three ships could be "tethered" to the trees, affording a quick retreat in the event of an attack from the Indians, whose hostility they had experienced at Cape Henry. The Peninsula, as it was then, could be defended more easily than the mainland, and the guns of the "Sarah Constant," the "Goodspeed," and the -'Discovery," riding close to the shore, could be used in any attack upon the "forte" to be erected. So late in the afternoon of that memorable May day,' the three little ships that brought the founders

of the nation to Jamestown were "tethered" to the trees. The Reverend Robert Hunt, missionary and martyr, so "weake and sicke" by the rough voyage that few expected him to recover, knelt with the colonists upon Jamestown soil and dedicated the spot to God.

A number of the colonizing expeditions had set forth from England prior to the sailing of our three ships, but met with defeat. It remained for the Jamestown colony to sow the seed of the nation, and carry it through its darkness to the light of fulfillment.

Perhaps no words of today express the purpose of the voyage and settlement as heroically as those written at the time by Michael Drayton, Poet Laureate of England, in the close of his Ode to the Virgiania Voyage:

And in regions farre,
Such heroes bring yee foorth
As those from whom we came,
And plant our name
Under that starre,
Not knowe unto our north.

———:———

Thomas Carlyle had labored for months gathering material for his great work, "The French Revolution." He had much of the manuscript completed, written in those biting sentences for which he afterward became famous. Using longhand, the mere physical labor of penning so massive a volume was not inconsiderable.

A careless servant destroyed the manuscript. Carlyle was in despair. He flung his pen aside, thinking never to take it up again. For weeks he moped about, unable to overcome his discouragement.

One day he watched a man laying bricks. The man was just a common workman, except that he was in love with his work. He tapped every brick as he laid it, leveling it, and every stroke of his trowel was a caress. Frequently the man would step aside and survey his work with the gratified eye of an artist. Being in love with his work, he did not count the hours, nor limit the number of bricks he was to lay, and his work grew rapidly under his hands.

Carlyle was thrilled with the man's attitude of mind, and shamed by his earnestness of purpose. He set to work again upon his great task, and in a few weeks had recovered his lost ground. The book was completed, and ranks as a world masterpiece.—Ontario Times.

SHOOTING FIREWORKS

By Walter K. Putney, in Young Crusader

About one hundred years ago there was a ship called "Independence," which was sailing from China to the United States. The ship had in its hold a great cargo of firework to be brought to this country in time for Fourth of July celebrations.

The ship had not gone very far, and was off the coast of the island of Sumatra, floating lazily on the water, for it was very calm and the boat could not go very fast. About midnight of the second day along this coast the lookout broke the stillness of the night by shouting a warning. "Pirates! Pirates off the lee bow!"

The crew rushed to defend the ship. They saw two war canoes filled with dangerous-looking pirates rapidly approaching the ship. The crew ran for the ammunition, but found that it had been covered up by the great load of merchandise. The crew thought all would be lost, for no one supposed there would be the least chance of escape in a hand-to-hand fight with such desperate pirates, without powder and bullets.

One of the sailors had a bright idea. "Men," he shouted, "let's try to scare the pirates by shooting fireworks at them."

Without losing a second, the captain ordered the cover ripped off a dozen boxes of fireworks. The first box happened to contain roman candles, and in a moment more each sailor had two or more of them in his hands, shooting them at the pirates in the canoes. Purple, green, and red balls flew in every direction, and the superstitious Malay pirates were terrified. The rowers dropped their oars and triel to protect their faces. The leaders, standing up to urge on their men, were peppered with balls of fire. Finally the two boats turned around and pulled out of reach of the roman candles.

A third canoe, unnoticed, had circled the ship and was coming up the other side. Some of the pirates were beginning to climb up the side of the ship. A sailor saw them. He took a box of miscellaneous fireworks, touched a firebrand to the wrappings, and hurled it right into the middle of the canoe. In a moment roman candles, sky rockets, and pin wheels were going off in a grand mixup, exploding in the faces of the pirates. Some of them dove overboard and swam for safety, while others grabbed the oars and pulled away as fast as they could.

By this time the first two canoes had again approached the ship and were trying to climb aboard. Some of the sailors lighted bunches of firecrackers and threw them into the pirates' boats. That proved to be too much for any self-respecting pirates, and in a few minutes all three canoes were paddling away, not only out of range, but out of sight.

Soon after that a sharp breeze sprang up, and the ship was able to sail rapidly away, and out of danger. The only loss was about a dozen boxes of fireworks. The sailors had a good time shooting fireworks. No one was injured, and there was not even a burnt finger!

FAMOUS FATHERS

By Aletha M. Bonner

George Washington has been assigned the most important place in American history, and in America's heart of memory. With the date of his Virginia birth, February 22, 1732, he was "the son of his country." Later he became the "defender of his country"; and in time was the "President of his country," while in the closing years of life he was crowned with the most honored and endearing title of all—"Father of his country."

It was ancient Rome that originated the custom of bestowing the name of "Father" upon her disinguished men of affairs; and today we continue the custom by giving the appellation to the great pioneer-leaders in the world of religion, music, literature, and the like.

Men of biblical distinction to be awarded this paternal title of respect have been Adam—"Father of Humanity"; Abraham—"Father of the Hebrews"; and Jubal—"the father of all such as handle the harp and organ."

The Greek scholar Homer is now referred to as the "Father of Epic Poetry"; his countryman, Terpander, the philosopher-musician, is called "Father of Greek Music," and two other noted Grecian writers, Herodotus and Aristophanes, are known as "The Fathers of History, and of Comedy," respectively.

England has contributed many names to the "Fathers-of-honor" roll call; among the number, Roger Bacon, who for distinctive endeavor is called "The Father of English Philosophy"; Geoffrey Chaucer, "Father of English Poetry"; William Caxton, "Father of English Printing"; Thomas Tallis, "Father of Cathedral Music"; William Turner, "Father of English Botany"; and Izaak Walton, "Father of Angling."

To mention angling is to suggest the related subject of rivers and other bodies of water, and to be reminded of the fact that the ocean bears the sobriquet of "Father Neptune" (so-called after the same-named Roman god of the sea); while America's own mighty Mississippi river carries the title of "Father of Waters."

Those fifty-six loyal-hearted contemporaries of George Washington, who affixed their signatures to the most important document of fredom ever penned by human hand—the immortal Declaration of Independence—are rightly called our "Fathers of Freedom."

Thus, with the figure of Washington—the patriot, statesman, and Christian citizen looming upon the horizon of history—we are further impressed by the noble words in his various writings, of his sincere faith in God—the "Father of all mankind."

DELINQUENCY AND RECREATION

(The Charlotte Observer)

Recreational facilities are being stressed as a preventative of juvenile delinquency with a new emphasis.

This is an intelligent view to take of what is best to be done to arrest the alarming spread of child-waywardness.

The National Recreation Association is in the lead in stirring up civic, school and church leaders to the necessity of an enlarged program of play for youngsters as a means of coping with a situation that is generally appalling across the nation.

For a great part, juvenile delinquency springs from a condition of neglect and inattention,—a thwarted development of a child's natural instincts to belong and to be active in belonging.

If there is no provision made for such a child to express itself in a wholesome way and with wholesome companions, it will make its own provision.

It will play, anyhow, but at the wrong place and at the wrong thing and with the wrong crowd.

If no congenial and civilizing companionships are available, the child will seek out and find the other sort whose influence is unhealthy and, in many cases, degenerating.

One need not run off to college and delve into sociological books to discover the origins of child-delinquency.

Usually, one only has to look back from one's own present days of adulthood to the time of one's own youth and to remember the urges that swayed life at that point.

Such recollections will bring vividly to mind the reactions suffered when opportunities for joining the crowd, or the "gang," were denied, or when if forbidden to go to the old swimming hole on the creek with the good boys in the neighborhood, the temptation was to sneak off in some other direction and find some of the worst boys available.

It was company that was wanted and that was needed,—somebody to be with, something to belong to, somewhere to go, something to do in company with others.

To know the sources of juvenile delinquency, it is only necessary therefore, to know the elementals of child-nature,—of human nature!

The teen-age boys and girls of today are going to the bad, if they are, largely because so few environments and influences are put around them to induce them to go to the good.

If nothing is done to make the ground grow flowers, it will grow weeds.

They of today are the most forgotten, abandoned and isolated children of all the generations.

The exgencies of the war concern their elders.

Other worries and burdens preempt the public mind.

There is so much to do for those in uniform, so many jobs to be filled in the war industries, so much attention to be given Red Cross work, air warden services and various other calls which war conditions are forcing upon the fathers and mothers,

that somehow or other we have had no time to spend on the boys and girls who are left out of all of these many-sided and hectic activities.

Let these children have an innocent outlet for their pent-up energies and fewer of them will create socially unsanitary outlets of their own choice.

Give them planned play and supervised recreational facilities, under trained and competent leadership, and the result will be magical.

Provide them with congenial companionships, all bent on doing the same thing at the same time in the same place, and the inherent good in them will overcome the evil that is there also.

This is the genius of community social service for young people, for boys and girls, for little children.

It is demonstrated a biulder of good citizenship and of personal integrity.

It is training up a child in the way it should go.

Where such programs of play and association have been furnished in communities in the past, the results have proven the assumption.

In the more aggravated times and conditions upon which society has fallen today, bringing new senses of loneliness and apartness to children, and besetting their paths with uglier enticements, it is illogical to assume that the same medicine that effectuated the prevention in peace days will not achieve the same purpose in this period of war.

———:———

A man's country is not a certain area of land—it is a principle, and patriotism is loyalty to that principle.—G. W. Curtis.

———:———

HE LOVES HIS DRUM

By Richard Braustein

It was the drummer who held our attention. He was a drummer plus. A man of parts, as it were. The parts surrounded him. There were his grace, his smile, his abandon, his enthusiasm, his gestures and flourishes. He loves his drum. He is in love with his work. The daring young man on the flying trapeze pales before this modern exponent of ease, style, rhythm. This drummer person is sure to go places, musically and otherwise.

When a solo was sung, he thought it was his business, not to relax, but to stand up and with delicate touch of hand and shuffle of foot add to the tempo of the occasion. The solo was a splendid success. But whether the applause was for the singer or the drummer, we do not know. Here, surely, was a man who put all of himself in his task. Perhaps he received a good salary for what he was doing, but we cannot think it was the monetary reward that attracted him. It was the task itself.

Charles F. Kettering, General Mo-

tors' research secretary, illustrates the theme. Industry preaches; practices what it preaches. General Motors, Standard Oil, General Electric, big business has its creed. Says Mr. Kettering: "I often tell my people that I don't want any fellow who has a job working for me; what I want is a fellow who a job has. I want the job to get hold of this young man so hard that, no matter where he is, the job has him for keeps. I want that job to have him in its clutches when he goes to bed at night, and in the morning I want that same job to be sitting on the bed telling him it's time to get up and go to work. And when a fellow gets that way, when a job gets a fellow that way, he'll amount to something."

There are no common tasks. We saw a cartoon entitled "A Day in the Life of a Single-Note Man." He rises, tubs, shaves, breakfasts, scans the headlines, puts on his hat and coat, hails a taxi, and goes to rehearsal. He takes his place with the other musicians and glues his eyes on the score. Finally, his big moment comes. The conductor waves his baton in his direction, all the instrument are mute, every head is turned his way, the spotlight focuses unmercifully where he sits. One would think that the fate of nations depended on the playing of that single note. We cannot help but think that it does.

The single note has been played. His day's work is done. He puts himself in reverse—which means he goes home, only to repeat the program the next day. Monotonous? Yes and no. Yes, if a man takes himself too seriously. No, if a man thinks his job the most important in the world.

All hail to the men who love their drums—their picks and spades, pencils and ledgers; men who love their jobs, conscientious, scrupulous, alive, virile, ardent. The really "big moments" usually go unrecorded. They are not history or biography, but they have in them the making of all history and biography worthy of our time and thought.

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant," takes in a lot of territory.

———:———

When is a man educated? When he can look out upon the universe—now lucid and lovely, now dark and terrible—with a sense of his own littleness in the great scheme of things, and yet have unfaltering faith and courage. When he knows how to make friends, and keep them. When he can be happy alone, and high-minded amid the drudgeries of life. When he knows how to live, how to love, how to hope, and how engage in prayer.—Joseph Fort Newton.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The baseball games in both local leagues, scheduled for last Saturday afternoon, were postponed because of rain. They will be played at a later date.

—:—

One of our young Hereford cows was slaughtered a few days ago. The meat was placed in our cold storage plant, and will be issued to the cottages in order that we may all enjoy a fine beef dinner next Sunday.

—:—

Two steam cookers, capacity of thirty-five and seventy-five gallons, respectively, recently arrived at the School. They will soon be installed in the cannery, which will then be one of the best equipped outfits in this section of the state.

—:—

"You're In The Army Now" was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night. A comedy, "The Bug Parade," was also shown. Both are Warner Brothers productions.

—:—

A real old-time Southern fried chicken dinner was served to the intire School personnel last Sunday. These chickens were grown in our own poultry yards, which have been quite productive this season. A report came to this office that there were still quite a number of "fryers" at the chicken yards, so we are looking forward to another such treat soon.

—:—

We are happy to report that the general health of the boys at the School has been very good for quite some time. Recently a few cases of sore throat, one or two severe colds, and other minor ailments have been treated, but taking everything into consideration, our lads are an unusually healthy lot.

—:—

The rainy weather has been with us for the greater part of this week, making local farmers' problems more difficult to solve. This stormy period has lasted nearly two weeks, and grass and weeds continue to grow rapidly. All field and garden crops are sadly in need of attention. The members of our outside forces are eagerly looking forward to the coming of some good old sunshine, in order to have an opportunity to give the various crops proper cultivation.

—:—

The old storage room on the first floor of the school building has been renovated and converted into a class room. It being necessary to have a stock room in that building, a room in the basement has been put in condition for that purpose. Here a number of shelves have been built in and

the boys' shoes are now neatly arranged according to sizes. Tables and other equipment have been added to care for the storage of uniforms and other articles of clothing.

—:—

Melvin Solomon, formerly of Cottage No. 3, called on friends at School one day last week. He entered the institution, July 16, 1930, and was conditionally released to return to his home in Rockingham, July 12, 1934. He worked for quite some time as a service station operator, and then secured employment in a cotton mill in that city. His progress reports were very good, and on October 20, 1937, he was granted an honorable release from further parole supervision. He was married in August, 1937.

Melvin, who is now twenty-seven years old, stated that for some time after leaving the textile plant he drove a truck for the Ellis Tiger Trucking Company. In 1937, he went to South Somerville, New Jersey, and has been employed as guard at a quartermaster depot there for several years.

—:—

In a recent issue of The Charlotte Observer we read that Joseph B. Grooms, one of our old boys, had received another promotion in the United States Army.

J. B. entered the School, September 1, 1934, and was permitted to return to his home in Charlotte, March 8, 1937. While at the institution he was a member of the Cottage No. 10 group, and was employed in the printing department part of the time. When he returned to Charlotte he was employed by the Western Union for several months, after which he went to work in a radio repair shop, getting along very well at both places. We had had no further reports on this young fellow until learning that he enlisted in the Army. He will be twenty-five years old next December. The newspaper item reads as follows:

"Joseph B. Grooms, son of Mrs. C. D. Grooms, of 1112 South Caldwell Street, was promoted on May 15th to the grade of technical sergeant. He enlisted in the Army, August 18, 1941, and has graduated from several Army technical schools specializing in radio and electrical subjects. He is now in the combat zone in the South Pacific with a heavy bombardment squadron. He received a special commendation from the colonel of the air group of which his squadron is a part for commendable work done in connection with the raid on Wake Island, December 24, 1942. His wife is the former Miss Frances Thrasher, of Shelby, and is now making her home in Charlotte."

—:—

Rev. James W. Fowler, pastor of Kerr Street Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. Before the regular service started, Mr. Brausa and his band boys rendered a brief musical program. The manner in which they played several snappy marches showed that our band had improved wonderfully in the past two months. They also played a number of hymns with the student body singing along with them.

After a brief prayer, Superintendent

Hawfield introduced Rev. Mr. Fowler, who read as the Scripture Lesson, part of the fifth chapter of Matthew. At the beginning of his message to the boys, the speaker said that he wanted to congratulate the lads in the band and their director for the splendid progress they had made since his previous visit to the School. He compared the value of harmony in music to the urgent need, especially at this time, for the same thing in the lives of men. In a musical organization, with each member playing his part accurately, the result is most delightful to the ear. So it must be in life, if the people of the world are to enjoy permanent peace—every one must do his or her part in order to make such a thing possible.

Rev. Mr. Fowler pointed out to the boys that it was 167 years ago, in the old Independence Hall, Philadelphia, a group of very earnest men busied themselves discussing the advisability of declaring the colonies in this country to be free from British control. They did this, he added, because they honestly felt that someone was trying to take away their right to live happily.

Up in the New England States, a great leader of men told the people to be ready at thirty minutes' notice to rise up and throw off the British yoke. The men who were to defend their homes against the British forces finally decided that each member of their group should be ready to rush out at just a minutes's notice, and thus acquired the name of "Minute Men," now famous in American history.

The speaker then called attention to the words of the Apostle Paul, when he said, "I capture every thought and make it obey Jesus Christ." Actions are born of thoughts, so it is always necessary for us to be careful as to what we think. He further illustrated this point by telling the story of two men who professed to be Christians. They were supposed to be living at peace with each other, but deep down in their hearts they held malice. This condition became worse, until they engaged in a fight. Bruised and bleeding, after the fight, they realized that both were wrong, and immediately joined hands and prayed, asking God to forgive them. If they had captured their thoughts and put the under Christ's control, the unpleasantness would never have happened.

Rev. Mr. Fowler told the boys that he wanted them to be real minute men— ready to do the right thing in an instant. When a thought gets into our minds to be disobedient, we should grasp it at once, and change it into what Jesus would want us to do.

———:———

Honesty is not only the deepest policy, but the highest wisdom, since however difficult it may be for integrity to get on, it is a thusand times more difficult for knavery to get off; and no error is more fatal than that of those who think that virtue has no other reward because they have heard that she is her own.—Colton.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending July 4, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Robert Finley
Donald Jolly
Ira Montgomery
Weaver Ruff
Malcom Seymour
Richard Sheahan
Lee St. Clair
Harry Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Richard Billings
Clyde Brown
George Cox
Harold Dorsett
Jack Gray
Jack Harmon
Leonard Lovelace
Jack Ray
Walter Riggs
David Swink
Frank Walker
John Franks
Rufus Massingill
Lee Turner
Roland Brooks

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Albert Hames
Edward Haynes
John Holder
Arthur Ingle
William Meeks
Ralph Powell
Milton Talley
Edward Britt

COTTAGE NO. 4

William Davis
William Deaton
Roy Patton
Lewis Sawyer
Roy Swink
Newman Tate
Jerry Talbert
Edward VanHoyt
Eugene Watts
William C. Willis

COTTAGE NO. 5

William Gentry
W. C. James
Eugene Kermon
John Mazoo
Hoyt Newell
William Stallings
Willford Richard Seegers
Eldred Watts
Kenneth Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Charlton Cox
Melvin Fowler
Ralph Gibson
Everett Galleon
Robert Jarvis
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean
Hayes Powell
Joseph Turner
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7

Wallace Foster
Donald Grimstead
William Hardin

COTTAGE NO. 8

L. C. Gearing
Homer Johnson
R. D. McCurdy

COTTAGE NO. 9

Cecil Caldwell
Riley Denny
Fred Grimstead
Edward Guffey
James Hale
Henry Hattem
John Hill
Thomas Ingram
James Jarvis
Morris Johnson
Isaac Mahaffey
Albert Newton

Troy Parris
George Strayhorne
J. R. Truett
Milford Ward
Glen Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

Fred Carswell
Jack Clifton
C. W. Cline
E. C. Stamey
Jack Williams
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Marvin Bradley
Dewey Bunn
Velda Denning
Frank Fargis
Robert Goldsmith
William Guffey
Fred Holland
Robert Moses
J. C. Rhodes
Clyde Rhodes

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Adrian Carter
Donald Hobbs
Robert Hobbs
Banks P. McKnight
Dillard Shelton
Russell Stikes

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Robert Caudle
John Fargis
Robert Holbert
William Lane
William E. Lanford
James Linebarrier
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
Robert Travis
John Pritchard
Walter Stansberry
Paul Stone

COTTAGE NO. 15

James Cantrell
Buck Blanchard
Burlin Edmondson
James Knight
David Lewis
Charles Lanford
Lawton McDowell
Roger Reid
John Watts

INDIAN COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

INFIRMARY

Sterald Cline
Harold McKinney
James Parker
Alvis Watkins

END -V- Willford Seegers

---:---

It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright. Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that the sleeping fox catches no poultry, and there will be sleeping enought in the grave.—Franklin.

(c) Dr. Frank P. Graham
University of North Carolina

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI | CONCORD, N. C., JULY 17, 1943 | No. 29

TO BE HAPPY

Our minutes are like precious gold,
To save or throw away;
They either bring us joy untold,
Or sorrow and dismay.
So give to every day its due,
In honest, earnest toil;
The harvest pays in measure true,
As each man tills his soil.
'Tis he, who ever daily spends
His time in useful ways,
Who reaps rich store of dividends
In happy future days.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
OLD GLORY SAILS THE SEVEN SEAS	By Julia W. Wolfe	8
CAROLINA HERB GATHERERS COMBAT DRUG SHORTAGE	By Ashton Chapman	11
IT TOOK COURAGE	By R. C. Lawrence	15
A GREAT NAME IN ECLIPSE	By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough	20
THE HOME-USE AIRPLANES OF TOMORROW	By Henry Louis Smith	24
INSTITUTION NOTES		25
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

The following poem, clipped from a recent issue of "The State," was written by Miss Sarah Williams Ashe, of Raleigh, N. C. Miss Ashe is the only sister of the late Samuel A'Court Ashe, of Raleigh, the last of the Confederate officers.

A SALUTE TO OUR SOLDIERS

Dear Boys of ours, across the sea,
Who fight that others may be free,
Who brave the perils of the deep,
And under seas your vigil keep,
Where'er at Duty's call you sail,
Dear Sons of America, Hail.
You who, exultant, wing the sky,
Bearing hope to those who lie
Crushed by the heel of tyranny,
All Hail, Dear Sons of Liberty.
God calm you for each angry gale,
Throw o'er you His protecting veil.
  With glowing heart, Beloved Ones,
  America salutes her Sons.

Hail You, who with MacArthur fought,
Our glorious Ones—Immortals—
Who helpless, trapped, no quarter sought,
But carried on to Death's grim portals.
On Wake, Bataan, Corregidor,
Your fame's inscribed forever more.
On Memory's walls, your deeds, deep traced,
In blood, can never be erased.
With anguished heart, that day by day,
Saw hope for you slow die away,
With prayer, that you in God's strong arms,
Sure haven find, from War's alarms,
  O, Captive, Dead and Missing Ones,
  America salutes her sons.

Hail, you her first-born sons, foremost,
Vanguard of all that valiant host,
That ever from the Nation's birth
Has borne her flag around the earth,

O, stalwart, valorous Marines,
From Tripoli to the Philippines,
You still maintain your prideful boast,
"Where are Marines, no cause is lost."
The secret weapon that you wield
Shines from your eyes, now clear revealed.
The spirit that led on your sires
In seventy-six, now you inspires.
With grateful heart, Courageous Ones,
America salutes her Sons.

—Sarah Williams Ashe.

———:———

Despite the fact that the streets are crowded with automobiles and other motor-driven vehicles, occasionally there may be seen the faithful old negro guiding his mule, hitched to a wagon loaded to its capacity with plows and other farming tools essential to working a Victory Garden. This is a picture peculiar to the South, and one that will never be obliterated by the improved methods of farming. The faithful old negroes who are scouting about for work will be patronized by the women of the Southland, because there is something in the very soul of the people below the Mason and Dixon line that makes them more tolerant with the faithful of the black race.

We once overheard this conversation between a landlady and an old darkey who, after finishing a small job, reported for his pay. The lady, in response to the old negro's request, said, "Dave, can you come by in the morning? I have no change." Dave replied, "Lady, I'se just bound to have a little pice of 'bacco tonight." It is not unusual to hear the remark, "the Southerner understands the negro's problems better than any other people." That is a true statement, and we can further add that the old darky knows the right approach to get what he wants from the white folks for whom he works.

The old darky with mule, wagon and Dutch scythe is a symbol of the old days which presents an appeal to the manhood and the womanhood of the South. There is a tacit understanding between the two classes, and there never arises the least friction as to rights or social placement. The old-time darkies are pretty good psychologists, and again we emphasize that they know the technique of approach when help is desired, and the appeal scarcely fails to get

results. Not only did old Dave get his "bacco," but there followed an inquiry as to the needs in the home, and extra compensation was given.

To add to the completeness of this little human interest story, we were told recently old Dave's way of making a living had been made possible by the gift of mule and wagon, coming from one of Concord's leading citizens. This further emphasizes the interest of the Southern white man in the welfare of the old-time darkies.

* * * * * * * *

MARY BAKER EDDY

Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of Christian Science, was born at Bow, New Hampshire, July 16, 1821. She was educated by private teachers and in the public schools and became a leader in every phase of school work. She moved to South Carolina, where she married Col. George W. Glover, of Charleston. After his death she married Dr. Asa G. Eddy. She discovered her science in 1866 and began teaching it the next year, founding her first church in Boston, 1879. For many years she was a noted lecturer, and became widely known as a writer. Her chief work was Science and Health. It has gone through many editions. Perhaps her most popular book is Unity of Good.

The followers of Mary Baker Eddy revere her memory, and have memorialized her by erecting in Mt. Auburn Cemtery, Cambridge, Mass., a monument that is a reproduction of Gregorian art. It is recognized as a classic, and with a pool at its base, surrounded by water lilies, it makes a most beautiful picture of nature. Adding to the beauty of this spot, the memorial with its stone columns are reflected in the waters of the pool.

In sum and substance, she imbued thousands of people with the thought that the science of health was based upon the teachings of the Scriptures. This noble woman, with high ideals of correct living, when death claimed her, was placed in this cemetery where may be seen the tombs of such people as the Cabots, the Lodges, the Brewsters, the Adams, the Websters, Henry W. Longfellow, and many other famed New Englanders. She has millions of loyal followers, who will keep fresh the memory of this great woman. Her

faith truly gave her physical strength to meet every emergency of life.

* * * * * * * * *

A FINE IDEA

We always like to relay ideas when they express an interest in the welfare of people. The Mecklenburg Times tells of a project to save all surplus fruits and vegetables so that housewives may purchase the same at reasonable prices, and save by canning. This is a fine suggestion, and one, if adopted by other counties, would mean more canned goods for thousands of homes, locally as well as statewide. The price of fruits for canning purposes is prohibitive. Just think of paying fifteen cents per pound for peaches! It fairly makes one dizzy. The following from the Mecklenburg Times is a fine suggestion, and one from an economic viewpoint, that is worthy of consideration:

"Officials of the Mecklenburg Office of Civilian Defense are going to open a vegetable and fruit market where quantities of fruits and vegetables may be sold to city people who may want them for canning purposes. The idea is to make a convenient outlet for farm produce that the farmer will not be able to can, and at the same time give the people of the city a chance to purchase vegetables and fruits for canning below retail prices. The whole thing is an experiment, and will be open for one month to see if it is a success."

* * * * * * * * *

THE DAY'S GOOD DEED

The fog was thick that night in London. Its clammy hands seemed to reach out and choke off every familiar sign which the American knew. It suddenly dawned upon William D. Boyce, the Chicago publisher, that he was completely lost.

"Help you, sir?"

The sudden offer from a pleasant-faced English boy seemed too good to be true. Mr. Boyce accepted at once, and was soon being expertly and swiftly guided back to his home.

When he offered to pay the boy, the American newspaperman got a surprise. The English lad flatly refused, explaining that he was a Boy Scout, and it was part of his duty to do a helpful deed whenever

he could. He went away without Boyce ever learning the lad's name.

But the young lad was not forgotten. Shortly afterward, Boyce looked up Sir Robert Baden Powell, the founder of British Scouting, and learned all he could about the movement. It occurred to Boyce that it was just the sort of thing for the boys of America.

The rest of the story is familiar. The Boy Scouts ofAmerica was founded on Febuary 8, 1910. In thirty-three years the membership has grown to over one and a half million. It has brought fun and inspiration and character to millions of young Americans.

Wouldn't that unknown English Scout have been astonished if he could have known of all the good that was to come from his "good turn" that foggy day?—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

In almost every one of the hundred counties in North Carolina the farmers are busy in the fields in their effort to feed the world. In the flat, hot lands of the east, on the rolling hills of the Piedmont and on the slopes of the mountain sides they toil and sweat. As they plow and dig and plant and cultivate the growing crops, they know nothing but hard work all the day through. So is it with the country preachers who minister to these farmer folk in the churches where they gather on the Sabbath to feed their hungry souls and to rest their tired bodies. Would that the people might fully appreciate the value of the farmers and the worth of the country preachers to the world. These men toil on in the quiet and retired ways of life free from the noise and publicity of the multitude. They remain largely unknown.—N. C. Christian Advocate.

* * * * * * * *

July 17, 1764 was the birthdate of Isaac Watts, celebrated English clergyman and writer. He was the author of the famous old hymn, "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross." Altogether, he composed more than five hundred hymns, but this beloved one is one of the three at the head of the list of all hymns in the English language. The other two are Wesley's "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" and Toplady's "Rock of Ages."

OLD GLORY SAILS THE SEVEN SEAS

By Julia W. Wolfe

Every ship of the United States Navy is a "flagship." In the true sense of the word, of course, the flagship is only the one that carries the commander of a fleet or squadron, and flies his flag. But every naval vessel that sails to a foreign port carries with it at least 400 flags.

Now that global war has carried our fleets to the remotest corners of the world, the men in charge of flying the proper banners are busier than ever. So, too, are the modern sisters of Betsy Ross, who are busy producing some of the most beautiful flags in the world.

In a special department at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, skilled needlewomen are at work. Nimble fingers fashion flags of many nations. They supply ships of all kinds—from great battlewagons to tiny launches.

The work must be done accurately and precisely. Stitch by stitch, women sew with fine silk thread in various colors, so that the designs or centerpieces of the many flags will show to the best advantage.

Skill and good eyesight are required, but artisans must also have a sense of color because of the many showy centerpieces of foreign flags. This is especially true of Central and South American flags of intricate design.

Some of the foreign flag are very tedious to make. They bear landscapes, belching volcanoes, intricate figures. They are surrounded by various designs of draped banners, branches, or symbols surmounted with spears, swords, trumpets and ships.

The flag of the ancient country of Siam contains a huge gold elephant as a centerpiece. The flag of the Chinese Republic, since 1912, consists of five broad, horizontal bars. The upper bar, which is red, stands for China; the next is yellow, for Manchuria; then come a blue for Mongolia, a white for Tibet and black for Turkestan.

The President's flag, one of the handsomest and most difficult to sew, requires the longest time to make. His flag has a blue field and is made in two sizes, 10 feet by 14 feet; 3 feet by 5 feet. The United States' coat-of arms forms the centerpiece.

This consists of a life-sized eagle with long, outstretched wings. Upon the eagle's breast is a United States shield in red, white and blue. In one of the eagle's talons there is an olive branih; in the other talon 13 arrows. A scroll in its beak is inscribed E Pluribus Unum.

Above the head of the eagle in spaced distances are 13 small stars representing the original states. The flag is not only beautiful to look at, but is a work of art. The making of the United States coat-of-arms requires a person of wide experience with the needle, and one who has good artistic judgment and a steady hand.

The various flags made at the Naval flag-making establishment for Uncle Sam's ships comprise about 400 kinds. That is the regulation number for every ship to carry. About half are for decoration or ordinary use; the rest for signal sets and international code flags.

Every ship must have an extensive array of flags stored on board, so

that the proper etiquette in ceremonial and official occasions may be observed.

When a high official of any nation comes aboard on a visit, the necessary decoration of small flags is swung to the breeze. Upon entering the harbor of a foreign country it is customary for the visiting ship to fly the flag of that nation on the top forward peak. At the same time, from other parts of the ship, smaller flags and signals are used for saluting.

The equipment of foreign flags that each ship has aboard represents about 40 nationalities. Each flag measures 25 by 13 feet. Average cost of material and making of these flags and signals is $3000 for each ship. Multiplied by the number of ships in service, the bill will amount to hundreds of thousands each year. Every three years, or thereabouts, each ship is entitled to a new supply of flags, although some of them wear out in less time.

The Bureau of Equipment, which supplies ships with flags, submits a small design of the particular flag needed. From this small design a large drawing is made on a huge sheet of Manila paper. After the centerpiece is made, it is cut out into sectional patterns and safely put away in a labeled box.

About 50 women do special designs, assisted by more who perform less intricate tasks. Some of the women who excel in needlework use only a needle for stitching; others use the sewing machine, and some handle only the bunting.

When this bunting comes from the mills it is in lots of several hundred yards each. It is first placed in a vat and thoroughly washed with soap and water. The next day the same process is followed, but with salt water. After this the bunting is exposed to the weather for 10 days or more and for 30 hours in the bright sun. This is the test for color and fading.

On June 14, 1777, Congress adopted this resolution:

"Resolved, that the flag of the 13 United States be 13 stripes, alternate red and white, that the union be 13 stars, white on a blue field."

Some years later two more states were admitted to the Union. This meant a change in the making of the flag. On Jan. 13, 1794, it was enacted that:

"From and after May 1, 1795, the flag of the United States be 15 stripes, alternate red and white, and that the union be 15 stars, white in a blue field."

As other states were admitted, it became evident that, if additional stripes continued to be added, the flag eventually would become mere red and white slender ribbons, instead of broad bars. To overcome this it was therefore decided on April 4, 1818, that:

"From and after July 4th next, the flag of the United States be 13 horizontal stripes, alternate red and white and that the union have 20 stars, white in a blue field."

It was further enacted that:

"On the admission of every new state into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag on the July 4th next succeeding such admission."

It is customary for the Secretary of the Navy to notify the Bureau of Equipment when changes are to be made in any of the flags.

France was the first foreign power to salute the flag of the United States.

Capt. Paul Jones had sailed into Quiberon Bay, France, on Feb. 14, 1778. From the mast of his frigate, Ranger, one of the few ships of the line of the United States of America, proudly flew the flag of the newest nation in the world.

Jones ordered a salute of 13 guns to the Bourbon flag of a French ship commanded by Admiral La Motte Picquet— one gun for each of the states. The men aboard the Ranger stood tensely at attention.

The heavy guns of the French frigate answered the salute. As the men cheered lustily, nine explosions rolled across the harbor.

Many times since that early day in American history harbors have echoed to salutes to Old Glory. Proudly she sails with our fleet through all the seven seas.

———:———

SPRINKLES OF WISDOM

1. Over-sleeping and over-eating hurt more people than over-working.
2. Getting on is largely a matter of getting up each time you are knocked down.
3. Time is life. Don't murder it.
4. Cheerfulness aids work as well as digestion.
5. Strong men do not need to use strong language.
6. Character begets credit and credit begets capital.
7. The man who wins is the man who holds on until he can hold onno longer—and then does not give up.
8. Bad habits must be slain or they will slay you.
9. Your opinion of others is apt to be their opinion of you.
10. If there were no difficulties, there would be no triumphs.
11. Abilty and reliability make a good team.
12. It pays to do a little better than seems necessary.
13. A light heart makes light work.
14. A smile oils life's bearings.
15. You can serve God only by serving man.
16. How you use today determines how tomorrow will use you.
17. When you are considering when to begin it is often too late to act.
18. Good morals are nobler than good manners, but not so popular.
19. It is usually on the detours that we pick up the tacks.
20. The achievement of freedom is through discipline.
21. Our lives are judged not so much by their length as by their breadth.
22. Many a man who would not tolerate old-fashioned methods in his business lets his mind become an antique shop in religion.—Selected.

CAROLINA HERB GATHERERS HELP COMBAT DRUG SHORTAGE

By Ashton Chapman.

Difficulties of ocean transportation caused by the war have, by greatly curtailed the importation of drugs from abroad, infused new life into the occupation of herb gathering in North Carolina. This is an industry that has never been entirely dormant, but one that had gradually languished because of lowered prices due to foreign competition and the fact that cultivation of medicinal plants in certain parts of the country provided a more dependable supply than could be obtained from gatherings of the wild products.

Associate State Horticulturist L. G. McLean, at Raleigh, is authority for the statement that "North Carolina is the largest producer of medicinal plants in the United States and two of the largest drug houses are concerned with the shipment here," and also "the actual value of the commerce in the crude drug trade in North Carolina is probably in excess of $300,000 per year."

So rich is this state—particularly the mountain sections—in trees, shrubs, and plants with roots, barks, leaves and flowers having medicinal qualities, that from time to time many noted herbalists and botanists have been attracted by North Carolina's great variety of flora. It is said that when Asa Gray, the foremost American botanist of his time, visited the western part of this state some 75 years ago he went away "amazed at the luxuriance, variety and distribution of wild plants growing there."

Much earlier in 1794, the famous French botanist, Andre Michaux, devoted considerable time to collecting specimens in North Carolina. In his journal he records having spent several days "herbalizing" on the slopes of Grandfather mountain.

The pioneer settlers of this state were quick to recognize the healing qualities of many of the plants and trees surrounding them. No doubt the guides serving Michaux were also to introduce him to many plants hitherto unfamiliar to him and which he might otherwise have overlooked. Until paved roads began a few decades ago to thread the isolated mountain sections of the state, licensed physicians were so few and far between and the trip to the nearest store dispensing medicines was often so long and arduous that in cases of illness the mountain people had, perforec, the rely largely upon home remedies compounded of native plants.

The knowledge of these medicinal plants, gained through actual experience by a pioneer, was handed down from one generation to the next, and in many instances this great wealth of healing lore is still drawn upon, especially in those sections where there is so little money to pay for the services of a skilled physician or to purchase the medicines prescribed after a visit to his office.

Despite the great variety of medicinal plants native of North Carolina, none of the rare drugs are known

to grow in this state. How ever, some of the more common drug plants are found here that do not occur throughout the country as a whole. It has been the abundance and the luxuriance of the various plants having medicinal qualities that have caused pharmaceutical house to turn once more to North Carolina as a source for supplementing their supply of these products.

Years ago when the herb gatherers of North Carolina first began to furnish wholesale druggists with medicinal roots and herbs from the woods and fields of this state, many storekeepers, who acted as agents for these drug houses, would provide the countrp people with pictures of the plants desired. This was necessary to insure recognition of the different varieties needed, because often the scientific name meant little or nothing to those in search of the plants. Even the common names vary greatly. Wild geranium, for instance, is also known as crane's bill (because of the shape of the seed pods), as well as alum root. The roots are used in various medicines where a strong astringent is required.

Some of the medicinal plants have in the past been cultivated on a small scale in the section around the popular resort of Little Switzerland. This is particularly true of ginseng. The roots of this plant do not have much commercial value until the plants are about five years old. Although there is still some demand for ginseng roots, the traffic in them has greatly languished on account of the difficulties of transportation to the Orient. Ginseng root was in great demand by China, not only for its supposed medicinal value but because the Chinese also wear it as a charm. Roots in human form, as they sometimes grow, are highly valued for this latter purpose, and in China they are said at one time actually to have brought their weight in gold. Ginseng root was so widely used in China that the supply in that country was threatened with extinction, and it was then that it began to be imported from America. Dried ginseng roots from North Carolina for export to China have at times brought the diggers $15.00 per pound, and even higher.

Roots of the black cohosh are in demand by drug houses. The plant has spectacular spikes of tiny white flowers that, in the mountains, at times grow six or eight feet high. A preparation made from the roots has been so widely used in connection with stomach disorders that it often called "colic root."

Mountain people skilled in the gathering of roots and herbs claim that the increased demand for their wares now makes it possible for them to realize from $2.00 to $5.00 for a day's work.

Roots of the may apple, also called mandrake, are likewise in demand and serve as a basis for a domestic medicine that has many of the qualities of calomel.

The roots, as well as the berries, of pokeweed have medicinal value. Although it is listed as a poisonous plant and its deep, fibrous roots make it a nuisance in vegetable gardens, pokeweed is highly regarded by the mountain folk. Many of them gather the tender leaves in early spring to be cooked and eaten as greens. The young shoots are cut off and cooked like asparagus. Home remedies pre-

pared from pokeweed, however, must be employed with discretion, because when administered in too large a dose they will cause extreme nausea, lower the rate of respiration, weaken the heart's action, and even cause convulsions.

Jimson weed, or stramonium, is another poisonous plant that is a nuisance to gardeners, but both its leaves and seed are used medicinally.

Several kinds of mint are gathered for the market by the mountain people. These include spearmint, horse mint, catmint (or catnip), and pennyroyal. These all are used in compounding medicines, and some are used for flavoring purposes as well. Wintergreen, also known as teaberry and mountain tea, is another plant gathered for sale by natives of the Blue Ridge to be used for flavoring purposes.

Remember what a popular flavor sarsaparilla formerly was at soda founts? It also has medicinal qualities, and is somthimes used in tonics. It is a vine that grows prolifically in the mountains, and it is an extract of the root that is used.

Sassafras is another flavor once much in demand, especially in confectionery, but the popularity of which has declined in recent years. However, the leaves, the bark and the roots of this tree are still used by the mountain people for medicinal purposes, usually in the form of a tea.

Boneset is a plant that they also use in this way, as well as gathering it commercially. Boneset tea has an extremely bitter flavor, but is highly regarded when used in the treatment of influenza and muscular rheumatism.

Since the most recent pure food and drug act became effective, requiring the contents of a product to be listed on the container, the mountain folk often express surprise at finding included on the labels of medicine they buy at drug stores items like the ones they have themselves sold to representatives of drug houses.

In a recent three-day drive through the state's 100 counties North Carolina highway patrolmen collected more than a million and half grains of surplus quinine to be used for members of our armed forces to overcome the effects of malaria. Long ago the mountain people used a preparation made from the outer coating of the root of dogwood trees as a substitute for quinine. In certain sections it still is used, to some extent, for that purpose. A decoction of dogwood root is widely employed for assuaging the pangs of toothache.

A preparation made from roots of the yellow lady's slipper is considered efficacious in overcoming the pains of neuralgia.

Roots of the mullen (yellow burdouck) are gathered for market. At home these roots form the basis for a cough syrup that is regarded as very effective.

Roots of the sweet flag, that grows in moist places in the mountains, is also in demand by drug houses. This is said to be the calamus mentioned in the Bible. The roots are very aromatic, and form the basis for a home-made tonic to improve weak digestion.

Roots of goldenseal once brought a high price, but their value has declined in recent years. They are used for making a yellow dye as well as for medicinal purposes. A

bitter tonic, for the domestic treatment of stomach disorders is made from these roots. Prices now being paid for the roots are on the upgrade.

Witch hazel, often attaining the size of trees, is abundant in the Blue Ridge, where it is coloquially called "bead bush." Its showy clusters of yellow flowers are a familiar sight on the bare branches in early winter. Both the leaves and the bark are used commercially.

Roots of the butterflyweed, which has such showy orange blossoms, are in demand by drug houses. Because it has long been used in the domestic treatment of pleurisy it is known to the mountain people as "pleurisy root."

Lobelia, bloodroot, horehound, and true Solomon's seal (as contrasted to the much smaller plant known as false spikenard or false Solomon's seal) are other plants that are now being gathered for the market.

It is of great benefit to commercial pharmacists, and to the nation as a whole, that at this time the people of North Carolina mountains know so many kinds of roots, herbs, barks and flowers that are employed in compounding various medicines, and just where to find them in great quantities. Although the increased number of persons now engaged in gathering drug plants may result in the extinction of certain species in some localities, the experienced herb gatherer is usually sensible enough to leave a few plants growing to serve as the basis for a "crop" the following year.

———:———

It was rather an interesting letter that a radio broadcaster received some time ago. It was from a sheep-herder—or should we call him a shepherd—on a lonely ranch in the far west. The letter read, in part:

"Will you please strike 'A' on your broadcast? I'm far away from a piano, and the only comfort I have is my old fiddle. It's all out of tune. Will you strike 'A' so that I can get it in tune again?"

The radio man granted the simple but unusual request, and some days later received a letter of appreciation from the man, saying, "Now I'm in tune again."

And we are reminded that there may be some lives that need tuning, that need to hear the clear pitch of "A." One does not have to be on a lonely ranch in an isolated place in order to be out of tune. And to be in a position to sound the chord for those who have lost it and are groping for it, is a grand privilege. It is a blessed service in a discordant world. It may be that multitudes are out of tune, and don't know it.—Religious Telescope.

IT TOOK COURAGE

By R. C. Lawrence, in The State

Carolinians have been conspicuous for their courage from the day when the patriots of Cape Fear, sword in hand, under the leadership of Hugh Waddell and John Ashe, defied the authority of the royal Governor Tryon, forced the resignation of the stamp collector of the Crown and compelled three British sloops of war to leave the colony without unloading their cargoes of stamped paper, acts which constituted the first armed resistance to British authority in America; down to the present day of global warfare in which sons of the State have distinguished themselves on land and sea and in the air, more than one having been decorated with the Congressional Medal of Honor. Limitations of space nesessitates the confinement of this article to brief reference to just a few acts of outstanding courage on the part of sons of Carolina; and in this connection we should ever keep before us the great truth that "peace hath its victories no less renowned than war."

It was during the 'forties of the past century, and Calvin Graves, of Caswell, was the Democratic Speaker of the Senate. A bill was unler consideration by that body to charter a railroad through the heart of the State, from Goldsboro to Charlotte, with two-thirds of the stock to be subscribed by the State. This was a Whig measure, for the Democratic party was opposed to State aid to internal improvements, and therefore his party was very much against the pending measure At this time another bill had been introducel which would have meant the construction of a line from Charlotte northward, which would pass through the County of Caswell, as of course the proposed Goldsboro-Charlotte line would not do. None-the-less, Speaker Graves considered that the Goldsboro-Charlotte line was for the best interests of the State.

Political feeling flamed high, and after bitter debate the measure came before the Senate on third reading, and in a hushed silence the clerk handed the taly sheet to the Speaker. Graves did not hesitate for a moment. His slight form, gavel in hand, leaned forward and he announced: "Twenty-two Senators having voted aye; and twenty-two Senators having voted nay; the chair votes aye and the bill is passed." Thus the present great artery, still controlled by the State although leased to the Southern, came into existence by the courageous act of Calvin Graves in voting in favor of the charter. When he voted, the Speaker knew that he was signing his political death warrant, but he had the high courage to stand by his convictions. He never again held public office; but his name should be inscribed high on the roster of the sons who have rendered their State some service.

The immortal Vance was Colonel of the 26th North Carolina and was at the head of his regiment on the Virginia battlefields when elected as Governor in 1862. He was succeeded by Colonel Harry K. Burgwyn, a slender youth just turned twenty-one. The fateful time of Gettysburg drew on in July, 1863, when the legions of Lee faced the heights of death held by the

Federals on Cemetery Ridge. The 26th North Carolina was repeatedly sent against the foe, and lost more than eighty-eight per cent of its total strength in killed and wounded—the heaviest loss sustained by any regiment in either the Confederate or Federal service during the Civil War; and it was this regiment that the authoritative Federal army statistician, Colonel Fox, declared would go down in history as the "Light Brigade" of the Civil War. It is a curious coincidence that it should have been facing the "Iron Brigade" of Meredith, the organization which lost the greatest percentage in killed and wounded of any organization in the Federal service.

Thirteen men who in turn had borne the colors of the 26th North Carolina had been shot down; but each time the colors trailed the ground, they were again held aloft as the regiment fiercely battled with the foe. Finally as his men seemed to be faltering, and as another bearer of the regimental colors fell dead, the heroic Colonel grasped the standard, waved it aloft and calling to his men, "Follow me!" dashed toward the enemy lines, only to be instantly killed, falling with the banner of the Stars and Bars covering his prostrate body.

Appomattox has passed into history, but a more terrible foe than the Federal army had invaded the State, for an army of political scavengers had descended upon the helpless Commonwealth and were fattening upon its prostrate carcass. Governmental control had been entirely taken from the hands of the responsible native classes and given over to these scavenger aliens and to the newly enfranchized Negroes—conditions now hard to realize but which can be glimpsed at a dinner which was attended by three Governors, a former Supreme Court Justice and several Congressmen. The only person who could vote was the Negro who waited on the table.

Under such conditions few Democratic papers dared expose themselves to the wrath of the powers that be; but a knight clad in shining armor came forth to do battle against the foe. He was Josiah Turner, editor of the Raleigh Sentinel, and he pursued the wreckers of the Reconstruction era with all the zeal which possessed the soul of Sir Launfal as he sought the Holy Grail. His was a brilliant mind; he wrote with a pen dipped in vitrol, and with a whip of scorpions he lashed and stung the oppressors of the land until they daily writhed under the stings of this human gadfly. He was a master of invective, a past master in ridicule, and he held up the carpetbaggers to the scorn and derision of the public. He had a pet name for each rapscallion, which was so characteristically descriptive of the individuals that they were thereafter known by no other name. Secretary of State Meminger was dubbed "Ipecac"; "General" Milton S. Littlefield (who was never in the army), "The Governor's son Joseph"; Judge "Jay Bird" Jones; "Blow your Horn Billy" Henderson; Judge "Greasy Sam" Watts; and many others. Daily he flayed the despotic government, until finally the Governor could stand it no longer and sent Turner a letter advising him that unless he desisted from his attacks upon his administration, he would cause his arrest by the military authorities in the employ of the Governor, who had declared the counties of Alamance, Orange and Caswell in a state of insurrection and placed

them under martial law. The answer of Turner was to publish the Governor's letter the next day, and defy him to carry out his threat. Stung beyond endurance the Governor caused his military force to arrest Turner and convey him to Yanceyville where he was lodged in jail in the same cell with a Negro murderer. Writs of habeas corpus issued by the Chief Justice for Turner were ignored by the military authorities, for whose action the Governor assumed full responsibility. This situation caused the Chief Justice to write his famous opinion declaring that "the power of the judiciary is now exhausted and the responsibility must rest upon the executive." Turner was finally released from imprisonment upon a writ of habeas corpus issued by Federal Judge Brooks; and the action of the Governor in connection with causing the arrest of Turner was one of the principal counts in the articles of impeachment which were preferred against the Governor so soon as the Democrats regained political control of the State.

The legislature of 1903 found the Democrats with large majorities in each branch of the legislature, but with the Republicans in control of the Supreme Court. The Democrats had been exasperated by the decisions of the court in a series of "office-holding" cases, where the court had upheld legislation enacted during the Russell regime, depriving Democratic boards of their offices and creating new Republican boards with exactly the same duties. The Demoratic leader determined to get rid of the Republican majority through the process of impeachment, and articles were duly presented to the House for consideration and were favored by an overwhelming majority of that body. Outstanding among the members of the House was Henry Groves Connor, representative from Wilson, who was to pass a career absolutely unique in several respects: he was the only legislator ever elected as Speaker while serving his first term; he was the only Carolinian to occupy the benches of our superior, supreme and Federal courts; and he was the only Carolinian ever named to the Federal bench by a President of opposite political faith. When the articles came before the House, Representative Connor took his political future in his hands and boldly opposed the adoption of the articles, taking the position that although the decisions of the court may have been erroneous as a matter of law, still as no question of moral turpitude was involved, the Judges should not be impeached. His brave position was not sustained by the House, but when the articles came before the Senate, enough Democratic Senators joined the Republicans to acquit the Judge involved, and time has fully vindicatel the position taken by this brave Carolinian.

It was in April, 1917, and the Wilson administration was seeking the enactment of legislation declaring that a state of war existed between the United States and Germany. At that time Claude Kitchin, peerless orator from Halifax County, was majority leader in the House and was Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. It was a time of intense patriotic fervor, the Democartic porty under the leadership of the President being practically unanimous in favoring a declaration of war. Naturally the President sought the support of

his majority leader, and he summoned Kitchin to the White House at a conference attended only by the President, Speaker Champ Clark, Senator Harry Flood of Virginia and Congressman Kitchin. Notwithstanding all the pressure brought to bear upon him by the President and by the Congressional delegation from Carolina; notwithstanding he knew his course would be highly unpopular in his own district, Kitchin possessed a profound conviction that this country should stay out of the European war, and standing almost alone he had the high courage to stand by his convictions. Can you name just one other national figure who took the same position as that of Kitchin? He was William Jennings Bryan, who resigned as Secretary of State upon the entry of this nation into the war. History will not, I think, approve the position taken by our Carolina Congressman, but he had the courage to stand by his convictions, and under the existing circumstances I do not think our State has had a finer instance of superb courage.

Furnifold M. Simmons was a veteran in the Senate, where he was not only majority leader but also chairman of the powerful Committee on Finance, when the Democratic National Convention nominated Alfred E. Smith for President. Smith was a member of a minority religious sect, and his views on the liquor question were such that Simmons made up his mind that he could not support the ticket, although no doubt he knew that it meant the end of his long tenure in the Senate. With high courage he led his party into the wilderness, and the State voted for Hoover, the first time our State had gone Republican in a presidential election since the days of Reconstruction. It seemed that the Senator had won a victory, but the reaction came with sudden swiftness. Our present Senior Senator, who was just as conscientious in his conviction that Senator Simmons had deserted the best interests of his party, came forward to wage battle with the venerable Simmons, and when the strife was ended, Simmons was relegated to private life. I personally supported Bailey, yet I cannot withhold my mead of admiration for the courageous Simmons who went to his political death with all his guns blazing at the enemy as his ship disappeared beneath the waves.

Blucher Ehringhaus was our chief executive, and the tabacco farmers of the State were up in arms over the low price of their product, and repeated and insistent demands had been made upon the Governor to call the legislature into special session to consider the enactment of legislation to meet the emergency. These demands the Governor refused, and the matter finally came to a head at a great meeting held at Riddick Stadium at State College, where the Governor, single handed and alone, faced six thousand irate farmers who were united and vociferous in their demands for the calling of the special session: It would have been so easy for the Governor to have complied with these demands, and transferred the burden to the legislative branch of the government, but he did nothing of the kind. I shall never forget the superb-courage which the Governor displayed as he faced the bitterly hostile throng. He made what was to my mind the

most masterly speech to which I have ever listened, wherein he demonstrated that the legislation desired by the farmers would be futile unless similar legislation should be enacted by other States; that it had been impossible to secure any assurance of the enactment of such legislation by South Carolina, and that it would be but an idle gesture for this State to enact legislation without the cooperation of her sister to the South. Calmly he told the embattled farmers that he had no further political ambitions; that his term would expire the following January; that the ensuing Governor might comply with their demands; but that so long as he remained Governor, no special session would be called. Time has vindicated the position taken by Governor Ehringhaus, and I place this as the most courageous single act of any Carolina chief executive.

When Martin Luther was called upon to face the powerful Roman Catholic hierarchy at the Diet of Worms, he stood single handed and alone against the most powerful force in the world. He well knew that his act placed his very life in daily peril, yet he did not hesitate. He boldly refused to retract his position nor retreat from the stand he had taken in nailing the ninety-nine theses to the church door at Wittenberg, wherein he defied the power of the Pope. Before the Diet of Worms Luther's words ring down through the ages: "Here I stand. God helping me I can do no other." Comparable with the courage of the father of the Reformation was that displayed by some of the sons of Carolina who are referred to in this article, which I wish could be extended far beyond my limitations of space.

"On fame's eternal camping grounds,
Their silent tents are spread."

HANDICAPS

Handicaps may be wings. Helen Keller was stricken blind, deaf, and dumb when she was a baby. But this hasn't prevented her from living a triumphant life. The influence of her beautiful personality was radiated in many directions.

A friend heard Helen Keller lecture, and the words that stood out in her speech were these: "Why is it, when we are so grandly blessed with eyes, ears, and voice, that we often misuse them, as we do when we speak words that hurt?"

Helen Keller teaches us that our handicaps may be wings. She writes: "As I walk about in my chamber with unsteady feet, my unconquerable spirit sweeps skyward on eagle's wings. I thank God for my handicaps, for through them I have found myself, my work, and my God.—Selected.

A GREAT NAME IN ECLIPSE

By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough

Two weeks ago the Army announced that Brigadier General Nathan Bedford Forrest of the United States Army Air Force was missing from a raid over Kiel. Hope is still held that he was one of the eight parachutists seen to drop from the smoking, spiraling bomber. If he was not saved a great name has died out, for the thirty-eight year old General Forrest was the last of his line.

No military name of the past has appeared more often in the American press than that of Nathan Bedford Forrest and no military figure has better deserved such recognition than the man whom General Robert E. Lee called the best cavalry leader in the Confederacy, and whom European military students consider the greatest natural military genius produced by the War Between the States.

Just as Rommel came in recent years to Petersburg, Virginia, to study methods employed in the Battle of the Crater, so military experts of Europe have been coming for years to study the tactics and policies of the great Confederate general.

It is interesting to note that the first Nathan Bedford Forrest was born in North Carolina almost 200 years ago, his father having come from Virginia to this state then a colony in 1740. Soon after his marriage, Nathan moved to Tennessee and there his grandson and namesake, who was to make the name illustious, was born.

Through succeeding generations the name was carried down to the great grandson of the famous calvary leader now reported as missing. When one recalls the millitary skill and daring of General Forrest, his brilliant strategy and maneuvers which repeatedly resulted in amazing victories, it is not too much to expect that young Nathan Bedford Forrest, simply because of the name he bears and the fighting blood in his veins, will come back.

Strange to say, General Forrest's present day fame rests largely upon a statement attributed to him which he never made and about a situation which occurred only once in his entire career. Invariably in referring to his success in battles he is quoted as saying, "I always git thar fustest with the mostest men," a flagrant and usually willful misquotation.

Historians, speakers and writers with a regard for truth and accuracy are careful to report his utterance correctly. Others ignorantly and often willfully, because they think it is most picturesque that way, obstinately continue the phrase that infuriated General Forrest and threw him into paroxysms of rage. He felt it was done to disparage him and he suffered deeply at the injustice.

What Forrest really said was, "I took a short cut and got there first with the most men."

The remark was made to General John Morgan and later to a Federal officer in explaining his spectacular capture of Murfreesboro, Tennessee, July 13, 1862, when with 1500 men he killed, wounded and captured the entire force of 1200 Federals and took a tremendous amount of supplies of all kinds. Accredited historians long

ago established the fact from Forrest's war records that this was practically the only time in his military career that he fought against smaller numbers.

He enlisted as a private in June, 1861, but the esteem in which he was held by the people of Memphis as a man of courage, genius and success in business was so strong a committee went to the governor of Tennessee and to General Leonidas Polk with the result that he was authorized to raise a battalion of mounted rangers, which he equipped largely at his own expense. They slected the name Forrest's Rangers and elected him Lieutenant-Colonel.

In the first engagement of his raw recruits, they were far outnumbered. Learning a Federal gunboat was coming up the Cumberland toward a Confederate store house, Forrest concealed his battalion, with only one four-pounder gun, on the bank near the spot where the vessel was expected to land. For several hours during the unequal combat the rangers stood their ground until the Federal commander closed his port holes and steamed away.

At Sacramento, Ky., outnumbered two to one, he developed his famous flank and rear movement which he afterward frequently used with such remarkable success.

At Fort Donelson he begged for an order advance along all lines, but the order did not come. Finally after great losses General Pillow cried, "Their guns must be silenced. Forrest must do it!" Under terrific fire Forrest led his men forward and the Federals gave way. His horse fell beneath him but securing another he pushed on. A shell tore the animal to pieces and Forrest ran on foot through captured artillery and wounded enemy until he came up with his command.

At midnight he was summoned to headquarters and to his amazement found the officers discussing the surrender of the army, stating they were outnumbered four to one, ammunition was low and the men exhausted. After futile pleading for escape Forrest declared "I cannot and will not surrender my command nor myself!"

Arousing his sleeping troops he told them he was going out even if he went alone. Every man mounted his horse and splashed to freedom across the icy river. As they rode away General Buckner was accepting the humilating conditions of unconditional surrender.

His capture of Murfreeboro was considered his most remarkable achievement, therefore it was a great surprise when he was directed to turn over his brigade to Col. John A. Wharton of the Tevas Rangers and organize another bridge for his own service. But his devotion to the cause of the South was supreme.

Concealing his sorrow and indignation at having the brigade he had organized, equipped and transformed into hardened veterans, given to another officer, he set to work and within six weeks had raised a command of 2,100 men. Asking for guns and ammunition he was told he must secure equipment from the enemy in West Tennessee, which meant crossing the mile wide Tennessee river. In less than a week the entire command, a battery of seven pieces and the horses were ferried across in two small flatboats.

At Lexington he whipped the caval-

ry of General Sullivan, taking Colonel Ingersoll prisoner; captured Humboldt and Trenton and Union City, won the battle of Parkers Crossroads all within three weeks. And then this amazing man with his two flatboats and rafts of fence-rails and logs conveyed more than 2000 men and horses, six pieces of artillery, a train of wagons and captured stores across the river in the short period of ten hours.

Rivalling his success at Murfreesboro was his capture of Colonel Streight with more than 1200 prisoners in North Alabama with a force of less than 600 men. For five days and nights he had relentlessly pursued Streight, who hoped to escape by burning a bridge. When Forrest arrived the bridge was in flames. Nearby lived Emma Sanson, a girl of sixteen who told him of a ford on her mother's farm where the cows waded across. She offered to guide him to it if he would have a horse saddled. There was no time for this and riding close to the bank General Forrest told her to get on behind him. Following the course she pointed out, he and his men overtook Streight and compelled his surrender.

Writers of fiction have often attempted to color with romance the thrilling ride of this heroic girl, but there was never anything of the kind. For twenty years General Forrest had been happily married to Miss Mary Montgomery of Mississippi and they had two children who were then older than Emma, whose lover was in the Confederate Army.

General Forrest fired the opening and closing guns of the battle of Chicamauga and General D. H. Hill publicly thanked him for his valuable services.

Through hard and successful service he had become one of the most important figures of the war, therefore, he was cut to the quick when he was ordered to turn his command over to General Joseph Wheeler. Sure that jealously was at the bottom of the affair, he confronted a superior officer and accused him of persecution. Then he went to Jefferson Davis, who took his part and while assuring him of the full gratitude and appreciation of the Southern people asked him to again build up a new army. Bidding a sad farewell to the brigade which had served so faithfully under him, he left for Western Tennessee where he recruited troops and was soon involved in spectacular and continuous fighting. Sherman offered a major general's commission to any brigadier who succeeeded in killing Forrest. Said he "It must be done if it costs 10,000 lives and breaks the treasury."

A Federal officer once asked Forrest how he obtained such results and whose books of tactics he studied and used. Forrest replied, "Nobody's. I would give more for fifteen minutes of jump than a week of tactics. One man in motion is worth two standing to receive an attack."

Perhaps German and Japanese leaders may have taken a leaf from Forrest's notebook which accouns for their successes in the present World war. His philosophy was to attack. He agreed with General Lee who said at Second Manassas, "My numerical inferiority forced the offensive on me. I had to attack."

Forrest would have preferred superiority in numbers, but as that was

usually impossible he took what he had and arrived when he could, but always at full speed, striking with maximum force. Once only he "got there first with the most men," but at all times at full speed. The results were always the same.

His extraordinary military genius rose to meet every emergency. He was not only a fearless fighter himself but he was also an able and successful leader. "War means fighting and fighting means killing," he said. An American miltary leader used almost the same words recently; "Victory over Japan means killing Japs and killing more Japs."

General Forrest never lost an opportunity to fight and his instructions to his men were plain and simple. "Whenever you meet the enemy, no matter how few there are of you or how many of them, fight!" he said. Such a man as that should go very far. Nathan Bedford Forrest went all the way.

———:———

JOE STALIN'S REDS LOOK LIKE PENNANT WINNERS

Manager Joe Stalin's Reds are setting the European League afire, winning all of their recent games against Hilter's Bums. Many sports writers predict that the Reds will cop the pennant and go on to play in the World's Series games in Berlin.

After a slow start the Reds, picked by most experts to finish in the cellar, surprised the league by stopping the Bum's winning streak in Stalingrad. Timoshenko's pitching helped to make the Reds contenders in the flag race.

After winning the Stalingrad series, the Reds moved on to Velike Luki, Vorenezh, Millerovo and Maikop, winning all games played against the Bums there.

In a recent statement to the press, Manager Stalin predicted that with help continuing to arrive from the American League, his Reds will have no trouble beating the Bums whenever they meet.

When asked to comment, Manager Hilter stated briefly: "Too many of my good players were injured in the Stalingrad series. Players drafted from the Italians, my Class B 'farm' team in the Mediterranean League, havn't been any help to our side. I expect to develop some new stars amongst our youngsters—even if I have to rob the cradle."—Tom McKnight, in the Mooresville Tribune.

THE HOME-USE AIRPLANE OF TOMORROW

By Henry Louis Smith.

The modern airplane, wonderful as it is, has some very serious defects.

It requires for starting and stopping a very large and expensive airfield. The airfield stations are therefore generally located in the country, probably several miles from the homes of the average passengers.

A second serious fault is that before an airplane can rise from the ground it must have a speed of over fifty miles an hour. This requires an open roadway hundreds of yards long, entirely clear of obstructions.

A third fault is that great speed is necessary to hold up the airplane. Stoppage in the air means immediate wreckage. No airplane can ever stop over an object of interest to take close observation.

Another serious defect is that an airplane cannot rise directly upward or sink directly downward. Either of these is as impossible as hovering over some object of interest for careful observation.

The purpose of this thrilling glimpse of future airplane construction is to give the reader a brief description of an airplane, already manufactured and tested, which can light and take off from any one's backyard or level house-top, can hover for any length of time over a single spot, can rise directly upward or sink directly downward, can fly forward, backward, or sideways, with equal ease, and can be so constructed as to rise from or light upon water as easily as land.

In other words the helicopter of today can perform feats in the air that no bird on earth, far less any airplane every yet constructed, can imitate. As helicopter is such a foreign-sounding and ugly word I would rather use whirlplane for this air-wonder of today.

The inventor of the whirlplane is a Russian mechanical genius named Igor Sikorsky, whose whole life has been spent building airplanes. Before Russian politics drove him from his native land he was hopefully experimenting with his whirlplane, building the first in 1908.

In this country, of which he is now a voting citizen, he is the head of a great factory at Stamford, Conn., building regular land planes, amphibians, and flying boats for the United States government, and only resumed his whirlplane experiments five or six years ago.

Today his whirlplane is being regularly manufactured at the Sikorsky plant. At present only a small size is being manufactured which travels only 75 or 80 miles an hour. Those who are giving flying lessons say that one can fasten the whirlplane to the ground with a rope and learn to fly in a single afternoon.

The three large rotating blades above the body of the plane are 14 feet long and make 260 revolutions a minute. They are so easily ad-

justable that by pressing a foot pedal the whole machine may turn right-about-face in its own length.

The second whirling blades are in the tail and this, combined with the adjustable upper rotor, makes the machine, as Mr. Sikorsky declares, "The most independent creature man has yet devisd." He thinks they can easily be devised to carry ten tons gross weight.

Perhaps, when peace comes again, every fashionable dwelling and especially every up-to-date skyscraper will have a flat roof with whirlplanes ascending and descending every hour of the day or night. But of course any ordinary roadway, street, or backyard, any vacant space 30 or 40 feet square even in a forest, will satisfy this new airbird as a starting or stopping place.

———:———

INSTITUTION NOTES

"Hamilton Woman," a United Artists production, was the attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show at the School, last Thursday night.

—:—

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have recently finished framing a number of pictures. The pictures have been hung in the class rooms, library and in the halls of the school building.

—:—

Mr. and Mrs. J. Harold Liner, officer and matron in charge of Cottage No. 9, have returned from a week's vacation at Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. They report having had a very good time.

—:—

The terracing unit belonging to the Cabarrus County Farm Association has been in use at the School for several days. The debris was removed from the old garage site, the ground leveled and other improvements made to this section of the campus.

—:—

Now that some good old-time sunshiny weather has visited this section, the members of the outside forces attacked the growth of weeds and grass in our fields and gardens. It is expected that they will soon have the fields in good condition again.

—:—

During these hot days the boys have certainly enjoyed taking a dip in the Cone Swimming Pool. A regular schedule has been adopted and all boys have an opportunity to go swimming twice each week. Nn sport is more thoroughly enjoyed by the Training School boys than these swim periods.

—:—

Mr. W. W. Johnson and his group of young barbers have been busy during the past few days giving our entire family of boys a neat hair-cut. The boys were glad to receive these hair-trims, not only because it improved their appearance, but makes them much more comfortable during the hot weather.

—:—

Our school principal reports the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the quarter ending June 30, 1943, as follows:

First Grade — Robert Moose and Craven Callahan, most improvement in writing; Second Grade—Joseph McKinney, highest average in arithmetic; Third Grade—Roland Brooks and Roy Patton, most improvement in reading; Fourth Grade— Lawton McDowell and John Watts, highest average in deportment; Fifth Grade—William Lanford, best in arithmetic; Sixth Grade—Dillard Shelton, best in scholarship and deportment; Seventh Grade —William Poteat and William Deaton, most improvement in letter writing.

—:—

We learned a few days ago that Wilson Bailiff, one of our old boys, had enlisted in the United States Navy. This lad entered the School, October 2, 1937 and remained here until July 11, 1941, when he was conditionally released to return to his home in Burlington. While here he was a member of the Cottage No. 13 group, where he was employed as house boy. Progress reports received from time to time since Wilson returned home showed that he had been making a very good record. The latest of these reports stated: "This boy is in the Navy, having gone in the April 30, 1943, draft. He is stationed at the Bainbridge, Maryland, Naval Base. (Verified by calling the Draft Board). The family seems interested in him and talks of how well Wilson likes the Navy."

—:—

On Friday night of last week, the School's band make its first public appearance, being the guests of the management of the Concord Baseball Club at a game played at Webb Field, between the Concord Weavers and the Highland Park team of Charlotte. The band boys, under the direction of Mr. Brasua, rendered a program prior to the beginning of the game. They played a number of snappy marches, concluding the program with "The Star-Spandled Banner." They were given quite a hand by the crowd, and we heard much favorable comment in the stands as to the ability of our youngsters as musicians, also as to their very good behavior. That the boys' program must have made a hit with the Weavers' officials is evidenced by the fact that they immediately were requested to play again soon. It is quite likely that they will again visit Weww Field within the next two weeks.

—:—

William S. Morgan, a former member of our printing class, who enlisted in the United States Navy, November, 1942, is rapidly becoming the most regular correspondent among all our old boys. Bill's most recent letter, coming from Bremerton, Washington, reads in part, as follows:

"Sure was glad to receive your letter. If I get enough of them during the war, I'm thinking of making them into a book. Am always glad to hear from the School, and can truthfully ay that I shall never regret one day spent there. Everywhere a fellow goes, he learns something new each day, but the lessons taught at the School are more valuable, because they are the foundation upon which a fellow builds his life. It is fine to know that you and others back there are "pulling" for me, and I'll promise never to let you down. When we get to Tokyo, I'm going to give the good old U. S. A. all I've got, and more, too, if necessary. I'll be thinking of you and all the folks at J. T. S., and

when the first opportunity for a leave presents itself, I'll be over to see you. About The Uplift—I certainly do want it sent wherever I go. Wouldn't miss a copy for the world. So long, Bill."

—:—

John Hogsed, formerly of the Receiving Cottage, who is now in the United States Army, recently wrote Mr. T. R. Adams, his former cottage officer. John entered the School, September 15, 1941 and remained with us until September 29, 1942, when he was conditionally released to return to his home in Hayesville, Clay County. During his stay at the School, John was a helper in the Receiving Cottage, where he made a very good record. We have had no reports on him since leaving. His letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Adams: I don't suppose there are many boys at J. T. S. now whom I know. I have seen Paul Simth and Stuart since coming back home. Am now in the Army and sure do like it. Haven't been here at Fort Jackson but little more than a week and don't know yet just what I will take up. Have you all picked any okra yet? I had two messes before leaving home, grown from the seeds that I brought home with me. Please tell all the boys in the Receiving Cottage that I was asking about them. After leaving the School, I went to a NYA school and learned to weld, and then worked for a while in a ship yard in Mississippi. Tell Mr. Johnson that I would like to see him. Since it will not be long until chow time, will close. Please write soon. Your friend, John Hogsed."

—:—

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, was scheduled to conduct the service at the School last Sunday afternoon, but due to being absent from the city, he was unable to fulfil his engagement. Acting as "pinch-hitter' for Rev. Mr. Summers, Mr. Dwight H. Ives, president of the Men's Bible Class, of the First Baptist Church, conducted the service.

Following the opening prayer by Superintendent Hawfield, Mr. Ives and the boys read the 19th Psalm responsively.

At the beginning of his message to the boys, the speaker pointed out how God's Word inspired men to higher and nobler things. The hand that made the heavens and all the beauties of the earth also made man. We are part of God's handiwork, and are intended to be as good as anything else created by Him, continued the speaker, but sometimes we fall short.

One thing a normal boy likes to do, said Mr. Ives, is to climb, and it is not at all unusual to see small boys climbing up into tall trees, on telephone poles or in other places. He then told of a boy who once decided to climb up inside a huge smoke-stack. He struggled upward and finally reached the top, and found that as he looked out, the view was wonderful. Growing older, he traveled much and climed various mountains, and the splendid view thus obtained always made him feel that he had been well repaid for his efforts. This same young man then decided that things worthwhile were to be had by constant climbing, and made up his mind to start climbing the hill of knowledge. He studied hard and became one of the best educated men in the United States.

Mr. Ives then spoke of airplanes,

and how men are constantly checking to see how they can improve them to fly at greater heights. He told the boys that they, like airplanes, should strive to reach the greatest possible height in life. We should not be content to live down in the shadows where we see only the ugly things of life, but should ever strive to climb higher and enjoy finer things. This can only be accomplished by resolving to let the will of God guide us through life.

—:—

Clyde A. Bristow, who was a member of the printing class about sixteen years ago, continues to be one of our regular correspondents. For several years past he has been living in Winston-Salem, and has been employed as truck driver. He writes as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: As previously stated, am back on the road again, driving for the Roadway Express. My regular run is from Winston-Salem to Atlanta and return, with an occasional trip to Columbus, Georgia. I leave here Monday afternoon and get back home early Wednesday morning; spend part of the day at home, and then leave again on Wednesday night; return Friday, then leave Friday and get back about two o'clock Sunday morning; and am then off until about 5 p. m. Monday afternoon.

"The missus has canned seven cans of yellow wax string beans, several quarts of cucumbers and has made about twenty-seven glasses of blackberry jelly. This is on a tiny scale compared to what you are used to hearing about there on the campus, but we are proud that our Victory Garden is in the producing stage. As I looked it over yesterday afternoon I could see where just as soon as this rain lets up, Mr. Grass and yours truly are going to have a round or two. We boast of Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, beans, cabbage, squash, corn and a couple of rows of peanuts.

"Clyde, Jr., on his birthday, June 26th, had a homemade chocolate cake with a pair of white candles from his mother, and from dad, a brand new bed outfit. He is very proud of it and can get in and out at will. He has voluntarily started taking afternoon mpas since this present arrived. Our latest addition, Sylvia Jane, is about six months old and getting along just fine. In short, we are all getting along fine, and sincerely trust that you and all the home-folks back at the School are doing the same.

"Do you think you will be able to get back up to the old home town in New Jersey this summer? Hope so. Then you will be able to browse around in the shade, get up to date on all the local happenings, and maybe go fishing.

"Am keeping up with the cottage ball games as reported in The Uplift, also with the doing of the old boys in the armed forces. Sent six recent copies to my brother, Fred, who is now in camp in Mississippi, where he reads them and passes them on to his buddies. You'd be surprised how far they get passed somtimes, because there's a former J. T. S. boy every place you turn these days, and they are hungry for news of the happenings back at the old School.

"George and family are first rate and send regards. Please extend my very best wishes to all at the School, and let's hear from you at your convenience. Yours, Clyde."

With but one or two exceptions, last Saturday's games in both leagues, were well-played contests. The Receiving Cottage team and the boys of Cottage No. 1, are still fighting it out for the lead, with just a half game separating them. The Cottage No. 10 ball tossers are still in undisputed possession of first place, having won nine games and lost none. The scores were as follows:

League Number One—Receiving Cottage 6 Eighth Cottage 0; First Cottage 5 Third Cottage 2; Fifth Cottage 5 Fourth Cottage 2.

League Number Two—Tenth Cottage 13 Ninth Cottage 1; Thireeenth Cottage 6 Eleventh Cottage 2; Fourteenth Cottage 7 Fifteenth Cottage 6.

CLUB STANDINGS

League Number One

	W	L	Pct
Receiving Cottage	9	1	.900
First Cottage	8	1	.889
Fourth Cottage	6	3	.667
Fifth Cottage	4	6	.400
Third Cottage	2	8	.200
Eighth Cottage	0	10	.000

League Number Two

	W	L	Pct
Tenth Cottage	9	0	1.000
Thirteenth Cottage	7	3	.700
Fourteenth Cottage	5	4	.555
Eleventh Cottage	3	6	.333
Ninth Cottage	2	7	.222
Fifteenth Cottage	2	8	.200

———:———

TELLING THE TRUTH

People who love the truth tell it when they talk. Those who love themselves better than they love the truth will lie when they think it is to their advantage. The truth is more valuable than any person's interest.

There are passages of Scripture which should be treasured up in the mind to plant deep in the heart the love of truth and hatred of lies.

Of such passage as we find in Deuteronomy we may rely under all circumstances and conditions: "He is the Rock, His Work is perfect; for all his ways are judgment; a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is He."—Deut. 32:4. Such a God is worthy of the heart's supreme love and the whole being should be like His character in every element and expression.

Another is this: "These are the things ye shall do; speak ye every man the truth to his neighbor; execute the judgment of truth and peace in your gates."

The habit of telling the truth is a golden habit and should be cultivated constantly.—Baptist Standard.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending July 11, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Raymond Davis
Donald Jolly
Ira Montgomery
Weaver Ruff
Malcom Seymour
Richard Shehan
Harry Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 1

Thomas Barnes
Roland Brooks
Marion Cox
Douglas Dorsett
David Swink
Luther Vaughn
Frank Walker
Lee Turner
Leonard Church
James Jarvis

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Hurley Bell
Edward Britt
Robert Coleman
Albert Hames
Edward Haynes
John Holder
Ralph Powell
James Hale

COTTAGE NO. 4

Clarence Bell
William Davis
William Deaton
Elster Jones
William Lanning
James Moore
Roy Patton
Lewis Sawyer
Roy Swink
Newman Tate
Jerry Talbert
Walter Thomas
Ernest Turner
Edward VanHoy
Eugene Watts
William C. Willis
Roy Womack
Riley Denny
Winley Jones
Milford Ward

COTTAGE NO. 5

William Gentry
John Mazoo
Hoyt Newell
William Peninger
Willford Richard Seegers
Kenneth Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 6

Eugene Bowers
Kenneth Caldwell
Charlton Cox
Ralph Gibson
Donald Griffin
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
Stanford McLean
James McMahan
Hayes Powell
Wesley Turner
Joseph Turner
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7

Albert Allen
David Brooks
R. C. Combs
John Fine
Wallace Foster
Donald Grimstead
Fred Grimstead
William Hardin
Amos Myers
Marshall Prestwood
Jerry Ray
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Bennett
L. C. Gearing
L. D. McCurdy
Homer Johnson

COTTAGE NO. 9

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 10

Paul Alphin
William Butler

Fred Carswell
Jack Clifton
C. W. Cline
Jack Evans
Arcemias Hefner
Frank Jones
Albert Newton
E. S. Stamey
A. B. Woodard
Jack Williams
Charles Tate
Robert Brady
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Marvin Bradley
Dewey Bunn
Robert Goldsmith
William Guffey
Fred Holland
Robert Moses
J. C. Rhodes
Everett Stamey
Ray Taylor
Henry Hattem

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Donald Hobbs
William Schoppell
Dillard Shelton

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Fred Bostian
Robert Caudle
Robert Holbert
William Lane
William E. Lanford
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pittman
Peter Tuttle
John Pritchard
Walter Stansberry
Paul Stone

COTTAGE NO. 15

James Cantrell
Isaac Mahaffey
Roger Reid
John Watts

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
James Chavis
R. C. Hoyle
Herbert Lochlear
W. C. McManus
Marshall Hunt

INFIRMARY

Sterald Cline
Harold McKinney
Alvis Watkins
James Parker

There is nothing more beautiful than a rainbow, but it takes both rain and sunshine to make a rainbow. If life is to be rounded and many-colored like the rainbow, both joy and sorrow must come to it. Those who have never known anything but prosperity and pleasure become hard and shallow, but those whose prosperity has been mixed with adversity become kind and gracious.—Selected

C367

UNC CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

(c) Dr. Frank P. Graham
University of North Carolina

VOL. XXXI ... N. C., JULY 24, 1943 No. 30

JUL 28 1943

A WISE PLAN

I try to fix my thought on the good that is in every soul, and make my appeal to that, and the plan is a wise one, judged by results. It secures for you loyal helpers, worthy friends, gets the work done, aids digestion and tends to sleep o' nights. I do not believe in governing by force or threat, or any other form of coercion. I would not arouse in the heart of any of God's creatures a thought of fear, or discord, or hate, or revenge. I will influence men, if I can, but only by aiding them.—Elbert Hubbard.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
ON TAKING OURSELVES TOO SERIOUSLY	By Dr. H. B. Blakely	8
"THE OLD NORTH STATE"	By Mrs. E. E. Randolph	10
NORTH CAROLINA GIVEN NEW EMPHASIS AS GEM PRODUCER	By G. A. Ausband	13
WOMANHOOD ATTAINS ITS GOAL	By Ethel B. Wickey	16
A CHRISTIAN STATESMAN	By A. J. Traver	19
THE FURNITURE INDUSTRY	By W. D. Wallace	22
"DUMMY JOE," HERO	By Vincent Edwards	24
INSTITUTION NOTES		26
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

A COUNTRY LAD

What a fine thing it is to be a boy—to be a barefoot boy in touch with nature and rural freedom. To climb the cherry and apple trees, to race for the "ole swimmin' hole," to tinker in the woodshed and romp in the barn loft, or, if he should desire something more exciting, to charge the biggest and most heavily garrisoned hornets' nest of the entire neigborhood. To walk through the wheat fields of gold, merry with the calls of old "Bob White," or into the dark green corn that rattles and cracks in the breezes of the summer twilight. To pick the cotton, dig the potatoes, shuck the corn, wrestle in the shucks, and learn that good health, brawn, and the unmeasured joys of a free, simple life is the rich heritage of the country lad. The child of the soil comes to know every tree and bush. He can name all the flowers from the first buttercup of the spring time to the goldenrod that gilds the sunset of the year. These sunburnt boys, who are acquainted with every tree and flower, who feast on huckleberries and wild strawberries, are, also the great dreamers of every age, the Josephs who dream of sheaves and stars that bow down. And the dreamers of early life become the rulers of later years.—N .C. Christian Advocate.

OUR BOYS ARE SERVING THEIR COUNTRY

It is not unusual for people to classify the youths of the land by either their social position or by money values. That is not fair, for we emphasize that people are created equal, with the privilege of using the opportunities presented in life to make them outstanding and useful citizens in some sphere of activities. We have seen that fact demonstrated in this institution. For instance, the delinquents of the state are showing intense interest in the cause of freedom and liberty, and are ready and willing to go when called.

You may ask any of the boys here of teen age if they wish to enlist for service. They quickly respond with a glow of enthusiasm, and without hesitation, tell exactly the department of service they prefer. They read about and study pictures of all types of aircraft,

and when a plane goes roaring over the School grounds, they can tell at a single glance just what type ship it is, how many motors required to run it, and point out other marks of identification. Anyone would be surprised to know how well these boys are informed as to national and international conditions, which is brought about by reading the daily newspapers and keeping up with the various news broadcasts.

It is not unusual for these old boys now in the service, when on a furlough, to make a visit to the School and tell of their experiences. They wear the uniform with a great deal of dignity and pride, and from all reports, they show courage equal to that of any other soldier.

This war is truly a leveler, for we have men and women from all walks of life fighting for a common cause on the far-flung battlefields. For this reason we say down with the question of caste, and extend the hand of kindly fellowship, so that we may help the underprivileged class. We think it is timely to give in concise form the number of young men from this institution, and their classification as to service, who are now enlisted under our nation's banner, according to reports coming to this office to date. In checking over this list we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941. We are also proud to state that within the past eighteen months, quite a number of our boys, having secured their parents' consent, have enlisted in both the Army and the Navy, going directly to their respective training stations from the School campus.

According the most recent check-up of the records, July 5, 1943, it is definitely known that 301 former Jackson Training School boys have enlisted in the United States armed forces, and are classified as follows: Army 188, Navy 86, Marine Corps 27. Of this group the following casualties have been reported: Two boys have been killed in action; one has been listed as missing in action; six are being held prisoners of war, and one died while being held in a Japanese prison camp. There are probably many more former students who have been away from the institution quite a number of years who

are also taking active part in this great global war, whose enlistments have not been reported to us. Should any of our readers know of such, we shall appreciate any information that will help keep our records up-to-date.

* * * * * * * *

SEEING THINGS AS THEY ARE

There is no institution in the state of North Carolina, with its substantial and imposing buildings, which presents a more beautiful setting than the Stonewall Jackson Training School. The grounds are spacious and orderly, which is indicative of the fact that they have the interest of the officials of the school. The large boulders seen on the grounds attract the attention of strangers. The tourist often wonders what freak of nature placed them there. It was once said by a person who loved and studied nature, that these boulders were the tail-end of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Furthermore, the suggestion was made that in the completion of the Blue Ridge Mountains, conditions resulted in an upheaval that threw off these remnants of rock. A number of years ago, we were told by a noted geologist from one of our leading schools that this peculiar rock formation was a glacial deposit, probably millions of years old.

We not only emphasize the beauty of the grounds, with its trees, shrubs and flower-beds, but the entire one thousand acre farm, with its truck gardens, grain fields, and pasture land for the cattle, combine to make a beautiful picture. The fence that encloses the pasture for the beef cattle, on the east side of the highway, has received a coat of white paint, which makes a picture similar to those seen in the hills of Kentucky.

This year, the heavy and continued rains of two weeks or more, have greatly damaged the oats and wheat crops, causing a shortage of roughage, but the lespedeza crop which will be harvested later, will supply feed for the stock. The truck gardens have yielded sufficient vegetables to meet the needs of the institution.

Taking into consideration the many handicaps on account of adverse wearther conditions, the farm has produced well, and we feel quite sure the late crop of vegetables will be adequate for canning purposes. The modern, up-to-date cannery plays an important part

in making the store-room adequate during the winter months. At present we are not in a position to say just how many cans of beans, tomatoes, soup mixture and other things may be conserved this year, but one is amazed upon entering the store-room to see the volume of home-grown and home-canned products stored away on the many shelves.

The Stonewall Jackson Training School is not only a beauty spot, but it is truly a bee-hive of useful activities.

* * * * * * * *

CABARRUS COUNTY WAR RECORDS

It is always a pleasure to help keep history straight, and we are only too glad to comply with the request that we publish the following in the columns of this little magazine:

Mrs. Charles A. Cannon, Collector of War Records for Cabarrus County, is again calling upon all citizens in our county to send interesting items and information pertaining to war activities. Interesting data about Cabarrus County's part in World War II is being sent to the Historical Commission in Raleigh from time to time. We are anxious for Cabarrus to have a complete and creditable record in the state archives.

All presidents and secretaries of patriotic and civic organizations and clubs of Concord, Kannapolis, Mount Pleasant, Harrisburg, and rural sections are asked to send in brief narrative reports telling of their war activities and the contributions they are making to the war effort. We are confident that everyone is doing worthwhile things, but unless you report them, Mrs. Cannon and her assistants cannot be in a position to send information for war files. Duplicate reports should be sent in so that one copy may be saved in local files and the other sent to the Historical Commission.

Authorities are also eager for news of men and women in service. Our State Coordinator asks us to constantly remind our people to save the letters and other communications they receive from the men and women in the armed forces. These letters, or excerpts or copies of them, are greatly desired for the county's local files. Work on this record, which will be retained in Cabarrus, is steadily progressing. Any helpful historical contributions will be appreciated.

This material will be very valuable in later years when a history of our county's part in this war will doubtless be written.

Please send all items, letter, reports, pictures or other information pertaining to the activities of World War II to Miss Rosa Caldwell, secretary of Historical War Records for Cabarrus County, 105 Edgewood Avenue, Concord N. C.

* * * * * * * *

THE COPPER'S GONE TO WAR

Styles change in cents as in everything. They began in a big way. Twenty-five of the first ones struck in 1792, in your pocket would have weighed a pound. In 1793, they were reduced slight—208 grains in 1796, to 168, grains. These were struck each year until some time during 1857, except for 1815 and 1823, when none were made. In 1837, the nickle cent—72 grains, 12 per cent nickle, the rest copper—came in and stayed until 1864. Since then we have had our bronze cent, first with the Indian head and then the Lincoln penny. Now the new Lincoln penny of solid soft steel is being circulated. To use the Lucky Strike expression—the copper has gone to war.

After we learn to look at our dimes as we take them in and the other fellows learn to look at them as we give them out, to make sure they are not pennies, we'll probably be all right.

ON TAKING OURSELVES TOO SERIOUSLY

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

Happy is the man who can laugh at himself. Too many of us are tempted to take ourselves too seriously and to attempt to shoulder the whole world on our own shoulders. Bishop William Quayle has told of how one night when he was tossing with worries all around him, he heard God say, "Quayle, you go to bed, I'll sit up the rest of the night."

If sometime you are tempted to take yourself too seriously, you might read The Clouds of Aristophanes. In this he gave Socrates the most terrific lampooning in literature. Aristophanes was the greatest of all writers of comedy with the most biting humor ever displayed. Socrates was the greatest teacher of ancient Greece and one of the supreme teachers of all time.

The Clouds is a terrific caricature of one of the great men of history. The comedy begins with the character, Strepsiades, sleeplessly laboring with an ever-present problem, how can he escape his debts? The sheriff is after him, his debtors are on his heels, a wastrel son, Pheidippides, squanders his money. He can think of but one way out—he will put Pheidippides in college under Socrates to acquire the tricks of logic so that he may learn how to keep from paying debts.

The father brings the empty-headed son to Socrates, who is pictured, as all philosophers and educators are supposed to be, between heaven and earth suspended in a basket among the clouds. In the college of Socrates, pupils and teachers are busy with all kinds of crack-pot ideas, such as the determining of how far a flea can jump.

When the play was produced, it is said that all Athens roared with laughter. But Socrates was such a good sport, so mature in his emotions, so bighearted and broadminded, as the story runs, that he came to the theater. Physically, Socrates was no beauty, with his big nose, thick lips, broad brow, and a simple shabby robe. When the Athenian audience roared at the lampooning of himself, Socrates stood up that the audience might the better enjoy the comic mask that was intented to burlesque him. He had grown so big in heart that he could laugh at a jest poked at himself.

When a man is wrapped up in himself, he makes a pretty small parcel. It is astonishing how some things mean so much to some people. We get elected to a club, receive notice in a newspaper, or get an honorary degree tagged to our name, forgetting that such are of very little value after all. For honorary degrees are like the curl in a pig's tail; it doesn't make any more pig, but it gives a little more style.

It is very wholesome to have a bit of pomposity knocked out of us.

It is said that Mark Twain arrived in a Canadian hotel, and, glancing over the register, took note of the signature of the last arrival: "Baron —and valet." Mark Twain signed; and when the clerk looked at the register, this met his eye: Mark Twain and valise."

Robert Burns wrote sense in those familiar lines:

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!
It wad froe monie a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion."

To see ourselves thus would aid in answering the young child's prayer, "O God, make all bad people good, and make all good people nice."

In the Green Pastures Noah said, "I ain't very much, but I'se all I got." If we accept ourselves for what we are, humbly and self-respectfully, then we can do the best with what we are.

———:———

Turkey's attitude to the present conflict has been subject to much misunderstanding on both sides. Admirers of a "blood and iron" policy and of a Nazi-governed state of Europe, resented the coolness of Turkey to all overtures of alliance (or submission); but Turkey was moving away from autocracy, not toward it, and had no desire to return. Allied sympathizers thought Turkey's commercial dealings with the Axis was a betrayal of solemn promises; really it was the best line of defense against absorption. Hilter's advisers recognized that metals and other materials obtained in peace were better than a hard-fighting enemy, a stubborn people and a devastated land. Whatever appeared on the surface, Turkey had an alliance with Britian which she held fast in spite of severe threats; her contact with the Axis was only a business arrangement that speedily deteriorated when the Nazis failed to honor their part of the contract. The fortunes of war have made Turkey's earlier danger of invasion rather remote. The rapidly approaching dominance by the Allies of the entire Mediterranean will likely find an open Dardanelles made accessible by the Turks, and a peaceful approach to Russia's southern ports in the near future.—Selected.

"THE OLD NORTH STATE"

Prepared by Mrs. E. E. Randolph, Raleigh, N. C.

From about the year 1835, over a century ago, the people of North Carolina loyally sang as their State song "The Old North State," but it was not until 1927, by an act of the Legislature, that it became the official State song.

The author of the words of the song was the highly esteemed Judge William Gaston of the North Carolina Supreme Court, who was born at New Bern, North Carolina, in 1778. The little office in Raleigh where Judge Gaston wrote the words of "The Old North State" stood on the corner of Hargett and Salisbury streets. A bronze tablet commemorating this fact was placed there in 1928 by the Caswell-Nash Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Two traditional stories have come down to us concerning the origin of the music of "The Old North State." In one story, perhaps not so well known, it is related that Judge Gaston, while attending an opera in New York City, in company with a lady (who evidently did not think North Carolina was a very interesting State in which to live), heard a tune he liked so well that he said to his companion: "If you will send me the music to that waltz, I will write a poem on North Carolina that will cause you to change your opinion of my State."

This story, however, does not have quite as much to support it as the other one which has been generally told and accepted throughout the years. It is as follows:

A group of "Swiss Bell-Ringers" at a program given in Raleigh in 1835 sang a song that appealed to several North Carolina girls, who hummed it over and over on the way home. The next day two of them "begged a copy of the music from the leader of the company" and that night sang the melody under the window of Judge Gaston's residence. According to tradition Judge Gaston was so plesed with the serenade that he said: "But there should be some words to such a pretty tune." Judge Gaston at this time was living in the home of Mrs. James F. Taylor, which was located at 102-104 West Hargett Street, Raleigh. One evening while Miss Louisa Taylor, a little girl of 13, was playing the air on the piano her mother remarked to Judge Gaston: "Uucle, what an appropriate tune for a national hymn." Soon afterwards William Gaston wrote words for this tune which had been sung by the "Swiss Bell-Ringers."

Thus the music of "The Old North State" came to us at a period in the history of our country when immigration was at its height. In this way America had brought to her shores much of the folk-music of the whole world.

A comparison of the few printings of the music of "The Old North State" reveals the fact that the State song of North Carolina has gone through a series of transformations like that of the folk song. The folk element is evident in the variations that have appeared in the way it has been sung in different periods of the lifetime of older people now living in different

sections of the State. Variations in this song have occurred in different localities because of the fact that the song has been perpetuated largely by oral transmission.

There are available three articles of historical interest which give touches of local color to the writing of the words of "The Old North State"—each one giving a slightly different account. Perrin Busbee in the *North Carolina University Magazine*, March-April, 1894, tells about the old Taylor home in Raleigh where Judge Gaston lived and the law office on the same lot where he wrote the words of "The Old North State."

Jacques Busbee, writing in the North Carolina Booket, April, 1913, tells of the interest his great-grandmother's family, the Taylors, had in this song of the Tyrolean singers and how they cooperated with Judge Gaston in order to get the meter to fit the song. His story is an account of a personal conversation he had with his great aunt, Miss Louisa Taylor, concerning the writing of the words of "The Old North State."

Col. Fred A. Olds, in an article preserved in the Hall of History, relates how he secured for the Historical Commission the original manuscript of this folk-song from Mrs. Malinda B. Ray, Fayetteville, "who for over 40 years had kept it as one of her most treasured possessions this sheet of written music with its German words handsomely written." Col. Olds also quotes a memorandum about "The Old North State" given him by Capt. S. A. Ashe, the historian of Raleigh: "Several little girls, among them Louisa Taylor, Fannie Birdsall, and Lossie Hill, heard the concert by the Tyrolean singers and went home singing the air."

Strange as it may seem, the writer was able to locate only four printings of "The Old North State" prior to 1926: the first is to found in Wiley's North Carolina Reader, published in 1851 by James M. Edney, Asheville, North Carolina; the second was published by Alfred Williams and Company, Raleigh, sometime between the years 1893 and 1900 (a copy of this printing is in the State Library); the third appeared in "Songs of the Seasons," a collection of songs published in 1909 by Mary Best Jones of New Bern and is "harmonized by Francis X. Hale"; the fourth is in a handbill form printed by the Rotary Club of Washington, North Carolina, for distrbution to all Rotary Clubs in the State. This arrangement is by Edmund H. Harding of Washington, North Carolina, who said: "I made the arrangement in accordance with the way I had been taught as a child to sing the song.

The writer found in different sections of the State that, like a folksong, the people transmitted "The Old North State" orally from one generation to the next; that in the main, the body of the song was more or less the same, with extra quarter or eighth notes added here and there or slight changes in the melody.

Ever since the days of the Francis X. Hale harmonization, younger generations have been singing "The Old North State" in their bright, happy way with a quick, rousing "Hurrah." They have added here and there dotted notes in the body of the tune.

Following the legislative enactment of 1927, when the words of "The Old North State" and the music as collect-

ed and arranged were officially adopted as the State song, the State of North Carolina invested in a plate. This plate is used in printing the words and music in the bulletins for distribution to public schools, public libraries of the State, and many religious, civic and commercial organization desiring copies of the State song.

Further development in the history of "The Old North State" occurred in 1927 when Major P. W. Price, musical director of North Carolina State College, had the song arranged for bands. A. B. Andrews of Raleigh financed the preparation of the song for complete band instrumentation and had copies sent to members of State institutions and bands throughout the United States.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy through their historian, Mrs. John H. Anderson, has been active in promoting a wide-spread interest in the singing of the State song.

During 1941-42 the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs, through the courtesy of Mrs. A. C. Burnhan, chairman of the Music Division of the State Federation, published and distributed 10,000 copies of an eight-page leaflet containing songs and readings for civic and patriotic meetings in the National Defense program. Included in this leaflet are the words and music of "The Old North State."

In concluding, the writer desires to express appreciation to the many North Carolinians—musicians, teachers, business men, historians, club women, librarians, school children, and singing folk of the home and fireside—who have so kindly and helpfully aided in the research for the material for the above statements and the harmonization of "The Old North State" as sung in 1926.

THE OLD NORTH STATE

Carolina! Carolina! heaven's blessings attend her,
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her.
Though the scorner may sneer at and witlings defame her,
Still our hearts swell with gladness when ever we name her.

Chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah! the Old North State forever,
Hurrah! Hurrah! the good Old North State.

Though she envies not others their merited glory,
Say whose name stands the foremost in liberty's story,
Though too true to herself e'er to crouch to oppression,
Who can yield to just rule a more loyal submission.

Then let all those who love us, love the land that we live in,
As happy a region as on this side of heaven;
Where plenty and peace, love and joy smile before us,
Raise aloud, raise together the heart thrilling chorus.

If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it.—James A. Garfield.

NORTH CAROLINA GIVEN NEW EMPHASIS AS GEM PRODUCER

By G. A. Ausband, Jr.

Out of the recent wartime revival in the mining of mica and feldspar in North Carolina has arisen a more glamorous side-line that gives promise of ultimately attaining the status of an industry in its own right. This is the mining of semi-precious gem stones, one of the oldest and most adventurous of man's activities. Few people know that North Carolina produces gem material, and it is the present intent to discuss briefly the origins and types of stones found.

The demands of the war have forced our government to encourage the working of every possible prospect and old mine, for the mica and feldspar that go into the production of critical products. The prices now paid are fantastically high in comparison with prewar times, when the demands of our industries were supplied from India. It is not unusual for high grade sheet mica now mined in North Carolina to bring $30 a pound on the market.

Such monetary incentive has sent hundreds of men to the established mines, or to new prospects—the nature of this type of mining lending itself to individual exploitation, as well as to mechanized industrial methods. In addition to the mica and feldspar, they are finding appreciable quantities of semiprecious gem material, emphasizing the old adage of the mineralogists that North Carolina is the Sampler State: practically every known mineral and gem is to be found within its boundaries.

Many of the gems have their origins in what is known as Pegmatite granite, a very course grained variety in which the individual crystal may be from one foot to several feet in their principal dimension. The primary constituents are mica, feldspar, and quartz, and in North Carolina variety, garnet may be included as characteristic.

The secondary minerals of association include: apatite, tourmaline, beryl, spodumene and cassiterite, all of which yield gem stones of recognized beauty and desirability. Indeed the gems found in western Carolina will capture the imagination and the possessive instincts of the most sophisticated connoisseur. It is these that represent the spectacular and glamorous sideline to the prosaic mica and feldspar industry.

So frequent is the occurrence of these gems, that the Highland men whose speech is still flavored with the Elizabethan idiom can converse with technical accuracy about their findings. Possession has fanned the spark of casual interest to a flame of intense appreciation for these flowers of the mineral kingdom.

Probably no locality produces more garnets than western Carolina. Those which are transparent and of the desirable deep red color are cut into gem stones by lapidists in this country, and many roadside places on the tourist route exhibit cut gems of unsurpassed quality and color.

Garnets have always enjoyed wide popularity as jewelry settings. Rhodolite is a beautiful variety of rhododendron-pink garnet, found only in North Carolina along Cowee creek in Macon county. It was discovered and publicized by the late Joseph Hyde Pratt, a pioneer in the promotion of gem and mineral mining in our state.

Unequalled for variety of color and attractiveness are the beryl gems. These occur as clear as crystals, almost perfectly six-sided, and are composed of beryllium-aluminum-silicate. The color of the beryl gems is due to slight amounts of other chemical elements that give rise to varietal trade names: thus pink beryl is called Morganiite (after J. P. Morgan the eider); light blue and blue-green shades are the well-known aquamarine; yellow is called golden beryl, quite expensive when perfect; and lastly, the precious emerald which is dark green. All these except Morganite are found in North Carolina.

What-so-ever fame may come to this locality as a gem producer will probably be attributed to the high quality of the beryl gems. Several attempts were made about the turn of the century to systematically mine emeralds from the metamorphic rocks near Stoney Point in Alexander county, but their occurrence was so scattered and uncertain that the ventures proved unprofitable. They are found now among the stream gravels and old mines with sufficient frequency to maintain the geological reputation of the district as emorald country. Some remarkably clear stones have been cut, most of which have found their way to collectors' cabinets. Emeralds are much more rare than diamonds, and command over twice the price for comparable weight and quality.

Aquamarines and golden beryl are found in many localities and find ready sale among the lapidary shops of the North. So much material has recently been sold, that if one should go to his jeweler today and select an "aqua," the chances of its having originated in North Carolina would be remote. The writer knows of one large crystal recently found, which when cut yielded 1500 carats in marketable gems.

In the entire list of gem stones none appeals to the student of mineraology more than does tourmaline, one of the oldest names surviving, being derived from the ancient Sinhalese, "Toramailli." Its occurance is wide, and in many colors, each color having separate trade names. The brilliant green and pink appeal more to trade. Frepuently crystals may be found that are green on one end and red on the other, and find ready acceptance among the collectors.

Tourmaline is an efficient polarizer of light, and older petrographic microscopes came equipped with tourmaline lenses for this purpose. Most crystals show marked properties of generating an electric charge when subjected to pressure, which is taken to advantage in construstion of recording instruments. In fact, some submarines have been equiped with depth gauges actuated by tourmaline a purpose certainly remote from adorning milady's finger. While gem quality tourmaline is not abundant in North Carolina, it deserves mention.

Aside from the gems associated with the Pegmatite granites, there

occur many others in the old North State. Most notable are the corundum gems, sapphire and ruby, both alike as to chemical composition, their differing color being due to the accidental inclusion of minute traces of other elements. These have been mined extensively in Macon, and Clay, and Jackson counties, all localities of importance being within a radius of 15 miles of the town of Franklin. The best of the ruby gems compare favorably with the finest Burmese and Siamese stones.

The famous Bennet collection includes rubies from Corundum Hill; so does the collection in the United States National Museum. The largest crystal of corundum ever found, 312 pounds, now in the Amherst college cabinets, and the largest ruby crystal, 34 pounds, now in the discriminating British Museum, both came from Corundum Hill.

Sapphires and rubies were for centruies regarded as separate chemical compounds; it remained for the Right Honorable Charles Grevel, in 1798, to establish their identity (Vanity Fair ungraciously remembers this gentleman as one of the lovers of Lady Hamilton, rather than for mineralogical research.) A unique variety of bronze star sapphire is frequently found that exhibits marked asterism, and has found a place in many collections. Although the mining of ruby and sapphire gems alone is not now economical, the subject has undergone a revival of interest, and many nice gems of accidental discovery have been cut.

Not even a casual discussion of the gems of North Carolina would be justified in omitting the one that is found nowhere else in the world. This is Hiddinite, a lithiumspodumene cystal, resembling beryl somewhat in shape, but being of characteristic yellow-green color. It is rarer by far than diamond, and perfectly cut flawless gems would find their way to a collectors strong boxes at a great price. Hiddinite has all the prerepuistes of a gem stone: attractive color, lustre, good light dispersion and durabilty; its only hindrance to popular fame being its extreme rarity. It is found in the vicinity of the town of Hiddenite in Alexander county.

Other gem stones of frequent occurrence in North Carolina include: amethyst, smoky quartz, zircon, and chalcedony.

The recent revival of mining having given emphasis to North Carolina as a gem producing state, the next logical development should be the establishment of lapidary shops in the producing disticts. Native collectors and tourest are anxious for polished stones cut from rough specimens, and most of this work is now done in northern cities. The lapidary art is one that is fairly easy to learn and requires a very limited capital expenditure. The mountain men should be encouraged to exploit this trade themselves , as one more of the handicrafts at which they have proven themselves so adept.

As an art, gem cutting is peculiarly adapted to the temperament and psychology of the highland people and would afford a satisfying and remunerative outlet for their efforts. Only one man so far has thus devoted his talents. He is Roby Buchanan

of Hawk, N. C. He does work of exceptional skill, is now set up in a permanent lapidary buisiness, and finds time to teach the craft to others in the Penland school. May others be encouraged follow his example.

The ever-increasing procession of tourist to western Carolina, and the enthusiasm of collectors for native qroducts would certainly absorb the output from several local cutters.

———:———

Men are like steel—of little value when they lose their temper.

———:———

WOMANHOOD ATTAINS ITS GOAL

By Ethel B. Wickey

Recently a very well-read, intellectually active mother and church worker made this observation to an educator, "We women do not know exacty what we want, but we know that we want something which we do not have."

We are not surprised to find in this confused and suffering world women who do not know what they want. Today demand upon demand is laid heavily upon women everywhere—in war industries, in civic affairs, in places of business, and in areas of transportation and commerce We are happy that some women at least know that they want something which they do not have, even though they do not know what it is.

In an article some years ago, Dr. Daniel Poling made this statement, "The dominating impulse, the supreme motive, the consuming passion of womanhood is motherhood. Whether she bears children of her own or mothers another's or mothers a community, a state, a reform, or in her interests and dedications mothers the whole world, a woman's dominating impulse is the mother impulse, her motive is the mother passion. She lives chiefly that her sons and daughters, the sons and daughters of the race, shall be worthy well bodied and unspoiled of soul. . . . Pre-eminenthly and always they are the mothers of men."

How true this is of such maiden women as Queen Elizabeth, in whose reign England reached her golden age; of Florence Nightingale, the angel of mercy in the Crimean War; of Frances E. Willard, the founder of the Temperance Movement; of Clara Barton, founder of the Red Cross Society and saviour to thousands from death and suffering; of Jane Adams, late head of Hull House in Chicago; of Muriel Lester of Kingsley Hall in London, and many other maiden women whose names may never be recorded on the pages

of history. They are with those of us who bear children—mothers of men!

But all women who bear children are not mothers. We must face the fact that today many women bring children into the world and relinquish their responsibility with this physical act. They are unwilling to nurse them for the normal period even though they are physically able. They are unwilling to bathe, dress and care for their physical needs. They are unwilling to train them morally, mentally and spiritually. They are quite willing to turn their children over to servants who supervise them during the major part of their waking hours—servants who are totally incompetent to train and direct these plastic lives entrusted to their care.

These women may spend their time at the country club playing golf and bridge. They have many social engagements that take them out of the home in the evenings. They serve on various committees, planning teas, giving book reviews, entertaining at garden parties. Sometimes they help make money for the church by serving dinners or making articles for a bazaar.

Or, it may be that women are employed. If the children are of school age and there is no servant in the home, these women leave for their "paid job" before their children awake in the morning. The children are left alone to "pick up" their breakfast. They find lunch money on the table and this is used at the school cafeteria for ice cream, candy and soft drinks; or they decide to skip school and go to the movie and to "forge" mother's name on the excuse blank.

These women do not have time to visit the schools their children attend; they do not know the teachers; they do not know their children's problems. They contact the school only when the attendance officer informs them of their delinquent children, and then only when they learn they will be fined so much for each day that their children remain out of school. These women always get home from work a couple hours after school is dismissed weary, worn and nervous from the strain of the office or factory. They find their house in disorder, strange children in their basement, their shopping undone, their laundry in the hamper and no dinner planned. Their children have been at large for a couple hours without supervisision—whisperings are abroad in the neighborhood about their misdemeanors.

These women must work late into the night to do the absolutely necessary things for the morrow. These women have no time to train their daughters in the household skills preparatory to marriage. They are not concerned about the trousseau, the linens, the silver and the plans necessary for the establishing of the new home. They have no time for premarital counseling.

These women are not mothers. They do not "live chiefly that their sons and daughters, the sons and daughters of the race, shall be worthy, well-bodied, and unspoiled of soul." These are the women—the mothers in the flesh—who do not know exactly what they want, but they know that they want sonmething they do not have.

In contrast, note these women who may or may not be mothers in the flesh. They know what they want,

and they have it. They have the mother impulse, the mother motive, the mother passion. They give their lives in social welfare work, in merciful acts, in missionary endeavors and in teaching.

Or, as we read in Proverbs 31: 27, 28, "She looketh well to the way of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up, and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her." Such women nurse their children with loving tenderness. They spend hours with their children as they try to put this strange world together. They train and direct them morally, mentally, and spiritually day by day.

These women rise early in the morning to prepare and serve a healthy breakfast to their family. They prepare and pack a tasty lunch. They send their children off to school with a smile on their faces and a song in their hearts. They keep in close touch with the teachers of their children; they attend school programs; they are well aware of their children's problems in the schools. When the school day is over, these women are at home to greet their children. Their houses are in order. There is a favorite snack in the pantry. The dinner is well under way. They greet their husbands at the door happy and cheerful for the responsibilities of motherhood. In the evenings these women are ready to assist with the school lessons if necessary; they are present to talk over problems of the day; they are eager to read bedtime stories; to hear their children's prayers; to kiss them good night and to tuck them into bed. These arise on the Sabbath and go to Bible school and church with the family.

They worship at home together. These women prepare their daughters for marriage. They instruct them in the art of planning and preparing meals; the care of the house and home making. They spend many happy hours together planning and working on articles for the new home; the trousseau; the announcement and the wedding. These women have time for pre-marital counseling. These women are mothers! "They live chiefly that their sons and daughters of the race shall be worthy, well-bodied and unspoiled of soul." They are the mothers of men!

When women understand fully God's plan and purpose for them in the universe and even in wartime are willing to follow through with it under His guidance, then and only then will they find complete happiness, contentment and peace of mind. God gave to man the responsibility of providing for the family needs. To woman He gave the task of motherhood. It is not a job for which we are paid in so many dollars and cents. The nurse, the social welfare workers, the missionary and the teacher are not paid for their loving care, their acts of mercy, their patience, their understanding, their mother heart. The mother in the home does her ministry in health and in times of sickness without any thought of material returns. It's the mother instinct which God placed in each normal woman which needs expression and fulfillment not only for our own children but the children of the world. This will give us what we want.

God has given to women not only the joy of motherhood but the responsibility of motherhood. It has

been said of us, "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." As mothers we are sharing our lives and we are also setting up standards. Bishop James L. Freeman of Washington said, "A woman is the maker of standards not only for her own household, but for society in general. Ideals are mightier than laws, and they are largely generated in the home." He continues, "No matter to what place of distinction woman may come, she has no more exalted office than that which is given her as the mother of her household. If her capacity to rule in this highest sphere is jeopardized, no other distinction which is conferred upon her may compensate for this loss."

If these responsibilities are so great in normal times, how much more important and significant are they in time of stress and war. Today our government continues to urge women to keep their places in the home, in the nurseries, in the schools, in the work of the Red Cross, in social service, in the nursing profession and in religious centers. In these activities women give their mother heart to the children of the world. In this way women find what they want, and motherhood reaches its fulfillment.

One thing worse than a quitter is a fellow who is afraid to begin.

A CHRISTIAN STATESMAN

By Amos John Traver

William Jennings Bryan was an idealist in public life. From 1890, when he entered Congress, until 1925, the date of his death, he was before the public and subject to the most intense and critical scrutiny. He was charged with almost every fault of which his political enemies could think, excepting faults of character. The testimony of time has already magnified his virtues and largely forgotten his mistakes. All agree that he was a sincere Christian, a magnetic personality, and a fearless champion of his beliefs.

He was born March 19, 1860, in Salem, Illinois. He received a fine education and studied law, opening an office in Illinois in 1883. In 1891 he moved west to Lincoln, Nebraska, opening a law office more as a doorway into political life than as a career. He was elected to Congress in a normally Republican district and served two terms. Then he ran for the Senate in the Nebraska state legislature, which had the power of election. He was defeated, and thereafter he never held an elective office.

In 1894 he became editor of the Omaha World Herald, but his real business in life was lecturing. Probably no American ever had so popular a place in the Chautauqua circuits as William Jennings Bryan. Political defeats seemed to add to the desire

of the people to hear the silver-tongued orator of Nebraska.

The question, "16 to 1," that was stirring the political pot in the West in the 1890's was the coinage of silver. The silver miners and operators and all the people depending on the industry wanted silver valued by the government at the rate of sixteen ounces of silver to one of gold. The slogan was "16 to 1." The prevailing rate gave a much lower value to silver. They also wanted the government to coin the silver free of charge. That gave the other political slogan, "free silver." Mr. Bryan and his associates began a vigorous campaign to gain control of the Democratic Party away from the conservative New York City machine. When the convention was finally held in 1896, Mr. Bryan was the real leader of the opposition.

When votes began to be counted at the convention, it was found that the silver wing was in the majority. Mr. Bryan made his famous "Cross of Gold" speech as he led the Democratic Party to adopt a radical economic platform. That famous oration included this sentence: "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor the crown of thorns. You shall not crucify them upon a cross of gold." Beginning with "free silver," William Jennings Bryan had led his party to become the haven of the oppressed and the protector of labor. It was a social and economic crusade.

The next contest with the same opponent was keyed in the same vein, but with a different slogan. Again Mr. Bryan was seeking to arouse the common people against vested interests. Since the last campaign, the Spanish - American War had been fought. Mr. Bryan organized a regiment of Nebraska volunteers and was made its colonel, but never saw foreign service. The McKinley administration had the Philippines as a result of victory, and Mr. Bryan insisted on their immediate independence. The slogan this time was imperialism. Perhaps Mr. Bryan was right in warning the nation that the path of empire was one that inevitably led to war. The nation was cocky over its sweeping victory and in no mood to give up the fruits of conquest.

The 1904 convention of the Democratic Party was bound to nominate a more conservative candidate. William Jennings Bryan seemed ready to go along if a gold plank could be kept out of the platform. He was succeeding and Alton B. Parker was to run on a platform approved by Bryan. When all seemed settled, a telegram was received from Parker declaring for a gold plank. Leaving a sick bed Mr. Bryan came to the convention hall, fever and all, and won the convention to silence on the question of gold or silver. Parker received such a drubbing from the voters that Mr. Bryan had no difficulty in winning the nomination himself on the first ballot in 1908. Again he was defeated, this time by Mr. Taft running on the popularity of Theodore Roosevelt. By 1912 things were far different. The Republican Party was split by the Bull Moose movement and the contest for the Democratic nomination was fierce.

There were three contenders: Judge Harmon, who represented the conservative banking interests of the East; Champ Clark, speaker of the House, who occupied a more middle ground; and Governor Wilson of New Jersey, whose position more fully satisfied

Bryan. In the first part of the convention voting, Bryan backed Clark against Harmon. But when it looked as though the big bankers were switching to Clark, Bryan drew his wing away from him and backed Wilson and won. Then at last Bryan was a winner, for Wilson openly recognized his debt to him. So William Jennings Bryan became Secretary of State and used his office to negotiate over thirty treaties of arbitration with foreign nations. His idealism ran riot in all kinds of moves to build a brotherhood of the nations.

In politics he appeared once more at a national Democratic convention in 1920, where he made a vain attempt to block the nomination of Al Smith. This was a rowdy convention with interminable balloting. They even tried to drown out the silver-tongued orator. In his address he said, "This will probably be the last speech I will make at a Democratic national convention." The applause compelled him to stop; but as soon as he could be heard, he added, "unless I change my mind." The crowd was sporting enough to give him real applause then.

Now he devoted himself to lecturing and to religion. He backed the prohibition cause with even more vigor and gave unreservedly of his time and talents in behalf of old-time religion. His faith was very simple. He believed in a literal interpretation of the Bible and believed that any form of evolution was a sinful heresy. He secured passage of a bill in the Florida legislature forbidding the teaching of Darwinism. Tennessee followed suit. When a school teacher in Dayton, Tennessee, defied the law, and Clarence Darrow, the agnostic criminal lawyer, defended him, Bryan came to the rescue. He was called to the stand by Darrow and underwent a merciless cross-examination. The publicity was also merciless. He was for a time the butt of the bitterest sarcasm on the part of leaders in education. His sudden death shortly after the trial, probably due to the strain of the trial, led to a more kindly judgment.

———:———

HAPPINESS

The question, "Which is the happiest season of life?" being referred to an aged man, he replied: "When spring comes, and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees, and they are coverd with blossoms, I think, how beautiful is spring. And when the summer comes, and covers the trees with heavy foliage and singing birds are among the branches, I think, how beautiful is summer. When autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear the gorgeous tint of frost, I think, how beautiful is autumn. And when it is sore winter, and ther is how beautiful is autumn. And when it is sore winter, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then I look up through the leafless branches, as I never could until now, and see the stars shine.

THE FURNITURE INDUSTRY

By W. D. Wallace

The furniture industry has reached such diversified proportions in North Carolina that it is often humorously, yet truly, said that the state meets the demands of a person from the time of his birth to the bay of his death supplying the baby's cradle and high, chairs, the little boy's wagon, furniture for the home, the business man's desk and the casket for the deceased.

The evolution of the furniture industry in North Carolina is not only an interesting subject but one of profound significance as well, in view of the fact that the manufacture of furniture is the state's third most important industry; that we rank first in the United States in the manufacture of bedroom and dining room furniture; and that we are the largest furniture-manufacturing state in the South and the second largest in the nation.

The rise of the industry has come with such bounds in recent years that the average North Carolinian is prone to think of it as a new venture. As a matter of fact, it dates back at least 150 years. As far back as the fifth census cabinet maker's shops were included in the state's lists of industries.

As most of the early settler in North Carolina came from Virginia in ox-carts, very little furniture was brought with them. A few treasured pieces were brought by the wealthiest Colinists from England, France, Holland and Spain, the most popular piece being the so-called"chist" of oak or pine, often elaborately carved holding the family's prized possessions.

It was necessary for the colinists to make many things for themselves: therefore, the homes of the early settlers were sparsely furnished and the furniture was necessarily crude.

When travel became more common, the itinerant cabinet-maker came into prominence. Many of the journeying craftsmen received their training from the celebrated cabinet-makers of other countries and brought with them to North Carolina considerable knowledge and skill in the mechanical arts. From the first, colonial furniture showed a variety of styles for the early settlers reproduced, as nearly as possible, beds, chairs, and tables as they were in the homes of their native countries.

Henry Payne was one of the most prominent of these early craftsmen and operated a cabinet shop at the mouth of Little River in Caldwell County before the Revolution. He has decendants today in the factories of Lenoir, Hickory and Statesville.

The first real factory was built in North Carolina in 1880, when several wide-awake young men erected a small plant at High Point. The modest investment of $10,000 of these young men furnished the capital of a North Carolina industry which has become one of the most important in the country.

From the very beginning, the enterprise was a success. In 1890, there were six small factories in the state engaged in the manufacture of furniture. By 1900, the number had increased to 44. Today there are 101.

High Point, Lenoir, Thomasville, Statesville, Hickory, Marion, Mt. Airy, Lexington, Mebane, North Wilkesboro and a number of other towns in the state are important centers, each having several large furniture factures.

At the time the furniture industry was established in North Carolina, the local demand was for cheap furniture. For this reason, the early furniture had no particular style with low-priced unskilled labor and raw material so plentiful, price and serviceability were the primary factors considered in the manufacture and buying of furniture.

As the industry grew, workmen became skilled and southern-made furniture invaded more distant markets. The demand for a better class of furniture grew and styles possessing more character and individuality were developed to meet the new demands.

The first diversification in the industry was in the manufacture of chairs. This branch soon grew to be one of the most important and most extensive in the industry and today many factories in the state are devoted exclusively to the manufacture of chairs of multifarious grades and styles.

Although there are several important manufacturing towns in North Carolina, the center of the industry in the state and in the South is High Point, chosen because of the close proximity to the large supply of hardwood timber at that time and also the close proximity to the large eastern centers of population which would afford good markets with relatively low freight rates.

The furniture industry was at one time handicapped by the fact that it was necessary for Southern manufacturers to go to Northern markets to market their furniture. As a result of this situation, the Southern Furniture Exposition Building was erected at High Point. Until the building of the Furniture Mart at Chicago, this was the largest single furniture exposition building in the world.

Oak was originally the principal wood used, of which the Southern furniture industry secured its chief supply from North Carolina. Now mahogany and black walnut veneers are often used for the finer pieces of furniture. Red gum is now often substituted for black walnut and mahogany and other of the finer cabinet woods.

In addition to ranking first in the production of bedroom and dining room furniture, we rank fourth in the manufacture of kitchen furniture, ninth in living room and library, second in household furniture of all kinds and eighth in th manufacture of all types of furniture combined The total ontput in the state in 1942 totaled more than $35,000,000.

———:———

History is a voice forever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity.—Froude.

"DUMMY JOE," HERO

By Vincent Edwards

Go through the list of Congressional Medal winners, and you'll look for his name in vain. Check up on all the statues and plaques that have been put up for the bravest daring, and you won't find one anywhere honoring him.

But that doesn't make "Dummy Joe" any less a hero. Thousands of young Americans are alive today because of what he did. Again and again he proved himself the one chap who could be trusted to face the greatest danger without flinching. More than any other, he helped to make parachuting safe for United States Army fliers.

The fact remains, however, that "Dummy Joe" was only a dummy. He was a real sandbag man who was dropped times without number from an Army airplane at McCook's Field at Dayton to test the parachute engineers' latest creation. It was not until a parachute as worn by "Dummy Joe" seemed to operate with a wide margin of dependability that jumps were even attempted by Army fliers.

If you want to hear the whole story of parachuting, you'll have to go back more than one hundred and fifty years. Balloonists first tried them out in the late eighteenth century when they gave exhibitions, and managed to float safely to earth.

Those early "umbrellas" were no good for airplanes, however. Made of cotton fabrics, they ripped from top to bottom the minute they were exposed to the terrific wind pressure that surrounded any zooming heavier-than-air machine. Something tougher and more dependable was needed.

The Armistice of 1918 had hardly been signed before Uncle Sam's Army fliers went to work on the problem. A safe parachute was recognized as one of aviation's prime necessities. Men in the Lafayette Escadrille in the last war never forgot how Raoul Lufberry, the daring American ace, jumped from his plane when it caught fire, preferring to die falling rather than burn to death. In all, some two hundred Allied fliers died this same way when a parachute would have been a lifesaver in every case.

The United States Army men who took up the study of parachuting at McCook's Field in 1918 were under the command of Major E. L. Hoffman. A more earnest and untiring group of experimenters could not have been found. They were determined to find a way to save their fellow fliers who might be forced to "bail out" of a plane in a sudden emergency, and no task was too hard nor any idea too fantastic to recieve their consideration.

An invitation went out to manufactures and designers all over the country to send in their parachutes or any suggestion they had on the subject. From England came Lieutenant Caldwell of the Royal Flying Corps, only to meet a tragic death on a midsummer afternoon in 1919, when the harness of his parachute broke and he fell six hundred feet to the field.

It was tragedies like this that led Major Hoffman and its associates to adopt "Dummy Joe" as the hero of all their experiments. It must be

confessed that "Joe" was not much for looks. In his olive-drab uniform and with his twisted face, he could not rival Charlie McCarthy in manly beauty.

But "Dummy Joe" could always be counted on when the Army needed him. In those days of many mistakes and corrections, whenever the parachute engineers had designed a parachute that they believed would serve for airplane use, the little sandbag hero was in constant demand.

He would be tried out when the final details had not yet been perfected and the engineers were trying everything they knew to cause the parachute to open more promptly or to make it more comfortable to wear. Other problems, like giving enough strength without adding weight or lightening the parachute without weakening it, were continually being worked out.

"Dummy Joe" hadn't an atom of fear, so he was dropped from all sorts of planes and at all sorts of altitudes, The pilots were pretty rough on him sometimes. "Joe" was dropped through bomb openings of big Martin bombers, thrown overboard from other planes when he least expected it, and even pushed out when the ship had been put in a spin, on purpose, to see if it would strike him. They even tried such cruel tricks as twisting "Joe" legs in the ropes.

Instead of trusting their little hero to pull the ring that opened the parachute, the pilots had a device for opening it from inside the plane. Or they might put a kind of firecracker inside of "Joe's" luggage, with a fast time fuse, which would explode, bursting open the pack and unfolding the parachute. But even when "Joe" was singed and badly scorched, he let out not one pitiful peep.

At the beginning of the experiments, the "umbrella" often failed to open, and this was tough on "Joe." When his Army friends hurried to where he had fallen, he was usually a sad sight. Like as not, his khaki suit would be split open, and his rope and sandbag body would be showing. But when he had been sewed up, our hero never refused to go up again, and begin the experiment all over.

"Dummy Joe" was kept hard at it for two years running. The first tests were started in 1918, but it wasn't until 1920 that Army men were sure they had a parachute that would serve in every emergency. Leslie Irving was the first to try it out, and it worked perfectly. Army pilots tried it again and again until several hundred successful jumps had been made. The excellence of Uncle Sam's parachute was so well proved that it was adopted for use in both the British and Canadian air service.

But Army men have never forgotten their little sandbag friend who made it all possible. At McCook Field his record is still remembered through his proud title. If Charlie McCartly were to turn up there today, he would probably be told, "Step right up, Charlie, and meet a real American! This is Dummy Joe, the hero of five thousand jumps!"

INSTITUTION NOTES

Scout Troop Spending Week At Camp Cabarrus

On Sunday, July 18th, the twenty-eight members of the Boy Scout Troop at the Training School boarded one of the trucks belonging to the School, and were taken to Camp Cabarrus, where they are spending this week. It was as happy a lot of youngsters as ever set out on any adventure. For most of them it was the first experience of this sort, and of course they were both thrilled and excited, and were full of anticpation.

The Scouts were accompanied on the trip by Mr. John D. Corliss, their Scoutmaster, and Superintendent S. G. Hawfield. Mr Corliss, with the aid of the Scouts, had all supplies and equipment needed for a successful camping trip, and special care was used in establishing a good mental attitude among the boys. Mr. Corliss clearly had done an excellent job in getting everything in readiness.

During their stay at the Scout Camp these boys will spend much of their time in studying Scouting in general. Most of them will likely return as full-fledged First Class Scouts. During the week they will go hiking, play all kinds of games, and participate in numerous stunts and programs. They will enter into various contests in which they will encounter stiff competition from other Scout Troops in this dirtrict.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Liske, and Mr. and Mrs. Hawfield visited the boys at the camp. Mr. Liske had baked a good supply of delicious cookies for the boys, and they were thrilled with these; Mr. Adams gathered a large number of cantaloupes from the School farm, and a generous supply was carried to the boys.

Wednesday night had been set aside as "stunt night." Each troop had a chance to enter a contest. We, of the Training School, were thrilled when our boys took first place in a contest. In this stunt, Robert Goldsmith played musical selections on a French Harp and was accompanied by Billy Poteat, who really "went to town," making music with simple spoons. The audience was highly pleased and called for several encores.

Messrs. Ralph Mullinax, H. A. Nanney, and others in charge of the camp spoke very complimentary of the Training School boys and their conduct. They stated that our lads were excellent campers, and that their conduct in all activities was a real inspiration to all of the others. Our boys expect to win as many points as they can during the week, and are hopeful of winning first honors for the week. The School is indeed proud of its troop, and the future of Scouting here is very bright. More about this trip will be reported later by the boys upon their return to the School.

The following boys are spending the week at Camp Cabarrus: Marvin Bradley, Cecil Caldwell, James Cantrell, Donald Daniels, William Davis, Robert Goldsmith, Donald Grimstead, Fred Grimstead, Billy Ross Hardin, Jack Harmon, Arcemias Hefner, Donald Hobbs, Robert Hobbs, William Lane, John Lipscomb, Ira Montgomery, Robert Moses, Robert Owens,

William Poteat, John Pritchard, Roger Reid, Clyde Rhodes, Weaver F. Ruff, Dillard Shelton, Lee St. Clair, David Swink, Harry Wilson, Kenneth Wilson.

—:—

Donald Griffin, of Cottage No. 6, was called to his home in Asheville last week to attend the funeral of his grandfather. He returned to the School last Monday.

—:—

Our vineyards are beginning to produce some fine early grapes. A nice quantity was gathered a few days ago and distributed among the cottages.

—:—

Some much-needed grading has been done at the School's railroad siding. This will make it much easier to unload coal and haul it to the various buildings on the campus.

—:—

The first cantaloupes of the season were gathered this week, and were issued to the various cottage kitchens. Despite had weather they are of fine size and quality, and are being enjoyed by the entire School personnel. It has been reported to this office that we may expect some watermelons very soon. This will be welcome news to the youngsters, for watermelon feasts have always been most enjoyable occasions at the School.

—:—

Rev. R. C. Whisenhunt, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, was scheduled to conduct the service at the School last Sunday afternoon, but for some unknown reason failed to make his appearance. The boys assembled in the auditorium at the regular time, and Superintendent Hawfield made a prayer and talked briefly to them. After singing a number of their favorite hymns, the lads were dismissed, and returned to their cottages.

—:—

Our outsides forces have just about completed the threshing of small grain. It has been reported to us that the yield this season was 3,500 bushels of oats and 850 bushels of wheat. While this may sound rather small as compared to crops of other years, it will be recalled that weather conditions were largely responsible for this shortage. In the late spring, severe freezing weather damaged the young grain crops, and then later in the season continued rains also had a bad effect. Taking everything into consideration, we feel that the grain crop this year was as good as could have been expected.

—:—

Donald McFee, a former member of our printing class, who was inducted into into the United States Army about a month ago, is now a member of the Army Air Corps, and is stationed at Sheppard Field, Texas, according to information received from his mother, Mrs, L. S. Kiser, matron in charge of Cottage No. 4.

Mac entered the School, December 15, 1938, and was permitted to leave us, May 26, 1941, returning to his home in Salisbury. He soon secured employment as linotype operator, working for a while at Mt.Gilead and at Mooresville. About a year ago he went to work in a shipyard at Portsmouth, Virginia, where he was employed as shipfitter until the time of his induction into the Army.

For the benefit of those among the boys and officials who would like to write Mac, we give his present address as follows: Private Donald M. McFee,

303 T. G., 309 T. S., Barracks 691, 12th Squadron, Sheppard Field, Texas.

—:—

"The Courtship of Andy Hardy," featuring Mickey Rooney and Lewis Stone, was the chief attraction at the regular motion picture show at the School last Thursday night. A comedy, "The Alley Cat," was shown at the same time. Both are Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions.

—:—

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys are painting the interior of Cottage No. 14. While this work is being done, the cottage officer and matron, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Sappenfield, are taking their annual vacation, and the boys have been sent to other cottages.

—:—

We recently received a letter from J. W. McRorie, a former member of our printing class, who left the School in May, 1942. Since that time he has been employed as linotype operator in Clinton, South Carolina. We saw him a short time ago and he said that he was getting along fine, and we were quite surprised to learn that he had enlisted in the United States Navy. He is receiving basic training at the Naval Training Station, Bainbridge, Maryland. His letter reads in part, as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Just a few lines to to let you know that I am now in the Navy and like it fine. Please give me Bill Morgan's address as I want to write him soon and let him know that another printer is now in the Navy. Have been here about three weeks. We have really had some tough training, but I have passed every test given me so far. Some people may think I was foolish to quite the good job I had to come here, but my country comes first, always, and I wanted to do my share. Please send me a copy of The Uplift, and write when you can. Your former student, Mac."

—:—

Mr. C. B. Barber, our bookeeper, recently received letters from four of our old boys who are now in the United States armed forces, as follows:

PFC A. C. Elmore, Jr., of the United States Marine Corps writes from the South Pacific battle area that he is getting along fine and has enjoyed hearing from the School. He has received copies of The Uplift sent him from time to time, and says he reads them from cover to cover. He was a little upset due to the fact that he had received word that his mother was ill and had been taken to a hospital, but expressed the hope that she was better at the time he wrote. A. C. must be getting along all right since he has been a Private First Class for several months.

Private E. Allard Brantley, of the United States Marine Corps, also writes from somewhere in the Pacific that he is getting along nicely and is enjoying life. He mentioned the fact that he and A. C. had been separated after serving ten months in the same unit. He, too, told how much he enjoyed reading The Uplift and commented on the list of former boys in service, many of whom he remembers.

Eugene Hefner, second-class seaman, of the United States Navy, has written from the Pacific area, stating that he is well and is doing fine. Eugene completed his basic training early last spring, and has been at

sea most of the time since then. He requests that some of the boys, as well as the workers at the School, write him.

PFC William Henry Glover, of the United States Marine Corps, tells us that he is enjoying life with the "devil dogs," but is at a base the location of which he cannot mention because of military restrictions. Evidently he is not so very far out. since his letter came via air mail two days after it was written. His forwarding address is in care of Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

We feel sure these lads would appreciate hearing from members of the School staff and boys of their acquaintance. Those who care to write them, may obtain their complete forwarding addresses at the office.

—:—

Some slose games were played in the local baseball leagues last Saturday afternoon. In League Number One, the First Cottage team took over the lead, defeating the Eighth Cottage boys as the Receiving Cottage lads lost to the Fourth Cottage team. The tenth Cottage team, in League Number Two, kept its slate clean by shutting out the boys from Thirteenth Cottage. The scores:

League Number One—First Cottage 9 Eighth Cottage 2; Fourth Cottage 4 Receiving Cottage 3; Fifth Cottage 15 Third Cottage 1.

League Number Two—Tenth Cottage 5 Thirteenth Cottage 0; Ninth Cottage 10 Fourteenth Cottage 8; Eleventh Cottage 10 Fifteenth Cottage 7.

CLUB STANDINGS

League Number One

	W	L	Pct
First Cottage	9	1	.900
Receiving Cottage	9	2	.818
Fourth Cottage	7	3	.700
Fifth Cottage	5	6	.455
Third Cottage	2	9	.182
Eighth Cottage	0	11	.000

League Number Two

	W	L	Pct
Tenth Cottage	9	0	1.000
Thirteenth Cottage	7	4	.636
Fourteenth Cottage	5	5	.500
Eleventh Cottage	4	6	.400
Ninth Cottage	3	7	.300
Fifteenth Cottage	2	9	.182

———:———

Faith is the backbone of the social and the foundation of the commercial fabric; remove faith between man and man and society and commerce fall to pieces. There is not a happy home on earth but stands on faith; our heads are pillowed on it, we sleep at night in its arms with greater security for the safety of our lives, peace and prosperity than bolts and bars can give.

—Thomas Guthrie.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending July 18, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Robert Finley
William Love
Ira Montgomery
Weaver Ruff
Richard Shehan
Malcom Seymour
Lee St. Clair
Harry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Thomas Barnes
Richard Billings
Roland Brooks
George Cox
Marion Cox
Douglas Dorsett
Jack Gray
Jack Harmon
Leonard Lovelace
Walter Riggs
David Swink
Luther Vaughn
Frank Walker
John Franks
Rufus Massingill
Jerry Talbert
Newman Tate
Lee Turner

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Hurley Bell
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Albert Hames
Arthur Ingle
Dewey Lanning
Elbert Russ
Milton Talley
Lawrence Littlejohn
Hugh Cornwell

COTTAGE NO. 4

William Davis
William Deaton
Elster Jones
William Lanning
Roy Patton
Lewis Sawyer
Roy Swink
Walter Thomas
Ernest Turner
Edward VanHoy
Eugene Watts
William C. Willis
Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 5

William Gentry
Eugene Kerman
Sidney Knighting
Jesse King
William Penninger
Truby Ricks
Eugene Stubbs
Willford Richard Seegers

COTTAGE NO. 6

Eugene Bowers
Kenneth Caldwell
Charlton Cox
Ralph Gibson
Everett Galleon
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
Samuel Lynn
Jacob Myers
Sanford McLean
James McMahan
Hayes Powell
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7

Albert Allen
Joseph Case
R. C. Combs
John Fine
Wallace Foster
Donald Grimstead
William Hardin
Cecil Kinion
Amos Myers
Jerry Ray
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 8

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 9

Robert Brady
Cecil Caldwell
Leonard Church

Riley Denny
Eugene Dyson
Fred Grimstead
Edward Guffey
Thomas Ingram
James Jarvis
Winley Jones
Alfred Lamb
Charles McClenney
Robert Owens
Troy Parris
Lawrence Rice
George Strayhorne
Milford Ward
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

Paul Alphin
William Butler
Fred Carswell
Jack Clifton
C. W. Cline
Arcemias Hefner
Clifford Spriggs
E. C. Stamey
Charles Tate
A. B. Woodard
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Marvin Bradley
Frank Fargis
Robert Goldsmith
William Guffey
Fred Holland
Robert Moses
Leon Rose
J. C. Rhodes
Edgar Shell
Ray Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Donald Hobbs
Robert Hobbs
Walter Neagle
Dillard Shelton

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Fred Bostian
Robert Caudle
John Fargis
William Harding
Robert Holbert
William Lane
William E. Lanford
James Linebarrier
Roy Mumford
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pittman
Peter Tuttle
Robert Travis
John Pritchard
Walter Stansberry
Paul Stone

COTTAGE NO. 15

James Cantrell
Burley Edmondson
David Lewis
Roger Reid
Evans Watson
John Watts
Olin Wishorn

INDIAN COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

INFIRMARY

Harold McKinney
James Parker

THREE FITS

There are three kinds of men in the world: fits, misfits, and counterfeits. Fits are those men who fit naturally into the scheme of things. Misfits are those who, owing to their inaptitude, are square pegs in round holes. Counterfeits are those who are mentally cut on the bias, and who imagine that they can fool an entire world simply because they can fool themselves.—Speakers Library.

C 56

(Orange County)
(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., JULY 31, 1943 No. 31

AUG 3 1943
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

YOUR MENTAL ATTITUDE

When some men are having a season of hard luck, they just naturally get set against the thought of ever having any good luck, and in that mental attitude they are seldom disappointed.

They get the habit of mentally hanging on to their past hard luck and of course they cannot handle any good luck when it happens to come their way.

They seem to have the necessory courage to combat ill luck, but they have lost the common sense to look in the direction of better luck.

Your mental attitude indicates about what you have reason to expect. If you are thinking of nothing but disappointment and defeat, you will always be in a drowning frame of mind—sinking before you try to swim.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
OUR PART IN SEVEN WARS	By W. C. Hendricks	8
MONEY PROBLEMS OF EARLY TAR HEELS	By M. E. Parker	12
SILK EMBARGO GIVES RAYON CHANCE TO PROVE WORTH	(The Charlotte Observer	17
THE TRAVELING LIBRARY	By Harry Z. Tucker	20
THE BEAUTIES OF WHITESIDE	By Judge Felix E. Alley	22
INSTITUTION NOTES		24
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

IMMORTALITY OF HOPE

And charm, when pleasures lose the power to please.
Yes, let each rapture, dear to nature, flee;
Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea—
Mirth Music, Friendship, Love's propitious smile,
Chase every care, and charm a little while;
Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,
And all her strings are harmonized to joy.
Eternal hope! When yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the March of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade—
When all the sister planets have decayed;
When wrapped in fire, the realms of ether glow,
And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
Thou, undismayed. shall o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

—Thomas Campbell.

CLEAN YOUR PLATE

There was time when information from the camps for our soldiers was to the effect that there was much waste of food. Such reports at the time were apalling, or rather discouraging, because in many instances self-denial was practiced so as to contribute to the cause. The entire plan of feeding the soldiers has changed. They are made to feel that economy is necessary not only to the civilian but to the men in training for service. The slogan when meals are served is "Clean Your Plate," therefore, small quantities of food are found

in the garbage cans. In each camp there is a mess inspector and if there is a waste of a certain kind of food found in the garbage, the menu is changed to suite the appetites of the boys. Uncle Sam desires that our soldiers be sufficiently and properly nourished, but is equally careful of waste.

The information from Morris Field tells briefly an interesting story. For instance, after the serving of 1,800 meals, there is found only two garbage cans filled with food. This shows that every detail of training in this camp is not only observed but practiced. The government will have accommplished a miracle if the thousands of boys in training are taught conservatism. This spirit of economy will be taken to the homes, and people throughout America will be taught lessons of thift. All of us know full well that we are accepted as a people who are rather extravagant. "Clean Your Plate" is a fine slogan to be practiced in homes, especially where there are children. You can take a thrifty family, and look back into history of that particular home and find that the parents are usually very conservative.

* * * * * * * *

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY

One of the many fine and informative programs given out over the radio is a medley of old songs, and one of the airs recently played was "Yankee Doodle." This popular song is familiar for it has been passed down from one generation to another for ages, but we wager that few people know anything as to its origin. We give the following, thinking it will prove interesting to many of our readers, especially those who appreciate folk lore:

Nobody knows just how or why Yankee Doodle became our national ditty. We know that our poverty-stricken, ill-equipped soldiers cheered their spirits by singing it during the weary marches of the American Revolution. The story goes that a certain Doctor Schuckburg, an army surgeon, was responsible for introducing to the army as a famous military air of England what really was an ancient nursery rhyme. His joke was more successful that he could have foreseen. It found favor with our ragged regiments. The rollicking verse joined to the melody suited the rough and ready

spirits of the rank and file. The tune has won high favor from no less an authority than the famous pianist Paderewski. From Rubenstein, too, who played it with variations while in America. Many different words have been set to it. After the original doggerel, the most noteworthy version is perhaps the Battle of the Kegs, written by Francis Hopkinson, father of the Hopkinson who wrote Columbia. This poem commemorates a well-known incident of the Revolution, an attempt by David Bushnell, of Connecticut, to blow up the British fleet at the mouth of the Connecticut River by floating kegs of powder on them. The attempt failed through the premature explosion of one keg.

From time to time more dignified words have been written to the tune of Yankee Doodle, but none have succeeded in replacing the first doggerel in popularity. Yankee Doodle, as we know it, has been aptly called "our national Mother Goose, the nursery rhyme of the American Army."

* * * * * * * * *

The Mooresville Enterprise has this to say concerning the necessity for exterminating rats and mice: "Sometimes one or two, sometimes just passing through, but almost every home in Mooresville has had to rid the premises of mice. They come and go, are pests we dislike as they destroy and damage, but we don't abhor them as we do rats. Rats we fight because we think of them spreading disease and as a health hazard we don't waste time in a effort to exterminate this menace. There is no reason for panic around here, but we might bear in mind that recently two scientists found through research, that mice can carry infantile paralysis germs and although you have mice you do not necessarily have the disease present. But mice are found to be carriers. Upon the outbreak of infantile paralysis in a neighborhood, discovering a dead mouse in the house where the illness was fatal, trapping them there and also within a half-mile area of the diseased section, the doctors found the mice to contain the same virus as the human. Let us beware of mice as well as rats."

From another exchange we gather the following information: "The Carteret County Health Department recently called a meeting

at Marshallberg at the Methodist Church, for the purpose of discussing problems of rat control, and diseases spread by rats. The public was invited to attend."

This same menace to health is probably present in all localities, but we know there are many breeding places in the city of Concord which should be cleaned up, and trust the Health Department will lose no time in so doing. An epidemic of infantile paralysis is something to be feared at all times, but more so at present when all of America's man-power is needed in the effort to successfully wage a war against great oppression. Let's clean out the places which harbor these disease-carrying rodents.

* * * * * * * *

When you grow disheartened, and it seems as though everything in the world were organized to quench enthusiasm, read again the story of the lives of brave men. Try to enter into their spirit. Experiment with the so-called misfortune which may be falling to your lot. See whether they cannot make a hero of you. Commit to memory those words of Ralph Waldo Emerson:

> So close to glory is our dust!
> So near is God to man—
> When duty whispers low, "Thou must!"
> The youth replies, "I can."

Deep in our hearts we admire most of all the man who "quits himself like men." As Browning puts it in his last poem:

> One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
> Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never feared though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
> Sleep to wake.

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

* * * * * * * *

HISTORIC JULY

The embassies hold a continual field day during July. It could be called "Thirty-one Days of Hemisphere Solidarity." Our own Fourth of July is just the starter. Five Latin American countries

also celebrate their independence days during July with appropriate flag unfurling on Embassy Row. Venezuela fires off her rockets on July 5th; Argentina on the 9th; Uruguay on July 18th; Colombia on July 20th; Peru on July 28th. Significant that on July 12, 1910, the Fourth International Conference of American States opened its sessions in Buenos Aires and adopted the name "Pan American Union," for its Washington headquarters. And the office of the Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs was established July 20, 1941. July not ony makes men perspire in this town, but seems to inspire men's souls.—The Lutheran.

* * * * * * * *

PENICILLIN

The new developments in the progress of medical science will never cease. Each day we hear of some new medicine that is more effective than any other method used previously to relieve human suffering. The latest is penicillin. It is stated in an article in The Reader's Digest known as "The Yellow Magic of Penicillin." This medicine comes from a primitive plant and is comparable to the green mould in Roquefort cheese. By experimenting it has been found to be more effective in saving human life than some of the sulfa drugs. We all stand aghast to see what may happen in the future in the line of medicine.

* * * * * * * *

"Music is the politics of the future." So says Dr. Enrique de Marchena, of the Dominican Republic. He is a graduate of the University of Santa Domingo, oldest in the Americas, having been established in 1538. The Doctor holds that as nations learn more of each other's music they will understand more of each other's minds and philosophies. He believes that music is the best approach to unity. He points to our continued love of Wagner and other German musicians as illustrations of his conviction that music has in it the genius to overcome political hatreds. So, "Music is the politics of the future."—Exchange.

OUR PART IN SEVEN WARS

By W. C. Hendricks, in The State

The present world conflict is the seventh war to which North Carolina, since the attainment of statehood, has furnished men, materials, and treasure.

To date, North Carolinians have made by far a greater contribution to the winning of the Second World War than they have to any previous war. But in percentage ff the State's population supplied to the armed forces, in the number and percentage of casualties sustained, in sacrifice, and suffering, the extent of the State's participation in this war does not even approximate its record in the War Between the States.

North Carolinians fought in many wars during the Colonial period, also. While these were insignificant affairs judged by modern standards of all-out war, some of them brought much suffering to the colonists and they were vital to the course of the colony's development.

The Revolutionary War was a harrowing and bitter experience for the people of North Carolina, fraught with suffering, privation, and heavy losses, both in men and property. The State had no industry to speak of at the outbreak of the war, and efforts for the cause of independence were handicapped by the lack of a strong continental government, the weakness of the State government, the poverty of the people, dissention among the Whigs, and the ever-present and militant hostility of the Tories, who were both strong and resourceful.

North Carolina depended for its own defense upon the militia and minutemen whose personnel was raised, organized, armed, paid, and maintained, such as it was, by the State. The militiamen elected their own company officers; field officers were elected by the general assembly, and the governor served as commander-in-chief.

In 1782 Gov. Alexander Martin reported that the militia included 26,822 men, though it is impossible to determine how many of these ever saw action. However it was the militiamen who beat the Tories at Moore's Creek Bridge and liquidated the haughty Ferguson at Kings Mountain. The militiamen, aided by Whig partisans, carried the brunt of the internecine warfare with the Tories.

Besides the militia, the State raised ten battalions of troops for the Continental Line. Although North Carolina never succeeded in bringing its Continental troops up to their full quota, the published list of the State's ten battalions contain 5,454 names, including all who had died, were taken prisoner, were discharged, or deserted. The historian R. D. W. Connor estimates that not less than ten per cent of the whole number were included in the desrters.

With the outbreak of the second war with Great Britain in 1812, North Carolina provided 7,000 soldiers and the general assembly in 1813 appropriated $75,000 to arm and equip the State's troops, following up the next year with $55,000 more. On July 11, 1813, Admiral Cockburn, with a fleet

of seven vessels, entered Ocracoke Inlet and landed troops at Portsmouth and Shell Castle. He seized two American ships, helped himself to all the livestock within range, and destroyed a considerable amount of property. Gov. William Hawkins organized a force to attack the Britishers but Cockburn elected to withdraw in the direction of Florida.

North Carolina troops were dispatched to the Creek country, to Norfolk, to the southern frontier of the nation. Outstanding North Carolinians in this war were Otway Burns and Johnston Blakely, who, with their privateers, wreaked havoc with British shipping, and Col. Benjamin Forsythe, slain near Odelltown after distinguishing himself in fighting on the Canadian frontier.

The War with Mexico was not wholly popular with North Carolinians and the State's contribution to the military escort was far from heroic. In May 1846 President Polk called upon Gov.William A. Graham for a regiment of volunteers, composed of 10 companies of 100 men each. More than three times the number responded and the 10 campanies were chosen by lot. The company officers were elected by the men; field officers were appointed by the governor. Each officer and soldier was to provide his own uniforms, for which he was allowed $3.50 per month payable six months in advance—an arrangement that did not meet with acceptance until it was improved. They were paid 50 cents for each 20 miles traveled en route to the muster centers at Charlotte and Wilmington. In addition to the 1,000 men, two companies were organized for the regular army. The general assembly appropriated $10,000 for equipment and authorized the governor to spend an additional $10,000 at discretion.

In March 1847 the North Carolina regiment, reached Mexico. Discipline is said to have been low, a near-mutiny occurred when the soldiers raided a wooden horse used in meting out punishment, the colonel shot a couple of soldiers, and the officers tried to force him out. The regiment had very little to do with fighting Mexicans. However, service in the regular army developed such North Carolinians as Braxton Bragg, James G. Martin, and Joseph Lane, who were to give a good account of themselves in the War Between the States.

North Carolina's contribution to the Confederate Army was the most outstanding of any of the Southern States. The adjutant general reported on Nov. 19, 1864, that North Carolina had provided a total of 125,000 men, in the following categories: transferred to Confederate service, 64,636; conscripts, 18,585; volunteers since date of the original rolls, 21,-608, unattached units and in regiments of other states, 3,103; regulars in state service, 3,203; junior reserves, 4,217; senior reserves, 5,686; home guard and militia.

The North Carolinians were organized in more than 80 regiments. To arm its own men the State had a few muskets but secured 37,000 more, also a battery of artillery, and ammunition and equipment with the seisure of the U.S. arsenal at Fayetteville. North Carolina turned over some of the muskets to Virginia and then, to meet its own growing deficiencies, imported arms from abroad and began

the manufacture of ordnance within the State. A factory in Guilford turned out more than 10,000 muskets in one year. A powder mill in Raleigh, subsidized by the State, expanded rapidly so that the State was able to turn over large amounts of ammunition to the Confederate government.

North Carolina was the only State that undertook to clothe its troops, which it did by buying cloth at home and abroad, and by the manufacture of homespun. With the decrease of supplies the State bought from England the blockade-runner, Ad-Vance, and also owned an interest in the Hansa and the Don. These, as well as other blockade-runners, making port at Wilmington, were able to supply not only the North Carolina troops, but the greater part of Lee's army until the port was closed with the fall of Fort Fisher.

From soon after the beginning of the war Union forces occupied part of the State's seaboard. In the final phases Sherman's army entered the State from South Carolina, and after battles at Averasboro and Bentonville took Goldsboro, occupied Raleigh, and pursued Gen. Joseph E. Johnston to beyond Durham, where the latter surrendered at the Bennett House.

For the Spanish-American War, North Carolina furnished three regiments of infantry—two of whites and one of Negroes. White troops were trained at Camp Bryan Grimes, in Raleigh, the Negroes at Camp Dan Russell, Fort Macon. None of these troops saw any fighting but after Havana fell the first regiment was moved to the Cuban capital for a short time.

North Carolina's contribution to the American forces in the First World War totaled 86,457. The State's National Guard was incorporated in the 30th (Old Hickory) Division, while many of the men inducted under selective service were assigned to units of the 81st (Wildcat) Division. Both divisions were in action, both suffered casualties. The 30th Division, brigaded with the 27th (New York) Division, was in the action that breached the famous Hindenburg Line and helped bring about the collapse of German resistance. The principal training camps in the State were Camp Polk, Raleigh; Camp Greene, Charlotte; and Camp (later Fort) Bragg, near Fayetteville. The war was brought to North Carolina's coast on August 8, 1918, when a German submarine sank the Diamond Shoals lightship, and eight days later sank the British tanker Mirlo off Rodanthe. Of the North Carolinians in the armed forces 833 were killed in battle or died of wounds and 1,542 died of disease.

Up to June 1, 1943, there were 215,000 North Carolinians serving in the armed forces of the United States, according to figures released by the adjudant general. Of these 41,500 were members of the National Guard before being activated as part of the United States Army, 136,257 were inducted through Selective Service, and 71,150 others were in the various branches of the service. It has been stated the military camps in North Carolina contain one-third of all the troops in training in the South, and that one-third of all the United States troops in training are in the South. Although there is no means by which

a layman can estimate the number of servicemen in North Carolina camps, airports, and other training centers, it is believed that 500,000 would be a conservative figure.

The war effort predominates the entire life of the State. Besides the numerous training camps and centers situated in all parts of the State, North Carolina's economy is highly geared to a win-the-war program. The farms, mines, mills and shops are striving for more and more production. The State's industrial structure has been enormously expanded to take care of increased demands; the educational system is being adapted to war needs.

Yet despite the colossal contribution to the winning of World War 2 which has been made to date in North Carolina, the people of the State, as stated above, have not paid nearly as high a price, relatively, as they did in 1861-65. The 125,000 men provided to the armed forces of the Confederacy by North Carolina represented 12.5 per cent of its total population. Nearly one-third of them, or 40,305 men gave their lives for the "lost cause." Of these 14,452 were killed in battle, 3,151 died of wounds, and 20,602 died of disease. The war impoverished the State's people for nearly a generation, its outcome over turned an economic system based on the plantation and slave labor.

The 86,457 servicemen provided by North Carolina for the First World War represented about 3.9 percent of the State's population. Losses by death represented only 2.7 percent of those in service. A business boom, rather than stagnation, followed the war.

The State's contribution to the armed forces in the present war to date is equivalent to about 5.9 per cent of the 1940 population. Losses so far have been relatively light, though total figures are unavailable. To reach the same relative contribution to the military forces as was made in the War Between the States North Carolina would have to provide 468,952 men and women, more than twice the number now in uniform. To approximate the property losses sustained in the '60's, the State must needs be overrun or widely bombed by the enemy and its economic system overturned.

No army of a foreign foe has occupied any part of North Carolina's soil since 1813, and no land battles have been fought within its boundaries since 1865. But enemy action has taken place in the waters off North Carolina's coast both in the First World War and in the present war. What the future holds no one can foretell. Americans have been warned by their national leaders to expect and prepare for enemy bombardments from the air both on the Atiantic and Pacific coasts. If North Carolina should be attacked,, the State's people and resources are organized and prepared for defense.

MONEY PROBLEMS OF EARLY TAR HEELS

By Mattie Erma Parker

High prices, high taxes, high rents —these are familiar topics today. They were also familiar to the people living in North Carolina at the time of the Revolution — and for many years before the Revolution. Perhaps in those days these topics represented even more difficult problems for the individual than they do now. For in colonial times paying taxes, rents, or other debts often meant hauling barrels of tar several miles through a swamps, or weighing out and delivering a quantity of feathers, cheese, butter, corn, or the like. Not only did the early North Carolina colonist have the difficulty of transporting his "money," but in addition he faced the problem of reaching an agreement with his creditor as to how much and what would he accepted in payment of the debt. Even if he paid coin, which he rarely could do, there was still a question as to how much was owed, for the value of coins varied from place to place and from time to time.

In theory English coins were the real money in North Carolina, as well as in the other British colonies. Actually, however, there were so few coins in the province that business could not have been carried on if only hard money had been used for exchange. North Carolina was usually in debt to the mother country, and goods sent to England were credited on these debts and did not bring money into the colony in return.

Trade with Spain, France, Portugal, and their possessions did bring in gold and silver from those countries and these and a few other foreign coins made up the metallic money of colonial North Carolina. The most important of these coins in the ealy days was the Spanish "piece of eight" (eight reals). After 1728 Spain issued the Spanish milled dollar in place of the "piece of eight," and this then became the best known coin in North Carolina. The Spanish half dollar, quarter dollar, and three smaller coins circulated as change, while the chief gold coins in the colony were the Portuguese johannes or joe (valued at sixteen Spanish dollars), the moidore (six Spanish dollars), and the Spanish and French pistole (worth a litte less than four Spanish dollars).

Although there were practically no English coins in the colony, nevertheless prices of goods were set in English pounds and shillings. Foreign coins, therefore, had to be valued in English money. A Spanish dollar contained only as much silver as four and one-half English shillings; but in the colonies it was accepted as the equivalent of six or eight shillings, and sometimes more. In the year 1704 a British royal proclamation was issued stating that in England's American colonies the Spanish dollar should be accepted as the equivalent of six English shillings, while other foreign coins were to be valued on the same scale in proportion to their weight. But the colonists paid little attention to the proclamation, and

the value of foreign coin continued to vary.

Although Queen Anne's proclamation failed to establish a value for foreign coins in the colonies, it did provide a name for those coins, for they came to be known as "proclamation money." While at first the term was used to refer to the rate at which foreign coins exchanged for English money, in time it came to be applied to the coins themselves. In North Carolina a Spanish dollar was usually worth eight shillings in English money, and was referred to as "eight shilling proclamation."

Since coins were so scarce, few people had hard money with which to pay their debts. Therefore, in return for the articles or services they obtained, the colonistsg gave whatever commodities they produced. Even rents and taxes were paid in rice, corn, wheat, feathers, butter, cheese, furs, tar, pitch, tobacco, and other produce. These commodities were used as money throughout the colonial period, and were considered the real money of the province. The direct exchange of goods, known as barter, was so general in North Carolina that laws were passed setting a value for the commodities most frequently exchanged. Since these laws rated the commodities in terms of "proclamation money," and since they were used in place of coin, the commodities also came to be known as "proclamation money."

Although laws established certain exchange values for barter commodities, the market value of these articles varied according to supply, demand, and other circumstances. In 1731, for example, the market value of deer-skins was about the same as their legal value, while pitch and tar had fallen to one-fourth the legal valuation. As early as 1709 the Reverend William Gordon wrote that people kept the best articles and paid out the ones which were not actually worth their legal rating, for it was more profitable to use the latter as money than to sell them on the market. Governor Gabriel Johnston complained that the inhabitants insisted on paying their quit rents "in the worst and most bulky kind of their Produce, such as Butter, Cheese Feathers, Tallow, Tarr, Pitch, Indian Corn," and that the expense of collecting these would amount to more than the value of the articles received.

Under such circumstances it was not only difficult to carry on business but it was also a problem to obtain sufficient revenue to conduct the government. In 1711, when the bloody war with the Tuscarora Indians began, there were neither coin nor commodities in the treasury. To meet the emergency, the provincal assembly issued paper money, and so began a series of efforts to solve the money problem by issuing notes. This method might have been successful had it been properly handled. But many mistakes were made, and criminal abuses arose, so that the paper money added more difficulties to business conditions.

The first bills, issued in 1712, were used in paying debts arising from the Tuscarora war. In fact, they were really postponements of the debts, for bills were simply promises of the colony to pay a specified amount of proclamation money after enought taxes had been collected to

do so. At the same time a tax was levied which would enable the colony to pay the notes with interest. The bills, according to law, were to be accepted as money on an equal basis with barter commodities.

But the Indians remained troublesome, and more bills were issued. When the time came to pay the first notes, they were simply exchanged for new ones. Moreover, the assembly reduced the tax which had been levied to pay off the bills when they fell due. The failure of the colony to live up to its promises caused distrust of the paper money. People began asking higher prices when paid in currency than they demanded in barter or silver, and soon prices in paper money were five times as high as prices in silver. But those who had silver kept it and spent currency, for there was danger that the value of paper money would fall still lower, while silver would always be good. Since the few gold and silver coins that had been in circulation were now hoarded, business was carried on almost entirely with paper currency and with the less valuable barter commodities. The result was an almost constant rise in prices.

Most people interpreted the rise of prices (which was in reality caused by lack of confidence in the paper money) as an indication that more money was needed. So the Assembly continued to issue bills, still making inadequate provision for securing them.

The increase in paper money helped many people, especially those who were in debt; for the more money there was and the higher prices were, the easier it was for debtors to pay what they owed. Creditors had a hard time, however, for the money they received would not buy as much as that which they had loaned or contracted for. One minister mournfully wrote in 1749, "Creditors in Time of War are paid in commodities that cannot be sold, and in time of peace in paper Bills of no real value." With several kinds of money in use, and with the value of each varying from day to day, to put it mildly, business conditions were bad.

Each piece of paper currency was really the colony's promissory note, which was eventually to be paid from taxes or other sources of income. By 1748 this debt had become so great that there was little likelihood that so poor a colony as North Carolina could ever pay it. At that time the bills would buy only a tenth as much as the law said they should.

The notes were legally payable in English or foreign coin at the proclamation rate of exchange, so paper currency, like foreign coin and barter commodities, was called "proclamation money" by the colonists. Actually, however, the notes were payable in barter commodities, which likewise were valued at proclamation rates and which in the public mind were the "money" of the province.

In 1748 the assembly undertook to improve the condition of the currency. The old currency, known as "old proc," was replaced by a new issue, which became known as "new proc." The new notes, which were exchanged for the old at the rate of seven and one-half shillings "old proc" for one shilling "new proc."

About this time an effort was made

to do away with the old barter money. New laws declared the barter commodities no longer acceptable in payment of debts. But the commodities might be placed in certain warehouses where "inspectors' notes" were given in exchange. These notes, which were used in paying taxes and private debts, became important in the eastern districts; but in the western counties, which were too far from the warehouses to profit from the system, the old barter money continued to be used.

Throughout the colonial period counterfeiters were industrious, and the circulation of spurious notes added to the confused state of the currency. Although severe penalties for counterfeiting were provided by law, the practice continued. So clever were the counterfeiters that it was sometimes impossible for even the authorities to recognize counterfeit notes.

Most of the difficulty with the currency, however, seems to have been due to the fact that the colony lacked a sound, well enforced system of taxation. Except for a few light import duties and an occasional tax on land, poll taxes were the only source of revenue. These were poorly collected, and sheriffs were often negligent or dishonest in turning over to the treasury the money they did collect. Instead of levying better taxes, or requiring sheriffs to collect those levied, the government tolerated negligence and dishonesty; then, when notes fell due and there was no fund for paying them, new bills were exchanged for the old ones. There was no telling how far the province would go in failing to redeem its pledges, and people were reluctant to accept its notes.

When the Revolution began, the financial condition of North Carolina was serious. The public funds were exhausted and no taxes had been collected for two years. Moreover, the majority of the people opposed the levying of taxes, and insisted that the colony should continue to pay its debts by creating new note issues.

The public feeling that no taxes should be levied had its weight with Revolutionary assemblies. Notes were issued to pay military expenses, but taxes to provide for paying the notes did not go into immediate effect. In fact, taxation in North Carolina was practically suspended until 1780.

Of course paper money issued under such conditions soon became worthless. In December, 1780, $725 in paper was worth only $1 in silver. Finally creditors refused to accept the paper money at all.

After the utter collapse of the currency, barter became common again. People also began spending the gold and silver coins they had hoarded, and by 1782 gold and silver were plentiful and remained so until they were once more replaced by paper.

By 1783 the old paper currency had completely disappeared from circulation and North Carolina was on a specie basis. But that year new notes were issued. These soon depreciated and two years later another issue was made. These likewise fell in value.

When North Carolina joined the Federal Union in 1789 the inflated currency was one of the most de-

moralizing influences in the state. Not only were business conditions confused, but the practice of manipulating state and private transactions had become so general that business and government were honeycombed with fraud. Members of the assembly used their power over the currency to increase their private gains and popularity; many of them opposed ratification of the Federal Constitution because it prohibited the states from issuing bills of credit, and so would prevent the continuation of practices from which they were profiting personally.

The Federal Constitution was ratified, however, and the issuing of bills of credit by the state was ended. But there was still the problem of paying off the notes that had already been issued and making the state's monetary system conform to that of the United States. In addition to the notes issued in 1783 and 1785, there were in circulation many of the old "state dollars" issued during the Revolution, as well as the large quantity of treasurer's certificates and a great many "Continental dollars." The Continental dollars were not North Carolina's responsibility, for they had been issued by the Continental Congress. Nor did the old "state dollars" have to be redeemed, as they had been repudiated as legal tender in 1783. The "state dollars" were still receivable as taxes, however, and their reduction was desirable. Therefore quantities paid in for taxes each year were burned by order of the finance committee of the legeslature.

The honor and credit of the state required payment of the obligations represented by the treasurer's certificates, which had been authorized, during the period when paper currency was without value, to take care of the state's obligations those from whom money, goods, and services had been obtained. The majority of these certificates were redeemed by exchange for public land beyond the mountains or for land confiscated from the Tories, or used in payment of taxes. As the certificates came into the fiscal offices they were supposed to be burned, but often the officers re-issued them. Depreciation, counterfeiting, and frauds of verious types prolonged their redemption, which was not completed until 1818 or later.

The problem of redeeming the state currency was also urgent. Although the dollar currency of the United States was also recognized as the lawful currency of the state, the North Carolina pound, shilling, and pence currency issued in 1783 and 1785 was too widely circulated to make it practical to keep records in dollars and cents. Moreover, the state currency was continually depreciating, and no new bills of credit could be issued to replace the depreciated notes. Some effort was made to redeem the currency by taxation; but the general antipathy to taxation was so great that the taxes were soon suspended. In the end the currency was retired by the dividends from bank stock and by the cooperation of banking institutions, which exchanged currency for their own notes, then paid it to the state as dividends on state-owned stock. By 1816 enough of the state currency had been retired to make it possible to reckon business transactions in terms of dollars and cents instead of pounds and shillings.

But there were some state notes still in circulation as late as 1835.

Today there are few pieces of the old state money in existence. These are found chiefly in museums and in the albums of collectors, where they serve as reminders that we are not the first people to have debts, taxes, and inflation, and that earlier money problems were sometimes worse than our own.

SILK EMBARGO GIVES RAYON REAL CHANCE TO PROVE ITS WORTH

(The Charlotte Observer)

It took an embargo on silk two years ago to prove that rayon had grown up. Even then, most people, southerners included, had not yet realized that rayon was the second most important textile fiber in this country. Few Carolinians had realized that 40 per cent of the nation's rayon was fabricated in their home states.

Until the summer of 1941 when the embargo was laid, the average consumer raised a skeptical eyebrow at rayon. She still thought it was the same slazy, shiny material of the late 20's. After the embargo she began to notice rayon. Then she discovered she had unconsciously been using many rayon products.

For the last 10 years, she learned, rayon had been vital to her wardrobe and household in such items as coats, suits, dresses, blouses, lingerie, bathrobes, sport shirts, slacks, handkerchiefs, piece goods, bedspreads, curtains, draperies and upholstery. .She soon found that, as far as she was concerned, the silk embargo was merely the end of 10 years' trend.

Came the war and governmental procurement agencies learned that rayon and other man-made yarns were also suitable for such vital materials as parachutes, two targets, uniform linings. A distinctive fiber in itself, rayon has been developed so that now it not only supplies the need for fabrics especially adopted to its character, but also, it serves as a satisfactory replacement for many products once made of natural fibres.

Last year rayon was rated second most important textile fiber in the country, and in pounds consumed was surpassed only by cotton. Rayon production in the United States jumped from 51,000,000 pounds in 1925 to 632,000,000 pounds in 1942.

The year 1925 is significant in rayon weaving, for it was about this time that the first rayon cloth was successfully produced on a quantity basis in the Carolinas. The two states built on that early lead and today are using over 200,000,000 pounds of rayon annually in the production of various types of cloth. About 40 per cent of the broad rayon goods (fabrics over 12 inches in wdth) woven in the United States are made in the mills of the Piedmont section of North Caro-

lina and South Carolina.

The history of the rise of rayon weaving in this country has been written largely in the two Carolinas. The first large scale development of rayon draperies, dress goods and lingerie started in these states. Today rayon is the main raw material of such leading textile organizations in the Piedmont as Burlington Mills with 33 mills in North Carolina alon; Carter Fabrics, Greensboro; Dunean Mills, and Judson Greensville, S. C.; Slater and Son, Slater, South Carolina; National Weaving company, Lowell, N. C.; Pinehurst Silk mills, Hemp, N. C.

Rayon got its start in the mid 20's when the gingham industry, centered in the Piedmont South, began to slow-up. A general depression brought the price of cotton, out of which gingham is made, down from 35 to 15 cents a pound. To save their holdings, gingham manufacturers began to look for something new, something not subject to violent fluctuations in the commodity market. Rayon proved to be the answer. At first they combined rayon with cotton to produce a novelty gingham. Other weavers found rayon adaptabale to such decorative fabrics as bedspreads and draperies. Then other uses were developed.

By the late 20's many of the major techinical problems had been overcome and producers realizeed that rayon had its possibilities as a fiber for dress goods and lingerie.

In the early 30's the rayon weaving trade expanded into six classes of mills; cotton mills that combined cotton with rayon in their goods, cotton mills that set up departments for making all rayon fabrics, cotton mills that built separate rayon weaving plants, new mills that were designed to weave both rayon and cotton. a group of silk mills that ran rayon along with the silk fiber and finally, plants equipped especially and solely for rayon.

Along with the developments in the rayon weaving industry, rayon yarn producers began to expand their operations. The only rayon producing plant in the two Carolinas is the American Enka corporation at Enka, North Carolina which today supplies weaving markets with from six to seven per cent of the continuous filament rayon produced in the United States.

Improvement in both yarns and machinery continued, and rayon rapidly brought new life into Piedmont communities during the depression years. New mills were erected. New machinery was moved into idle cotton mills and the weaving of man-made yarn was begun in earnest. Even former cotton weavers switched to the new product, for clothes made from rayon fitted the depression pocketbook very well. A new era in clothing for the middle classes began.

Dresses and lingerie once made of silk at high prices were duplicated in rayon materials at prices the shop girl could pay. The clerk could now afford a gown as lovely as the well-to-do customer. Then, too, it cost so little that she didn't feel obliged to wear the dress 10 years.

Much of the development of rayon in the Carolinas can be traced in the growth of the world's largest rayon weaver—Burlington Mills corporation founded by J. Spencer Love in Burlington, North Carolina, in 1924.

It was Love's faith in the possibilities of rayon yarn that brought rayon to a high place in the textile world. The expansion of his dream has been likened to the bubble that didn't break."

About the same time that Love began his development, Dunean Mills, currently among the largest rayon weavers in the South, switched over to some rayon under the direction of R. E. Henry, president and treasurer and R. G. Emery, vice president and general manager.

Rayon weavers soon found that new machinery was needed for the new yarn. Those with old cotton equipment junked it for new dobby looms, that weave simple patterns.

Plants for expansion were not difficult to find during the depression years. Burlington Mills, for example, grew chiefly by the purchase of cotton mills that had closed or were about to close. Each was equipped with modern machinery and as one attained efficiency in operation another was sought. Through this method, the corporation expanded from one mill in 1924 to 14 in 1933 with a total of 2,500 looms and 3,400 spindles turning out 60,000,000 yards of fabric annually. Since then Burlington Mills has added 31 plants to its organization and now employs over 16,000 people.

For the duration, however, rayon cloth makers have pledged themselves first to continue producing for the armed forces and second, to keep as much equipment as possible humming at top speed so that civilians may have sufficient materials.

No one knows what will be the limits of man-made yarns in the postward textile world. Recently though, in discussing future uses of the fibers, Spencer Love pointed out that war needs have greatly accelerated the developement of stronger and better rayon, nylon for weaving, vinyon and other man-made yarns. And, he added, the man-made yarn industry as a whole is still in its infancy.

Already rayon weaving is a leading industry in the two Carolinas and now pays around $40,000,000 annually to textile workers. Of the developments to come, Love has said: "Once the man-made yarn industry can again turn its efforts toward civillian production, tremendous strides can be made in the creation of more beautiful and better materials than the world has ever known. Workers of the South can look to rayon weaving as a source of increasing employment in the future.

———:———

A good heart, benevolent feelings, and a balanced mind, lie at the foundation of character. Other things may be deemed fortuitous; they may come and go; but character is that which lives and abides, and is admired long after its possessor has left the earth.—John Tood.

THE TRAVELING LIBRARY

By Harry Z. Tucker, in The State

Several years ago librarians learned that the people of rural North Carolina were so eager for something to read they would walk miles to meet a bookmobile. Over rough roads and through dark forests, men and women and children continue to meet the traveling library. People along the routes watch eagerly for the "Bookwomen," who bring not only new books to isolated areas, but life and stimulation. Both kind and interested, these women are ever alert to open up channels of light to benighted souls.

Aroused by the fact that thousands of North Carolinians were without free library service, and that at least half of the number lived in the country, the people of the state grew restless. From the shoreline of ancient Albemarle to the Tennessee border, there was a stirring for action by interested groups in the one hundred counties that make up North Carolina.

"Great libraries are both the fruits and the roots of great civilizations," Frank P. Graham declared at a citizen's library conference held at the University of North Carolina, whereupon it was decided that, inasmuch as many local governments seemed unable to maintain public libraries it was "reasonable to look to each county to organize, administer, and support a library service."

Concerned about the countless thousands of citizens who lived miles from an established library, cultured people asked how books could be gotten to these bookless people. The answer was the bookmobile.

It was in 1930 that the Rockingham County Library was founded at Leaksville by the late Mrs. B. Frank Mebane, assisted by a half dozen interested citizens, including a lawyer, a grocer, and a housewife. These few people decided that Rockingham County should have a library; that the people were starving for reading matter, even though many of them were unaware of it.

Under circumstances about as unpromising as people anywhere would have to face, the few zealous citizens started work. Suffice it to say, the library was established in short time, and was maintained by the Business and Professional Women's Club, until taken over by the county in 1934.

It was only a short time before the trustees of the Rockingham County Library realized that so many people lived long distances from the library, who were avid for reading matter, that some method should be employed to get the books to the people. Branch libraries, deposit stations, and mobile book vans seemed to be the answer, and of these the most lucrative in its possibilities was the traveling library.

The first requisite was a book truck, and buying one at that time was out of the question. There was no fund for such a costly project. Many suggestions were offered; but the problem was not cleared up until Mrs. Mebane graciously consented to present a bookmobile to the county.

The van was hailed with great pleasure. It facilitated matters for both librarians and readers; and the number of books borrowed exceeded

even the highest hopes of the trustees.

The expense of operating the bookmobile averages around ten dollars a month, a little matter that makes one believe the ladies who drive it are mechanical geniuses. Averaging 120 stops a month, it travels approximately 12,000 miles during a year. Besides dispensing books, it also serves as a means of collecting them. The Victory Campaign, a drive to furnish really good books to the armed forces, was started by the library early in 1942. Hundreds of books have been collected in the county for this purpose.

At the present time every county in North Carolina has bookmobile service, and the people are reading four times as much as they ever read before. And they are discussing what they read. School people, parent-teacher associations, and civic clubs have all been quick to recognize the value of the bookmobile. It not only means books for thousands who have never had such a privilege before, but it means thousands of small circulating libraries, and in many instances trained librarians.

The books are in no sense gifts, but are allowed to remain at a station only for a reasonable length of time, when other books are brought in to be exchanged. Books are borrowed from the various stations by readers. The small libraries are usually placed not more than three or four miles apart.

Taking books to the bookless is one of the fine things that has happened to the people of North Carolina. It is a delight to see them flock to meet the bookmobile when it drives into a village, or crossroads community. For days they watch eagerly for its coming. Both young and old gather around to turn in their old books and get new ones. These books they can take home with them and read at their leisure, and absorb the contents.

In mountain districts, the books are distributed by people on horses, carried in home-made saddlebags .In the tidewater section, the books are carried to the various stations along the sounds and rivers by water. Much legend has grown up around the floating libraries; for in many of the coastal districts readers can be reached better by water than by land.

It must not be thought that fiction always leads among the readers. Books of history, poetry, plays, biography, science and mechanics are very popular. Miss Marianne Martin of Rockingham County, granddaughter of our own General James Green Martin of Confederate fame, always suggests a worthwhile book to a reader. However, she never presses a book upon anyone; she is glad to see any book checked out to be read and digested.

Miss Martin is an efficient and tireless worker, as well as popular librarain.

The Rockingham County Library now owns around 20,000 books. About 5,000 new books have recently been added to the library, and 1,500 worn-out books have been discarded. Last year, 152,350 books left the library for home use; and this year the bookmobile is expected to cover mileage equal to a round-trip from New York to Istanbul.

The eagerness of the people of North Carolina for good reading, for any sort of reading, has been made manifest. Library growth in the state, since the program began to function, has been phenomenal. There

is now a tremendous demand among the people for the necessary luxury of books. In all sections of the state, library growth has speeded up reading; but still there are thousands of potential readers who are reading little because they have little to read.

THE BEAUTIES OF WHITESIDE

By Judge Felix E. Alley

Some time ago I went back to the old home and scenes of my childhood, at the base of Whiteside Mountain, in the southern part of Jackson County, where my parents lived together for fifty-nine years, and where ten children were born and reared.

I went first to the top of Whiteside, which rises 5,400 feet above the level of the sea, and I stood upon the rugged cliffs and crags forming that towering mountain, subdued and toned in their gigantic grandeur by the blue haze that is ever present in the Blue Ridge range.

In the days agone, I have oftentimes stood upon those majestic heights at day-break, and, looking toward the east, have watched the sombre drapery of the clouds roll up like a scroll from the rim of the horizon, as the red torch of the morning enkindled upon the stainless crests of a thousand hills a line of crimson fires, and sent forth ten thousand shafts of light to herald the coming of the God of the Day.

I have stood there when the shadows of the coming darkness were falling around me, and I have seen the evening hang her silver crescent on the brow of night and equal the awakening glory of the dawn with the beauty of the sleepy twilight.

I have stood there in the wintertime at midnight and listened sorrowfully to the ice-laden winds as they sighed through the dismantled forests, and watched the snow-field glistening in the moonlight like foam-flecked billows in a stormy sea, while a million Stars of Hope flashed back the promise that the soft balmy air and the gentle rains of springtime would come again and renew the splendors of our matchless mountain world.

I have stood there in the summertime at noonday, a thousand feet above the clouds, and have watched the thunderstorm beat mercilessly against the primeval trees in the rich valley below, as these giant monarchs of the forest, whitened with the snows of a hundred winters, stretched forth their mighty arms and struggled with the wild and relentless fury of the winds; when the lightning flashed against the sky with forked flame, and the very earth rocked and trembled beneath the angry roar of the musketry of the winds and the artillery of the skies.

And then I have seen the storm clouds break away and disappear while the evening sun hung every shrub and bush and blossom with jewels more brilliant than the choicest diamonds found in South African and Brazilian mines; and then as the great Orb of the Day passed behind the western hills, the world appeared to

be encircled with ineffable beauty, while God's beautiful Rainbow of Promise gleamed softly luminous behind the thunderbolts, and caused the hearts of all who saw to beat high with hope.

Surely Eden presented no grander prospect, when the first glimpse of her green and ambrosial bowers burst upon the wondering vision of earth's first pair, before Satan mounted upward through the gloom from the burning regions below, to lurk around her magnificent courts, until at last he scaled the bright ramparts and persuaded our primeval parents to taste the fruit hanging in fatal facination from the branches of the Forbidden Tree.

In all the mighty tide of time there has been no other day fraught with consequences so far-reaching and fearsome to the human race as that on which these repentants and sorrowful exiles from the favor of God looked upon the blaze that laid in ruins the world's first and last abode of perfect peace and happiness, and saw the flaming sword of Retribution mount guard above the gates of the Garden and close them forever against the children of men.

There are thousands who travel over continents and sail over seas to visit the great Art Galleries of the world and gaze for a moment upon the masterpieces which the genius of every age and clime has spread upon canvas; and yet, did they but know, they may stand upon the sculptured cliffs and rugged heights of Whiteside Mountain and look across the intervening space to where the faraway skyline blends in the exquisite harmony of the surrounding landscapes the richest tints and rarest images and aspects of Nature—the blue of tranquil skies, the shimmer of winding streams, the wilderness of trees and shrubs and flowers, the dreamy haze half veiling a hundred other mountains with names and a thousand others nameless but just as beautful, and like as many emerald terraces piled one above the other until the farthermost stands in the dim and shadowy distance wrapped in the mantle of Heaven.

Here is a picture that baffles and beggars description; a picture painted by that unseen mystic Hand that traces the never-fading green on pine and laurel and cedar; that sprinkles gold on the maple trees when the winds of Autumn sigh; that lights in molten splendor the Fairy Cities of the empurpled sunset; that causes the flowers to blush with radiance under the burning kiss of the dazzling sunbeams and attires the forests in all the resplendent colors of the rainbow, while the burnished heavens like the spangled robe of an Enchanter, hangs over it all.

Here is the same plenitude of beauty there now as when the Angel Hosts and Chorus, with voices attuned to the music of the spheres, chanted their first grand anthem across the air of heaven into the glad ear of enraptured Deity.

The sun shines, the moon beams, the spring bubbles, the cascades sparkle, the flowers bloom, the wind moans, the zephyrs whisper, the birds sing, and the heavens gleam in their imperial draperies of fleecy cloud and splendid light, just as they did when the Morning Star first saluted Creation's Dawn.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. I. W. Wood, a former member of the School's staff of workers, was a visitor her a few day ago.

—:—

"Sleepytime Gal" was the attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night. This is a Republic production.

—:—

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been quite busy for the past few days, making repairs to a large cattle shed.

—:—

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Kiser, officer and matron in charge of Cottage No. 4, are enjoying a week's vacation. During their absence, the boys of that cottage were sent to other cottages.

—:—

Two new copper steam kettles, purchased recently, have been installed in our cannery. These kettles are of thirty-five and seventy-five gallons capacity, respectively, and will make valuable additions to our canning equipment.

—:—

Paul Painter, of Cottage No. 13, was called to his home in Lumberton last week because of the serious illness of his mother. Upon his return to the School last Saturday, Paul reported that his mother's condition was very much improved.

—:—

The boys enjoyed the first watermelon feast of the season last Sunday afternoon. While these melons were pretty good, and the boys were delighted with them, we have been told that the later ones will be much better. We have also had an abundance of fine cantaloupes for more than a week. We have seen several loads of them pass the printing office, and are thus assured that they have been issued to the School's entire personnel in generous quantities.

—:—

According to reports coming to this office from those in charge of agricultural activities at the School, we shall soon be in the midst of gathering the largest hay crop in the history of the institution. The mowing machines are being put in good working order at our machine shop, and some have already started cutting. This crop will be a most welcome addition to the feed crops raised here this year, since we will have the recently purchased herd of beef cattle to care for during the winter months.

—:—

We recently received a letter from our good friend, Captain Tommy Morrison, of Concord, who has been

stationed at Fort Benning for some time. He wrote of meeting Claudius Pickett, formerly of Cottage No. 15, who is in the infantry, and was stationed there for a while. Just as soon as this young chap learned that Captain Tommy was from Concord, he immediately asked if he knew any of the people working at the School, and upon learning that he did, asked him to give them all his regards when he wrote any of them. Tommy had this to say of Claudius: "He is in the Infantry, 78th Division, and has attained the rank of staff sergeant. He left Fort Benning, going to Fort Jackson for a while, and was then transferred to Camp Butner, and the last we heard from him, he was delighted to be assigned to a station so near his home, Durham. He is a very good soldier, and a fine young fellow."

We were very glad to get this information about Claudius, as we had not heard from him since he left the School several years ago.

—:—

William Tobar, formerly of Cottage No. 11, called on friends at the School last Saturday afternoon. He entered the institution, September 2, 1933 and was permitted to leave, August 15, 1939, at which time he went to work on a farm in Union County. He was granted a discharge from further parole supervision, September 18, 1940. William stated that he enlisted in the United States Army more than three years ago, and had been stationed in several different camps in various parts of the country. The fact that he has attained the rank of technical sergeant would indicate that he is good soldier and is getting along well in the service. While a lad at the School, he sustained a serious leg injury, and was unable to take a very active part in either work or play, but from his present appearance, one can readily see that he has been able to overcome all physical handicaps, as he has developed into a fine physical specimen of manhood, being six feet two inches tall and tipping the scales at 229 pounds. We were glad to see Bill and to learn that he has been getting along so well since leaving us.

—:—

It is a very clearly established fact that the boys of Stonewall Jackson Training School are eager to do their part in helping the United Nations to win the great was now going on. From the beginning of hostilities, many of our boys, from the largest to the least chap enrolled, have given of their scant supply of spending money toward purchasing several hundred dollars worth of War Stamps and Bonds, while quite a number of others, having received their parent's consent, have enlisted in the armed forces, going directly from the campus to their respective training stations. Within the past two weeks, ten of our boys have enlisted in the United States Navy. Eight of them left the School, July 26th and two left, July 28, going to the recruiting station in Raleigh, from where they will be sent out for basic training. The names of these lads and the cottages to which they belonged are as follows:

William Clarence Bell (4), James Bell (10), Edward J. Ballew (8), William Broadwell (4), Adrian L. Carter

(13), Paul Deal (9), Jesse King (5), Everett Morris (11), Walter Riggs (1), Samuel Snider (13).

—:—

While at a baseball game in Concord recently, one of the members of the staff saw Glenn Enloe, a former student, who left the School several years ago. Glenn enlisted in the United States Navy, and was on a P-T boat near Bataan when the Philipines were attacked. His boat was shot out of the water and while he and other members of the crew were swimming around, Jap machine gunners sprayed them with bullets, and he received two slugs in his body. Glenn and some of his companions were picked up by a destroyer which also received a direct hit, but was not completely disabled. They were taken to Australia. where the wounded received treatment. Some time later Glenn returned to the United States and was placed in a hospital for further treatment. Having been discharged from the hospital, he was spending some time with relatives and friends in Charlotte. As the Charlotte baseball team in the Carolina Victory League was scheduled to play the Concord Weavers that night, he said that he just decided to make the trip with them, thinking he might see some of his old friends from the School. According to the reports coming from the staff member who talked to Glenn, he seems to be recuperating nicely, and will be back into active service before long.

—:—

Our former students who are now in the armed forces continue to write their friends among the staff members. In a recent letter to Mr. W. W. Johnson, our school principal, Giles Greene sends the following from "somewhere in the Pacific":

"Dear Mr. Johnson: Thanks for your V-mail letter which I have just received. Was very glad to hear from you again. I happened to run into Gibby, who used to be in Cottage No. 5. He is in the infantry in my division, and has really put up a good fight against the Japanese. He says to give all at the School his warmest regards.

"I am looking forward to visiting J. T. S. when I come home. Don't have any idea when I'll get back but hope it will be in the near future. Have been overseas since July 26, 1940, and sure would like to see the Statue of Liberty one more.

"Please give my regards to all the officials there of my acquaintance. Have just heard of the invasion of Sicily. That's great. Things are going along wonderfully for us down here in the South Pacific.

"I think Winfred Whitlock is still in Hawaii. He used to be in Cotaage No. 15, drove the milk truck, and played football the same year as I. We called him 'Preacher', and I'm sure you remember him.

"Well, this seems to be all I have time to think of at present. Will look forward to an answer soon. Sincerely, Giles E. Greene."

—:—

Donald McFee, a former member of our printing class, who is now in the United States Army Air Corps, recently wrote us from Sheppard Field,

Texas. He writes in part, as follows: "Am now down here in the Lone Star State, and it has been hot. Right now we are having some cool weather, but a few days ago the temperature went up to 113 degrees in the shade—that is if you can find any shade. We go to lectures and do a little drilling in the morning, and in the afternoon we take calisthenics and go on a three or four miles hike. All this is done without any water. It is what they call the 'water cure' as suggested by General McArthur. That lasts until three-thirty, and we come in and rest until four, when we go out and stand retreat until five-thirty. The exercises and road runs are every other day. While this seems mighty tough, the training may come in handy some day when a fellow may get into a hot place and no water near. It sure toughens us up to be able to stand most anything, and nobody knows when we may need it. Here are a few names you can add to your list of old boys in the service: Grady Kelly, of Cottage No. 9 and Thomas King, of Cottage No. 10 are here at Sheppard Field. I also saw Robert Presnell, of Cottage No. 9, but don't know where he is stationed now. You probably remember that Tom King is Frank's brother. Frank is now in North Africa. Has been over there for nine months, and is now a master sergeant. With four exceptions, all the fellows in my barrack is pulling K. P. duty today, but I'm one of the lucky four. Your friend, Mac."

—:—

Our good friend, Johnnie Holmes, formerly of Cottage No. 7, recently wrote us from a United States Army Hospital, El Paso, Texas. Johnnie has been in the Army quite some time, and has written us from different sections of the United States. While on manueuvers in California a few months ago, he had an opportunity to visit some of the large motion picture studios in Hollywood. While there, he snapped several pictures of the stars, and knowing our weakness for snapshots, sent several negatives, to be developed and placed in our collection. Johnnie writes as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: How are you and all the gang at the School these days? Hope you are all as fine as ever. This leaves me much better right now than I have been since finishing my School studies at Santa Anita. Went back to my camp in Louisiana. Was there only two weeks, when we shipped back out to the Mohave Desert, California, for maneuvers. During a black-out, on a convoy one night, a truck turned over and I was one of the many victims. I had my stomach all banged up and have a trick knee as a result of the upset. Have been in the hospital for the last two months, but am well on the road to recovery now.

"Give my regards to all the folks I know back there at the School, and I want to thank you for the copies of The Uuplift you have been sending me from time to time. I really find them interesting.

"I'm sending you some negatives of shots I made out in Hollywood. Hope you like 'em. You may send them back to me when you hav finished with them. We went on three studio tours while there and it was very interesting to watch them shooting pictures. The strange faces you will see in those pistures are some of

the movie stars I met out there. I guess you can recognize most of them, but in case you have any trouble doing so, they are—Allan Ladd and myself, Albert Dekker and myself, Jack Benny, Rochester, Ida Lupino, and Red Skelton. They were all very nice to us and I certainly enjoyed meet-them. So long for this time, Your old friend, Johnnie Holmes."

—:—

Our old fiend, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, visited the School last Sunday afternoon, bringing with him as guest speaker for the regular service, Rev. Paul Gabbert, associate pastor of Mount Calvary Lutheran Church, of that city.

After making the opening prayer, Superintendent Hawfieild introduced the speaker, who read for the Scripture Lesson the familiar story of David and Goliath, as found in I Samuel 17:41-51.

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Gabbert stated that it was his first opportunity to speak to such a large group of boys, and expressed his delight at having such a privilege. He said that he would like to leave a message with them that even the youngest lad present could understand and get some benefit from it. He added that all boys here at the School had the chance of their lives to learn to do a tramendous lot of good in the world, and it depended upon them whether their influence would be for good or evil.

The speaker then told the lads that if they would study the lives of great men of the Bible, they would learn much that would be of benefit to them. When thinking of David, said he, don't think of one who lived several thousand years ago, but think of the great things done by one who was just a boy, about the age of the average boy at the School.

While David's brothers had gone to war he stayed at home to attend to the sheep. It was while occupied at this task, out upon the Judean hills, that he thought much about God, and got the inspiration to write the beautiful Psalms. His people had gone to war against the Philistines. A great battle was going on, but it seemed to have come to a standstill. A gaint Philistine, named Goliath, stood up and challenged the Israelites to send one of their warriors to fight him—the honors of the battle to go with the army whose individual fighter should win.

David saw that the Israelites were afraid to send out a man to battle the giant, and asked King Saul to let him go. At first the king was inclined to refuse, because of the age and smallness of stature of the youth, but finally granted his request. The Lord was on David's side, and he slew Goliath. Both the Israelites and David won a great battle that day. Though very small, this shepherd lad won because he trusted in God.

The same is true today, said Rev. Mr. Gabbert. He told the boys that as they grew up they would meet giants—not such as David met—but those things listed in the Ten Commandments which say "thou shalt not" would be the giants that would have to be met and disposed of. These giants are just as real as the one slain by David, and the only way to overcome them is by God's help.

God has told us, continued the speaker, if we fail to keep His Com-

mandments we shall be punished. But to save us from that punishment, He sent His only Son, Jesus Christ, into the world, and he died upon the cruel cross to save us from our sins. If we will only accept Jesus as our Savior, our sins shall be forgiven.

Dare in your lives, young boys, said Rev. Mr. Gabbert, to be a David. When the test came, he was a God-fearing young lad. He was the greatest of all the boys in his family, and developing into a great man, became the King of Israel.

In conclusion the speaker told his youthful listeners that if they would let Jesus speak to them, directing the course of their lives, they would not have to worry about the trials of life. He urged them to follow David's example and stay on the Lord's side, assuring them if they did what is right, they need never fear as to what would become of them when life on earth was over.

—:—

With one exception, all games in the local baseball league last Saturday afternoon were hard-fought contests. In League Number One, the First Cottage team lost out to the boys of Fourth Cottage by the score of 5 to 4. The game between the Receiving Cottage and Fifth Cottage teams, because of former's infractions of the rules throughout the game, will be played over at a later date. At this time the teams representing the First Cottage and the Receiving Cottage are tied for first place.

In League Number Two, the lads from Cottage Number 10 ran their unbroken string of victories to ten games, with not a single loss marked up against them, giving them undisputed possession of top place in the club standings. The scores were as follows:

League Number One—Fourth Cottage 5 First Cottage 4; Third Cottage 17 Eighth Cottage 4.

League Number Two—Ninth Cottage 10 Eleventh Cottage 3; Tenth Cottage 5 Fourteenth Cottage 4; Fifteenth Cottage 7 Thirteenth Cottage 6.

CLUB STANDINGS

League Number One

	W	L	Pct
First Cottage	9	2	.818
Receiving Cottage	9	2	.818
Fourth Cottage	8	3	.727
Fifth Cottage	5	6	.455
Third Cottage	3	9	.250
Eighth Cottage	0	12	.000

League Number Two

	W	L	Pct
Tenth Cottage	10	0	1.000
Thirteenth Cottage	7	5	.583
Fourteenth Cottage	5	6	.455
Eleventh Cottage	4	7	.364
Ninth Cottage	4	7	.364
Fifteenth Cottage	3	9	.250

THAT ALL FOLKS

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending July 25, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Raymond Davis
Donald Jolly
William Love
Ira Montgomery
Weaver Ruff,
Richard Shehan
Harry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Thomas Barnes
Richard Billings
Roland Brooks
Douglas Dorsett
Jack Harmon
Roy Jones
Leonard Lovelace
William Poteat
Jack Ray
Walter Riggs
Leonard Robinson
James Shell
David Swink
Frank Walker
John Franks
Rufus Massingill
Lee Turner

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Robert Coleman
Hugh Cornwell
Donald Daniels
John Holder
Arthur Ingle
Dewey Lanning
Lawrence Littlejohn
William Meeks
Fonzer Pittman
Ralph Powell
Roy Mumford
Wilton Barfield

COTTAGE NO. 4

Clarence Bell
William Broadwell
Elbert Brown
William Davis
William Deaton
William Lanning
William Lewis
Roy Patton
Lewis Sawyer
Roy Swink
Jerry Talbert
Newman Tate
Walter Thomas
Ernest Turner
Edward Vanhoyt
Eugene Watts
William Willis
Roy Womack
Paul Stone
Theodore Young
John Pritchard

COTTAGE NO. 5

Randolph Ammons
William Gentry
Eugene Kermon
William Penninger
Truby Ricks
Eugene Stubbs
Willford Richard Seegers
Eldred Watts
Robert Bailey
Aubrey Fargis
Robert Moose

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Charlton Cox
Douglas Daniels
Melvin Fowler
Donald Griffin
Everett Galleon
Earl Gilmore
Chester Lee
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean
James McMahan
Hayes Powell
Wesley Turner
Joseph Turner
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7

R. C. Combs

John Fine
Wallace Foster
William Hardin
Cecil Kinion
Amos Myers
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 8

George Guyton

COTTAGE NO. 9

Robert Brady
Cecil Caldwell
Paul Deal
Riley Denny
Fred Grimstead
James Hale
John Hill
Thomas Ingram
James Jarvis
Morris Johnson
Winley Jones
Alfred Lamb
Albert Newton
Robert Owens
Troy Parris
Lawrence Rice
L. J. Sherman

COTTAGE NO. 10

Paul Alphin
William Butler
Jack Clifton
Robert Holbert
Arcemias Hefner
Poseph Kincaid
Edward Loftin
Clifford Spriggs
Charles Tate
Jack Williams
A. B. Woodard
William R. Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Dewey Bunn
Velda Denning
William Guffey
Leon Rose
Everett Stamey
Ray Taylor
Joseph McKinney
Charles Callahan

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Ernest Davis
Banks McKnight

COTTAGE NO. 14

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 15

James Cantrell
Fred Fox
Harry Ieonard
David Lewis
Sam Linebarrier
Hugh Roberts
Roger Reid
John Watts
Leroy Willets
Robert Caudle
James Linebarrier
William Lanford
Donald Sides

INDIAN COTTAGE

Peter Chavis
Marshall Hunt
R. C. Hoyle
Hudell Jacobs
James Lochlear
Herbert Lochlear
J. C. Lochlear
W. C. McManus
Charles Pearson

INFIRMARY

(No Honor Roll)

THE UPLIFT

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XXXI | CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 7, 1943 | No. 32

AUG 9 1943
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE PERFECT JEWELL

A noble thought within the mind
  Is like a gem unset,
Whose beauty rare but unadorned
  Doth lack completeness yet.

But when this noble thought be writ
  In noble words, behold—
A very gem of poesy,
  A jewel set in gold.

—Bell Rumford

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
WITH THE U. S. ARMED FORCES		8
FIDO HAS GONE TO WAR	By Edward Cullom	12
THE STORY OF FRANK SINATRA	By Ruth Phillips	15
CAPTAIN MARY	By Richard A. Shafter	21
THE APRON STRING	(Sunshine Magazine)	24
INSTITUTION NOTES		25
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

LOCKSLEY HALL

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

For I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drums throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in univeral law.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range;
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day;
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

—Alfred Tennyson (1842).

A FINE RECORD

The National Red Cross is sponsoring "Nurses' Aides" in all parts of the nation. In Cabarrus County the Red Cross Chapter has

trained four classes within less than one year. These four classes total sixty-six young women who have completed this course of study. The training consists of a series of lectures by Mrs. Guy Whicker, of Kannapolis, and lectures on public health by the county health officer, Dr. M. B. Bethel and Mrs. Sam J. Ervin, of Concord.

Each of these young women were required to serve for forty-five hours in the Cabarrus County General Hospital, under the supervision of a graduate nurse. After concluding the amount of work exacted by the National Red Cross they received their caps and pins.

After completing the entire program of training, these aides assist the nurses in the work of the hospital. They pledge themselves to give as much as 150 hours a year Sixteen of the number have given the required time, for which they have received a white stripe on their uniforms. It is outstanding to note that one member has given more than 300 hours of service, which is indicative of a highly patriotic spirit.

Since the members of these classes have received their caps and pins, the total number of hours of service in approximately 5,100 hours, which is equivalent to three nurses working eight hours a day for more than seven months. This fine report shows what a volunteer service can accomplish.

When any of these nurses' aides move from the community they can ask for transfers and continue their service in any hospital. It is easy to see that this work is far-reaching and humanitarian. The members of these classes of volunteer workers definitely reflect the spirit of their forebears who courageously burgeoned out this great democracy that we are now fighting to maintain.

* * * * * * * *

ALFRED TENNYSON

Alfred Tennyson, the greatest representative poet of the Victorian age, was born in Lincolnshire, England. August 6, 1809. Soon after graduating from Trinity College, at the age of eighteen, he published his first book of poems, which gave very little indication of his genius. When his second book came out he received so much adverse criticism which together with the death of his dear friend,

Arthur Hallam, caused him to spend nine years of his early life in retirement, and in complete devotion to his books. It was in this period that he wrote Locksley Hall, The Death of Arthur, and Break, Break, Break. Eight years later he wrote In Memoriam, among the finest elegiac poems in the language. It was the result of his suffering, doubt, and final triumph of faith after his friend's death.

This same year Tennyson succeeded Wordsworth as poet laureate of England. In 1859 he wrote Idylls of the King, and Enoch Arden came from his pen in 1864. The latter is among the best of his popular poems. His most quoted Crossing the Bar, was written after his eightieth birthday. He died in Haslemere, England, in 1892.

Although he was not the deepest thinker among poets he is often declared among the rarest. In his poem Locksley Hall, written in the year 1842, he prophesies travel and commerce by air.

* * * * * * * *

One of the finest ways to get general information is by mingling with people who have had wide experiences. In fact, we can learn something from everybody if we are so inclined. Just a few days ago we had the good fortune to meet a man who was experienced in placing machinery for refrigeration. Despite the fact that he was an overall man, greasy and dirty, he knew not only his own line of work, but was well informed as to local and national affairs. He was a South Carolinian by birth, having a manner of speech indicative of the fact, and an approach that showed gentility. He did not try to impress you, but was engaging in conversation. One thing that he told was new to the writer, and we feel it is worth passing along. We will preface the information by saying it seemed rather far-fetched, but not impossible. The story is that in Atlanta many homes are heated by central high-pressure heating plants. "Impossible," said one, "but please tell us how it is manipulated." "It is done," said the gentleman, "in a manner similar to the way in which water is carried to your home—by piping." In the course of the conversation we learned that each home had its own radiators, and the corporation owing the centralized heating plants, had a way of gauging the amount of heat used. This is something entirely new

to the writer, and we pass it along for all that it is worth, feeling that many housewives in Concord would think it glorious to be relieved of the responsibility of a furnace. To our way of thinking it would not only save labor, but the money invested in the wear and tear of stoves and furnaces. This may not be new information to many people, but it was to us.

* * * * * * * *

Napleon Bonaparte deslared war on Russia in May, 1812, and invaded it with an army of 600,000 men. The Russians retired step by step, wasting the country and avoiding general battles. At several points they were defeated and Napoleon entered Moscow only to find the city on fire, so nothing remained but retreat. It was a severe winter and the French were sadly demoralized by cold, hunger, disease and fatigue. Of the great number of invaders only about 25,000 left Russia. Napoleon ordered a new army, but the spirit of Europe was fairly aroused and the enemy pursued him with such force and courage that he was completely defeated.

Marshall Ney and a large part of the French army joined him in 1815 and he drove Louis XVIII from the throne in Paris. The allied armies advanced upon Napoleon and the result was total defeat to the French. Napoleon attempted to escape but was caught and conveyed to the Island of St, Helena, August 8, 1815, where he was kept a prisoner until his death at the age of fity-two.

* * * * * * * *

WANAMAKER'S GREATEST INVESTMENT

When John Wanamaker was a boy of eleven, working in his father's brickyard, he invested in a Bible. It was a small, red Bible, but a fine edition, and cost $2.75. He paid for it in installments.

John read his Bible all his life, and applied it literally to his own problems. He accepted without question its claim that faith could move mountains. When, at twenty-two, he started his first store with his savings of nineteen hundred dollars, everyone said he would fail. But he had faith, and he succeeded. Three times, during three successive panics, his business almost went on the rocks. But he found that the miracle of faith always pulled him through.

The Bible not only shaped his characater; he got all his most important business ideas from it. Through these ideas—which revolutionized the whole theory of retail buying and selling, and created our modern principle of service—John Wanamaker became the greatest merchant in America.

"That little red Bible," Wanamaker once wrote to a friend, "was the greatest and most important and far-reaching purchase I have ever made, and every other investment in my life seems to me only secondary."

Today the Bible occupies a new place in the consciousness of the American people. Wherever we read, in the annals of our armed forces, of men in deadly peril by land or sea, we continually read of their having recourse to the Bible. Men drifting in life-rafts on great wastes of waters recall forgotten fragments of the Bible, and repeat them to their shipmates. Men in foxholes, in stress and suffering of every kind, are upheld by what they remember from the Bible.—The American Weekly.

* * * * * * * *

He is just ten years old. He is made up of the following ingredients: Noise, energy, imagination, curiosity, and hunger. He is either "the cute little fellow down the street," that "spoiled imp next door," or "my son," depending on who you are. He is something to keep fed, clothed, healthy, and out of trouble.

But, he is something else, too. He is tomorrow. He is the future we are fighting for. He is part of the world's most important generation. Our generation must win the war and the peace; his generation must keep the peace. His generation will determine whether it was worth doing. He is one of the most important persons in history.

So, anyone who influences his life is also a mighty important person.—Samuel R. Ryerson.

WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES

The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that two employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

Staff Members

Patterson, James L. (Army)
Query, James L. (Army)

Former Staff Members

Barrier, Major George L. (Army)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G. (Navy)
Parker, Lt.-Col. Samuel I. (Army)
Wingate, Lt. W. J. (Army Air Corps)

Former Students

Adams, Clyde (Navy)
Adams, Felix (Army)
Alexander, J. Mack (Army)
Alexander, Robert (Army)
Almond, Odell H. (Navy)
Allen, Burl (Navy)
Allen, Julian Herschel (Navy)
Allen, Grady C. (Navy)
Allen, Wayne (Navy)
Allred, James R. (Army Air Corps)
Andrews, Julian (Marine Corps)
Ashley, Arthur (Army)
Atkins, Richard (Army)
Atkinson, Hiram (Navy)
Atwell, Robert (Navy)
Atwood, Earl (Army)
Bailiff, Wilson (Navy)
Ballew, Edward J. (Navy)
Barber, Winfred V. (Army)
Barkley, Joel (Army)
Barnes, Norton (Army)
Barrett, Allen (Army)
Barrier, William T. (Navy)
Batson, Jack (Navy)
Branch, Glatley (Army)
Baynes, Howard (Army Air Corps)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
(‡) Beach, Ernest L. (Army)
Beaver, Albert (Army)
Beaver, Walter (Army)
Bell, James (Navy)

Bell, William Clarence (Navy)
Bell, William G. (Navy)
Beheler, Reid (Navy)
Benson, John (Navy)
Bordeaux, Junior (Army)
Bowman, Charles (Army)
Branch, Horace (Army)
Brantley, Elmond A. (Marine Corps)
Bray, Relons Odell (Army)
Briggs, Paul (Marine Corps)
Britt, Jennings (Navy)
Broadwell, William (Navy)
Brogden, Norman (Navy)
Broome, Jack (Army)
Broome, Paul (Marine Corps)
Broome, Shannon (Army Air Corps)
Brothers, William (Naval Air Corps)
Brown Aldene (Army)
Brown, Harold (Army)
Bunn, Homer (Army)
Burke, Ensign William H. (Navy)
Burkhead, Dermont (Navy)
Burrow, John B. (Navy)
Butner, Roy (Marine Corps)

Capps, John T. (Army Air Corps)
Carter, Adrian L. (Navy)
Carter, Douglas (Army)
Carter, Fred (Army)
Carter, Oscar (Navy)
Carver, Gardner (Army)
Causey, Floyd (Army)
(‡) Causey, James D. (Army)
Chapman, Edward (Army)
Chattin, Ben (Army)
Cherry, Herman (Army)
Christine, Joseph (Navy)
Cobb, Frank E. (Army)
Coffer, Robert (Army)
Collins, Glenn L. (Army)
Connell, Harry (Army)
Connell, James (Navy)
Cooke, George C. (Army)
Cooper, Lake (Army)
Cooper, Walter (Army)
Cox, J. C. (Marine Corps)
Craft, Arthur (Army)
Crawford, Louis (Army)
Cunningham, David C. (Army)
Cunningham, Jesse S. (Navy)

Dalton, James (Army)
Daubenmyer, Nelson (Army)
Davis, Duke (Army)
Davis, Hubert (Navy)
Davis, James (Army)
Deal, Paul (Navy)
Dodd, Carroll (Army)
Donaldson, Harold (Marine Corps)
Dorsey, W. Wilson (Army)
Driver, Malcom (Army Air Corps)
Dyson, Fred (Navy)

Eaker, Arnold Max (Army)
Earnhardt, Donald P. (Navy)
Edmondson, Arthur (Army)
Efird, N. A., Jr. (Army)
Elders, James R. (Marine Corps)
Elmore, A. C. (Marine Corps)
Ennis, James C. (Navy)
Ennis, Noah (Navy)
Ennis, Samuel (Army)
Evans, John H. (Army)
Evans, Mack (Army)
Everidge, Samuel (Navy)

Faggart, John (Marine Corps)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)
Faschnat, Mose (Navy)
Fausnet, Bernard L. (Army)
(‡) Ferris, Russell (Army)
Fisher, Edward (Army)
Fisher, John H. (Army)
Freeman, Richard (Army)
French, Ian (Army)
Furches, William (Marine Corps)

Gaddy, William (Navy)
Gardner, Horace T. (Army)
Gatlin, Britt C. (Army)
Gibson, Merritt (Army)
Glasgow. Mumford (Army)
Glasgow, Norwood (Navy)
Glasgow, Ramsey (Army Air Corps)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)
Glover, Henry (Marine Corps)
Godfrey, Warren (Army)
Godwin, John T. (Navy)
Godwin, Paul D. (Army Air Corps)
Goodman, Albert (Army)
Goodman, George (Army)
Greene, Giles E. (Army)
Gregory, Charles J. (Army)
Gregory, Roy (Army)
Griffin, Charles (Army)
Griffin, James H. (Marine Corps)
Grooms, J. B. (Army Air Corps)

Hall, Joseph (Army)
Hamilton, Leo (Navy)
Haney, Jack (Marine Corps)
Hardin, Wilbur (Navy)
Harris, Edgar (Army)
Hawkins, William T. (Navy)
Head, Elbert (Army)

Hefner, Charles (Army)
Hefner, Eugene (Navy)
Hensley, J. B. (Navy)
Hendren, Isaac (Navy)
Hendrix, John (Army)
Henry, Charlton (Navy)
Hicks, Garland (Army)
Hill, William (Army)
Hodge, Dallas (Army Air Corps)
Hogan, Gilbert (Army)
Hogsed, John R. (Army)
Holland, Burman (Army)
Holland, Donald (Army)
Hollars, Ralph (Army)
Holmes, John (Army)
Honeycutt, Nathaniel (Army)
Hulan, Norman (Navy)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)

Ingram, John E. (Navy)
Irvin, Raymond (Army)

Jackson, Edgar (Marine Corps)
Jackson, William (Navy)
Johnson, Coley (Navy)
Johnson, Edward (Navy)
Johnson, Hugh (Navy)
Jones, Mark Twain (Navy)
Jordan, James E. (Army)

Keen, Clinton (Army)
Keith, Monroe (Army)
Keith, Robert (Navy)
Kelly, Grady (Army Air Corps)
Kelly, Jesse (Army)
King, Cleo (Army Air Corps)
King, Frank L. (Army)
King, Jesse (Navy)
King, Thomas (Army Air Corps)
Kinley, Robert (Marine Corps)
Knight, Thomas (Army Air Corps)
Knight, Thurman (Army)
Koontz, J. Milton (Army)
Kye, George (Army)
Kye, James (Army)

(‡) Lamar, A. C., Jr. (Army)
Land, Reuben (Army)
Land, Wilfred (Marine Corps)
Landrum, Luther H. (Army)
Lane, Floyd C. (Marine Air Corps)
Langford, Olin (Army)
Langley, William (Army)
Laramore, Ray (Army)
Lawrence, Robert (Marine Corps)
Leagon, Harry (Army)
Ledford, Harvey L. (Army)
Ledford, James (Marine Corps)

Lee, Valton (Army)
Lett, Frank (Army)
Lewallan, Paul R. (Army)
Long, Loyce (Army)
Long, Stacey L. (Army)

Martin, Willie H. (Army Air Corps)
(*) Matthews, Douglas (Army)
May, George O. (Army)
Medlin, Clarence (Army)
Medlin, Ervin J. (Army)
Medlin, Wade (Navy)
(‡) Medlin, Wilson (Army)
Merritt, Edgar (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Miller, Latha (Navy)
Montgomery, Samuel (Navy)
Moose, Claude L. (Marine Corps)
Moose, Eugene (Navy)
Morris, Everett (Navy)
Morrow, Chas. W. (Army Air Corps)
Morrozoff, Ivan (Army Air Corps)
Morgan, William S. (Navy)
Murphy, Lemuel (Army)
Murray, Edword J. (Army)

McBride, Irvin (Army Air Corps)
McCain, Edward G. (Navy)
McColl, Vollie O. (Navy)
McCoy, Hubert (Army)
McEntire, Forrest (Marine Corps)
McFee, Donald M. (Army Air Corps)
McGee, Norman (Army)
McIver, Jordan T. (Navy)
McKay, John C. (Marine Corps)
McKee, Thomas R. (Army)
(Enlisted 1937)
McNeely, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1933)
McPherson, Arthur (Navy)
McRorie, J. W. (Navy)

Nelson, Larry (Navy)
Newton, Willard M. (Army)

(‡) Odom, David (Army)
Owen, Fred, Jr. (Marine Corps)
Owens. Leroy (Army)
Oxendine, Earl (Navy)

Padrick, William (Navy)
Page, James (Army)
Patterson, James (Navy)
Patterson, Joseph (Navy)
Payne, Joy (Army)
Peake, Harry (Marine Corps)
Pearson, Flay (Army)
Pennington, Grady (Army)
Pickett, Claudius (Army)

Plemmons, Hubert (Army)
Pope, H. C. (Army)
Presnell, Robert (Army)
Pyatt, Jack (Marine Corps)

Quick, James (Navy)
Quick, Simon (Navy)

Ramsey, Amos (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Reep, John (Navy)
Revels, Grover (Navy)
Riggs, Walter (Navy)
Rivenbark William W. (Army)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)
Rhodes, Paul (Army)
Roberts, Lonnie (Navy)
Robertson, John C. (Army)
Robinson, Perry (Army Air Corps)
Rochester, Nicholas (Navy)
Roper, Thomas (Navy)
Russ, James P. (Army)

Sands, Thomas (Navy)
Scism, Arlee (Navy)
Seibert, Fred (Army)
Sexton, Walter (Army)
Scott, Archie (Army)
Shannon, William L. (Navy)
Shaver, George H. (Navy)
Simmons, Horace K. (Navy)
Sloan, Lonnie (Army)
Small, Clyde E. (Army)
Smith, Julius D. (Navy)
Snider, Samuel (Navy)
Snuggs, Charles L. (Navy)
Springer, Jack (Army)
Stack, Porter (Army)
Stanley, Brown (Coast Artillery)
Stepp, James H. (Navy)
Strickland, Robert W. (Army)
Stubbs, Ben (Army)
Sullivan, Richard (Army)

(x) Taylor, Daniel (Army)
Tessneer, Calvin C. (Navy)
Thomas, Harold (Navy)
Thomas, Richard (Army)
Threatt, Sidi (Army Air Corps)

Tipton, Kenneth (Navy)
Tobar, William (Army)
Troy, Robert (Army)
Tucker, Joseph (Army)
Tyson, William E. (Navy)

Waldrop, Ned (Army)
Walker, Glenn (Army)
Walker, Oakley (Army)
Walsh, Harold (Army)
Walters, Melvin (Army)
Ward, Eldridge (Army)
Ward, George (Navy)
Ward, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1928)
Ware, Dewey (Army)
Watkins, Floyd A. (Army)
Watson, Lieut. Lemuel (Army)
Watts, Boyce (Army)
Weaden, Clarence (Army)
Webb, Charles R. (Army)
Whitaker, John H. (Navy)
(*) Whitaker, William E. (Army)
White, Marshall (Coast Artillery)
Whitener, Richard M. (Army)
Whitlock, Winfred (Army)
Widener, Charles (Navy)
Wilhite, James (Army)
Williams, Everett L. (Army)
Williams, Samuel R. (Navy)
Williams, William R. (Navy)
Williamson, Everett (Navy)
Wiles, Fred (Army)
(Enlisted 1927. Now a Recruiting Officer)
Wilson, John C. (Army)
Wilson, Thomas (Navy)
Wilson, W. J. (Army)
Winn, J. Harvard (Navy)
Wood, James L. (Army)
Wood, William T. (Navy)
Wrenn, Lloyd (Army)
(‡) Wright, George (Army)

York, John R. (Army)
Young, Brooks (Army)
Young, R. L. (Marine Corps)

Ziegler, Henry F. (Navy)

(‡) Prisoner of war.
(§) Missing in action.
(*) Killed in action.
(x) Died while being held prisoner.

FIDO HAS GONE TO WAR

By Edward Cullom

Like many other innovations in modern warfare, the use of trained dogs seems to have started with the Germans. In the first World War both the Germans and the French used them extensively. A start was made to train them in the United States, but the only ones to work with American troops on the field were borrowed.

When the Germans started preparing for the present war, they also began training dogs for it, and the number they had ready has been estimated from 100,000 to 200,000. They were also reported to have contributed 50,000 to the Japanese, after Pearl Harbor, and those dogs are believed to be largely responsible for the astonishing success of the Japanese in jungle fighting against the British and Dutch. Neither Americans nor British had any dogs in training, but the Russians had them ready when needed—100,000 of them.

Along the Atlantic coast (where some German saboteurs have slipped ashore) there go patrols every night consisting of two Coast Guardsmen and one German shepherd dog. The dog, in the dark, can detect the presence of a stranger 200 yards away, and with a low growl and rising hackles he warns his handlers and shows them where to find the intruder. One man and one dog are said to be equivalent to seven men without a dog in this shore duty. The German shepherd appears to be favored for this work, and there are said to be 5,000 of them now helping to guard the vital shore line of Hawaii.

In London, after the German bombs had left smoking ruins of homes, little terriers would plunge into the debris and never give up the search until the last victim had been found. In the Libyan desert after a day's bloody battle had left the terrain strewn with dead and wounded, these little four-legged workers would come into the field wearing glowing Red Cross blankets and bringing packs of medical supplies—first aid—for sufferers. At other times they act as messengers, carrying dispatches, or take rolls of wire on their backs for stringing communication lines.

Out in Montana, at Camp Rimini, sledge dogs are being trained. Experienced dog teamsters are giving lessons in transportation over snow to both drivers and their teams—malamutes, huskies and St. Bernards. Such teams are now in Alaska, hauling food and equipment to soldiers who can be reached by no other form of transportation.

Dogs guard ports, forts, motor bases, quartermaster depots, war plants and parked cars. They scout off leash; they trail spies or saboteurs; they attack fiercely when so ordered, and they guard prisoners while the captors seek aid or a conveyance. They swim streams; they detect the camouflaged enemy; they are not afraid of gunshots and explosions; and they never cower or run for cover. They run low to the ground and make a difficult target, especially the smaller ones, and they never accept food from anybody but their masters.

There are only a few thousand of these canine troopers working with the

American forces today, but the goal has been set at 125,000 needed, and they are coming in satisfactorily. They are being trained at Army posts in Virginia, Nebraska, Montana, California and Hawaii. When they "graduate" they are enrolled in the K-9 Command.

What sort of dogs are used? Well, about every kind except mongrels. To be trained, they need to be pure-bred or cross-bred so as to have definite characteristics. Only big ones like Great Danes, German shepherds or English bulls are good for patrol. They are big enough to handle their man if they catch him. The Marine Corps in training at New River, N. C., favor for exclusive use the lanky Doberman Pinschers, of which they have 130. The Doberman fanciers claim he has the record as the outstanding dog for war use.

But admirers of the Airedale point out that the Germans call this dog Kriegshund—war dog—because of his war record. The truth is that the many services the K-9 Corps is called upon to render, demand many kinds of special talents. It takes little fellows to get around on the battlefields without being too conspicuous; terriers especially have been found useful for guard duty inside warehouses and factories. Spaniels and Labradors are needed for their swimming ability, and there is also a demand for keen-scented hunting dogs.

Besides the dogs mentioned, there are also at the five official training stations: Boxers, retrievers, elkhounds Kerry blues, collies, schnauzers, French poodles (they are especially clever, even clownish) and black-and-white Dalmatians, commonly called coach dogs, which must serve behind the lines because of being too easily seen. In fact, there seems to be a place for about every breed except the daschhund and the Mexican hairless. But the physical qualifications are more rigid. An acceptable dog must be between one and five years old and stand 18 inches high or more at the shoulder.

Where do the dogs in the K-9 Command come from? From the homes of citizens, for the most part. The Army does not go out and buy up the dogs it needs, as in the case of horses and mules. These service dogs are treated much more like the soldiers with whom they work so closely. They are formally enlisted, and when they come back from the wars they will be sent back to the homes from which they came.

The Army's procurement agency for dogs is a civilian organization named Dogs for Defense, created largely through the efforts of Mrs. Milton Erlanger, a native New Yorker. She tried vainly to set up a dog service in the Signal Corps in the last war, to rival and complement the use of carrier pigeons. In this war, she started earlier, got the support of Quartermaster General Edmund B. Gregory, and with another dog fancier, H. I. Caesar, organized Dogs for Defense, through which patriotic citizens donate the services of their dogs to the Army. The popular response has been generous, and nine out of ten dogs offered have been found acceptable, in spite of the rather rigid requirements that they must be strong healthy, fearless and not gun-shy.

Dogs once accepted in the K-9 Command get the best of care. They have passed a physical examination, and now they are innoculated. Each is

issued a collar and leash and an "identification card," which consists of tattoo marks on the left ear. Every day the dog is thoroughly groomed—dog-handlers, like cavalrymen, must take care of their charges before themselves—and his kennel is kept clean. His feeding is carefully supervised (yes, a bone is part of his ration), and more than 200 veterinarians watch over the health of this particular command. Few dogs in civilian life get such expert attention.

The recruits are given four weeks of basic training. They are taught to heel, sit, lie down, stay in position, drop, scale a wall. They are car-broken, conditioned to firing, and are taught not to fight each other—to practically ignore the presence of other dogs, which is a real triumph over dog nature. After the basic training there comes a four-weeks' course of special training in which each dog is taught his own particular job. Some take up sentry duty, or watching; some go in for trail and attack, others to carry messages or pigeons or packs, lay wire, and scout over difficult terrain. A first-aid dog can find a wounded soldier in the dark. An airplane spotter can bark a warning of an approaching plane before his trainer hears a sound. In jungle fighting the dog sees, hears and smells keenly in detecting snipers, machine-gun nests, camouffaged enemies.

Dogs, the few that could be furnished in time, were given credit for helping the Marines drive the Japs from Guadalcanal. But, on the other hand, Japanese dogs caused much of the embarrassment our troops have suffered in the Southwest Pacific.

Perhaps some of the most remarkable and heart-stirring stories to be told after the war will concern members of the K-9 Command. Many a small boy who with pride and tears surrendered his pet to the Army will own a hero after the war.

———:———

DOGS IN CHURCH

It is interesting to note that in practically all sheep countries, the shepherds always take their dogs to church with them on Sunday. Even the preacher takes his dog to church. It is known that the beloved Bishop Benson (later Archbishop of Canterbury) was always accompanied to church by his faithful collie which occupied a place close to the pulpit. The dog's name was "Watch." Once when the bishop was reading the lesson, he intoned in a loud and impressive voice: "and I say unto ye, watch. . ." At this word, the dog, much to the the amusement of the congregation, arose and went obedient to his master.

The dogs always sit quietly until the last psalm which they recognize as heralding the conclusion of the service.

—E. R. Yarham.

THE STORY OF FRANK SINATRA

By Ruth Phillips

Crooners have captured America before. First there was Rudy Vallee, every woman's Vagabond Lover ten years ago; then blue-eyed Bing Crosby. But neither of them achieved the success which Frank Sinatra, a scrawny youth from Hoboken, New Jersey, has won within six months. From an obscure hepcat favorite he has become America's Number One singer of love songs, pushing Bing Crosby from first place in radio popularity polls. His first appearance at New York's Paramount Theater shattered Rudy Vallee's record with a nine-week run. His salary has risen from $250 a week to $2,500, exclusive of royalties and a $25,000 movie contract. He holds the choice spot on Lucky Strike's Hit Parade and George Abbott is writing a musical show for him.

How did all this happen? What's the secret of the Sinatra magic? Bewildered Broadway has no answer to these questions. It knows only that Sinatra possesses a power to "send" his female listeners into ecstatic frenzy.

Sinatra is perhaps the only person who is not astonished by his success. He planned it that way—though the money staggers him.

"The kids have always boosted my stock," he explained in a voice still touched with Jersey Meadows twang. "Now the older people are coming in. I like the kids and they like me. I'm twenty-five but I look younger, and they think of me as the fellow next door who made good. I dress as they do and I look hungry."

He's also a kid who reached his goal by his own hard work. He's a modern Alger hero.

But this doesn't account for his influence upon women of the night clubs who gasp and grow heavy-eyed as he whispers into the mike. Observers have called what he does to them "downright immoral," and have hinted at maternal instincts running amuck.

Whatever it is, nothing like it has happened before. And it's not due to good looks or an outstanding voice, for he isn't handsome and his voice is unexceptional.

To man-starved women he may represent some absent soldier boy. Or, his wife's explanation may be right. She says: "He sings to all people who know what love is, because love is so important to him."

And it is. His complete sincerity is evident in every syrupy note. His eyes grow misty and his lips quiver and you realize with awe that he still believes in undying love and sacred kisses and the importance of the wedding band which he twists on his finger as he sings.

So do the hepcats who rose at dawn to be at the Paramount Theater for his first morning show and remained all day without food until after his midnight appearance. To them he is romantic love with all stops out.

But his night club following, which is said to include Grace Moore and Gladys Swarthout of the Metropolitan Opera, is another thing. These fans are Broadway sophisicates who probably wouldn't be there if they still be-

lieved in young love.

Yet, as he shuffles to the mike an amazing hush falls upon them, women lean forward with narrowed eyes and parted lips, their nerves tense. He begins to sing and they begin to moan softly and sway. Some hum with him. A woman seizes her escort and kisses him absently.

Men, immune to his charm, have dubbed him, "Frank Merriwell of the Cafes," and "Donald Duck Imitating Bing Crosby." To them he's a Broadway misfit who made good.

Other singers consider his style a triumph of the arranger's skill and they point out that the trick is in timing the lyrics to give the music additional feeling. They note that he has adopted Tommy Dorsey's breathing trick from trombone playing to singing—breathing in the middle of note with his mouth open so the continuity of the lyric remains unbroken.

But his success is due to his influence on women. When Sinatra himself was asked about it he said:

"A couple of guys kidded me about it before, asking whether I was trying to steal their girls with my singing. I'm very happily married and have a three-year-old daughter named Nancy. I've just bought a ten room house at Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, and though Nancy's my only child so far, I'm going to fill that joint up. I've been thinking I might sing some songs that would appeal especially to men, like, 'Without a Song,' or 'Ole Man River.' I could do that all right and it might help.

"Did I ever study voice? No, I can't read a note of music. I can't even explain what I do. I just know it takes a lot to bring out a high note and drop it down to a whisper. And you've got to be in good condition: if I'm tired it's not so good. Another thing, it's important to get strings. Even if I have only three fiddles in the ensemble, they give help and inspiration."

String music, particularly symphonic passages, moves him to tears. He likes to tell about the time he arrived at a concert of the Los Angeles Philharmonic in the middle of Ravel's "Daphne et Chloe" and sat on the floor to wait for intermission. When the lights went on he was sitting there in the aisle weeping. "People thought I had escaped from a lunatic asylum."

His appearance is unimpressive. Five feet, ten inches tall, he weighs about one hundred and twenty-eight pounds and carries himself slouchingly. His clothes are on the sharp side, and he thoroughly dislikes evening clothes. He has blue eyes, brown hair which falls on his forehead in a lock, prominent ears, a thin neck and hollow cheeks which give him that "hungry look."

He's both naive and shrewd. He loves compliments and enjoys his fan mail. He's rather proud of the notes he's received from "beautiful babes" in the night club inviting him to their tables. But he accepts with caution.

"I'm nice to 'em. I figure I got where I am being nice to 'em. But I don't want to get mixed up."

He knows that each of the girls in his theater audiences believes that he is singing directly to her, and he therefore glances over several members of the audience and several ushers. But one song is always for his wife, and after the broadcast she must guess which it was.

He's violently romantic, yet he has remained in love with the same girl since he was sixteen.

Sinatra, the only child of a New Jersey fireman of Italian-American extraction, was born and raised in Hoboken. He went through three years of High School, at which point he and the principal "decided we were wasting each other's time," and he quit. Later he studied shorthand and jouralism evenings at Drake Institute and took a daytime job on a delivery truck of the Jersey Observer.

He fell in love with Nancy Barato in 1933 while their families occupied neighboring summer cottages at Long Branch, New Jersey. He was sixteen and she was fifteen. The summer romance developed into a winter courtship. Meanwhile, he rose to copyboy and then sports writer on the newspaper and was planning to take up engineering at the Stexens Institute of Tectnology.

In those days he strummed an oversized ukelele but sang little. The only musical members of his family were his father's cousin, Ray Sinatra, or chestra conductor and arranger, and his mother's cousin, Tess Gardella, who had been radio's Aunt Jemima.

But it happened that he and Nancy came to New York one night to hear Bing Crosby in a personal appearance at the Paramount, and as Crosby sang Sinatra knew his own fate.

"That's what I want to do," he told Nancy on the way home.

He quit his job the next morning and secured an audition with a Major Bowes Amateur unit. He came home with a prize for singing "Night and Day," and a job on one of the touring shows. When he told Nancy the good news he added: "My heart sang that song to you."

He was away for six months during which he sent Nancy sweaters and bits of jewelry from his stops, long letters and long-stemmed roses. But homesickness overcame him in Spokane and he headed home to find work.

Those were tough days. No one would believe that he was good. He started a library of stock arrangements, and even bought a public address system in the hope of getting a job. At last he landed one at Englewood's Rustic Cabin at twenty dollars a week, acting as master of ceremonies and singing with a blind pianist. The customers particularly liked the way he handled "Begin the Beguine."

That was 1939, a year of heartbreaking work, balanced only by Nancy's encouragement.

Recalling it recently, Sinatra said:

"I attribute my success—no not success, experience and knowledge, I attribute my experience and knowledge to the pushing around I got in 1939. I was singing about 18 sustaining programs a week on just about every little station here in the East. I didn't make a dime, but WAAT used to send me checks for 70 cents a week carfare. They didn't thinkI ought to spend my own money running from New York to New Jersey.

"But there was a method in my madness. I figured I got the housewives around nine in the morning, then I caught the kids that came home for lunch at twelve-fifteen, then I got them again when they came home from school. This went right on until a program I had at one-

thirty in the morning. That one was a very depressing job."

He and Nancy were married that winter. They took a southern honeymoon in his car and set up housekeeping in a small furnished apartment in Jersey City. They had very little fun. Nancy kept her job as a stenographer for the American Type Founders and she was usually preparing to go to work when Frank came home. But before she left or he could go to sleep she always had to okay his programs of the night before and guess which songs had been for her.

He kept up the profitless grind for a year and a half before the returns began to pour in. The first break was a two-year contract from Harry James, the band leader at $75 a week. Long afterwards Sinatra learned that James had been in the habit of sitting up to hear his one-thirty a. m. broadcast, the "depressing job," and had resolved: "that's the kid who is going to sing with me." Frank had figured right.

Nancy left her job and they set out with James on tour like a pair of conquerors. In Califoria, where there was a prospect of their remaining for some time, they furnished an apartment and made a down payment on a new car.

Then something went wrong with the bookings. The bubble burst. They were stranded far from home; a baby was coming and another payment on the car was due. December arrived, a lonely, wet California December. They grew frightened and then panicky. For two days, broke, they lived on onion sandwiches. At this point Frank got his big chance as soloist with Tommy Dorsey's band.

During those tragic, terrifying weeks Nancy had discovered that Frank needed to be happy to work well: he couldn't sing with his heart when he was distressed. And she resolved that henceforth she would spare him all worry if she could.

On the day the baby was expected he had a one a. m. broad cast. He telephoned her anxiously at 12:30 to ask how she felt and Nancy, fresh in her resolve, replied: "Don't be surprised if nothing happens tonight." The baby was born at six o'clock that morning but Frank knew nothing about it until that evening. Then he considered the whole business a miracle. Little Nancy is still rather miraculous in his eyes.

He remained with Dorsey for two years during which his popularity became firmly fixed among adolescents. He made a few recordings for Columbia Records, and appeared in three minor films, "Ship Ahoy," "Las Vegas Nights" and "Reveille with Beverly." This success wasn't enough: he must get out and solo.

And so he took a daring step at the beginning of this year and struck out for himself—well aware that no crooner since Crosby had been successful without a name band. He was going to do something bigger than any vocalist had done before, if he could get his bookings.

Early in February he opened at the Paramount for one week at $1,200. The first day was a phenomenon. No singer had ever drawn like this. The fan line formed long before the doors opened and continued all day, while inside a camp-meeting hysteria reigned. Excited girls screamed: "Here I am Frankie!" "Ohhhh, Frankie darling!" "Frankie—you got a magnet!"

Discovering that they wanted him to sing to them individually, he developed the trick of looking one or another of them in the eyes. They went literally mad.

And the bookings were extended. At eight weeks he tied the great Vallee record. At nine he had established a new one.

On February 24th he stepped from a CBS sustaining program to Lucky Strike's Hit Parade at $1,000 a week, and in March he opened at the Club Riobamba on West 57th Street at $800 a week. The club did such unparalleled business that his engagement was extended another six weeks at $1,500 a week. In May he returned to the Paramount for five weeks at $1,250 each

Meanwhile, George Abbott was busy on the Broadway musical, andRKO had signed him for a series of pictures, beginning with "Higher and Higher" with Michele Morgan. He'll get $25,000 for the first, and perhaps double that for the second. "Twenty-five thousand dollars is more money than I ever dreamed of," he grins.

And his records were selling. "I'll Never Smile Again" had gone to 750,000. Columbia immediately had him make another recording with a choral background, to evade the Petrillo ban on musicians.

This June, dozens of high school year books are carrying his picture, one with the caption: "Semper Sinatra." His 700 fan clubs publish their own paper, to which he furnishes personal notes.

"It's pretty flattering. They want to know what I eat, whether I use toothpaste or powder."

His fan mail has reached 5,000 letters a week, and when he leaves or enters the Columbia Broadcasting studios in Madison Avenue the sidewalks are jammed with gasping girls.

But there is a reverse side. Because of a freakish contract with Dorsey, Dorsey can claim 33 1-3 per cent of his gross earnings and his (Dorsey's) manager, ran claim another ten per cent. They have not attempted to collect so far, and Frank's friends are convinced that they won't, pointing out that one-third of his earnings would be an illegal commission.

He works harder now than he did even during the black days of 1939. He appears on five or six shows a day besides his radio rehearsal, and there are many nights when he is unable to get home. Instead, he collapses on a hotel bed for a few hours sleep. He manages his own music publishing company and is writing a book to advise youngsters on how to break into the singing business. Interviews and fans make endless claims upon his time, and he tries to lend a hand in the war effort. Not long ago he short-waved "I Dream of Holland" to the Netherlands Underground.

Since there is always the possibility that the draft will interrupt his work, he wants to make as much money as possible for his family now.

"Then I'm going to be the guy that kidnaps Hitler—like the fellows that wanted to kidnap the Kaiser in 1917. I'd be gone now if I was single."

He's inordinately proud of the white-trimmed fieldstone home in Hasbrouck Heights, with its knotty pine panelling and bright chintzes and its special rooms for his collections of rifles and symphonic records.

On his free days he roams about in sweater and slacks, playing with

Nancy or knocking a golf ball around. He hopes to make a harpist of Nancy.

He's a good boxer and often puts on the gloves with his friends, Tami Mauriello, the heavyweight, and Tami's manager, Al Silvani—after which they relax at pinball in his basement bar.

Success has made no change in his family life. He still sends his wife long-stemmed roses and gifts— though this year the gifts were more elaborate, including a sheared beaver coat, a diamond ring and diamond earrings. He still expects her to okay his broadcasts.

They'll be separated for the first time when he goes to Hollywood in August, for she will remain at home to wait the birth of her second child. She intends that this baby shall come just as Nancy did: as a surprise to Frank. He won't know about it until everything is over—for he mustn't worry while he's working.

The work of space saving moves on apace. London buses have begun to trail little self-producing gas plants and engines to furnish motive power. The purpose is plain—something must be done to keep down the rising toll of sunken tankers. It is estimated that this trailer device will relieve the strain on tanker traffic to the extent of 16 tankers of 5,000 gross tons, or the equivalent of 30,000,000 gallons of gasoline per trip. This raises another question. What effect will the various emergency devices to save cargo space at the present time have on our stores and pantries, in size and shelf space, after the war is over? No bins for potatoes, but a winter's dessicated supply on a pantry shelf; no long rows of weighty cans, but modest cubes of vegetables and meat; no bottles of extracts, milk or vinegar, but powders and pellets! Will beer, wine and liquor have to follow suit? But what will we do with all the empty space? Perhaps it will make the world feel larger for us again. There is one drawback, however: our water rent bill will be larger.—Selected.

CAPTAIN MARY

By Richard A. Shafter

In the arge dining room of a Denver residence ten eager young faces are turned toward the head of the table. The hostess is slight, wiry Captain Mary Parker Converse, 70 years young, the only female licensed master mariner in the United States.

It is heavier fare than mere food and drink that Captain Mary is offering these young men around the long table.

There are pilot charts on the walls, volumes of Bowditch and other authors on navigation on the table, and beside Mrs. Converse's place are a sextant, a pelorus, a small gyrocompass. The lady merchant skipper is teaching future Naval officers the rudiments of navigation.

Three nights weekly, from seven to ten, classes assemble at Mrs. Converse's residence to master the mysteries of that science which will enable them to take their places as navigators in the Navy's "line or air arm.

Captain Mary's Academy has no official standing. Yet the Navy maintains a paternal interest in it. Captain Mary's school had its inception in an inspiration of Commander Johnson of the Denver Naval Recruiting Station.

Faced with the problem of acquainting reserve midshipmen in the shortest possible time with the knotty problems of dead reckoning, celestial navigation and seamanship, Commander Johnson decided to try to find some short-cuts, some improved methods. Experience had shown him that many of the boys from far inland had never been near salt water and could at best develop only a nodding acquaintance with things maritime. Though at least two years of college mathematics are a requirement for all enrollees of the Class V-7 of naval reservists, the practical understanding of theoretical knowledge left many of them stumped.

In that predicament Commander Johnson remembered Captain Mary. Mrs. Converse had just returned from Seattle with the ink not yet quite dry on the U. S. Steamboat Inspector's license No. 157,745 that had made her a full-fledged master mariner, and entitled her to navigate "steam and motor vessels of any gross tonnage on the waters of any ocean."

With a war going full blast, there seemed only a slight chance for Captain Mary to follow her hobby of tramping over the seven seas as supernumerary navigator of any ship that might want her. Commander Johnson decided to persuade her that she need not let her own navigation knowledge get rusty. There were youngsters who needed grounding in the art of guiding a ship through the trackless vastness of the ocean or sky.

Captain Mary was reluctant at first. The assignment seemed too big to tackle. But the Commander won the argument by appealing to her patriotism. On October 4, 1940, the first reserve ensign's class began, to be followed every three months by a new class.

The Navy continues its active interest in Captain Mary's enterpise

by seeing that the classroom is properly equipped with pilot charts, sailing directions, the Notes to Mariners and other printed aids to navigation published by the U. S. Hydrographic Office.

Other equipment has been lent by the Navy, and the manufacturers of the Sperry gyroscope compass have added one of their valuable instruments to the collection. The textbook Captain Mary uses is compiled by herself and based on navigation methods in actual and official use in the Navy. Occasionally visiting officers add to the diversification of the curriculum by lecturing on naval strategy, gunnery, seamanship, and other related subjects.

By now more than 120 Captain Mary's boys are already on active duty, many of them commissioned, and about a score of them already with the stripe and a half of the lieutenant junior grade on their sleeves. From these grads she receives grateful letters from the distant corners of the earth.

By proxy, the lady skipper has sent her hobby to war.

At the question of how she came to her hobby, Captain Mary blushes youthfully and with a shy smile admits that going down to the sea in ships was already a dream with her when still a pigtailed youngster in Boston's Back Bay section. "None of my forebears, that I know of, ever was a seafaring man. Yet I even thought of marrying a captain and living on the ocean."

A glance through the diaries and personal logbooks Captain Mary has kept of her various cruises gives answer, unbeknown perhaps to herself. There is a deep and almost mystic quality to Captain Mary's love for the high seas. Wrote she on one occasion:

"However lacking in news of any material significance on board ship or on the sea, there is always an abundance in the wonders of the universe for me to contemplate, and whether the forebodings are good or ill, in calm or storm, I get more to gaze upon than I am able to express. This recalls to my mind a motto which we had on our yacht: 'We take our chances with the changes of the ocean and the sky.' "

In spite of her childhood dreams it was not a captain she eventually married, but a colonel. He was Harry E. Converse, like Mary Parker a Boston blue-blood. He was a licensed master of his own ocean-going steam yacht, the Penelope. And so the young woman eventually had her wish to go to sea and in her own vessed at that.

During the Spanish-American War the Converses sold the 970-ton Penelope to the Navy. Rechristened Yanktown, the little auxiliary faithfully served the Navy as gunboat and dispatch carrier for almost a quarter of a century. Meanwhile the Converses, inveterate yachtsmen that they were, built several smaller vessels, and now and then Captain Mary would take the helm herself to prove the second class pilot license for New England waters which she obtained in 1899 was more than a mere scrap of paper. Even after Col. Converse's death, in 1920, Captain Mary remembered her love of the sea. But the palatial liners with their hotel-like life, no longer appealed to her. She went a-voyaging on commercial boats, making leisurely trips to the

old world, the Mediterranean countries, Africa, Alaska.

Soon she became a steady visitor to the navigation bridge of any ship on which she sailed. Skipper and mate 'shooting' the sun at noon, their cabalistic entires on charts and logbooks, began to exert the absorbing interest of a mysterious ritual. A kind mate acquainted her with the names and positions of the chief celestial constellations, and Captain Mary definitely gave up needlework for the more engrossing hobby of observing the starry skies. What at first had been a mere theoretical interest became a vocation with Mary Converse. Already past sixty, she began to follow the sea with a purpose.

In 1935 she obtained her deep-water mate's license. After that, seafaring became a duty. For even an amateur navigator must actively engage in navigation for at least four weeks of each year to keep his license valid. Nor can the license be renewed otherwise.

Now and then it reqired considerable pleading to get a berth, even though she paid her passage. In one case it took the good offices of Captain Bradford of the Navy's Hydrographic Office, himself a master in sail and steam, to get her aboard a freighter. On another occasion the manufacturer of the Sperry gyroscope compass interceded in her behalf.

In 1940 arriving at the Golden Gate, Captain E. J. Sweeney, of the SS. F. J. Luckenbach told newspapermen, "My fourth officer is all right. I guess she sailed long before I ever did. She is a good seaman and a good navigator. I'll class her with a professional any day."

That was high praise, coming from the lips of a hard-bitten old seadog. It inspired Mrs. Converse to take her final plunge and undergo the gruelling seven-day grind of the examination for master's papers. She passed with colors flying and with an over-all mark of 90, putting many a younger man to shame.

Now having earned the right to be called Captain, and proudly wearing the four gold stripes of a master mariner on the sleeves of her uniform coat, Mrs. Converse returned to Denver, to find another piloting assignment awaiting her, the biggest she had yet tackled. Two thousand miles from saltwater, she became part of the great war effort and has since helped chart the course that will lead to victory and peace.

———:———

SKUNKS IN THE VICTORY GARDEN

Bright and early one morning, Jeanne and Ken, children of F. B. Siegfried, dashed out to work the family Victory Garden. Nestling among the carrots and tomatoes they found a suprise, six baby skunks. Neighbors suggested that upon maturity the skunks be named Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, Himmler, Hirohito and Quisling.—Exchange.

THE APRON STRING

(Sunshine Magazine)

There was once a little boy who had just learned to walk. He was not very steady on his feet, so his mother tied her apron string around his waist, and said, "There, little man, when you stumble, you can pull yourself up by that, and you will not fall."

The child followed her, and she sang about her work. But day by day the boy grew taller, until his head came above the window sill, and often he stood looking at the green grass, and the flowers, and the trees, and the river shining in the sun, and the distant purple mountains piled high against the sky, and he desired greatly to get out into the great big world.

One day the boy said, "Mother, untie your apron string and let me go."

Mother answered, "No, little man, only yesterday you stumbled, and would have fallen but for this. Wait until you are stronger." Days passed, and the boy grew taller, and more and more he left his playthings at the hearth and stood at the window.

One morning the door was open. The boy stood on the threshold and saw the green grass, and the flowers, and the trees; and he heard the voice of the river calling him, saying, "Come, come!" And he started so quickly that the apron string snapped, and he ran down the lane with the broken end dangling behind him. "Ho, ho!" he cried, "I never knew my mother's apron string was so weak."

The mother gathered up her end of the broken string and hid it in her bosom; and she turned again to her work, but sang no more. The boy ran on and on, under the trees, over the grassy meadow, to the river's bank, and then along the bank toward the purple mountains that piled high against the sky. Sometimes the path was smooth, and he would run fast. Sometimes it was steep and rocky, and he had to climb on hands and knees. Once it turned suddenly and came out upon the river's bank, just where it dashed over a great precipice. The air was full of mist, the rocks were slippery, and the way was uncertain.

The boy made a misstep, but just as he slipped over the bank of the abyss, something caught upon the point of a rock and held him dangling in the air. He put his hand back to see what had kept him from faling, and he found it was his mother's broken apron string still tied to his waist. "Ho, ho!" he cried, "I never knew my mother's apron string was so strong." And he pulled himself up by it, and set his feet firmly upon the rock again, and went on toward the purple mountains that were piled high against the sky.

You cannot dream yourself into a charater; you must harmmer and forge one for yourself.—Froude.

INSTITUTION NOTES

There were more visitors present last Wednesday, regular visiting day, than we had seen at the School for several months.

—:—

The boys on the barn force have been quite busy this week filling the silos at the dairy barn. These two silos are large ones and several weeks are usually required to fill them.

—:—

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Carriker, cottage officer and matron in charge of Cottage No. 5, are spending a week's vacation in the mountains. The boys of that cottage were sent out to other cottages to stay until their return.

—:—

A shipment of overalls was recently delivered to our sewing room. Like many other articles of apparel, it is quite difficult at this time to secure overalls and we feel fortunate in having these in our stock room.

—:—

According to a report from the War Department, released July 31, 1943, we learned that PFC Wilson Medlin, one of our old boys, is now being held prisoner by the Germans. Following the Tunisian campaign, Wilson was reported as missing in action, but this later report definitely lists him as a prisoner of war. This young man was a former member of the Cottage No. 15 group, and worked on the dairy force.

—:—

Watermelons are now getting more plentiful, and the boys are enjoying feasts quite frequently. We have had a most generous supply of cantaloupes, but they tell us that the season is just about over for this delicacy.

—:—

Dr. A. D. Underwood, of the oral hygiene department of the State Board of Health, is conduction a dental clinic at the School. We are glad to see the genial "tooth carpenter" at the same old place of business in the school building.

—:—

"Flying Cadets" was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in our auditorium last Thurday night. A comedy, shown on the same program was entitled, "Under the Spreading Blacksmith Shop." Both are Universal productions.

—:—

John Reep, formerly of Cottage No. 14, who enlisted in the United States Navy a few weeks ago, called on his friends at the School last Saturday. He had completed his period of basic training at the Naval

Training Station, Bainbridge, Maryland, and was spending a few days' leave with relatives in Charlotte. John stated that he had to report back at Bainbridge on August 4th.

—:—

Our herd of Hereford cattle has been transferred from the pasture on the east side of the highway over to that section of the school's property known as the Duke Farm. A shed was remodeled there recently to provide shelter for these cows.

—:—

The old refuse dump has been cleaned up and moved a little farther away from the road. A fence has been placed around it to prevent dumping trash near the road. This fence has been painted white, and we must say that this job has greatly improved the appearance of this section of the School grounds.

—:—

Messrs. Walker and Johnson, assisted by a group of boys, are now busily engaged in canning corn at the cannery. This is cooked by the latest steam-pressure method and placed in quart cans. It is expected that a goodly supply will thus be obtained for winter use.

—:—

Eugene Moose, formerly of the Indian Cottage, who enlisted in the United States Navy several weeks ago, was visiting relatives in Concord last week. He was one of the group of boys who joined the Navy, going right from the campus, and had completed a period of basic training at Bainbridge, Maryland. He told us that he liked the life of a sailor very much so far, and seemed eager to get into active sea service.

—:—

A recent letter from William Thomas Wood, a former student at the School, informed us that he was in the United States Navy, and was stationed at Fort Pierce, Florida. Willie stated that he likes the life of a sailor very much.

William came to the School from Eldorado, a little village in Montgomery County, October 15, 1938 and remained here until July 11, 1940, when he was conditionally released to return to his home. While at the institution he was a member of the Cottage No. 15 group and worked in the dairy. He entered the fifth grade in school and at the time of leaving was in the sixth grade. After returning to his home, he got along fine, and upon recommendation of the welfare superintendent of that county, was granted an honorable discharge, January 13, 1941. Nothing further had been heard from him until the receipt of the letter stating that he was in the Navy.

—:—

Edward Bruce, of Statesville, a former member of the Cottage No. 6 group, called at The Uplift office last Tuesday afternoon. This young man, now twenty-seven years old, entered

the School, September 14, 1929 and was conditionally released, January 10, 1931; he re-entered, August 1, 1931 and was discharged, March 4, 1932. During his stay at the institution he worked as house boy in Cottage No. 6, and in the shoe repair and plumbing shops.

Ed stated that when he first went back to Statesville, he secured employment with the Statesville Chair Company, remaining there about five years. For the past six years he has been working for the Iredell Ice and Fuel Company, and at present holds the position of truck foreman. He also informed us that he was married and had two children, a daughter, aged eight years and a seven-year-old son. In the course of our conversation, Ed said that he thought the Training School was the finest place in the state where a boy might get started out right in life, and that he was very glad he spent several years here.

—:—

Most of the games in the local baseball leagues played last Saturday afternoon were one-sided affairs. There was plenty of hitting mixed up with many errors, with the result that the base runners had a regular field day. In League No. 1, the Receiving Cottage team holds a half-game lead, with First and Fourth Cottages in a tie for second place. In League Number Two, the lads from Tenth Cottage kept their slate clean for the season, winning their eleventh straight game. The scores were as follows:

League Number One—Fifth Cottage 9 First Cottage 4; Receiving Cottage 20 Third Cottage 6; Fourth Cottage 14 Eighth Cottage 6.

League Number Two—Tenth Cottage 12 Fifteenth Cottage 3; Thirteenth Cottage 14 Ninth Cottage 3; Fourteenth Cottage 10 Eleventh Cottage 4.

CLUB STANDINGS

League Number One

	W	L	Pct
Receiving Cottage	10	2	.833
First Cottage	9	3	.750
Fourth Cottage	9	3	.750
Fifth Cottage	6	6	.500
Third Cottage	3	10	.231
Eighth Cottage	0	13	.000

League Number Two

	W	L	Pct
Tenth Cottage	11	0	1.000
Thirteenth Cottage	8	5	.615
Fourteenth Cottage	6	6	.500
Eleventh Cottage	4	8	.333
Ninth Cottage	4	8	.333
Fifteenth Cottage	3	10	.231

—:—

Rev. C. C. Herbert, pastor of Forest Hill Methodist Church, Concord, was in charge of the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. He announced that since the School's glee club and harmonica band had been over to his church and rendered such a fine program, the young people of his congregation felt that they should do something for the boys, and requested that they might present a program at the School the next time Rev. Mr. Herbert was scheduled to

come out here. He then introduced several young ladies, members of the Methodist Youth Fellowship Group, together with their leader, Mrs. A. R. Morrison. They presented the following program: Scripture Lesson, Matthew 25:14-29, Miss Sybil Miller, president of the group; Reading—Confession of Faith and Prayer, Miss Ella Brown Miller; Vocal Duet—"Twenty-Third Psalm," Misses Geneva Blackwelder and Edna Stratford: This program was well rendered and was enjoyed by the boys.

Rev. Mr. Herbert then presented Rev. George Wesley Jones, assistant pastor at Forest Rill Church, who made a prayer and talked to the boys on the subject, "How To Live." He first stated that many people make a "mess" of their lives simply because they don't know how to live. We should read of Jesus' life, said he, and try to live like him. The art of living, continued the speaker, is the greatest of all arts, and there are four important steps in life, as follows:

1—We must get the right perspective by making up our minds which are the most important things in life. Like an artist, we should put the most worthwhile things in front and those of lesser interest in the background. The first important thing is the physical body. It is not given to us to be ignored, but developed; not to be abused, but to be used. Jesus was himself an outdoor man. He had no house, but spent most of his time out of doors. He taught that our bodies were important and that we should respect them.

We should use our bodies as a means to an end. We must think of our personality, and our physical bodies should be thought of as instruments through which we can put our thoughts into action. Our bodies are sacred, and should be places in which God dwells.

2—The Mental Side of Life. God created all other animals, but they have no minds. They go about eating and drinking as a means of keeping alive. Man is the highest of all animal creation, and God put a mind into each man's body, that he might learn to make the proper use of his life. When we neglect our minds, we are not living as God intended for us to live. After this great war is over there will be peace. The boys today will then be grown men, and that will be the time people with strong minds will be the leaders of our great nation. We can best learn the meaning of peace from the teachings of Jesus, and the world will know peace only when those teachings guide the lives of all people.

3—The Social Life. Men should learn to live together harmoniously. The trouble with the world today is that people could not live peacefully, with the result that the greatest war of all time is daily destroying millions of dollars worth of property and thousands of lives. Some people do not want to live according to the rules and laws. Such people are very selfish, and a selfish life can only lead to trouble. Others do not try to live. They just drift along through life, apparently not caring what becomes of them or anybody else. A selfish life is a most useless life, and can lead to no good end. The person who say, "I'll live my life for others" lives close to the teachings of the

Master, and will be successful. Great doctors give us such examples. In many instances, while trying to find cures for deadly diseases, try the treatments themselves, and often die from the effects. Even though they are dead, they worked wonders for humanity, for by thus giving their lives they showed the way for others to be cured.

4—The Religious Life. We must remember at all times that our religious life is very important. When we realize that God in breathing the breath of life into man, put something of Himself into us, that should be reason enough for us to determine to live for Him. God has plans for each one of us. It may be sonmething big or something very small, but no matter what it is, we shall be doing nothing but our duty when we try to fill our proper place in life. We do not have to do that. God will never force men to do His will, but our refusal to do as He bids, will make it that much more difficult for others to carry on His work. There is no intermediate station in life; our influence will be either for good or for evil, and the best thing for us to do will be to see that our lives shall be pleasing in the sight of God.

THE ROAD BETWEEN

The cup is on the table, and the lip is on the face; but the road between is noted as a slippery sort of place. The boy is on the high chair, and the pie is on the shelf; he may span the space between them, or may fall and kill himself. There's a shanty where I'm living, but a palace in my mind; only Cupid dwells between them, and the little fellow's blind! The sower works in spring-time, and the reaper in the fall; but between them come the weevil, and the army-worm, and all. The producer's in the harness, the consumer's in a sweat; but the road is bad between them, and they're not acquainted yet. The clerk is at the bottom, and the owner at the top; it's a slippery job ascending, and an easy trick to drop! The cherished public office from the home is plainly seen; but the bleaching bones of candidates are scattered in between. The dollar's in the workshop. and the pocket's in the pants; but the passageway between them has an element of chance. Yes, there's "this" that's present with us, and there's "that" that's over there; but the rocky road between them is the rub that makes us swear!

—J. Edward Tuff

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 1, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Ira Montgomery
Weaver Ruff
Richard Shehan
Malcom Seymour
Lee St. Clair
Harry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Richard Billings
Roland Brooks
Marion Cox
Jack Gray
Roy Jones
Leonard Lovelace
Harold McKinney
Jack Ray
Leonard Robinson
James Shell
David Swink
Luther Vaughn
John Franks
Rufus Massingill
Roy Womack
William Willis

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Hurley Bell
Robert Coleman
Joseph Dew
John Holder
Arthur Ingle
William Meeks
Fonzer Pittman
Ralph Powell
Samuel Pritchett
Milton Talley
William Davis
Ernest Turner

COTTAGE NO. 4

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 5

Randolph Ammons
William Gentry
Richard Hobbs
Eugene Kerman
William Peninger
Leroy Pruitt
Truby Ricks
Lewis Sawyer
Willford Richard Seegers
Walter Thomas
Eldred Watts
Kenneth Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 6

Eugene Bowers
Kenneth Caldwell
Charlton Cox
Ralph Gibson
Donald Griffin
Robert Jarvis
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean
James McMahan
Hayes Powell
Wesley Turner
Joseph Turner
Wiliam Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7

Albert Allen
James Brigman
Wallace Foster
Donald Grimstead
William Hardin
Cecil Kinion
Marshall Prestwood
Jerry Ray
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 8

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 9

Cecil Caldwell
Riley Denny
James Hale
Thomas Ingram
Morris Johnson
Winley Jones
Alfred Lamb
Raiford Medlin
Albert Newton

Robert Owens
Troy Parris
Luther Sherman
George Strayhorne
Edward VanHoy

COTTAGE NO. 10

Fred Carswell
Jack Clifton
Edward Loftin
Roy Patton
Charles Tate
Jack Williams
A. B. Woodard
William Royal Young
William Butler

COTTAGE NO. 11

Marvin Bradley
Robert Goldsmith
Robert Moses
J. C. Rhodes
Clyde Rhodes
Elbert Brown

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Dewell Cooper
Robert Hobbs
Donald Hobbs
B. J. Mayberry
Banks P. McKnight
Dillard Shelton
Russell Stikes

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Charles Callahan
Robert Caudle
John Fargis
Robert Holbert
James Iinebarrier
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pittman
Theodore Young
Robert Travis
John Pritchard
Walter Stansberry
Paul Stone

COTTAGE NO. 15

James Cantrell
Burley Edmondson
Fred Fox
Harvey Leonard
David Lewis
Roger Reid
Dewey Smith
Evans Watson
Olin Wishon
Jerry Talbert

INDIAN COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

INFIRMARY

Clifford Lowman
James Parker
Peter Tuttle
Alvis Watkins

OLDEST PEACE TREATY

The oldest international peace treaty is believed to have been made in 1272 B. C. between the Rameses II, King of Egypt, and Khetasar, King of the Hittites who lived in Asia Minor and Syria. According to Dr. Duncan, head of the department of Egyptology in the American University, Washington, D. C., the treaty, which was called "The Good Treaty of Peace and Brotherhood," is "a most remarkable document considering the time when it was written." The treaty was engraved on silver plates so that the contracting parties might have enduring copies. It contained eighteen paragraphs dealing with such topics as the renunciation of all conquests, reaffirmation of former treaties and extradition of political refugees.—International Religious News Service.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 14, 1943 No. 33

AUG 16 1943

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROO

(Orange County)

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

IT'S UP TO ME

I have a life I have to live,
To live it well or live it ill,
But not the aid that others give
Will ever get me up the hill.

It's well to pray for help divine,
But better yet divine to be;
For, after all, this life is mine,
And, good or bad, it's up to me.

—Douglas Malloch.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
I BELIEVE EVERYTHING	By Dorothy Knox	8
BELLS OF SWITZERLAND	By Marie Widmer	10
THE SECOND DECLINE AND FALL WILL NOT BE SO GREAT	(Farm & Home Weekly)	12
MARY DEAN	(Sunshine Magazine)	17
NEGRO YOUTH WINS PLACE IN NATIONAL ART SHOW	(The Charlotte Observer)	19
THE FRONT PORCH	By Thomas Hobson	20
PLAYING THE FLUTE	(Nuggets)	21
INSTITUTION NOTES		22
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

MY LITTLE VINE

Once I planted a vine beside a trellis. How carefully I tended the little sprout, watering it and teaching the tendrils to twine about the slats. Warmed by the strong sun, and nourished by the refreshing rain, the vine grew, and little by little climbed half way up the trellis. Then the leaves began to unfold, and in a little while it began to provide cooling shade, and became a thing of beauty.

But one dark night there came a storm. The wind blew furiously, and the rain fell in torrents. The next morning, when I looked at the little vine, it was lying prone on the ground, half submerged in muddy water.

Then what did I do? I stooped down and tenderly lifted the fallen vine out of the mire, and twined it carefully about the trellis again. In places I fastened its tendrils to the slats with pieces of soft string, and it began to hold up its head once more. Then I watched it grow day by day, and observed with pleasure that the vine I had lifted up was taking a fresh hold. Warmed by the genial rays of sunshine, it gave renewed promise of a strong plant, and I was happy.

Do I ever think to be as considerate of my fellowmen—the men and women who suffer, and weep, and waver, and fall—as I was of that little vine, that knew neither pain nor pleasure? Am I as eager to lift up my brother man who has fallen low? Let us give men and women, with undying souls, as fair a chance to begin life over as we would an insignificant plant.—Author Unknown.

———:———

Statistics will support the statement that ninety per cent of the thousands of boys who are sent to training schools in this country each year come from the houses of delinquent parents. They cannot come from homes, because the very word "home" signifies family, unity, love and care.

Most boys who become institutionalized are victims of circumstance, and circumstance in this case may be defined as selfish, negligent parents. No child would choose this type of parents, but he has no choice in the matter. The day comes when he finds that the community is reluctant to accept him because of parental con-

duct. He is a social outcast; not good enough to associate with children who are fortunate enough to have law-abiding, Christian parents. He, therefore, seeks the level that his parents allow and ends up as an associate of the community's problem children. When his conduct becomes unbearable to normal, wholesome life, agencies of public welfare and law step in, but in the majority of cases the inherited weakness of the child is too deep-rooted for the local authorities to handle. Institutions are then called to on help.

Reclaiming young lives involves Christian leadership and asocitions and no child is changed from bad to good except through the method of heart and mind training. It has been proved that results of a high degree are obtained in the majority of cases, but these are not enough. The child will one day go home and the training he has received will go for naught unless there has been a change in the hearts of the parents and a Christian home in the making. A child simply cannot live in surroundings without becoming a part of them. The church cannot reach some of these homes, no matter how much it tries, so it becomes the problem of already overworked welfare departments to try to keep peace and harmony in the families and to see that the child goes straight. This problem should concern every citizen of the state and something should be done to help solve the problem of the home.—William D. Clark, in The Heel Boy.

* * * * * * * *

Just taking our total war appropriations for 1940-1943 ($338,500-000,000), this land of ours has been committed to spend in that time about twice as much as our total Federal appropriations for the 150 previous years (1789-1940). This is not simple addition but geometrical progression in taxation with a vengeance, for the $338,500,000,000 needs to be compared with the $17,160,000,000 spent on the first World War, from June 30, 1917 to July 30, 1919. These are just figures to us, for they are too large really to visualize. There is a way, however, in which we can realize their import for ourselves individually. These recent magnificent taxation gestures, which are nonetheless obligations, amount to more than twice the total assessed valuation of our whole country ($150,002,-511,228). That means that each of us is obligated in taxes for more than twice as much as we possess in "houses, factories, farms,

fields and personal belongings." There may be many who think this will be paid by the large incomes and corporations, but in the end every individual pays his share, if not directly then indirectly. Becoming tax-conscious will be the best for everybody, if it really includes the last citizen and wage worker. That will be the quickest, most effective brake on reckless spending of public funds.

—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

Imagination is a wonderful thing. If a man thinks the world is full of good things, good people and countless blessings, he is far richer than his neighbor who thinks the world contains none of them. By his imagination man largely peoples this old world to his liking. Some people, looking ever on the bright side, see a world in which we are living princes of royal blood, while others see a land filled with paupers and privations. It all depends upon the point of view. The choice is ours.

* * * * * * * *

Whatever adjustments must be made in post-war commerce will have to take into consideration some possible permanent changes. The development of synthetic rubber, in some respects a superior product, is bound to affect the fortunes of the now inaccessible rubber plantations. As a result of dislocated transportation, Latin, America is diversifying its crops to provide for itself the foodstuffs formerly imported. At the same time makers of propietary medicines are told to expect a shrinking market there because the Latin American countries are building plants to manufacture their own remedies. Something of the same sort is to be expected in the case of heavier industries. The start in these, occasioned by our emergency needs, is likely to be followed by further domestic developments, to the extent that Latin America may no longer be viewed as a pruely agricultural area, or the source of raw materials and ores alone. Industry will be more widespread and become increasingly specialized in many quarters of the globe. Among the minor illustrations of that movement may be cited the intention of the Bahamas to open their fishing banks to United States fishermen,

but to establish processing plants in their islands. The same is true of other Caribbean fisheries, which are clamoring for refrigeration and processing plants of their own.—Exchange.

* * * * * * * *

HE BECAME POOR

Jesus owned nothing. He was born in another man's stable. His closet of prayer was a mountain top or the wilds of the wilderness. He died upon the cross of an enemy and was buried in the grave of a friend. At his death he had no material gifts to bestow upon his mother, who with other women tarried about the foot of the cross.

"He became poor that we through his poverty might become rich," even in material things. The rich nations of the earth are the Christian nations. And if these Christian nations had followed the Master's instructions in regard to war, they would today be a thousand-fold richer in material things of earth than they are. War has done more to impoverish the earth than any other destructive agency known to man. Yet man refuses to obey the instructions of the Prince of Peace.—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

THE COMMON MAN

Christianity began among the lower stratas of society. At first not many rich or noble persons were found in the Christian ranks. But the Christian religion is not unique in this respect. The great social revolutions have generally been cradled in mangers. Civilization is deeply indebted to lowly cradles and unknown mothers hold a heavy account against the world.

No ignorance is quite so stupid as that which discounts the common man and that scorns the hidden capacities of the common people. The finest thing said of Jesus as a teacher was that the common people heard him gladly.

The greatest short-sightedness of the Christian church has been its disposition to get away from the common people. Every church in every age is at this point beset with snares.—N. C. Christian Advocate.

Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands is well fitted to be the ruler of a people's government. When her latest granddaughter, Crown Princess Juliana's child; Princess Margriet Francisca, was born a few months ago, the Queen gathered an imposing array of godfathers. President Roosevelt, King George of Britain and the Earl of Athlone were invited to the high office to provide the external political protection; for home support all the officers and ratings of the Netherlands Merchant Marine aggregation were also chosen as godfathers. Since the sea forces of Holland are even yet an important and powerful part of the Dutch economy, the little princess is sure to be well cared for. Wilhelmina is not averse to assuring the continuance of the Merchant Marine interest. Early in June she arranged for a ceremony in which representative marines were photograped and publicized, with pleased faces, surrounding the Crown Princess and her latest child. Her Majesty's diplomatic resources remain great.—The Lutheran.

* * * * * * * *

The furnace and forge have become other names for hot and hard work. The smell of fire is upon them. But almost every article of our daily life has on it the touch of fire. The tools used in building our houses, and in making our clothes are instruments fashioned with the assistance of fire. Our food is fire-cooked. Even the linotype machine that sets this type has a melting pot. The furnace and the forge, therefore, become not only symbols of hot and hard work, but to an impressive degree a symbol of all worthwhile work. In fact the essential tasks of life have upon them to marks of fire. No great worker can escape the furnace and the forge, nor does he desire to escape. God is hard on his servants and sons, because it is a necessity of life.—Exchange.

I BELIEVE EVERYTHING

By Dorothy Knox

Have yau a Senior or Junior High School boy or girl? If so, have they been keeping something from you? At school they were given a slip of paper bearing the request that parents co-operate with the dentists, and have all dental work done during the Summer, so the children won't miss any of the school term. Strange to say, Charlotte's best known dentists seem to think that some of the boys and girls may not have taken this cheery message home to mama. Can this be possible? I'm surprised that dentists should be so cynical!

What's more, they even go so far as to say mama may be a putter-offer herself. I learn that the great majority of mamas wait until the first week of September, and then insist that the dentists do the work right away so the kids won't miss any school. Lady, it ain't possible. There are 17,000 school children and many of Charlotte's dentists have marched off to war. The ones who are carrying the home front on their shoulders are getting pooped out, as it is. They are working overtime. They are dated up weeks ahead. So hop to the telephone and make a date for Junior.

This isn't a local matter. It's a nation-wide drive, called the Victory Corps-Physical Fitness dental program, being launched by the American Dental Association, the U. S. Office of Education and the U. S. Public Health Service. The principal objective is to correct the dental defects of high school students approaching military age, thus making the boys and girls dentally fit for military and civilian duties in which their services are needed. Horrified by the ract that 188,000 of the first 2,000,000 men examined for the armed forces were rejected because of bad teeth and diseased gums, the nation has launched this campaign, and the dentists have been asked to give priority rating to high school students.

All parents must realize that the lowered physical effectiveness caused by dental defects and diseased gums not only strikes at the country's war effort, but acts as a millstone around the neck of national, personal, industrial and business success. Here is another instance where parents must assume their responsibility. Plenty of kids have got what it takes to get themselves to the dentists—but plenty have to be shoved. It used to be a personal matter if Junior's teeth were terrible—but this is war.

Saturday I met Charlotte's youngest commuter two-year-old Betsy Hope Beal, whose mama is a trined nurse in Dr. Burke Fox's office, and whose daddy is in the Air Force. Betsy Hope, who is lusciously plump with big blue eyes and a headful of auburn curls, comes here from Gastonia with her mother every day and stays at one of the child care centers. Commuting that far isn't exactly ideal for a two-year-old, but when interviewed Betsy Hope said, "Us gals have to do our bit for our country and I can take it until my mom finds a small apartment in Charlotte—if and when."

Every time I go to the office

there is someone at the front desk having The News sent to one of the boys overseas—it is certainly circling the globe with the Charlotte soldiers, sailors and Marines. The other day I saw a V-mail letter from S. Sgt. Shecut D. Segrest, somewhere in the Pacific, to his wife. It was certainly to the point reading: "I just wrote you last night and so don't have any news to tell you. Please have The Charlotte News sent to me. Lots of love. P. S. This breaks all my records for short letters."

And I'll tell you somebody else that must read The News. You remember my writing about my sassy little squirrel, Fancy Pants, feasting on the mushrooms in the yard, Well, the afternoon that came out in the paper, all the squirrels on Sunnyside must have read it, because they came galloping up from all directions to share the party. There were seven out there on the lawn at one time, sitting up with mushrooms in their paws, gnawing like lightning. They ate 'em all up, and there hasn't been a squirrel around since but Fancy.

———:———

THE BRIGHTER WAY

There is a sweet thought in my soul today,
It rings in my heart bright and clear
And it whispers, "However the shadows may fall,
When the sun shines they all disappear."
Oh, then let the beautiful sunshine in,
As it comes to brighten life's way;
Oh, yes, let the beautiful sunshine in,
God's gift for every day.

There is a sweet song that my heart would sing,
By day or darkened night—
"My Father knows, my Father cares,
And He will make all bright."
Sing on, weary heart, sing on and be glad,
However the shadows fall;
The love that would meet your every need,
Is Master and Lord of all.

There's a sweet peace fills my soul today,
Deep as the flowing sea;
And o'er it the starlights rise and set,
While dawnings kiss the lea.
But chance of time can never change,
However lights may dim,
That peace abides, like the peace of God,
Sweet as love's morning hymn.

—Selected.

BELLS IN SWITZERLAND

By Marie Widmer

In the small square adjoining the cloisters of the ancient Minster at Schaffhausen stands a bell which for many centuries did faithful duty in the church tower. Cast in 1486, it bears the inscription: "Vivos voco, mortuos plango, fulgura frango" (The living I summon, the dead I mourn, the thunderbolts I break).

This inscription inspired Schiller to write his beautiful "Song of the Bell" and it is said also to have suggested the Latin chorus of the bells in the prologue to Longfellow's "Golden Legend."

Bells have a long and facinating history. Egyptain relics show them in bronze; the Greeks used them in their temples and on triumphal marches, while the Romans were summoned to the Forum and to the baths with bells. Bells were an important feature of religious worship in the Orient as far back as 2000 B.C., with only the Mohammedan religion excluding them.

Later, when Christianity and churches spread hand in hand, congregations could no longer be called by horn, drum or hand bell. The "church-going bell" then had its beginning.

Bells have always played an important part in Swiss doings. From the earliest days the peace of rural life has been accentuated by the sweet music of cowbells, goatbells, sheepbells and gaily tinkling bells on the harness of horses.

Bells are worn or carried by the youthful participants of time-honored Santa Claus and carnival celebrations, while in the Engadine, on March first, spring is welcomed in traditional manner by boys wearing cowbells. During the winter season, when the landscape far and wide is a symphony in white and blue-snow of dazzling purity and sapphire skies-bells on sleighs and horses enhance the joy of living.

It in an unforgettable treat to hear the music produced by the bells of Swiss herds when it forms the accompaniment to the singing and yodeling of the dairymen high up in the mountains. Cowbells are a necessity on fenceless alpine pastures, but they are also a romantic tradition. Made in many sizes they play different notes of the scale with melodious effects and in perfect pitch. Artistic designs, dates, names and pretty sentiments are oftentimes hammered on these bells by special craftsmen. In springtime, when the herds with their keepers depart for their lofty summer abode, the leading cow of each herd wears an especially large handwrought bell, hung from her neck by an ornamental collar. She would grieve were she deprived of it.

How the voices of church bells weave magic around the life of a city was once described by an American traveler enjoying a sojourn in the Swiss capital:

"The bells of the great tower of the Minster at Berne ring their greeting to the morning, and the other bells, in other parts of the town, follow as the preceding ones die away on the still air. And in the evening,

just before twilight, when the mountains are aglow with the last rays of the sun and the few clouds that streak the sky seem aflame against a crystalline, blue, the bells begin to toll again; to toll a goodnight. One can sit and listen to the bells of Berne and know what peace and contentment are."

The late-Gothic Minster at Berne was begun in 1421 and completed in 1596. In its mighty belfry are nine bells, three of which, now no longer used, are older than the edifice itself. These three pioneer bells are known as the "Western Fire Bell," the black "Silver Bell," and the "Burgher's Bell." Originally this bell summoned the city fathers to divine services and to political meetings.

Between 1503 and 1734 six new bells were installed in the Minster belfry, the so-called "Eastern Fire Bell," the "Big Bell," the "Sermon Bell," the "Noon-day Bell," the "Prayer Bell," and the "Poor Sinner's Bell." Their names are suggestive of their respective duties. However, the last mentioned bell has no longer to announce the hour of death to prisoners, as its inscription tells, for capital punishment has been abolished in Switzerland.

The bells of Berne, like the magnificent chimes of bells found in churches throughout Switzerland, accompany the life of the people from the beginning of the year to the end. For weddings and burials, for Sunday services and for evening devotions, they will singly or together, according to the occasion, lift up their voices. In severe storms and at the outbreak of a fire they, too, will sound a warning. On New Year's Eve bells everywhere toll in unison, as they do on August 1, when Switzerland celebrates the anniversary of the foundation of the Republic in 1291.

All curch bells rang when Switzerland found it necessary to mobilize her citizen army of 600,000 men at the end of August, 1939, and church bells will peal again in joyous unison when peace returns to this war-weary suffering world.

———:———

Lieut.-Com. B. L. Lawrence, in peace a Vermont farmer but at present an intelligence officer in the Aleutian area, has trained a flock of sheep to stand up to killer dogs. It sounds like a military stratagem in the advancement of total warfare; it was rather a project to further production for a peace-time market. Vermont farmers have had so much trouble raising sheep that most of them gave it up, though Vermont law allows a sheep owner to collect the full price of dead sheep and have the satisfaction of shooting the killer. The Commander decided otherwise. He selected a breed of well-horned Dorsets; crossed them with tough, wool-bearing Morenos; penned the lambs up with German shepherd dogs, and kept the lambs that showed the least fear. After five generations of selection, he has at present 100 sheep that will not run from a dog. Instead they will turn on any dog that threatens. Formerly Vermont sheep "went to the dogs" quite literally this flock goes after them.—Selected.

THE SECOND DECLINE AND FALL WILL NOT BE SO GREAT A TUMBLE

(Editorial in Beasley's Farm and Home Weekly)

Emerson that the barbarians who destroyed Rome did not arrive a moment too soon. Historians have contended that as a usual thing empires of more culture have been destroyed by people of less culture. Ancient Rome was destroyed by many causes and no two persons have yet agreed on all of them.

In closing his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" Gibbon enumerated four main causes of the fall of the empire. Yet Samuel Taylor Coleridge came along and said that Gibbon never touchel the real cause, which was "the imperial character overlaying and finally destroying the national character. Rome under Tragan was an empire without a nation."

If that be true then Mussolini's ersatz empire was something like the ancient one, an empire unsustained by a nation. The first empire was built under the republic of laws, such a republic as it was, and upon a strong and vigorous national character. It had lost this character. long before the barbarians came, for Sallust said about the time of Christ that "Everything is for sale at Rome." Mussolini's empire is being destroyed not by barbarians, but by a free civilization before which Mussolini's pinchback system has no strength to stand. And when the two met on the plains of Sicily the rottenness of fascism was revealed. It showed that everything at Rome had been for sale to party favorites and the boasted war strength which Mussolini had used as a bluff was rotten at the core. The army was unequipped, the navy never showed its face to fight and even the lunch boxes of the soldiers were stuffed with sand instead of meat. Everything had gone into the coffers of the Fascist henchmen. The party had been erected on the ruins of the nation.

Vergilius Gayda, the Fascist mouthpice may now sit amid the ruins and contemplate writing a history of the fall of Mussolini's windbag empire. Gibbon said: "As I sat musing amid the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started in my mind." If Gayda can stop long enough from skirmishing for bomb shelters he may begin contemplating doing a like history of the short and infamous reign of his master humbug.

History has taught us one truth which cannot be gainsaid: The clock of civilization cannot be turned back. Neither nation nor empire can be long sustained by a palpable fraud upon the human spirit. The idea that injustice, tyranny, force and the suppression of liberty can long endure is such a fraud. The unescapable fact is that such power and conduct in the hands of any man or clique rots its possessor to the bone. It rotted Mus-

solini's regime and we now see its full effects exposed. The utter contempt of Mussolini for the human spirit made him a gambler who thought that he could play his cards between Hitler and the decency of the world being so fast outraged by that master hoodlum and come out on top. He thought he could put his hand in the fire without being burned. Because France was down and he expected England to go down with her he rushed in to help strip what he expected to be a dead carcass. Before France fell he was constantly staging hoodlum demonstrations demanding French territory. Because he had been permitted to bomb and murder helpless Ethiopians in Africa and women and children in Spain, he thought that the spirit of mankind was too weak to ever put a stop to his exploits. He never expected to fight a war or to be an ally of Germany except to strip what he thought was already a cadaver. He expected to rob what he thought was the corpses of two great empires that had grown too weak to defend themselves. Mussolini is simply a mechanical scoundrel, while Hitler is a psychopathic one. Mussolini never deceived himself except in the belief that he could deceive any or all men. He thought that he could deceive his own people into believing that they desired a ruthless military career and he could deceive the Germans on the one hand and the democracies on the other into believing that his military strength was too great for them to oppose.

The miserable picture that he now makes will be duplicated in due time by his friend Hitler. But the attitude of the world is far different towards the two peoples. Mussolini is a barking little bluffer. Hitler is a mad dog, Italy is a people of amiable and friendly nature with no concept of military glory or empire. The Germans are a trained mad dog nation. Without national moral sense with a superiority complex built upon a preceding inferiority complex. They shout that they are superior because in fact they know they are not superior. They have to build up the belief of superiority in order to justify their murders and crudeness—the theory that anything is right which a strong man chooses to inflict upon a weaker one—the survival of the fittest. It is said that the mind of an insane person is perfectly logical in its processes. Its disaster comes from the fact that its premises are false. Mussolini and Hitler have both followed the logical conclusions arising from their false premises. Mussolini assumed that he was smart enough to fool everybody and acted accordingly. Hilter assumed that there was no moral force that should govern men and that everything was right that he could torture into a need of German supremacy. Today Mussolini is probably aware of his mistake. Hitler will never be.

So the two peoples present a different problem to the nations that will destroy both their leaders. The Italians will be happy with peace and an opportunity to make a living and enjoy such liberty as they are capable of comprehending and using. And this will be given them. Indeed it is already started for the Allied forces are setting up such a government as fast as they take Italian territory.

But not so the Germans. They have too long been imbued with a lust for plunder and conquest. They will simply say, as they did before, that somebody betrayed them, and by stealth start all over again for another murderous surge if they should be permitted to do so.

———:———

THE USE OF LIVING

What's the use of living,
You just stumble on through life,
With troubles stabbing everywhere
That cut you like a knife.

What's the use of living?
You'll never see the day,
When you can say the work's all done,
Now all I do is play.

Well, what is the use of living?
You know as well as I,
You only live a certain time,
And then you've got to die.

Well, there's the use of living,
For me, and you and you,
Its making others happy,
When you are feeling blue.

It's working with the other folk
And knowing how to grin,
It's laughing at another's joke,
And helping others win.

It's making the way smoother
For someone else to walk,
It's listening with quiet courtesy
For someone else to talk.

And what's the use of helping?
Here's the answer strong and true
"For while you're helping other folks,
You're really helping you!"

—Carol Bessent

HISTORIC FORT DOBBS

By Harry Z. Tucker, in The State

Fort Dobbs, at one time North Carolina's western outpost of civilization, played a greater part in the French and Indian War than historians have given it credit. Erected on an "eminence" two miles north of the present town of Statesville, it was here the pioneer settlers sought protection from the French and their Indian allies, who ever and anon swept out of the Blue Ridge to pillage and to burn.

Few brief records, with here and there a tradition, are left to remind us of the many brave men and women who toiled and struggled for existence in the shadow of old Fort Dobbs. Today, the only trace of this colonial fort is a large depression in the earth, a few prized mementos, and four acres of land preserved by the Fort Dobbs Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

With the fall of the incautious Braddock, the French and Indian War was brought to North Carolina. The Indians on the western frontier were not inattentive to the hostile attitude of the British government; and they deemed the opportunity favorable to assail the unprotected white settlers living west of the Yadkin River. To repel these invasions, the pioneer settlers demanded that North Carolina do something to protect them from the encroaching Cherokees.

On November 3, 1754, Governor Arthur Dobbs wrote the Board of Trade: "It will be necessary to erect a fort beyond our farthest settlers to protect that frontier and our Indian allies."

A force was assembled on the frontier consisting of a few regular soldiers and neighboring militia; but by January 1755, so many murders has been committed that a company of fifty soldiers was organized under Captain Hugh Waddell, of Wilmington, for the defense of the frontier. The expedition was conducted with the greatest skill, and effectually relieved the unhappy settlers. For seven years Waddell and his men guarded the Yadkin country from invasion.

By the unremitting vigilance of Waddell, many a treacherous Indian attack was repelled, and ample vengeance inflicted through the dispersion of bands of both Catawbas and Cherokees; but this service was not performed without the loss of many men.

It was in June 1755, that Governor Dobbs visited the western part of the province, passing through Salisbury, on his way to select a site for the new fort, which was to be located between Third and Fourth creeks, near the South Yadkin River. Sometime in July, the location was decided upon, and the land was purchased from Fergus Sloan, who had secured his title from John Olyphant.

The fort was constructed under the supervision of Captain Waddell "of large oak logs, good and substantially built. Its size was 53 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 24½ feet high, with an opposite wing 24 by 22 feet. All had three floors. One hundred mus-

kets could be discharged from each floor." The fort was finished in the early part of 1756 and named "Fort Dobbs," in honor of Governor Arthur Dobbs, who owned 200,000 acres of land among his "beloved Scotch settlers."

What a great feeling of safety and protection the fort must have offered these settlers! They were now distant only a few miles from the strongest fortress in all Carolina; reputed to be guarded by about one hundred men. Just how many sought protection in the fort during those early days will never be revealed. But that it was a veritable place of refuge can be determined by an old record:

"Our fort! What a feeling of relief fills our hearts. How blessed it is to know there is a refuge of thick logs, with plenty of muskets and soldiers who know how to use them. We don't go there often, yet it is ready there for us. So we thank God and take our flintlocks and hoes and go to the cornfields rejoicing."

Throughout the trying year of 1758, Fort Dobbs was indeed a city of refuge, for settlers for a hundred miles sought safety here. Dr. Andrew Scott, a learned physician, was stationed there to watch over the health of the garrison and the refugees who sought its protecting walls. Captain Bailey was in charge while Waddell was away.

When news came that Fort Loudon was besieged by the warring Cherokees, Waddell was ordered west with his troops. Reaching Salisbury, he was joined by Daniel Boone, who directed the party through the unbroken wilderness. Fort Dobbs was twice defended by Daniel Boone, and it was from this fort that he was outfitted for his famous journey into the wilds of Kentucky.

Jacob Francks, of New Bern, was also in charge of Fort Dobbs for a time. He was there when the fort was attacked by seventy Cherokees on the night of February 27, 1760. At this time the garrison had been decreased; more, however, in its number than its strength, for the attack was successfully repulsed.

While Fort Dobbs was erected under Royal English jurisdiction, ironical as it may seem, it was later used by the Whigs for protection against the Tories during the Revolutionary War. It was also used as a place of storage for guns and ammunition. However, it once again became a refuge during the disastrous Indian uprising of 1776.

On one of the main streets in Statesville, at the crossing of the different highways, stands a granite boulder in memory of the pioneers who erected and defended this outpost of white civilization. The marker states that in the fort were born Rachel Davidson in 1758 and Margaret Locke in 1776, whose descendants are prominent citizens of Iredell County. History tells us of the danger and hardships of those early days.

A few years ago a copper coin was found near the fort. It bore the date "1760," with this inscription "Voce Populi," engraved on it. The memento marks the glory of a long past era, for the owner was doubtless one of those unknown and unsung heroes who helped save America for Americans.

MARY DEAN

(Sunshine Magazine)

Mary Dean was a gentle, inconclusive little woman, puttering through life on a limited income. Mary knew lots of people, but had no close friends. She cared little for society. Her soul was in making a home for her brother, and her passion for neatness, the meticulous pains she took to be well-groomed and dainty, was a virtual hobby with her. Her brother was engaged in a small business that was declared "non-essential," and he had arrived at a stage where he was obliged to close the doors. Physically incapacitated for industrial labor, the picture of John and Mary's future was despairing.

But Mary had not given up. One afternoon she surprised her next-door neighbor by dropping in for tea. As she was sipping her tea, she looked at the cloth on the tea table. The cloth was yellowed, and one corner had been snagged.

"That's a lovely cloth, Alice," she said; "somebody ought to take care of it."

Alice murmured something vaguely apologetic.

Mary fidgeted, and her cheeks grew very pink. "Now, if— look here. I'd like to do your washing—not the sheets and such, but the fine things. I'd take care of them and keep them mended. I'd charge more than the laundry, but they'd look nicer and—they last longer."

"Mary!" gasped Alice. "Why—you can't take in washing. People of your class don't!"

"People of my class do," Mary declared. "Thousands of them—all over the world. And a mighty few of them have a real talent for washing and taking care of fine things. I have!"

Alice knew only too well that Mary's home was a model of perfection, for often had she envied her ability for home-making.

"I didn't tell you before," continued Mary, "but John will have to close his store, and our income has dwindled until we can't possibly live on it. John has tried to get a job, but they tell him he can't do the work. Now, I've got a good education, but I don't know anything—except how to keep things nice."

"But Mary—!"

Mary smiled. "Della told me she'd rather starve than do menial work. And Doris said she'd cut her throat before she'd take in washing. But—I keep thinking about the people I've admired most in my life. You remember Delia Thorn, the heiress? The papers used to be full of her pictures, and columns and columns of stuff about her debut; and then her father went bankrupt and shot himself, and there was a terrific scandal. Know what Delia's doing now? She's selling dresses in New York. Once upon a time Delia seldom dressed herself; now she puts dresses on other women. She's learning about clothes, studying design at night.

"You know Dan Billings, the auto dealer? Dan went broke—didn't have a thing. He got a janitor's job in an apartment house he used to own. He worked himself to a shred, but he saved enough to make a payment on that rundown little house on Middle

Street. He repaired it and got better tenants, and now he owns three houses."

"But those people," Alice objected, "stepped down to find a toehold so they could climb up again. They aren't making careers of selling dresses or janitoring."

"I once knew one who did," Mary said. "Teenie Lane, who cooked for parties in my home town. Miss Teenie specialized in weddings, though she never had one of her own. Her young man went into the Civil War and died in a prison camp. Her father and two brothers were killed in the war. Her mother died soon after. Miss Teenie moved into a little yellow cottage. She had no money, but she sad a talent. She hung out a sign, painted on a big china platter, 'Fine Cooking.' For Miss Teenie to do that, down South during Reconstruction, was a whole lot more menial than taking in washing. It was incredible!

"But Miss Teenie went right ahead. You never saw anything like her wedding cakes! A bride didn't feel herself rightly married unless she could cut one of Miss Teenie's wedding cakes. She kept on for fifty years. She made my mother's wedding cake. She'd have made mine—if Tom had come home from France—" Mary clenched her hands until the knuckles whitened. And Alice knew something she had never known before.

"Nobody looked down on Miss Teenie because she cooked. Everybody in the county loved and admired her," said Mary with some emphasis.

And when Mary was leaving, with a neatly wrapped bundle under her arm, Alice asked, "Shall I find out if other people would like to have you —take care of their nice things?"

"Of course," Mary replied cheerfully; "I'm in business now, you know."

Alice watched her go down the stairs, small and neat and prim, listened to the precise click of her heels, and decided that she would tell a lot of people about Mary. Not just that Mary took in "washing"—she would tell them about the matter-of-fact courage of a little elderly woman whose world had crumpled about her, and who, instead of despairing, looked within herself and turned her lifelong pastime into a talent for which people were glad to pay. There must be, Alice thought, a lot of people who could swap their pastimes for a living.

———:———

ALL ABOARD

Once upon a time there was a guy named Bill Board who had a billboard; he also had a board bill. Bill rented his billboard, and his billboard paid his board bill. When Bill's board bill went up, Bill became very much bored, and got behind with his board bill. Bill Board's board bill bored Bill very much, and Bill Board had to sell his billboard, which had boarded Bill, to pay his back board bill. Bill Board's back board bill bored Bill no more, but Bill lost his billboard, and Bill's billboard no longer boarded Bill.—Selected.

NEGRO YOUTH WINS PLACE IN NATIONAL ART SHOW

(The Charlotte Observer)

Fifteen-year-old William Branch, whose crayon sketch of bombers in action is now being shown in a collection of high school war art in the Library of Congress, under the joint auspices of the Office of War Information and U. S. Office of Education, is a tall, pleasant-mannered student of Second Ward school, happy about having his work shown in such a distinguished setting but modest about it, too.

Though the Negro youth had been notified that his work was to be included in the national exhibit, which will continue through July 25, he learned from a Washington dispatch to The Observer that his picture "occupies an important position and is admired by many people."

He has learned a new medium since making his "war arts" sketch for the contest about which a classmate at Second Ward school told him—the classmate is an artist, too, David M. Izzard who studied under Dayrell Kortheuer, at the Mint museum.

The new medium is pastels, the use of which William learned from R. H. Cossey, who taught for a few weeks recently in Charlotte. Now, with pastels, William is working on portraits, and doing them well. He does a few still lifes, too. "Just for my own pleasure," he explains. His "study" of a pair of big shoes in need of polish and rest, lots and lots of rest, has humor and realism. It is easy to see that the artist found pleasure in creating that pair of shoes. Eloquent, tired shoes.

Having his work considered good is not a new experience to this young artist. He has a certificate of merit from another national contest. Twice his posters won in the Charlotte contest sponsored annually by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Right now, one of his posters is being considered for the final national award.

He wears a medal won for the best speech on temperance in a contest sponored by the Women's Christian Temperance union, with members of the union as judges.

Except for the few weeks he studied under Painter Cossey, he has had no instruction in art since coming to Charlotte at the gae of 12. Before then he had been taught in the public schools of New York state.

William is the son of the Rev. J. M. Branch, pastor of the Clinton chapel, an African Methodist Episcopal Zion church. He was born in New Haven, Conn. and for 12 years gradually gravitated southward. He seems fairly hopeful that Charlotte will be his most southern point of gravitation.

Nothing can work me damage, except myself. The harm that I sustain I carry about me, and never am a real sufferer but by own fault.—St. Bernard.

THE FRONT PORCH

By Thomas Hobson

Gone are the days when we commanded the scenery to whiz by. Shortages of gasoline and rubber insist that we must develop the simpler pleasures. We must walk more and sit more. Already, I think we have revived a neglected institution of past years—the old front porch.

What nostalgia the words evoke! I can smell now the pungent grey deck paint. I can see the faded rockers peeling in the sun till brittle green flakes dropped off them like withering leaves. Underneath the porch was a cool and inviting grotto. Cats, dogs and small boys retreated to it. It was more mysterious than the attic, cooler than the cellar. Captain Kidd walked there; and more than once, I recall, Custer fought another Last Stand.

Winter and summer, the porch was my advance base of operations. There I parked my bike, sled, rubbers and baseball glove. It was a sanctuary from the bigger boys. I learned to walk there, and had life's first fall from its steps. The day I balanced on the railing, and leaped into a soft fern bed, I became a man.

Our honse was strategically located by a bus stop and a fireplug, and Father got to know every traveller and dog-walker in the neighborhood. It was proper for such casuals to rest a foot upon the lowest step or lean against the railing.

But only old friends chased the cat from the cushioned rocker and made themselves at home on the porch. The youngsters spawled respectfully upon the ower steps while from his eminence, Father dispensed advice.

Our front porch was a stump and sounding board of democracy. Rather than snatch slogans from the passing billboards, we sat out in the twilight and slowly digested the news. In measured talk, Father debated the Watsons and Marshes and the debate progressed leisurely, good-humoredly down the street from porch to porch.

The war has brought us back to the kind of living I remember as a boy. I see it happening this summer in my own little town. Up and down the darkened street, cigars glow contendedly like fireflies. Familiar voices can be faintly heard. We debate rationing, exult in the heroism of one of our boys now gone away, sorrow with his family in the loss of another somewhere in Europe. And the same thing is happening in all the little towns from New England to the Pacific.

While we have given up our gas and our rubber, we have recovered something far more precious—the fine comforting village flavor of our fathers' lives, the lovely simplicity and the rugged strenght of the days of the old front porch.

———:———

Opinions are nice things to have, but don't be too free about giving them away.

PLAYING THE FLUTE

(Nuggets)

Once there was a rich man to whom life had become only a weariness and vexation of spirit. He had so much more than he wanted that he had lost the incentive to further acquisition. His business ventures were a monotonous series of successes. In consequence, he became tired of life, and bored with the daily routine. He no longer found pleasure in his business affairs. He became moidy, morose, introspective, and presently developed a set of alarming symptoms of vital disorders which sent him scurrying in fear to a medical specialist.

Now, this doctor was wise enough to diagnose the case correctly, and knew that the hypochondriacal millionaire had none of the diseases he fancied were clutching at his vitals. As a part of the treatment prescribed, the doctor ordered the patient to learn to play a flute!

"Preposterous! Ridiculous!" the patient declared, but he began taking lessons. Progress was slow, because the man had no previous musical education. But from the very first day his health began to improve. After a few months' tutelage under an expert tutor, he was practically normal again. But he did not give up practicing on the flute. He was now determined to master the fool thing, or die in the attempt. He had been given something difficult to achieve—something to conquer—and the old-time zest was coming back to him.

The very uncertainty of human existence makes it the grandest adventure the human mind is capable of conceiving. The most thrilling tales invented by imaginative genius are but approximations of the experiences, opportunities, and possibilities which life holds, no matter how humdrum and prosaic the grooves in which we seem to be rolling. And therein lies the fun of waiting for the tomorrow, preparing for it, resolving to meet it bravely and hopefully, and trying to do the very best we can with it. There would be few rooters in the grandstands, or players in the field, if all knew beforehand just how the game would go.

———:———

There seems to be three ways for a nation to acquire wealth: The first is by war, as the Romans did, in plundering their conquered neighbors—this is robbery; the second by commerce which is generally cheating; the third by agriculture; the only honest way, wherein man receives a real increase of the seed thrown into the ground, in a kind of continual miracle, wrought by the hand of God in his favor, as a reward for his innocent life and his virtuous industry.—Benjamin Franklin.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The members of our farm forces are really busy in the hay-fields this week. They are gathering in the largest hay crop in the history of the School, and it is also of as fine a quality as has ever been seen in this section of the country.

—:—

"Room Service" was the feature attraction at the regular motion picture show in our auditorium last Thursday night. A short, "Sportsmen's Partner," was shown at the same time. Both are R-K-O productions.

—:—

Our cannery force, assisted by the boys from one of the school rooms, is being kept quite busy these days. At present they are putting up a soup mixture in gallon cans, which will be a fine addition to our daily menus during the winter months.

—:—

Last Sunday, both the boys and officals of the School enjoyed a fine old-fashioned Southern fried chicken dinner. There have been several such events here this year, which definitely shows that our poultry yards, under the supervision of Mr. W. M. White, have been very productive. There has also been a sufficient quantity of eggs from this department to take care of the needs of the School.

The crops on part of our farm look much better since having had some rain on them last Tuesday afternoon. It was a local shower which did not extend over the entire farm. Since then the weather has been extremely hot—in fact, some of the very hottest we have had all summer.

—:—

We learned from Bernard Fausnet the other day that Walter Sexton, a former member of the Cottage No. 10 group and of the bakery force, has been in the United States Army for quite some time. Walter came to the School, April 16, 1940 and was conditionally released, July 8, 1941. His address is as follows: Pvt. Walter Sexton, Co. D, Paratroop Infantry, Camp McCall, N. C.

—:—

We learned a few days ago that Gerald Amos, one of our old boys, was in the United States Navy, and was located at the training station at Brainbridge, Maryland.

Gerald entered the School, November 3, 1941 and left here, January 29, 1943, returning to his home in Murphy. While at the institution he was a member of the Cottage No. 9 group, and was employed as house boy part of the time.. At other times he worked in the carpenter shop and on the barn force. Progress reports on this lad since going back home have been to the effect that he was

getting along very well, and we have every reason to believe that he will make a good sailor for Uncle Sam.

—:—

Bernard Fausnet, who called on us last week, recently wrote a brief note, as follows: "This is my first day back at camp. Don't feel so good right now, but suppose I'll get used to it in a few days. Hope things are going along at the School all right. If you have Harry Peak's and Aldene Brown's addresses, please send them to me. I saw their names in the list of boys in service, in the copy of The Uplift you gave me. Hope the pictures you made of me will come out all right. If they are good, would like to have one. Yours sincerely, Bernard."

—:—

Bernard L. Fausnet, formerly of Cottage No. 10, called at The Uplift office last Thursday afternoon. This lad entered the School, April 3, 1939, and was permitted to return to his home in High Point, June 24, 1941. During his stay at the institution, he worked in the bakery, and upon returning home, secured employment in the Merita Bakery, working there about six months. He then went to Baltimore, Maryland, and worked for the National Biscuit Company's branch bakery in that city until January 1, 1942, when he enlisted in the United States Army. His present address is: Pvt. Bernard L. Fausnet, Co. H, 506th Paratroop Infantry, A. P. O. 472, Fort Bragg, N. C.

Bernard is now nineteen years old, and has developed into a fine-looking young fellow. He has a most pleasing personality, and certainly looked every inch a soldier in his neat-looking uniform.

—:—

We recently received a letter from J. W. McRorie, a former member of our printing class, who is now in the United States Navy, taking basic training at Bainbridge, Maryland. Mac writes from the hospital, but failed to say what it was that had on the shelf. We hope it is not anything serious. He writes as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Just a few lines to let you know that I am getting along pretty well in the Navy. Am now in the hospital. Have been here ten days. When I came in, my temperature was 102, and is below normal now. You will have to excuse this writing since I'm trying to write in bed. Being in the hospital will probably delay my finishing 'boot' training and the leave for a visit at home. Don't like that so much, but sure do like the Navy, and am going to try my best to get along. Please don't forget to send me Bill Morgan's address, for I sure would like to hear from him. Would also like to have a copy of The Uplift. Write soon. Your former student, J. W. McRorie."

—:—

Mrs. J. P. Cook, associate editor of The Uplift, was called to Charlotte

last Monday by the death of her brother-in-law, Mr. R. Kent Blair. After three years of failing health and two days of serious illness, Mr. Blair died last Sunday afternoon in a Charlotte hospital. Funeral services were conducted at the home, 529 North Poplar Street, by Rev. H. C. Wilkinson, assistant pastor of the First Methodist Church, of which the deceased was a member. Burial was in Elmwood Cemetery.

Mr. Blair, who was seventy-four years old, was born in Monroe. After graduating as a pharmacist at the University of Maryland, he went to Charlotte in 1897, where he first purchased the Murray and Atkinson Drug Company, and later founded and operated the Blair Drug Company. He was always active in religious, civic and professional affairs of the city of Charlotte, serving on many boards for the betterment of life in that community. To the surviving members of the family we tender our deepest sympathy in their hour of bereavement.

—:—

Bill Morgan, the printing department's first contribution to the United States Navy, wrote us a few days ago. The letter, dated August 7th, came to us from Bremerton, Washington, via air mail. He has been stationed there for several weeks, but according to his letter, he will soon be in active service. Bill writes as follows.

"Dear Mr. Godown: Just a note to let you know that I am now reassigned to the U. S. Submarine Base, Kodiak, Alaska. Will fly up there in the near future. Can't tell you when, of course. That will be some experience, a two-days' flight to Kodiak. From there I expect to catch a ship going out on patrol duty in the North and South Pacific. That will be good duty, and I think I shall like it just fine. Whether I do or not, makes no difference, for I'm willing to go anywhere to get a crack at those yellow Japs. My chance has finally come and I'm going to make the best of it while I'm still all in one peice.

The Enterprise, the Navy's best carrier, is in port here now. She needs some outfitting in her shrouds and below decks. She is really immense—around 630 feet long, I think. I've been on board her since she pulled in, and I think she is the finest ship I've ever seen. Everything is in perfect order, in spite of her having been shot up some. I got a hair-cut on board, and an ice cream soda in the ship's service canteen. Will be ambling off to bed now as some sleep is needed. Please write me soon. I'll write you and Mr. Barber from Kodiak. Sincerely, Bill."

—:—

On August 10th we received a V-Mail letter from Frank L. King, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who has been in the United States Army for about two years. When Frank returned to his home in Hendersonville, he secured employment in a garage, and developed into a very good automobile mechanic. In September, 1942, he spent a week-end

at the school. Having been in the Army for several months, his outfit was taking part in the maneuvers being held in North Carolina. At that time he was a technical sergeant in the maintenance corps of an armored division. We heard indirectly several months ago that Frank had gone to North Africa in November, 1942, but this recent letter was the first we had heard from him since his visit. Since we know definitely that Frank went to North Africa last fall, we feel safe in assuming that his letter, dated July 28, 1943, from "Somewhere," was mailed in Sicily. His letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: I guess you will be suprised to hear from me. You know, I promised to write you, and a promise is a promise with me, even if I haven't kept it so good. I am not shooting you a line that I haven't had time to write, for I have. I just didn't think about it. Have been over here for about nine months, and the more I see this of this part of the world, the less I like it. I drove about 800 miles last week and saw several German cemeteries and a lot of German equipment that was blown to pieces. There wasn't much of our equipment blown up. There were also several American cemeteries. They looked a lot better than those of the Germans. Guess I'll have to close. Tell everybody at the School that I said 'hello' and please answer soon. Your devoted friend, Frank."

—:—

Joseph E. Johnson, one of our old boys, called at The Uulift office last Monday morning. Joe entered the School, January 16, 1926, coming from Goldsboro, and was allowed to return to his home, January 6, 1928. During his stay with us he was a member of the Cottage No. 2 group and worked in the bakery. Upon going back to his home town, he secured employment with the Goldsboro Baking Company, working there about five years. He then accepted a position as warehouse manger for the Builders Supples Company, in that city, and worked there until 1939.

While working in the bakery and warehouse, Joe spent the greater part of his spare time studying finger prints and other methods of identification, and went to Washington, D. C., where he took a short course with the Federal Bureau of Investigation. In 1939, he was appointed chief of police at Mount Olive, and is still making good in that capacity.

Joe stated that he would be thirty-two years old next month, also that he had been married about eleven years and had three children—a boy aged six years, and two girls, aged three and one and one-half years, respectively.

We were delighted to see our old friend, Joe and to learn that he has been doing so well since leaving the institution. He is now a husky-looking fellow, weighing about two hundred pounds, has a most pleasing personality, and seems to be the same good-natured chap that we knew as a lad here. He seemed very glad to greet

old friends at the School, who were equally glad to see him.

—:—

We recently learned that three of our former students, not previously listed among those serving in our country's armed forces, are now in service, as follows:

Everett Watts has been in the United States Navy for several months. He entered the School, February 17, 1939, and was conditionally released, August 7, 1941; he was re-admitted October 16, 1941, and was again conditionally released, July 14, 1942. While at the School, Everett was in Cottage No. 1, where he was employed as house boy the greater part of the time, but did work on the barn force for a while. He entered the sixth grade in school and at the time he left, had been in the seventh grade several months. He was a large, good-natured lad while here, and should get along well in the Navy.

S. E. Jones is now a member of the United States Marine Corps. This lad entered the School, March 15, 1935, and remained here until January 11, 1940, and got along very well while with us. He was in Cottage No. 12, and worked on the farm about three and one-half years; he also worked in the laundry for about fourteen months. When S. E. entered the School, he was placed in the third grade and at the time of leaving, had been in the sixth grade six months.

Julian Merritt has been in the United States Army since March, 1943. He made application for enlistment in the Navy, but was rejected because of his failure to pass the physical examination. Being determined to serve his country in the present crisis, he later tried the Army, and was more successful.

Julian entered the School, April 15, 1939, and remained with us until September 16, 1940, at which time he was granted a conditional release. Returning to Sampson County, he was placed by the welfare department, and got along very well. He entered the fifth grade in our school department, and at the time of leaving, had advanced to the seventh grade. Julian was a member of the Cottage No. 11 group, where he worked as house boy. He made a very good record while at the School, and from reports received concerning him since leaving, he continued his good record.

—:—

The games played in the local leagues last Saturday afternoon would have pleased even the most fastidious of fans, for in these contests, all kinds of baseball were displayed. There were close, hard-fought games; others were decidedly lop-sided; there were sparklnig fielding plays, also much fumbling of easy chances; plenty of hard hitting was in evidence, and some of the pitchers were as wild as March hares—but a fine time was had by all lads taking part in the games.

In League Number One the Receiving Cottage lads dropped the boys from First Cottage into third place by handing them a 4 to 3 defeat. The Fourth Cottage boys moved up into

second spot by winning their game with Third Cottage.

In League Number Two the Tenth Cottage boys, like Tennyson's brook, seem to go on and on. They shut out the Eleventh Cottage lads by the score of 9 to 0, for their twelfth consecutive win, with no defeats marked up against them. The scores were as follows:

League Number One—Receiving Cottage 4 First Cottage 3; Fourth Cottage 12 Third Cottage 2; Fifth Cottage 21 Eighth Cottage 3.

League Number Two—Tenth Cottage 9 Eleventh Cottage 0; Fifteenth Cottage 8 Ninth Cottage 6; Thirteenth Cottage 7 Fourteenth Cottage 2.

CLUB STANDINGS

League Number One

	W	L	Pct
Receiving Cottage	11	2	.846
Fourth Cottage	10	3	.769
First Cottage	9	4	.692
Fifth Cottage	7	6	.538
Third Cottage	3	11	.214
Eighth Cotage	0	14	.000

League Number Two

	W	L	Pct
Tenth Cottage	12	0	1.000
Thirteenth Cottage	9	5	.643
Fourteenth Cottage	6	7	.462
Eleventh Cottage	4	9	.302
Ninth Cottage	4	9	.302
Fifteenth Cottage	4	10	.286

—:—

Rev. E. S. Summers, was scheduled to conduct the service at the School last Sunday afternoon, but was unable to be here, and in his stead he sent Mr. Edward K. Willis, of Concord, to talk to the boys.

Before the regular service started, Kenneth Griffin, acting in the absence of Mr. Brausa, directed the boys' band in a short program. Superintendent Hawfield then read the Scripture Lesson, consisting of part of the 119th Psalm, and, after making a brief prayer, he presented Mr. Willis to the boys.

Mr. Willis, a prominent churchman, business man and civic leader, of Concord, is also a great lover of boys, and held their attention throughout his address. At the beginning of his remarks the speaker complimented the band boys on the progress they are making, and said the group singing by the entire assemblage was the best he had ever heard. He also congratulated the members of the Training School Boy Scout Troop on the many honors they won recently at Camp Cabarrus. They carried away more honors than any other troop in the district. He advised them to try to advance in Sccouting, saying that he sincerely hoped some of them would some day attain the high rank of Eagle Scout.

The speaker told the boys they were living in a great age—the greatest the world has ever known. At one time, said he, Egypt was strong on culture and science; Rome had all the military power, and its people were great builders, having constructed roads thousands of years ago which are still in use; Greece

was a land of culture and art. Strange to say, continued the speaker, those countries faded out, and the reason was that in their prosperity, they forgot God. In our great nation of today, it is different. Our people worship, God, and we are right at this moment struggling against the power of those who condemn Christianity, but by reason of our firm belief in God and the Christian Church, we shall eventually win in the great conflict now raging.

Mr. Willis then pointed out to the boys the benefit of having high ideals. Ideals, said he, are really the boy or the man. Where we are today, our thoughts have taken us, and we shall be tomorrow just what our thoughts make us. Man will always go toward that which he secretly loves most. We shall receive just what we earn—no more, no less. He urged the boys in the audience facing him to aspire to great things —to aim high—to hitch their wagon to a star, and go on to greater accomplishments.

The speaker told the lads that today is the age of science, pointing out some of the wonderful improvements which are being made in all kinds of manufacturing equipment; the scientific manner in which agriculture is being carried on; the great strides we read about in medicine and surgery. All our lives are being touched by the wonders of science, but we are just beginnng—far greater wonders will unfold before our eyes in the years to come. The future, said he, will be ready for the boys who are willing to take hold of these things and do their part in making the world greater in all respects. He briefly mentioned the part airplanes will play in our new life; the use of plastics; the value of Radar and other electronic devices. All a boy will need when the time comes, he added, will be to prove his worth. Young men have perfected all these wonderful things, and there is no reason in the world why the boys of today—the men of tomorrow—cannot have a part in putting them into use. All that will be essential will be that God must not be forgotten, as He was by the people of those countries which faded out so many years ago. We cannot overlook God, and when we think we are fooling Him, we fool only ourselves. Our happiness depends solely upon living as God would have us live.

Mr. Willis then asked the boys to think of a boy, born in a stable many years ago. This lad grew up an outdoor boy, one who stayed awake and helped his father and mother. When twelve years of age, he began to want to learn more, and talked with the learned men in the temple. He grew to manhood, and went about the land, teaching and doing good. He was finally crucified by his enemies—dying a most horrible death that men mght be saved—but finally showed his great power by overcoming even death itself. That man, Jesus Christ, left us a plan by which to live—a plan through which we can only find true happiness. When we get away from this plan, we are unhappy.

Christ's philosophy, continued the speaker, is the thing that Hitler,

Hirohito, Mussolini and others are trying to destroy today, but this philosophy will finally rise up and control the world—a world in which peace shall reign. Christianity has always had to fight to overcome the evils of the world, and it has been a hard battle all the way, but today, despite all that has been done to erase it, Christianity is the only hope of man, and will never die.

In conclusion, Mr. Willis told the boys that the clock of life is wound but once, and no man has the power to tell when the hands will stop. He urged them to so live that when the clock does stop, and they reach the end of life's span of years, they may be found trying to live according to the teachings of the Master, and thereby be enabled to enjoy eternal life in the great Kingdom God has prepared for those who have been faithful.

———:———

THE MAN INSIDE

Do you ever talk with the man inside,
The chap that is really you;
The man that other folks don't know,
Although they think they do?
You've locked him up for now so long
In his solitary cell,
Perhaps you've e'en forgotten him,
And no longer know him well.

Take an hour or two some time each day,
And with yourself commune;
It may be you will find just why
The world seems out of tune.
Perhaps he'll even show to you,
So plain that you can see,
Some discord in the world is made
Because you're off the key.

The man inside's a plain spoke chap;
He'll hit some heavy blows;
You'll scringe and twist but won't hit back,
Because you know he knows.
But oft conversing just with him
May keep your pathway straight.
Go down inside and talk to him:
Take time to cogitate.

—Charles Elbert Whelan

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 8, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Robert Finley
Donald Jolley
William Love
Ira Montgomery
Weaver Ruff
Malcom Seymour
Richard Shehan
Lee St. Clair
Harry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Thomas Barnes
Richard Billings
Roland Brooks
Marion Cox
Douglas Dorsett
Jack Gray
Leonard Lovelace
Harold McKinney
David Swink
Luther Vaughn
John Franks
Rufus Massingill
Lee Turner
Sidney Knighting
Willford Richard Seegers

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Robert Coleman
Hugh Cornwell
Donald Daniels
John Holder
Dewey Lanning
Lawrence Littlejohn
Samuel Pritchett
Milton Talley

COTTAGE NO. 4

Elbert Brown
William Davis
Elster Jones
Roy Patton
Lewis Sawyer
Roy Swink
Ernest Turner
Eugene Watts
William C. Willis
Roy Womack
Kenneth Wilson
John Lipscomb
Eugene Kerman
William Gentry

COTTAGE NO. 5

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 6

Eugene Bowers
Kenneth Caldwell
Carlton Cox
Ralph Gibson
Donald Griffie
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean
James McMahan
Hayes Powell
Wesley Turner
Joseph Turner

COTTAGE NO. 7

Albert Allen
R. C. Combs
Donald Grimstead
Earl Hoyle
Wallace Foster
Jack Phillips
Jerry Ray
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Bennett
Homer Johnson
William Whisnant

COTTAGE NO. 9

Riley Denny
Edward Guffey
James Hale
John Hill
Thomas Ingram
Morris Johnson
Winley Jones
Raiford Medlin
Albert Newton
Robert Owens
Luther Sherman
Edward VanHoy

Milford Ward

COTTAGE NO. 10

William Butler
Fred Carswell
Jack Clifton
Arcemias Hefner
Joseph Kincaid
Edward Loftin
William Penninger
David Stubbs
Clifford Spriggs
Charles Tate
A. B. Woodard
Jack Williams
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Marvin Bradley
Dewey Bunn
Robert Goldsmith
Robert Moses
Clyde Rhodes
J. C. Rhodes
Edgar Shell
Everett Stamey
Ray Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Dewell Cooper
Robert Hobbs
Banks P. McKnight
Dillard Shelton
Russell Stikes

COTTAGE NO. 14

Wilton Barfield
Fred Bostian
Robert Caudle
William Harding
Robert Holbert
James Linebarrier
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pittman
Robert Travis
John Pritchard
Walter Stansberry

COTTAGE NO. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Peter Chavis
James Chavis
Marshall Hunt
R. C. Hoyle
James Lochlear
Herbert Lochlear
Hudell Jacobs
Charles Pearson

INFIRMARY

(No Honor Roll)

---:---

CHEERFUL SERVICE

And, as the path of duty is made plain,
May grace be given that I may walk therein,
Not like the hireling, for his selfish gain,
With backward glances and reluctant tread,
Making a merit of his coward dread—
But, cheerful, in the light around me thrown,
Walking as one to pleasant service led;
Doing God's will as if it were my own,
Yet trusting not in mine, but in His strength alone.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

AUG 23 1943

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 21, 1943 No. 34

(Orange County)

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

START

Give of your best, take plenty of rest,
Work while you work with a will;
Life is not drifting, but planning and lifting,
A question of brain-work and skill.
Be square in your deal, make strong your appeal
To the best in man's nature and heart;
Find room for expanding, meet everything
Don't fear for the outcome—but start.

—H. O. Spellman.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-8
THE STATE FLAG OF NORTH CAROLINA	By W. R. Edmonds	9
TRAINING SCHOOL BOYS GAVE PROGRAM FOR ROTARY MEETING	(Concord Daily Tribune)	14
SALEM COLLEGE	By R. C. Lawrence	16
NORMANDIE RAISING A SYMBOL	(Concord Daily Tribune)	20
THE SECOND LIGHT METAL MAGNESIUM	By Dr. H. L. Smith	21
THE USEFUL YUCCA	By Elvira Pennell	23
OUR ASPIRATION	(The Alabama Baptist)	24
INSTITUTION NOTES		25
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor **MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor**
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

TODAY

I may not ever realize my dreams,
Nor reap my fondest hopes, but still
I've had a heap o' fun with all my schemes,
While strugglin' toward my goal, high on the hill.
The knocks that I have taken on my way
Have taken heavy toll, but still I'll try
To put a smile into each live-long day,
An' struggle ever upward, 'til I die!

Perhaps success may never come to me,
An' I'll expire unheralded—unsung,
But still there is no cause for elegy;
There's fun in strugglin' to the topmost rung.
The shots I missed have beaten down my score;
At times I've even been an "Also Ran,"
But I'll just keep a'tryin' more an more,
An' try to hit as often as I can.

Who knows but what my final day on earth
Will find me on the canvas takin' "Ten"?
But I have had a share of joy an' mirth,
So why should I lament to fellowmen?
Not every man can win his fight,
For some must end, stretched upon the floor,
So I'll keep fightin' with all my might,
An' hit blows with all my strength, an' more!

I won't quit' til the final curtain falls,
I'll keep on lookin' upward, every mile;
Perhaps I'll never make the honored halls,
But I'll try hard to make my life worthwhile.
I know not what the future holds for me,
But do know the past is gone to stay,
An' what the future holds, is yet to see;
I'll do my best with what I have—today!

—Selected.

THE SCHOOL BAND

The band has come to be regarded as one of the most important activities at the Jackson Training School. It has offered to the boys an opportunity for rich educational experiences. The boy who learns to play a band instrument has implanted in the depths of his soul an uplifting influence, a power for good that cannot be over-emphasized. The band boys not only learn the necessary skills in harmony, but they acquire an appreciation for good music that comes only to those who know music. The poet has written:

This is my Father's world,
And to my listening ears
All nature sings, and round me rings
The music of the spheres.

Happy and thrice-blessed is that person who has been trained to tune his spirit to the great symphonies of man and nature; happy is that individual who can bring the impluses of his soul to rhyme with all the beautiful and holy sentiments of music. Music is God's universal language among the varied races of mankind.

The real educator knows that the key to individual progress and happiness is a feeling of self-pride and self-importance. Every person appraises himself in terms of the fine things which he can do successfully. The boy who has learned to play well in the band has mastered one of the fine arts upon which society has always placed a high standard of approval.

Three of the band boys from the Training School entertained the members of the Concord Rotary Club on Wednesday, August 11th—Arcemias Hefner, Velda Denning and Edward Loftin. They were accompanied by Mr. Ralph Brausa, who has done a fine job as director of the band. These boys showed that they have mastered many of the fine points of music, and their performance was a real credit to them and their teacher.

Mr. Brausa explained to the members of the Rotary Club that around twenty boys are on the waiting list to get a chance in the band. At the present time the School owns thirty instruments, but these are not enough. Some of the instruments are becoming obsolete and worn, and will need to be replaced from time to time. Additional instruments are sorely needed.

Rotarian Joe Holding made a suggestion that the Concord Rotary

Club take as one of its projects in the months ahead the furnishing of a number of band instruments for the boys at the School. This suggestion met with a ready response among the other Rotarians. It is believed that this fine service club has before it a grand opportunity in this project. It offers unlimited possibilities in the development of under-privileged boys who have talents in music.

* * * * * * * *

MEMBERS OF BOYS SCOUT TROOP ATTEND ROTARY CLUB MEETING

At the regular meeting of the Concord Rotary Club, August 11th, Arcemias Hefner and Billy Poteat, members of the Boy Scout Troop at the School, made brief reports of the progress of Scouting here. Both of the boys made excellent talks, the full texts of which The Uplift is printing below. Hefner spoke as follows:

> Last spring some of the boys at the Jackson Training School were selected and invited to become members of the Boy Scouts of America. For most of the lads this was a new opportunity and a new experience. Our troop, which is known as Troop No. 1 in Cabarrus County, was organized last March and has been going now for almost five months. We, who are members of the troop, have had many delightful experiences and we believe that Scouting offers many profitable opportunities to us.
>
> Mr. Ralph Mullinax was our first Scoutmaster, and Mr. John D. Corliss was Assistant Scoutmaster. Our troop committeemen are Mr. Frank Liske, Mr. Harold Liner and Mr. S. G. Hawfield. After a few months, Mr. Mullinax left us to become Assistant Scout Executive under Mr. Thomason, and Mr. Corliss became our Scoutmaster.
>
> Our troop began with twelve members and we now have twenty-seven members. In order to become a member, a boy is approved by the troop committee, and he must have recommendations from his cottage officer and his teacher. In this way an effort is made to select dependable boys who will be a credit to the Boy Scout organization. A number of other boys are eager to become Boy Scouts.
>
> Our troop meets on Friday night of each week. When the boys attend the meetings they are on their honor; they go to and from the meetings without supervison. One of the most important things we try to do is to build confidence in the boys so they will be trusted to do the right thing at all times. We go on hikes, we take trips, and we go to camp, where we are free

to do as we please—just as other boys do. Our purpose is to live up to the Scout Oath.

A number of men in Concord and elsewhere have been very generous to our troop. They have bought uniforms, books and other things for a number of the boys. Without their help we could not have had a successful troop, and I wish to express our appreciation to them.

The Boy Scout organization has already been a big help to us. It has benefitted not only the boys who are members of the troop, but we believe it has had a good influence upon all of our boys.

Billy Poteat spoke to the members of the Rotary Club on "Our Experiences at Camp Cabarrus," as follows:

Rotarians: On behalf of the Boy Scout Troop of Jackson Training School, let me express our appreciation for your kindness and generosity in making it possible for a few of our boys to go to camp. We sincerely thank you.

Our chief aims in going to camp were: (1) Advancement in Scouting; (2) Work in the sense of project; (3) Play; (4) Social contact.

When we left Jackson Training School we were all, of course, classed as Tenderfoot Scouts, but through study and hard work each boy advanced to the rank of Second Class Scout—twenty-eight in all. I would not hesitate to say that at least half of our boys passed a good seventy-five percent of their first class advancement. Dillard Shelton and Bobby Moses passed first class advancement and won ten merit badges, entitling them to the rank of Star Scout. Dillard, our most studious, was taken into the Order of the Arrow, a national honorary Scouting organization. These and all other advancements were well worth the trip.

We were encamped at Camp Thomason. There were four large tents; seven boys to a tent—each in his respective patrol. We all pitched in and willingly cleaned up the grounds and kept our tents in good order. As a reward we did not fail to win inspection at least twice a day. Three places were given and we won at least two a day. Competition at the mess-hall among our boys was keen and again we came out on top and won the "bird" for cleanliness at the table. Odd jobs were given us which netted points. Of the many, we put in repair and made safe the docks.

We were well up on play, of course, but competition here was keen. In "Capture the Flag," we held our own, but in soft-ball play they just "took us" and in volley ball our net was

lost. But we played with good sportsmanship and were good losers.

I know that every boy came in contact and made everlasting friends with the rest of the campers. We were free in our leisure time to make friends and that is what we did. We invited boys to visit our part of camp and in turn they invited us to visit them. Our conduct impressed the whole camp. This I know to be true because it was the biggest compliment handed us.

I would not be doing the troop right if I left out one big aim: to "bring home the bacon," and that, gentlemen, is what we did. We brought back the camp neckerchiefs. I know that every boy will cherish his neckerchief, the memories, the experiences, the education, and the friendships made at Camp Cabarrus.

Gentlemen, I do not know, but I don't believe any other country offers its growing boys the opportunities that the good old U. S. A. offers.

The boys and the officials of the School are deeply grateful to the citizens of Concord for all of their past courtesies. They have been most generous in their contributions to the boys.

* * * * * * * *

R. KENT BLAIR

We clip from the editorial page of The Charlotte Observer a sweet and understanding appreciation of the outstanding characteristics that marked the life of R. Kent Blair. The major portion of his life was spent as a druggist, and he was a prince of a fellow as he served his fellow man without discrimination. He loved life, he liked to mingle with people, was a splendid neighbor, loyal to his church, and was a devoted husband and father. His finest contribution to the country is his family, who will carry on and prove to be valuable acquisitions to any community. The following tribute appeared in The Charlotte Observer:

"Dr. Kent Blair lived long enough in this community to come to be known by the younger generation as among the old-timers.

"He came to be widely known, also, during the more active years of his full-orbed career, as among the staunchest and most devoted of local patriots, interested in all worthwhile community movements and a keen alertness toward public affairs.

"He was once a rather powerful factor in local political life, and although his major interests along this line were not essentially

centered in office holding. he was, at one time or another, a prominent member of some of the city's public authorites.

"In the drug business here for forty-six years, he came to be generally and favorably known and highly esteemed for his sincerity and solid integrity."

> "How well he fell asleep.
> Like some proud river, widening toward the sea;
> Calmly and grandly, silently and deep,
> Life joined eternity."

* * * * * * * *

A FINE SPIRIT

The Fresh Air Fund, sponsored by The Charlotte Observer annually, for the underprivileged children of that community, expresses a fine humanitarian spirit. The object of this movement is to give the children of limited circumstances the privilege of enjoying camp life, with all the benefits and pleasures available to young boys in better circumstances. This makes the young people feel that someone thinks of them, and perhaps a hope for better things is inspired.

The committee in charge of the Fresh Air Fund has never failed to realize a sufficient amount of money to put over this program of activities in fine style.

One of the greatest events for raising money was when Grace Moore appeared in concert to a packed house. Grace Moore is a Souther-born girl, and is recognized for her charm and beautiful voice. This incident carried a two-fold significance. The box-office receipts were quite satisfactory, and the people of the city and community were given a chance to see and hear this talented woman, who is well known as a Metropolitan Opera singer. The concert, from all sources. was appreciated and the committee members who arranged this evening of fine music are to be commended.

All who speak of Grace Moore's performance, despite her indisposition that evening, have said that she was most gracious in her response to every encore. Her grace and beauty, combined with her talent, certainly won for her the admiration of all who attended the concert.

THE STATE FLAG OF NORTH CAROLINA

By W. R. Edmonds

The flag is an emblem af antiquity and has commanded respect and reverence from practically all nations from earliest times. History traces it to divine origin, the early peoples of the earth attributing to it strange, mysterious, and supernatural powers. Indeed, our first recorded references to the standard and the banner, of which our present flag is but a modified form, are from sacred rather than from secular sources. We are told that it was around the banner that the prophets of old rallied their armies and under which the hosts of Israel were led to war, believing, as they did, that it carried with it divine favor and protection.

Since that time all nations and all people have had their flags and emblems, though the ancient superstition regarding their divine merits and supernatural powers has disappeared from among civilized peoples. The flag now, the world over, possesses the same meaning and has a uniform significance to all nations wherever found. It stands as the symbol of strength and unity, representing the national spirit and patriotism of the people over whom it floats. In both lord and subject, the ruler and the ruled, it commands respect, inspires patriotism, and instills loyalty both in peace and in war.

In this country we have a national flag which stands as the emblem of our strength and unity as a nation, a living representation of our national spirit and honor. In addition to our national flag, each of the states in the Union has a "state flag" symbolic of its own individuality and domestic ideals, which is expressive of some particular trait, or commemorative of some historical event, of the people over whom it floats. The flags of most of the states, however, consist of the coat of arms of that state upon a suitably colored field. It is said that the first state flag of North Carolina was built on this model, but so far as we can learn from the records the first legislation on this subject establishing and recognizing a "state flag" was in the year 1861.

The constitutional convention of 1861, which passed the ordinance of secession, adopted what it termed a state flag. On May 20, 1861, the day the secession resolution was adopted, Col. John D. Whitford, a member of the convention from Craven County, introduced the following ordinance, which was referred to a select committie of seven:

Be it ordained, That the flag of this State shall be a blue fieid with a white V thereon, and a star, encircling which shall be the words "Sur*git astrum,* May 20th 1775."

Colonel Whitford was made chairman of the committee to which this ordinance was referred. The com-

mittee secured the aid and advice of William Garl Browne, an artist of Raleigh. Browne prepared and submitted a model to this committee. And this model was adopted by the convention on June 22, 1861. It will be observed that the Browne model, to be hereafter explained, was vastly different from the one originally proposed by Colonel Whitford. Here is the ordinance as it appears in the ordinances and resolutions passed by the convention:

An Ordinance in Relation to a State Flag

Be it ordained by this Convention, and it is hereby ordained by the authority of the same That the Flag of North Carolina shall consist of a red field with a white star in the centre, and with the inscription, above the star, in a semi-circular form, of "May 20th, 1775," and below the star, in a semi-circular form, of "May 20th, 1861." That there shall be two bars of equal width, and the length of the field shall be equal to the bar, the width of the field being equal to both bars: the first bar shall be blue, and the second shall be white; and the length of the flag shall be one-third more than its width. (*Ratified the 22d day of June, 1861..*)

This state flag, adopted in 1861, is said to have been issued to North Carolina regiments of state troops during the summer of that year and was borne by them throughout the war, being the only flag, except the national and Confederate colors, used by the North Carolina troops during the Civil War. This flag existed until 1885, when the Legislature adopted a new model.

As just stated, the Legislature of 1885 adopted a new state flag. The bill, which was introduced by General Johnstone Jones on February 5, 1885, passed its final reading one month later after little or no debate. This act reads as follows:

An Act to Establish a State Flag

The General Assembly of North Carolina do enact:

Section 1. That the flag of North Carolina shall consist of a blue union, containing in the centre thereof a white star with the letter N. in gilt on the left and the letter C. in gilt on the right of said star, the circle containing the same to be one-third the width of the union.

Sec. 2. That the fly of the flag shall consist of two equally proportioned bars; the upper bar to be red, the lower bar to be white; that the length of the bars horizontally shall be equal to the perpendicular length of the union, and the total length of the flag shall be one-third more than its width.

Sec. 3. That above the star in the centre of the union there shall be a gilt scroll in semi-circular form, containing in black letters this inscription: "May 20th, 1775," and that below the star there sall be a similar scroll containing in black letters the inscription: "April 12th, 1776."

Sec. 4. That this act shall take effect from and after its ratification.

In the General Assembly read three times and ratified this 9th day of March, A. D. 1885.

Perhaps, it may be of interest to make a passing reference to the significance of the dates found on each flag. The first date, "May 20th, 1775," refers to the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, the authenticity of which we shall not here stop either to doubt or to defend. The second date appearing on the state flag of 1861 is that of "May 20th, 1861." This date commemorated the secession of the State from the Union; but as the cause of secession was defeated this date no longer represented anything after the Civil War. So when a new flag was adopted in 1885, this date was removed, and another, "April 12th, 1776," took its place. This date commemorates the adoption of the Halifax Resolves—a document that places the Olld North State in the very front rank, both in point of time and in spirit, among those that demanded unconditional freedom and absolute independence from any foreign power. This document stands out as one of the great landmarks in the annals of North Carolina history.

Since 1885 there has been no change in our state flag. For the most part, it has remained unknown and a stranger to the good people of our State. However, as we become more intelligent, and, therefore more patriotic and public spirited, the emblem of the Old North State will assume a station of greater prominence among our people. One hopeful sign of this increased interest was the act passed by the Legislature of 1907, requiring the state flag to be floated from all state institution, public buildings, and courthouse. In addition to this, many public and private schools, fraternal orders, and other organizations now float the state flag. This is right. The people of the State should become acquainted with the emblem of that government to which they owe allegiance and from which they secure protection.

An Act to Promote Loyalty and Greater Respect for the Sovereignty of the State

The General Assembly of North Carolina do enact:

Section 1. That for the purpose of promoting greater loyalty and respect to the state, and inasmuch as a special act of the Legislature has adopted an emblem of our government known as the North Carolina State flag, that it is meet and proper that it shall be given greater prominence.

Sec. 2. That the board of trustees or managers of the several state institutions and public buildings shall provide a North Carolina flag, of such dimensions anl material as they may deem best, and the same shall be displayed from a staff upon the top of each and every such building at all times except during inclement weather, and upon the death of any officer or any prominent citizen the flag shall be put at half-mast until the burial of such person shall have taken place.

Sec. 3. That the Board of County Commissioners of the several counties in this state shall likewise authorize the procuring of a North Carolina flag, to be displayed either on a staff upon the top, or draped behind the

judge's stand, in each and every courthouse in the state, and that the state flag shall be displayed at each and every term of court held, and on such other public occasions as the Commissioners may deem proper.

Sec. 4. That no state flag shall be allowed in or over any building here mentioned that does not conform to section five thousand three hundred and twenty-one of the Revisal of one thousand nine hundred and five.

Sec. 5. That this act shall be in force from and after its ratification.

In the General Assembly read three times, and ratified this the 9th day of March, A. D. 1907.

Ordinance of Secession
May 20, 1861

An Ordinance Dissolving the Union Between the State of North Carolina and the Other States United with Her Under the Compact of Government Entitled the Constitution of the United States.

We, the people of the State of North Carolina, in Convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained, That the ordinance adopted by the State of North Carolina in the Convention of 1789, whereby the Constitution of the United States was ratified and adopted, and also, all acts and parts of acts of the General Assembly, ratifying and adopting amendments to the said Constitution, are hereby repealed, rescinded and abrogated.

We do further declare and ordain, That the union now subsisting between the State of North Carolina and the other States under the title of The United States of America, is hereby dissolved, and that the State of North Carolina is in full possession and exercise of all those rights of sovereignty which belong and appertain to a free and independent State. (*Ratified the 20th day of May, 1861.*)

Halifax Resolves
April 12, 1776

It appears to your committee that pursuant to the Plan concerted by the British Ministry for subjugating America, the King and Parliament of Great Britain have usurped a Power over the Persons and Properties of the People unlimited and uncontrolled; and disregarding their humble Petitions for Peace, Liberty and Safety, have made divers Legislative Acts; denouncing War Famine and every Species of Calamity against the Continent in General. That British Fleets and Armies have been and still are daily employed in destroying the People and committing the most horrid devastations of the Country. That Governors in different Colonies have declared Protection to Slaves who should imbrue their Hands in the Blood of their Masters. That the Ships belonging to America are declared prizes of War and many of them have been violently seizel and confiscated in consequence of all which multitudes of the people have been destroyed or from easy circumstances reduced to the most Lamentable distress.

And whereas the moderation hitherto manifested by the United ninteenth century has been rightly

Colonies and their sincere desire to be reconciled to the mother Country on Constitutional principles, have procured no mitigation of the aforesaid Wrongs and usurpations, and no hopes remain of obtaining redress by those Means alone which have been hitherto tried, Your Committee are of Opinion that the house should enter into the following resolve, to wit:

Resolved that the delegates for this Colony in the Continental Congress be empowered to concur with the delegates of the other Colonies in declaring Independency, and forming foreign Alliances, reserving to this Colony the Sole and Exclusive right of forming a Constitution and Laws for this Colony, and of appointing delegates from time to time (under the direction of a general Representation thereof) to meet the delegates of the other Colonies for such purposes as shall be hereafter pointed out.

The Congress taking the same into Consideration unanimously concurred therewith.

---:---

SAVE THE BOY

A stone is hard and cold and dead,
A tree has life but lacks a head,
A brute has both but wants a soul,
A boy is a creature of the whole.

Stone, tree and brute, each his its place
In the scheme wrought out by the race,
A boy is the gold in God's plan
To fashion a kingdom for man.

Held in His love and anointed,
Bent to the great task appointed,
The boy finds values eternal,
Upbuilding God's realm superal.

Since destiny so high is his
In purpose, service and in bliss,
Nor fiend nor evil must arise
To rob him of his paradise.

But shield and cover let there be,
To guard and keep the tyro free,
And meet to nourish well the heart
For strength to win the victor's part.

—Dr. Warren I. Bowman.

TRAINING SCHOOL BOYS GAVE PROGRAM FOR ROTARY MEETING

(Concord Daily Tribune)

A program of much interest and inspiration, given by five of the lads from the Stonewall Jackson Training School, delighted the Concord Rotary club at its luncheon meeting yesterday at Hotel Concord. President E. Ray King, back from a brief vacation, was again in his place to preside. The program was under the direction of Rotarian S. G. Hawleld, superintendent of the Training School.

Lieutenant (jg) Joe Pike, a mobilized Rotarian, now serving with the United States Navy with headquarters at New Orleans, was present and greeted his fellow Rotarians. He made a short talk, emphasizing the need for a municipal playground in Concord. Major C. Norman Alston, a Concordian serving with the United States Army at Shepherd's Field, Texas, was a guest of Rotarian Jesse Pike, and he made a short talk, also.

Rotarian Henry Constable of Charlotte was making his attendance and brought as his guest Dr. Chambers, also of Charlotte.

Mr. Hawfield made a brief talk about juvenile delinquency and the purpose for which the Jackson Training School and three other similar correctional institutions in the state were established.

The primary purpose in the minds of the founders of the local institution were to give underprivileged boys a home and to fit them to become useful citizens rather than potential criminals or social misfits. Many boys come from maladjusted, or altogether broken homes, he pointed out, and if something is not done to check them when they start on the broad road to delinquency, they may become hardened criminals. Given a more constructive environment and the proper training, they may, and usually do, become assets rather than labilities to society.

Mr. Hawfield then introduced Rotarian Ralph Brausa who has been training a band at the training school. Mr. Brausa made a plea for the loan or the donation of cornets, trumpets, or other types of horns for the use of the boys in the band, for, he stated, he has a long waiting list of boys asking for "the next horn," that becomes available. One of the boys in the band recently had a chance to leave the school and return home, but because of his love for music and his desire to continue in the band the boy preferred to stay at the school.

"That boy may be a future Tommy Dorsey or Harry James. Who knows?" was Mr. Brausa's comment.

Three members of the band, Arcemias Hefner, Velda Denning, and Edward Loftin, and Mr. Brausa composed a quartette who played a theme from Beethoven's "Ninth

Symphony," Luther's hymn of the Reformation, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," and "Finlandia" by Sibelius.

Billy Poteat proved himself something of an artist with ordinary table spoons as he kept up a lively, rhythmic accompaniment to "Coming Round the Mountain," ,'The Marine Hymn" and "Oh, Susannah," played by Robert Goldsmith on the harmonica. Young Poteat, who possesses a boy soprano voice of rare beauty, sang a verse and chorus of "My Grandfather's Clock" for which Mrs. H. M. Allen, club pianist, played a piano accompaniment.

Arcemias Hefner made a talk on the organization of Troop No. 1 of Boy Scouts at the school a few months ago, and now it has grown in numbers and influence. Billy Poteat told of a joyful week spent by the troop at Camp Cabarrus. Both boys, wearing the Scout uniform, made excellent talks that indicated qualities of future leadership on their part.

Rotarian Joe Holding rose to propose that the club take as a project the securing of more instruments for the J. T. S. band.

Group singing was led by Mrs. H. B. Craig.

HOW MINISTERS SHOULD PREACH

Dr. Chas. E. Jefferson for almost a third of a century occupied one pulpit in the very heart of Mantattan, admittedly the most difficult field on the American continent. For a minister in the center of New York City to get a hearing for so many year is a very remarkable record and what he says about preaching should be accepted as words of authority.

Listen, therefore, to what this eminent minister says:

"People are tried on Sunday. They have seen enough shows through the week. They have had all the entertainment they care for. What they want on the Lord's Day is a quiet conversation with an earnest-minded man who is interested in the higher things of the spirit and who knows how to interpret the words of Jesus and the signs of the times. Declamation is a bore, oratory is an offense, fireworks of every sort are an impertinence, but a quiet talk on the deep things of God is always strenghtening and healing. A preacher who is content to speak in every day language to his people Sunday after Sunday about Jesus Christ, and the application of Christian ideas to their personal experience and to the problems of their generation, can be interesting and fresh at the end of thirty years."—N. C. Christian Advocate.

SALEM COLLEGE

By R. C. Lawrence, in The State

We have had some important dates in Carolina, two of which are carried on our state flag. But if the Piedmont had an emblem all its own, there would be emblazoned upon its banner the date when the Moravian expedition under the leadership of Bishop Spangenberg reached the Piedmont, pitched their tents in Forsyth and Surry, and acquired the hundred-thousand-acre site which they named "Wachovia"—words meaning meadow and stream; for a land of beauty it was, and in their coming Carolina received a gift in sturdy stock comparable with that which came to it when the stout-hearted Scotch arrived in the Cape Fear section; these people were as rugged in character as is Pilot Mountain, under the shadow whereof they dwell.

The site of their principal seat was called Bethabara, and was intentionally temporary. The ancient town of Salem was soon established, a town which has become a landmark throughout the South. Do you know what that word means in the tongue of the Moravians? It means something so much longed for today; and it charaterizes these people for they are a peace-loving folk; and that is what the name Salem means—peace.

Three women's colleges claim to be the oldest in our state—old Greensboro Female College, now known as Greensboro College, whose charter is dated in 1838; the extinct Floral College down in Robeson which claimed to be the oldest college for women authorized to confer degrees, and Salem College. I leave the final decision of this question to such authorities as Dr. Chris Crittenden of the Historical Commission, Dr. Archibald Henderson of the University, and my venerable friend Pete Murphy, who is a walking encyclopedia of Carolina history. But my own opinion is that Salem is by far the oldest, for it can trace its lineage back to 1772, and can without any boastful pride, proclaim that it was founded before the Republic. What is more, Salem has the unique distinction of being the only educational institution within our borders which has never closed its door in all the hundred and seventy years of its existence, notwithstanding two wars have stalked by its very doors, bringing within its precincts all the "horrors of war and the battle's confusion." Although famine was abroad in the land at the close of the Civil War, and although it faced all the fearful ills of Reconstruction, these sturdy folk kept their college open; its bell pealed forth the call to prayer, and summoned its students to the classmoom each day.

It is simple amazing what faith and perseverance these early pioneers possessed, when we consider that in what was practically a virgin wilderness, in a settlement of only 30 houses, they undertook to found an institution which was to become a mighty fortress for their faith. Hardly had it been founded before the terror of war came to its very doors, for four thou-

sand British Redcoats and many camp followers passed by on their way to the famous battle of Guilford Courthouse. In Salem they committed every known form of plunder and depredation upon the Moravian property, giving in return only receipts which represented but a hollow mockery in return for the leather, metals and woodwork which the thrift and industry of the little community had accumulated.

Then again in 1865 the entire region underwent a reign of terror when Federal raiders, led by Stoneman's cavalry, threatened to ravage and pillage the community. At Frederick, Maryland, there originated the legend of Barbara Fritchie, who was said to have waved the Stars and Stripes defiantly as the Confederate corps of Stonewall Jackson was passing her doors, and into her mouth the poet put his famous lines:

"Shoot if you must this old grey head,
But spare my country's flag, she said."

This old legend finds a counterpart in fact at Salem, for when Stoneman's bummers passed by the college, a patriotic student from Mississippi (probably a neighbor of President Davis) flaunted the Stars and Bars in their very faces and thus invited the seizure and perhaps destruction of the college property. Following this, hunger howled as a wolf at the door; Reconstruction found a poverty stricken and sorely oppressed people. But the college lived through it all—nay, it not only lived, but it prospered and proclaimed throughout all Carolina what a mighty fortress of the faith it was.

From the day of its inception Salem stressed the languages, history and the arts; especially music, both instrumental and vocal of which all Moravians are so fond, together with the more practical arts and crafts of needlework, dressmaking and emphasizing cooking and housekeeping, for these Moravians then and now believe that the mission of the madam is the founding of a home.

This early recognition of woman's real place in education soon attracted outside attention, and when the enlargement of its early first building afforded the facility for boarding students, the name and fame of the institution became noised abroad and its clientele extended to a territory far wider than the pioneer conditions of transportation might have suggested. It was no strange sight in those pioneer days for some wealthy planter from Louisiana or Mississippi to come riding in coach or carriage into Salem to bring his daughter to the school—a feat more remarkable when the wretched roads of the era are considered; roads so wretched that often the prospective student and her father rode into town from across the rugged mountains of Tennessee on horseback! For this was long before the steam whistle proclaimed the age of steel throughout the state.

These Moravians are a dogged and persistent folk and they wrestled with the problem of extending their educational facilities with all the earnestness shown by the patriarch Jacob

when he craved the blessing from the Angel and would not release him until the promise had been claimed. Sir Galahad never sought the Holy Grail with more passionate zeal than possessed the souls of these Moravians as they sought the goal of the education of woman.

Today the visitor to the famous campus of the college is not surprised to find that the more than a score of college buildings have invariably been planned in true and beautiful architectural recognition of the pioneer colonial type, for the old-fashioned red brick Flemish Bond walls are in some cases now nearing the completion of a second century of usefulness, yet side by side with these ancient buildings they stand in the friendliest architectural relationship to the most recent of the buildings which rear their stately heads from the crest of the campus.

The first building erected in 1785 yet stands, and it is still in complete harmony with the buildings which surround it—the great dormitories, the imposing library, the large refectory, the great gymnasium and other structures, so thoroughly modern and yet so sympathetic in the same type of friendly architecture which knits together a scholarly campus of a college now epening its last quarter of a second century of existence.

The college has so burgeoned in bloom that today its physical plant possesses 21 stately buildings; it has a beautifully landscaped campus of 56½ acres, it has and eminent faculty of 45 persons, all of whom are the holders of college or university degrees; and its student body numbers 363 students. The enormous service rendered by this ancient institution to the cause of education may be sensed when I say that a total of over 50,000 students have been enrolled within these walls. Its alumnae live in practically every American State and in many foreign lands, and Salem numbers among its alumnae some of the most famous women on the field of the South, including Mrs. James K. Polk (Sarah Childress of Tennessee), and Mrs. Stonewall Jackson (Mary Anna Morrison, of Lincoln County).

It is an ancient saying that the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the quality of its work and the affection in which it is held by those who have lived within its walls is seen from the fact that its alumnae represent four and even five generations from the same family, for its students have an affection for the college which they instill into their daughters and they in turn into theirs, so that generation after generation return to a college which has been adapted to each new period, its leaders always guiding the institution with dignity, strength and reverance for an honored past, reinterpreted into a most effective and efficient present.

What this great institution has meant in moral value to what is now the great metropolis of Winston-Salem cannot be evaluated until the ages of time shall have become merged into the aeons of eternity. All we can now say is that it has been a shadow of a great rock, a lighthouse whose beams have penetrated the darkness

of ignorance through the field of the South. It is hardly necessary to say that the college is a standard class "A" institution, recognized as such by state and Federal authority, that it is a member of the Southern Association of Colleges, and that generous recognition of its educational value on the field of the South has come to it.

It is sometimes said that an institution is but the lengthened shadow of some individual, and while this is not strictly true of Salem still the figure of one of the greatest sons of the Piedmont broods over the institution. He was Bishop Edward Rondthaler, mighty man of God, who for more than fifty years conducted the nationally famous service of the Moravians on Eastern morn, and proclaimed to a hushed and reverent throng "The Lord is Risen." I say his shadow still hovers above it, for it is his eminent son, Dr. Howard E. Rondthaler, who has for many years presided over its destinies.

I have but so recently limned an outline in the State of some of the characteristics which distinguish this great educational leader that I undertake here no further appraisal of his merits, but I cannot refrain from saying that he brought to his great task a superb mentality, probably inherited from his great sire under the Mendelian law, a deep and broad scholarship, a ripened judgment, a passionate love for education, a genius for leadership, and that he has given to Salem an administration which has attracted the attention of educational leaders on the field of the Nation. Today he is in the heyday of his strength; he is doing the best work of his life; and his monument can be found engraved upon the heart of all Carolina.

YOU AND ME

If we are but a little dust caught up from Mother Earth;
Why is it then that life's so sweet?
We would not care to live for one short day,
If we were nothing but a piece of clay.

It must be then, that we are endowed with powers Divine,
Which bring us happiness and make life so sublime;
Like a flower that blooms at morn and fades at night,
Your brief stay here helps make the day more bright.

And so, if many faults you find in me,
Remember, it is just the dust you see;
The kindly word, the cheery smile, the loving ties twixt you and me,
Are things Divine and shall live eternally.

—The Compass.

NORMANDIE RAISING A SYMBOL

(Concord Daily Tribune)

U. S. Navy engineers are performing a marvelous job in raising the stricken super-liner Normandie from the Hudson mud, where she has been lying on her side since February, 1942.

The former 79,000 ton luxury liner was taken over by the U. S. Government to avoid its leaving New York on orders from Vichy and renamed U.S.S. Lafayette. The ship caught fire and turned over under pressure of thousands of tons of water poured into the blazing interior.

In the last few weeks salvaging of the Normandie has attracted large crowds. Divers have been at work through every stage of the operation. The New York Times said recently in describing the project:

"The grotesque bulk lay there through the week amid the bustle of intensified activity, Gulliver-like, with Lilliptuians striving along the water's edge, in the murky depths below and over the stripped deck to release the form from bondage.

"The process had been aided during the final stages by divers who went down constantly to work at the rough edge of the part of the superstructure still intact under water. Jets of high pressure air were also forced into the mud all around the hull to hasten loosening process."

The raising of the Normandie is symbolic of the salvaging of the French nation from the slime and mud of Nazism. The stricken Republic has been lying on her side a prey to her enemies. Just as surely as the Normandie is being raised, the process of restoring the French Republic to her upright position in the family of democratic nations is well under way and promises success. The methods used in salvaging the French nation are no less ingenius than those involved in salvaging the big liner.

On the other side of the world at Pearl Harbor are salvaging operations under way that are also symbolic of the power of the United States. The battleships Pennsylvania and West Virginia, targets of the Jap stab, have been reconditioned and are now back in service. The dreadnought Oklahoma is well on her way to becoming a full fledged fighting ship once more. She lay on her side at Pearl Harbor much as the Normandie did in New York.

For years after the battle for world freedom is fought and won, the Normandie and Oklahoma, both raised from a watery grave, will be living symbols of a rebirth of liberty and will take their places with the frigate Constitution and Admiral Nelson's Victory as among the world's most acclaimed ships.

———:———

Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction, and oft the cloud that wraps the present hour serves but to brighten all our future days.—J. Brown.

THE SECOND LIGHT-METAL, MAGNESIUM

By Dr. Henry Louis Smith.

Another wonder-working light metal has recently been added to aluminum and bids fair to surpass it in revolutionizing our methods of travel and transportation not only in the air but on land and sea as well. The nineteenth century has been rightly called the Age of Steam and Steel, and the first quarter of the twentieth the Age of the Auto and Liquid Fuel.

Today we are rapidly shifting to a brand-new age, when for the first time in human history our travel and transportation are rising from the uneven and storm-ridden surface of our globe to the limitless and shoreless ocean of the air which covers it fifty miles deep from pole to pole. Earth-bound man has at last sprouted wings and can outfly and outlast any sea-gull or eagle that ever flew.

But, Alas! man cannot rival the birds in lightness, and every pound of added weight calls for additional horse-power in his driving engine, and horse-power is a costly motive force. In all previous land and water transportation the solid earth and liquid ocean have sustained the weight of his moving vehicle free of charge, but not so with the air ocean which has no free surface in reach.

Hence in all air-travel and transportation the urgent demand is for Lightness as well as Power, each raised to the highest degree consistent with safety. A kindly Providence has helped answer this double demand by the recent discovery of inexpensive methods of extracting the new metal Magnesium.

Magnesium is by far the most abundant metal on the surface of the earth. Other valuable metals are mined on the earth's surface but the whole ocean to its bottom layer is a mine of magnesium, as well as the land surface. Magnesium chloride and sulphate make up about 15 per cent of all the solid matter dissolved in sea-water, and at present with abundance of electric power we can easily extract it.

Scientists calculate that if all the metal magnesium in the liquid ocean were extracted and laid as a shining white metal over all the land of the globe the coating of solid metal would be 60 or 70 feet thick. The supply therefore is not only distributed all over the earth but is utterly exhaustless.

The good qualities of this new metal are as striking as its abundance. In lightness it far exceeds its fellow-metal alumium, a piece of equal weight being one-and-a-half times as large. It's melting point, 651 degrees Centigrade, exactly equals that of aluminum, thus forming perfect alloys with that metal. It is both very ductile and very mallable. It's threads can therefore be woven into every kind of rope or cloth, and a mass of it can be hammered into any shape desired.

It's possible uses are manifold and increasing every day. Being brilliantly combustible at very high

heat, it was at first used only for tracer bullets, star shells, and flares. More recently it has been the enclosing cover of millions of incendiary shells and bombs. It resists corrosion and can be perfectly welded. Alloyed with its twin metal aluminum it forms a very strong and tough metal weighing only one-fifth as much as steel. It has been found that inland brine springs are as full of it as sea-water.

The production of magnesium in the United States has been doubling every year during the past three or four years. There are now 50 or 60 companies extracting and manufacturing magnesium alloys, one of them producing over a million pounds last year. Our enormous war industry in airplanes now consumes nine-tenths of our whole supply.

After the war is over the demand for light metals for every kind of moving vehicle will create an almost incredible demand for these light metals and their alloys.

———:———

AN AMERICAN'S PRAYER

Give us a proud faith to fight for,
A burning dream to defend,
To battle by day and by night for,
To follow through to the end.

Give us a hope to achieve for,
A height to urge us ahead;
More than mere comfort to live for,
More than our sleep and our bread.

Give us a star to aspire to,
A stone to steady our feet;
Something the faint soul can fire to,
Something to rouse the heart's beat.

Give us the glory to plod for,
The courage and strength of our sorrow;
The trials and the truth to thank God for,
The peace of the world of tomorrow.

—Joseph Auslander.

THE USEFUL YUCCA

By Elvira Pennell

Since the girls of the seminary regions of the Southwest have found that an excellent shampoo can be made from yucca roots they have added one more to the varied uses of this plant. It is strange that this use has not always been known to white people, for the Pueblo Indians so used it long ago. It was the only soap—called "amole"—known to them.

The yucca, however, has so many other useful properties that it seems stupid that white people have been so slow in adapting them to their own necessities. Chief of these is the fiber, which has been found to be ideal for the manufacture of twine and rope, and of course, bags, all of which have been so long made from imported hemp and jute.

In most of the caves and cliff houses which have been explored in our Southwest, many things used by the Indians have been found to have been made of yucca fiber—sandals, mats, bowls, bowstrings, snares, and warp for their feather robes, as well as a coarse kind of cloth.

Cultivation of the yucca as a commerical commodity is now being recommended by the United States Bureau of Agriculture, and all kinds of encouraging prophecies are being put forth as to the value of the crop. Certain it is that it can be grown on land practically worthless for any other purpose, needs little water, and is a permanent crop, as only the mature leaves are cut for fiber.

Do not let the various names by which this lovely plant is known confuse you. As your train or automobile carries you over the deserts of the Southwset, you will see it growing in green clumps of spiked leaves. "Soapweed!" my neighbor in the next seat stated laconically.

At blossoming time it sends up a tall spike of waxy white flowers, which occasioned the name of "Lord's Candle," given it by the devout Spaniards who settled the Southwest. "Spanish Bayonet," their more warlike neighbors called it, because of the sharp-pointed leaves which, bound together, formed no mean weapon and looked like real bayonets. One variety of yucca grown in Virginia and farther south was called "silk grass" by Virginia settlers.

Perhaps, once the fiber of the yucca is turned into successful manufactured products, our chemists and manufacturers will follow the Indians still further and find other uses for the yucca. The Navajos used the chopped leaves in making a green dye. The fruit of certain varieties was eaten by the Zunis, Navajos, and Apaches. The Kiowas used the roots in a tanning preparation. The Zunis extracted the juice and used it in the paint with which they decorated their pottery. Even now, cattle feed on its tender leaves. In fact, yucca seems to have been placed where nothing else would grow to answer in itself every need of man. No wonder it stands proudly, the "Lord's Candle," to light the way.

OUR ASPIRATION

(The Alabama Baptist)

Out of the upward reaching heart of man have grown dreams and visions and ideals. Often man has used his skill to make his dreams come true. But however close to them he has approached, his upward reaching heart has gone on dreaming of things higher still which he cannot attain.

From the very nature of man's spirit, we know that perfection is a goal that runs swiftly before us but always evades us. While we struggle to grow we must live in imperfection. But day by day, though surrounded by imperfection and perfect in our own hearts, we would, if we could, live more nobly. Yet our aspirations, though never attained, gague and measure the quality of the soul more than all of its mistakes and failures. Hence:

To look out upon the astonishing universe with eyes unblinking and face unblanched;

To ignore no truth and fear no facts;

To build high hopes upon a firm foundation;

To forgive without demanding apology;

To keep affection in spite of misunderstanding;

To set our thought upon the things of value, and spend our strength in the fulfilling of noble purposes;

To reverence the good intentions of others rather than censure their errors;

To be alert to nature's pageantry, though we dwell amid the city's clamor;

To get the most out of life by right living and give the most we can back to the world;

To be sincere, faithful to responsibility, cherishing honor above indulgence, and service above gain;

To be guided in our conduct by the shining angel of Intelligence, and not by the gaunt spectre of Fear;

To approach our last hour with the calm of a philosopher and the gentleness of a saint;

To leave the world enriched by a treasury of kind deeds and a memory of love—this is our aspiration; this is our ideal.

———:———

A woman who had just completed a First Aid course saw a man lying prone in the street and was shocked that passers-by callously paid no attention to him. So she rushel up and began giving him artificial respiration. The man raised his head up and said, "Lady, I don't know what you are trying to do, but I'm to get a wire down this manhole."—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our cannery is still in operation. For the past few days, Mr. Walker and his boys have been canning pumpkin. This is the first time this has been done here.

—:—

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hartsell have been engaged to work at the School. They are quartered in the infirmary, where Mrs. Hartsell is the nurse in charge. They have succeeded Mr. and Mrs. I. D. O'Briant, who recently resigned.

—:—

"The Song of the Islands" was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in our auditorium last Thursday night. A short, entitled, "Happy Circus Days," was shown at the same time. These pictures are Twentieth Century-Fox productions.

—:—

Mr. Liner and a group of boys recently drained the swimming pool and gave it a thorough cleaning. In addition to the constant working of the filtration system, this cleansing process is carried on at regular intervals in order to keep the pool in a sanitary condition at all times.

—:—

A progress report recently received on John Dalton Webster, one of our former students, shows that he has been a member of the United States Army since March, 1943, and is now stationed on the West Coast. J. D. says that he "likes the Army just fine and gets plenty of good food."

This lad entered the School, December 1, 1937 and remained here until July 18, 1940, when he was conditionally released to return to Scotland County, where he lived with his uncle. During his stay at the School, he worked on the farm and was considered a very dependable boy. Upon being admitted to the institution he entered the second grade and at the time of leaving, had been in the fourth grade about four months.

—:—

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Wyatt, officer and matron in charge of Cottage No. 3, are spending their vacation at their old home in Konnorock, Virginia. This cottage has been closed and the boys sent out to other cottages until the return of the Wyatts. During their absence, Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys are re-decorating the interior of the cottage.

—:—

In our herd of Hereford cattle there was a young steer that persisted in making wild attempts to escape. Quite a number of times, while being moved from one pasture to another, he made desperate attempts to escape, resulting in a number of wild chases. On the last occasion he succeeded in getting away and was found on a neighboring farm. Our truck was sent to bring him back to the School, but he had no notion of riding in such a conveyance. He was placed on the truck without very much trouble, but repeatedly lunged off. After going to the trouble of replacing him on the vehicle several times, those in charge decided that it would be next to impossible to ever get the "critter" back to the School in that manner. This young steer being in good condition, it was then decided to slaughter him right on the spot, and then there would be no

doubt about getting him back to the School. This was done, and last week-end our various dining room tables were laden with a generous supply of fine beef.

—:—

We learned a short time ago that Jack Lemly, formerly of Cottage No. 3, was in the United States Army, and was stationed at Fort Bliss, Texas. Jack entered the School, September 3, 1940 and was conditionally released, January 14, 1942, at which time he returned to his home in Mt. Airy. While here, this lad was a house boy in Cottage No. 3 for about four months and worked on the barn force for a little more than a year. He entered the third grade and had been in the fourth grade several months at the time he left the institution. Reports coming to this office from the welfare department state that from the time Jack left the School until he enlisted in the Army he had made a very good record, and recommended that he be granted a final discharge. He is being issued an honorable discharge from further parole supervision.

—:—

Mr. Luther Dyson, of Taylorsville, superintendent of public welfare in Alexander County, visited the School a few days ago. We were inquiring about several boys from that county who had once been students here, and among those upon whom he reported was Fred May, who is now a member of the United States Navy. Mr. Dyson said that he had been getting along fine since leaving the School, and that he was married and has one child.

Fred entered the School, April 1, 1935 and upon receiving his conditional release, August 3, 1938, returned to his home county to live with his grandfather on a farm near Taylorsville. While at the School, he was employed as house boy in Cottage No. 8 and worked in the shoe shop part of the time He made a very good record during his stay with us, and kept up the good work after leaving the School. Good reports came in from the welfare department and on September 30, 1939 he was granted an honorable discharge.

—:—

Clinton Coats, one of our old boys, called on friends at the School a few days ago. He was wearing a United States Army uniform, and stated that he had been in Uncle Sam's service a little more than five months, and is now stationed in Mississippi..

Clinton and his brother, Carlton, entered the School, November 1, 1928, and remained here until October 24, 1930. They came to us from Durham, but when conditionally released, went to live with their parents who were then living in Smithfield. While at the School, the boys were members of the Cottage No. 3 group. The boys and the family have been living in Norfolk, Virginia, for several years.

This young man told us that after leaving the institution he attended the public schools for several years, and during part of that time became interested in boxing, developing into a pretty fair boxer, winning a number of bouts. For several years he was a member of the National Guard. At present he is wearing a PFC stripe on his sleeve, which is pretty good for five months' service in the Army.

We had the pleasure of meeting Clinton's wife, who accompanied him on this visit, also his cute little five-

months-old son, who flashed us a million-dollar smile and wanted to play just as soon as he saw us.

—:—

Mr. T. R. Adams, officer in charge of the Receiving Cottage, recently received a letter from John R. Hogsed, formerly of that cottage, who has been in the United States Army for several months. John is a member of "C" Battery, 568th A. A. A. Battalion, and is stationed at Camp Haan, California. His letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Adams: I thought I would let you know that I had been transferred to California. Have been out here three weeks. This is a fine place to stay. The scenery is very pretty—lots of orange trees, mountains, desert, and many other things I had never seen before. We had a real time coming out here, traveling by the way of New Orleans, Dallas and El Paso. I like the Army better than any place I've been. Being at the Training School sure helped me a lot in Army life in many ways, such as taking orders, keeping clean, regular hours, making my own bed, working on K. P., etc. I am in the Anti-Aircraft Artillery, and would like to tell you all I know about it, but because of regulations, I'm not supposed to tell anything except what outfit I'm in and where located. I used to think that you were sometimes hard on me, but now I am glad you treated me as you did, for if you hadn't I probably would not be in the Army today and getting along as well as I am. Write soon. Truly yours, John R. Hogsed."

—:—

Mr. C. B. Barber, our bookkeeper, recently wrote William Wood, one of our boys, now in the United States Navy, requesting that if he should happen to meet any other former students now in the service, to let us know. Willie replied immediately, stating that Bruce Link and Beamon Heath were in the same force with him, being attached to the Amphibious Training Base, Fort Pierce, Florida.

Bruce Link came to the School, November 19, 1935 and remained here until February 28, 1941. He was first placed in Cottage No. 6 but was later transferred to Cottage No. 1. He entered the third grade in our school department and had been in the seventh grade about thirteen months when allowed to leave the institution. While with us, Bruce worked as office boy for about two years and during the remainder of his stay at the School was employed on the farm and on the barn force. We recall Bruce, a very small chap when he first came here, as being full of life and a very likeable lad. He was a keen baseball fan, and wherever a group of boys were found playing ball, he could always be located right in the midst of them, having the time of his life. When Bruce left us, he was placed with a Mr. Crump, who lived near Norwood, and stayed there for a much longer period than was sgreed upon when the arrangements were made. He later became an enrollee in a CCC camp, staying with that outfit until the CCC set-up was liquidated in 1942.

Beamon Heath, entered the School, December 15, 1937, and was conditionally released to return to his mother, who then lived in Fremont, February 4, 1941. This lad was a member of the Cottage No. 15 group

and worked in the dairy during the entire period spent at the School. He entered the fourth grade and at the time of leaving, had been in the sixth grade about fifteen months. He made a very good record here. After going back to his home, Beamon attended the public school, entering the sixth grade, where he made A's on nine out of ten subjects, music being the one on which he did not do so well. He completed his sixth grade work and entered the seventh the following year, but did not attend school very long thereafter.

—:—

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read Mark 8:27-28, and as the text for his message to the boys, he selected part of the 34th verse—"Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner told the boys that there were certain questions that every individual must sooner or later raise and answer for himself. He listed the questions as follows: (1) What Shall I Do With My Life? (2) What Shall I Get Out of Life? (3) What Can I Do for Others by the Right Employment of My Life?

In all of life, said the speaker, there is the problem of profit and loss. The Christian must consider as foremost the call to serve his fellow men. Christ really enlisted in service to mankind, and calls upon every individual to do likewise.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then stated that in the proper investment of life, the Christian is called upon constantly to practice self-denial. This means that he must leave behind some things which he had previously treasured. He must not regard such as a persecution, but rather as an opportunity for service. At this point in life many people are kept away from Christ and the Church because of their unwillingness to follow this plan.

At no time and under no circumstances, continued the speaker, does Christ expect the impossible of a person. He knows our limitations, and only asks that we follow his leadership to the best of our ability.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then pointed out that there is such a thing as loss by gain. A person will frequently accept the course in life which seems to him the most gainful, but in the end it will prove to be a definite loss. And likewise, that which sometimes appears to represent a loss is really, in the end, a gain. He illustrated this particular point by referring to the life of Queen Elizabeth, of England, who enjoyed all of life's richest pleasures that wealth could buy, but when she realized that her life had been misspent she begged for "just one more inch of life" in which to redeem herself.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner told his listeners that every person is confronted with the necessity of making choices between time and eternity, life and death, and hell or heaven. He urged the boys to be sure to make the right choice and to hold fast to that which is good.

—:—

Last Saturday's games marked the closing of the regular schedule for the two local baseball leagues. In League Number One, there were two

very closely contested games, won by a one-run margin. The Receiving Cottage boys clinched the championship of that league by defeating the First Cottage team by the score of 3 to 2, while the boys from the Fifth Cottage nosed out the Eighth Cottage lads by the same score.

In League Number Two, the Tenth Cottage boys are unquestionably the "champs," having won thirteen games, with not a single loss chalked up against them, which would be a pretty good record in any man's league. They finished the season with a five-games lead over Thirteenth Cottage, their closest competitors. The scores were as follows:

League Number One—Receiving Cottage 3 First Cottage 2; Fourth Cottage 9 Third Cottage 2; Fifth Cottage 3 Eighth Cottage 2.

League Number Two—Tenth Cottage 8 Eleventh Cottage 3; Thirteenth Cottage 9 Fourteenth Cottage 5; Fifteenth Cottage 6 Ninth Cottage 5.

FINAL CLUB STANDING

League Number One

	W	L	Pct
Receiving Cottage	12	2	.857
Fourth Cottage	11	3	.786
First Cottage	9	5	.643
Fifth Cottage	8	6	.572
Third Cottage	3	12	.200
Eighth Cottage	0	15	.000

League Number Two

	W	L	Pct
Tenth Cottage	13	0	1.000
Thirteenth Cottage	10	5	.667
Fourteenth Cottage	6	8	.429
Ninth Cottage	5	9	.357
Eleventh Cottage	4	10	.286
Fifteenth Cottage	4	11	.267

There will be a play-off series of three games between the Receiving Cottage team and that of Cottage No. 10, flag winners in their respective leagues. The first game will be played this afternoon, and the dates of the others will be announced later.

———:———

IF HONOR STAY

All is not gone if Honor stay
Though friends forsake. and foes betray,
Though torture rend thee limb from limb,
And faith is dead, and hope is dim.

If on thy bosom's sacred throne,
The truth doth reign, supreme, alone,
Away! thou bauble Life, away!
Nothing is gone if Honor stay.

—Robert Loveman.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 15, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Raymond Davis
Donald Jolley
Ira Montgomery
Weaver Ruff
Malcom Seymour
Richard Shehan
Harry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Thomas Barnes
Richard Billings
Roland Brooks
George Cox
Leonard Lovelace
Jack Gray
Luther Vaughn
John Franks
Rufus Massingill
Lee Turner
Sidney Kinghting
Willford Richard Seegers

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
John Holder
Lawrence Littlejohn

COTTAGE NO. 4

Eugene Ballew
Elbert Brown
William Davis
Elster Jones
James Moore
Roy Patton
Lewis Sawyer
Roy Swink
Walter Thomas
Ernest Turner
Eugene Watts
Roy Womack
William Gentry
Eugene Kerman
Kenneth Wilson
John Lipscomb

COTTAGE NO. 5

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 6

Eugene Bowers
Kenneth Caldwell
Charlton Cox
Donald Griffie
Everett Galleon
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean
James McMahan
Wesley Turner
Joseph Turner
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7

Albert Allen
Donald Grimstead
William Harding

COTTAGE NO. 8

Homer Johnson

COTTAGE NO. 9

Randolph Ammons
Cecil Caldwell
Edward Guffey
James Hale
John Hill
Thomas Ingram
James Jarvis
Morris Johnson
Winley Jones
Isaac Mahaffey
Albert Newton
Robert Owens
Troy Parris
Luther Sherman
George Strayhorne
Milford Ward
Eldred Watts
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

William Butler
Fred Carswell
Jack Clifton
C. W. Cline

William Penninger
Donald Sides
Eugene Stubbs
Charles Tate
Jack Williams
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Marvin Bradley
Robert Goldsmith
William Guffey
Robert Moses
J. C. Rhodes
Clyde Rhodes
Edgar Shell
Everett Stamey
Ray Taylor
Martin Walters
J. C. Willcox
William Wilkerson
Mack McGee
Kenneth Atwood

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Dewell Cooper
Eugene Graham
Robert Hobbs
Richard Kye
B. J. Mayberry
Banks McKnight
Dillard Shelton
Leroy Pruitt
William Stallings

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Charles Callahan
Robert Caudle
John Fargis
William Hardin
Robert Holbert
James Linebarrier
Roy Mumford
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pittman
Robert Travis
John Pritchard
Walter Stone

COTTAGE NO. 15

Edgar Blanchard
James Cantrell
William Griffin
David Lewis
Hugh Roberts
Dewey Smith
John Watts
Evans Watson
Olin Wishon
William Myers

INDIAN COTTAGE

R. C. Hoyle
James Lochlear
Herbert Lochlear
Charles Pearson

INFIRMARY

(No Honor Roll)

———:———

MY ALLIES

Faith, Hope, and Love—let these my allies be,
All fibered with the woof of Charity.
These at my side, I'll win my way through all—
It matters not what trials may befall.
Let foes come on, we'll put the host to rout,
And face with courage Fear, Despair, and Doubt!

—John Kendrick Bangs

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 28, 1943 No. 35

(Orange County)
(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

A TRUE CITIZEN

The man who kindles the fire on the hearthstone of an honests and righteous home burns the best incense to liberty. He does not love mankind less who loves his neighbor more. Exalt the citizen. As the state is the unit of government, he is the unit of the state. Teach him that his home is his castle, and his sovereignty rests beneath his hat. Make him self-respecting, self-reliant and responsible. Let him lean on the state for nothing that his own arm can do, and on the government for nothing that his state can do. Let him cultivate independence to the point of sacrifice, and learn that humble things with unbartered liberty are better than splendors bought with its price.

—Henry W. Grady.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
A WARTIME HYMNIST	By Elmer S. Gerhard	8
VARIETY CLUB HAS DONE WORLD OF GOOD	Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough	11
SUMMER SLUMP	By Craig N. Davidson	18
THE NEED OF DISCIPLINE	(The Alabama Baptist)	21
JOSEPHUS DANIELS ADDRESS TO PREACHERS	(N. C. Christian Advocate)	22
INSTITUTION NOTES		24
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE DREAMS WE CHERISH MUST NEVER GROW OLD

Our air castles are the children of our youth. They should be no less, however, the heritage of manhood, middle and old age. No life can keep alive that does not have newborn visions. When the fires of enthusiasm cease to burn, the mind ceases to dream and the hands to create. I have seen many who begin life and its pursuits with zest and promise. But because such people are not able to keep alive their dreams and sustain their ideals, life is improverished and becomes a drudgery.

Dr. Bernard C. Clausen relates an interesting incident of a farmer who had been working the same farm for forty years. He had grown sick and tired of it. He decided to sell for what he could get. He went to a nearby town for an auctioneer and asked him to put the place up for sale. The auctioneer came out to survey the place and to make some notations on points of interest. Then he went back to the city to prepare for the sale. The next morning the farmer went out to the R.F.D. box at the end of the lane, took out a long Manila envelope, opened it and found what seemed to be printer's proof for an advertising poster announcing the forthcoming sale. The farmer read every word with deep interest until he came to the last line, and there he read his name. His interest turned into bewilderment. He rushed to the telephone, called up the auctioneer and said: "Is that my farm?" "Why, yes," replied the super-salesman. "Whose farm did you think it was?" The farmer gasped. "Don't sell that farm," he shouted. "I have been looking for a farm like that all my life." The real masters of life are those who are able to make every place and everything an inspiration because their air castles never tumble down.

"A rose tree in my garden grows,
Its perfume is an incense rare,
It bends with many a scarlet rose
That speaketh of a presence there.

O bright red lamps, you seem to say
That God is not so far away.

My garden walk his feet have trod,
This burning bush enshrines my God."

—Fred R. Chenault.

OUR PRINTING DEPARTMENT

At the present time six boys are receiving training in the printing department—Banks McKnight and Willford Seegers working all day, and Elbert Brown, Douglas Dorsett, William Poteat and Lee Turner being employed one-half day, going to school the other half.

Few people know just exactly the amount of work accomplished in this department of activities at the Training School. The boys not only learn to operate the linotype, but receive instruction in the technique of many other things pertaining to the life of one who follows this vocation. In this shop is published The Uplift, a 32-page weekly magazine, and in addition to the linotype composition, the boys learn about proof-reading, make-up, press work, folding, binding and mailing. The job printing consists of vouchers in triplicate form, requisitions in quintuplicate, letter heads, envelopes, and many ruled forms and record sheets used at the School, which cost the institution very little more than the price of the paper on which they are printed. Aside from the fact that this department provides training for boys selected for this type of work, one may readily see that when compared to commercial rates, the cost of printed matter necessary for an institution of this size would be enormous, if the work had to be done elsewhere.

It is interesting to note that these boys soon learn to select proper articles for the pages of The Uplift. They frequently bring poems and clippings of general matter to the desk, saying, "This will be fine for our paper," which is evidence that these young lads have learned to discriminate between good and bad literature. Therefore, the mission of this department is not only to teach the youngsters the technique of printing, but to help them realize the value of good reading material.

After our boys learn to operate the linotypes and the presses which turn out the job work, it is a very easy matter to find lucrative positions for them when they go out into the world. Scores of boys have gone out from this institution as printers, and from all reports we are inclined to think they are making good. We frequently receive letters telling of their work, their homes and families. We cite a few outstanding cases, as follows: One lad has been employed on the Alexandria (Va.) Gazette for more than ten years; he is married, has three fine children and owns his own home. We visit-

ed him several years ago, and met his employer, who spoke very highly of him. Another is now a first-class operator on a paper in Nashville, Tennessee, has a wife and child, and is getting along just fine. The publisher of a paper in Mount Vernon, N. Y., once stated that a former student of ours worked for him and that he was one of the finest young fellows he had ever employed. A job shop in Hickory employs one of our old boys and the reports coming from him show that he is doing nicely. One lad, released about two months ago, is working on The Concord Daily Tribune and his employer and fellow workers tell us that he is getting along well. Two young men, former members of our printing class, have been in Charlotte many years, one working on The Charlotte Observer for more than eighteen years, and the other in the job department of The Charlotte News for about thirteen years. In addition to these, many others who had been making good in printing plants in this and other states, are now serving in our country's armed forces.

This list could be continued almost indefinitely, but we think we have mentioned enough cases to prove that the work of this department has been really worthwhile. These young men, as lads in the printing office, not only learned something that has helped them to make a living, but they have contributed toward making others happy. To merely make a living should not be the goal of any individual, but to make a life—a well-rounded life—should be the highest ideal.

* * * * * * * *

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

We feel the attention of people throughout the world is focussed upon the meeting of President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill, the chief executives of the Allied forces in every branch of service in this global war. The meeting this time is in the ancient city of Quebec, in the Province of Quebec, Canada. It is the only walled city of America, settled by the French, and today retains many of its primitive customs of living.

No one will know the plans of these two strategists, but the results of their planning will be realized on some field of action where-

in right will overcome the might of the atrocious enemies of humanity.

Since the success of the Allies in Sicily there is great danger of becoming too optimistic and the official commentators advise against over-confidence. The fight continues to be a hard one, for the roads to Tokio and Berlin are long and hazardous. We believe Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, when he closed his recent radio message by saying, "only a mircle can stop this bloody world war soon, for we have a long fight facing us before victory can be won."

The Allies, including those in every branch of service, are fighting to preserve the privileges of democracy, and we at the home base must fight to keep our men physically, mentally and morally fit to meet all emergencies. Roosevelt, Churchill, and all Allied military strategists have in the past made blue-prints which have been successfully followed. We are confident that any plans devised at the Quebec conference will eventually lead to victory.

* * * * * * * *

VIRGINIA DARE

At this season of the year our thoughts turn toward an outstanding event in the history of our country. It was on August 18, 1587 that Virginia Dare was born. She was the first white child born on the American continent, and around her name has grown up one of the few legends of the early days of the colonial period. She was the daughter of Ananias and Eleanor White Dare, members of a band of 121 colonists sent to Virginia by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1587. Two days after her birth, the infant was christened Virginia —the first known celebration of this Christian sacrament in America. All that is known of her centers around the legend of the "Lost Colony." Twenty-seven days after Virginia's birth, her grandfather, John White, leader of the colony, returned to England for supplies and was detained there until 1591. Upon his belated return, he found no trace of the colony except the word "Croatan," carved on a tree. The legend is as follows:

Tradition carries the story along, and declares that among friendly Indians, Virginia grew into a beautiful girl. A bit of pure imagination enters also, for Indian superstition relates that she

was changed by the sorcery of a rejected lover into a white doe, which lived a charmed life; true love finally triumphed over magic, anl she was restored to human form, only to die when shot by the silver arrow of a cruel chieftain.

* * * * * * * *

AN EMBLEM OF HONOR

Many thousands of Americans of today are entitled to wear a little circular emblem in their lapels attesting to the fact that they have donated their blood in order that the life of a sorely wounded fighting man might be saved. With the tempo of war speeding up and the stream of casualties steadily growing from both European and Pacific battlefields, the American Red Cross is broadcasting an appeal for many more thousands of donations.

As citizens we are far removed from the battlefields, but we are privileged to actively share in the fight for victory by donating our blood. A blood donation is a painless process. Any healthy person between the ages of eighteen and sixty may become a donor. There are no ill effects. Perhaps it is too much to wish that every elegible person might qualify for a Blood Donor badge, but that is a worthy goal which might be closely attained by organized, persistent effort.

* * * * * * * *

It is possible for us to be fairly accurate in calculating the number of miles an automobile or train will travel in a day or an hour. It is not at all difficult to estimate the amount of merchandize that can be purchased with a certain sum of money. The rules for working out such problems are known to most any boy or girl in the elementary grades of our public schools. But it is different in judging the value of a good deed, a kind word or a friendly impulse. Their influence comes to light in various ways, and often lives on when we can no longer see them.

A WARTIME HYMNIST

By Elmer Schultz Gerhard

It may seem a little strange at first to see Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes classed as a writer of meditative lyrics and, most of all, as a writer of hymns, since he is known mainly for his wit and humor, for his "occasional" poems and for his prose writings. Hence, it may be just a little surprising to find the author of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table and of the entire Breakfast Table series in a list of hymn writers. Although he was not strictly a writer of hymns, like Cowper or Newton, or Watts or Wesley, yet several of his hymns are in fairly extensive use. A still more extensive and frequent use of a few of them would be most timely and effective in these dark and hectic days that try men's souls.

It may be that the meditative, reflective element in his writings is less prominent and conspicuous than in some of his contemporaries. The trend of his mind followed different lines; his literary preferences were likewise different. But in spite of all these different characteristics, there is a meditative element fundamentally present, and all the more impressive because of its reserved character. His soul was an exquisitely sensitive one: Dr. Holmes was too sensitive and sympathetic to practice medicine, just as Woodrow Wilson was likewise too much so to practice law. Holmes seems to have approached his every subject with the tenderness of Virgil and the veiled humor and pathos of Horace, the Roman poet laureate.

His poetry may be roughly classified as humorous, national and meditative; the latter is as characteristic as any, and is expressed in various subordinate forms, under which may be noted his hymns, of which there are about a dozen.

The Civil War, with its subsidiary issue of slavery, affected our writers in different ways; but none was aroused as Holmes was. Much of the poetry occasioned by it is rhetorical, produced mainly in a burst or gust of patriotic emotion; but with his sensitive and sympathetic nature and deep religious feeling Holmes would take a similar theme, diffuse it with religious feeling and sentiment, and produce a hymn. He was never, temperamentally, greatly interested in public affairs; but when the war broke out he was very much aroused and wrote the stirring "Puritan War-Song" (1862), beginning with lines—

"Where are you going, soldiers,
With banner, gun, and sword?"
"We're marching south to Canaan
To battle for the Lord!"
"What Captain leads your armies
Along the rebel coasts?"
"The Mighty One of Israel;
His name is Lord of Hosts!"

Early in the war, as parents were watching their boys—his own son, the future Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, among them—starting for the front, Holmes wrote his noble "Army Hymn" (sung to the tune of "Old Hundred") which opens with these stanzas—

"O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King
Behold the sacrifice we bring!
To every arm Thy strength impart,
Thy spirit shed through every heart!
"Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our Nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee."

Dr. Holmes could very truthfully write out of his own experience and out of the feeling of his own heart. His son was wounded three times. On that field of carnage, Antietam, the bloodiest battle of the whole war, he was seriously wounded. The father hurried south to hunt for him, gave him his own personal care and brought him home. He wrote an account of this trying ordeal, "My Hunt after the Captain," for the Atlantic Monthly, December 1862.

As the war progressed and the carnage increased, when every day the dread tidings came that this one had been wounded and that one killed, when homes all over the land were shrouded in anxiety and mourning, and when many an agonizing soul was saying, "But if they don't come back," Holmes wrote this "Parting Hymn," a hymn of petition and resignation. It begins with these several stanzas and it sung to the tune of "Dundee."

"Father of Mercies, Heavenly Friend,
We seek Thy gracious throne;
To Thee our faltering prayers ascend,
Our fainting hearts are known!

"From blasts that chill, from suns that smite,
From every plague that harms;
In camp and marsh, in siege and fight,
Protect our men-at-arms!

"Though from our darkened lives they take
What makes our life most dear,
We yield them for their country's sake
With no relenting tear."

It is to be regretted that these several hymns of Dr. Holmes are not more widely and more frequently used. One could wish to hear them sung. They touch the same chords of the human heart, they stir up the same emotions, and they appeal to the same spirit of sacrifice and of faith as they did eighty years ago. Their use would be most timely during these hectic days, shrouded in doubt, fear and anxiety, in distraction and despair, and in carnage, brutality and bestiality.

Dr. Holmes wrote other hymns in a different strain. He was profoundly religious; no irreverent word ever escaped from his tongue or pen. He never stated a creed nor tried to formulate one. The Fatherhood of God was to him the supreme Truth, and trust in God and His Word was sufficient for him. These feelings he expressed most devoutly and trustingly in his "Hymn of Trust" (1857) beginning with these lines—

"O Love Divine, that stooped to share

Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear;
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near!"

It is the most highly prized hymn Holmes ever wrote, and is used on both sides of the Atlantic.

Humankind will ever need the Source of Light which will lead it aright. This thought he expressed in another fine lyric, "A Sun-Day Hymn":

"Lord of all being! throned afar."

It is used both in England and in America, and is probably the most widely used of all his hymns. Its appeal is frankly universal in interest. It was soon used, with the author's permission, in a collection of hymns prepared for the Methodist Church. It is the only one of his hymns found in the Presbyterian Hymnal; in fact, it is virtually found in all hymnals. The Pilgrim Hymnal also contains his other famous hymn, "O Love Divine That Stooped to Share." The American Episcopal Hymnal has two of his hymns, one of which is the "Army Hymn," written at the time his son entered the army.

Four of the hymns already mentioned are included in Lyra Sacra Americana by Charles Dexter Cleveland, London, 1868. Several years ago a jury of twelve men of all faiths was selected to choose hymns for a hymnal of one hundred selections. It was only natural that there should be wide disagreement. But of all the hymns submitted only four obtained eight votes each, and one of them was Holmes' "Sun-Day Hymn." This same hymn is also found in the New Hymnal for American Youth. Other hymnals contain a few of his less known hymns.

If one forms an honest estimate of the contribution Dr. Holmes made to American life and literature and the effort he made "to gladden, inspire, and encourage the human heart and lift the life of his fellows toward God and all that tends to goodness," one must needs conclude that he is possibly, after all, not "the least important and the least read of the notable poets who contributed to the glory of New England in the heyday of her literary fame," as a recent writer says he is.

In recent months, we hear that the demand for secretaries in Washington has become so great that applicants are given only one test: They are put in a room with a sewing machine, a washing machine and a typewriter. If they can pick out the typewriter—they're hired.

VARIETY CLUB HAS DONE WORLD OF GOOD

By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough.

Charlotte's youngest philanthropic organization is the Variety club. It celebraed its second birthday in January of this year, but in point of achievement it swiftly passed through the stage of infancy and early youth and today stands in mature stature in comparison with clubs of a like nature.

The general public perhaps does not know the purpose and activities of the Variety club but groups and individuals that feel its beneficent influence bear grateful testimony as to itsmerciful mission. Scarcely a day passes but that it makes possible for some one healing of body, alleviation of mental distress, a trip which puts new life into weary souls, of health-giving vacation periods for children.

The latest gift of the Variety club is generous contribution to The Observer Fresh Air Fund which will give 10 younsters a two weeks' stay at the Fresh Air Camp.

The Charlotte club was organized November 11 by 11 men, the number reqired by the national organization, a policy dating back to the organization of the first Variety club in the United States by a group of 11 men in 1927. H. H. Everett was elected president and headquarters were established at Hotel Charlotte. The club is greatly indebted to Alton Bland for his excellent co-operation in getting it started.

The primary purpose is charity, particularly for children. Benefit shows are given to raise funds and a certain amount of the dues paid by the 160 members is set aside for charity and turned over to the Heart of Variety committee for disbursement. Their first case was that of a little boy who was constantly playing truant. He was always found in the same seat in the same moving picture theater. The club members had him committed to them by the court and they sent him to a mountain school where he made good.

Four months after its organization, the club established an out-patient clinic in the basement of the Professional building for treatment of ear, eyes, nose and throat ailments. In this they have received hearty co-operation from Charlotte physicians.

During the past two years almost one thousand cases have been handled among children and adults, white and colored. Approximately one hundred operations have been performed and treatments have been given which resulted in restoration of sight, correction of vision and prevention of loss of vision.

Realizing the value of parks and supervised play for children, the club recently contributed $4,000 to the Park and Recreation commission, to be divided equally for facilities for both white and colored playgrounds.

They maintain portable motion picture equipment for showing films to shut-ins and to other institutions, such as the Mecklenburg County Home, the Florence Crittenton Home, the Alexander Rescue Home.

At the suggestion of Dr. Preston White, the club raised an emergency fund for the Hospital Evacuation Unit of Charlotte. This was done by bringing Bob Hope to the city, the proceeds of the entertainment netting $3,000 which was presented to the unit.

The Variety clubs of the nation were asked to spearhead the bond sale for September, 1942, which they handled with amazing results and also bore the preliminary expense. North Carolina stood at the head of all states in the purchase of bonds and the Charlotte club received national recognition for handling the details which resulted in a sale of more than a million and a half for this city.

The Charlotte Variety club has underwritten up to a certain amount funds to aid the Charlotte Memorial Hospital in the treatment of cases of infantile paralysis among patients who are unable to provide expenses.

Each of the 28 clubs in the United States pledged themselves to send a nurse to the Minneapolis General Hospital to take training in the famous Kenny method of cure for infantile paralysis. The Charlotte Club was fortunate in finding a nurse in the city who had taken the training, but upon her advice, she was sent to Warm Springs where she took a refresher course and is now at work at the Memorial Hospital in relieving sufferers from the dread limb-deadening disease.

Annually the Variety Club of America recognizes the great hearts of the nation by a national citation award. The first recipent of this honor, awarded in 1938, was the Reverend E. J. Flanagan of Boys Town, Nebraska. Kindly, tireless founder of Boys Town, where thousands of young men, regardless of race, color or creed have, by his humanitarian efforts, been turned into useful young citizens, he is know and loved the country over as Father Flanagan.

The second annual National Humanitarian Award was presented to Miss Martha Berry, founder of Berry, College and Schools at Mt. Berry, Georgia. Established 40 years ago for poor mountain boys and girls it now stretches over 15 miles of Georgia hills, has a campus of 25,000 acres, has a student body of more than 1,000 and is today the largest plant of its kind in the world.

Dr. George Washington Carver, whose discoveries have been a boon to mankind, was the recipient of the 1940 citation and the handsome silver plaque which accompanies it.

Submission of a name to follow these distinguished people was a difficult task but because Variety is traditionally led by a little hand it was fitting that the award should go to one who is doing an enormous amount of good for children. Sister Elizabeth Kenny, whose curative method of treatment for infantile paralysis resulted in new life for countless thousands of sufferers from this disease, was selected as the 1942 recipient.

Her fame began in Australia where for many years she struggled alone in her own methods of cure. So extraordnary were her results she was brought to America to teach her revolutionary treatment in the Minneapolis General Hospital. Her award consisted of a scroll, a silver plaque, and a thousand dollars in cash to be used to continue her work.

Dr. Julian S. Miller editor of The Charlotte Observer, is a member of the national committee which annually selects a recipient for the award from among those whose lives are dedicated that others might live in a better world.

"The origin of Variety Clubs is an interesting story," said John A. Beachman, who was elected president of the Charlotte club in January. "A group of 11 men all particularly good friends who met every night for supper in a Pittsburgh restaurant, decided to lease a hotel room that they might even more enjoy each other. Instead of have a number to identify the room they determined to have a name and as each man represented a different line, they decided upon the word Variety. There was no thought of expanding and the room was engaged for only one year. The group had no charity, were committed to no ideal and had no particular responsibility to society. Their only reason for existing was that of real friendship.

"There would be no Variety Club today but for the intervention of fate. In the nursery of the Sheridan Square theater Pittsburgh a month old baby was left with this note pinned to its dress: 'I cannot afford to keep this child. Her name is Catherine. I have six others. She was born October 24th and I am leaving her in this theater because of what I have heard of the charity of show people and with a prayer that you will care for her.—A Heart Broken Mother."

"One man in the group of eleven was connected with the Sheridan theater. Accepting the definite responsibility so strangely laid upon show business, they placed the baby in a home and named her Catherine Variety Sheridan."

"Perhaps you think their job was over, but it was not. They had found a new interest in life in caring for the baby. Others wanted to join—soon they had to seek larger quarters for the membership grew to 100. Visits to the baby called attention to the needs of other children. The unsought obligation voluntarily assumed became the life's blood of Variety."

"The waif of the theater nursery gave the club a motive for doing charitable work. Because of her the Variety Club of Pittsburgh had a reason for being; because of her other clubs were organized over the country. Because of her more than one-half million children receive aid from the Variety Clubs of America each year.

"When she was five years of age Catherine was adopted that she might get that which all Variety could not give her—the love of a mother and dady all her own. She has no knowledge of her foster parents and only two members of Variety know their names. Each year the Pittsburgh club adopts another child and finds it a home with loving parents.

"While charity is the main purpose of Variety, it also has another object, that of bringing men of upright character who are engaged in the different and various professions of the amusement business into a fraternal society where they may discuss matters of interest to the welfare of themselves and the public. It is to unite men in the amusement business into an important civic group, one to make a city a better town and to elevate a highly essential industry to the top of the ladder."

Included in the membership of Variety Clubs are those engaged in such amusement business as distribution, exhibition, theater printers, bill posters, owners or managers of auditoriums, theaters, pleasure parks, night clubs, also actors, sporting writers, theater writers, in fact any man who makes the entertainment business at least 50 per cent of his total business.

The head of the club is called the Chief Barker and the organizations are designated as tents rather than clubs. The combined efforts of all tents in the United States for charity has run into millions of dollars since Variety came into being 15 years ago.

———:———

LOOK AMERICA!

Look America, look towards the sky;
Tell me what you see there!
Bombers, and scouters and fighting planes,
Ready a fight to share,
Brave men of destiny soaring high,
Protecting you, guarding you,
Onward they fly!

Look America, look on your land;
Tell me what you see there!
Tanks and guns and mechanized troops,
Me that will do and dare;
Fighting for freedom and liberty too,
Doing all this, and more for you.

Look Amercia, look on the sea;
Tell me what you see there!
Ships and destroyers and submarines,
And sailors alert and aware,
Striving a common foe to beat
Sounding on always, but never retreat.

Look America, just once more,
And tell me what you see!
Look at your people whoever they are,
Wherever they chance to be,
See how they're working and praying for you,
Giving their best to the red. white and blue.
Then lift your head and be thankful please,
You can't lose this war with folks behind you like these.

—Carol Bessent.

HISTORIC FORT MACON

By Harry Z. Tucker, in The State

Still guarding the entrance to Beaufort harbor, battle-scarred Fort Macon looks out upon the Atlantic today much as it did in the hour of its pristine glory. Historians agree that a fort has occupied the site since 1712, when it was found necessary to construct some fortification across Bogue Sound, from the port of Beaufort, to guard the section from Spanish raids.

Located on the very tip of Bogue Banks, the historic fort a few years ago was acquired from the Federal government primarily for the purpose to preserve the structure and to obtain about 500 acres of ocean beach for a state park and public bathing beach. For more than two years a CCC camp of more than 200 men worked on the fort and entire property, building parking and picnic areas and restoring the fort.

On this island behind the beaches are gleaming dunes of white sand that have been whipped high by sea and wind, and are dotted with stunted gale-torn live-oaks, and marsh hammocks. Here, each curve of the waterway discloses many alluring landscapes, with sand and scrubby trees silhouetted against a background of waves and sky.

The present fort, begun about 1824, was named for Senator Nathaniel Macon, who procured a Federal appropriation of nearly a half-million dollars for its erection in 1811. The fort is considered one of the finest examples of its kind in existence, as well as one of our most picturesque landmarks. It is visited each year by thousands of people.

Finlay Ferguson, Jr., an architect who spent several years on the colonial restoration project at Williamsburg, Virginia, was in charge of the restoration of Fort Macon. He considered the fort a peak in the military architecture of its day, and a historical shrine well worthy of preservation.

With walls 20 feet thick, and surrounded by a moat 25 feet deep, the massive fort is constructed of brick and stone. The brickwork, done by slaves, is still a marvel to builders. On the terreplein were mounted 49 heavy guns and several mortars. Erected for defense against a foreign foe, the principal guns and masonry faced the sea, admirably commanding the channel to the sea.

Considered an outstanding example of the art of early American engineering, no effort was spared in the work of restoration in following the original plans of the fort. Mr. Ferguson saw to that. The intricate brickwork, the unique swastika design of ironwork, the masonry on the roof and the iron constructions, were repaired from a collection of photographs, taken from stereopticon views of the fort in 1866. These were found to be invaluable guides in all reproductions found necessary.

The interior of the fort, with its idyllic patio, is equally as interesting as the exterior. Any number of the rooms, all of which are pentagon in shape, open into an attractive inner court, where the sod has been replaced and the old trees left in their original positions. Several rooms formerly used as officer's quarters have been restored in whole as they were when

the fort was completed in 1836. Several of the dungeons and other quarters are under water and are yet to be explored.

The three-arched brick stairways, the curve of the graceful windows, the delicately wrought iron balustrades are among the rare features of the old fort. On display are various and sundry items found during the work of restoration, which include cannon balls, cannon molds, iron grills, and many other things. Some of the rooms have been left as they were found, to show the interesting contrast in historical examples.

Fort Macon was seized by the Confederates in 1861 and was held for one year. On March 25, 1862, when the Federals took possession of Beaufort almost without opposition, they demanded the immediate surrender of the fort, which was commanded by Colonel Moses T. White, a nephew of Jefferson Davis. White refused to surrender, declaring that he would not yield until he had eaten his last biscuit and slain his last horse.

However, the Raleigh Register wrote:

"The town of Beaufort received Burnside's Negro-stealing grave-robbers with open arms when he visited it last week. He did not find it necessary, we believe, to make any prisoners. With very few exceptions, the citizens were loyal enough to him."

Troops under General Burnside carried the sunken fort, but its fall was ascribed to the fact that no guns were mounted on the land side. An old record tells of a near-muntiny in the fort at the time of its fall. There seems to have been a bread crisis. A badly constructed oven in the fort turned out biscuits as hard as bullets, it seems. Not a tenth of the bread could be eaten, according to an eye-witness. Bread, not cannon balls may have lost Fort Macon.

When General Park took possession of the fort he found that most of the garrison was comprised of young men from Beaufort. Held prisoners in sight of their homes, they tried to send messages by tiny vessels, with sails set, to drift across the bay to Beaufort. On a thin board was inscribed the following message:

"To the Ladys of Beaufort, we are still enduring the privations of war, with unexhosted Hopes. If this vessil due reach her port of destiny, you will find that we are still well and alive, and will not leave here till we have seen the ruins of these old Walls. We have had several scurmish fights with the Yankee Piket Gard. The old topsail gards sends there best Respects to all there Lady friends of Beaufort and surrounding country."

Strikingly similar to old Fort Marion in St. Augustine, Florida, Fort Macon has become a shrine for history students and students of engineering. Writers and painters come here and work in the patio. They sit on the grass and under the yaupon trees. They work in the sunken quarters. The new shore road that winds through the sand dunes along Bogue Sound from the Atlantic causeway to the fort offers an interesting and scenic trip. The approach is easy.

To protect the park area, the sand dunes have been anchored with pines and other trees and shrubbery, and with coastal grasses in an effort to protect the new road and keep the dunes from shifting. Experimental forestry is also carried on here.

With the erection of the Morehead

City port terminal breakwaters, the beach has become one of the most popular and attractive on the Atlantic Coast. People flock by thousands to the white sands of Atlantic Beach each year.

FOUR FREEDOMS FOR THE WORLD

With flag unfurled and sword unsheathed
In air, on sea, on land,
We'll win four freedoms for the world
And break the tryrants' band.

Our "Bill of Rights" we hold aloft;
We seek no earthly store.
We pledge our fortunes and our lives,
For freedom evermore.

Man shall be free to worship God,
The still small voice his guide,
Gift of the nation to the world
And one that will abide.

Man shall be free to speak the truth
In every clime and tongue,
And spread his views by word and press,
A right from tyrants wrung.

Man shall be free from stinging want
When earth's goods all will share,
And men according to their strength
Their roles appointed bear.

Men shall be free from monstrous fear—
Sword shall no more hold sway.
For man enslaved and man oppressed
Will dawn a brighter day.

—James M. Hester

SUMMER SLUMP

By Craig N. Davidson in Good Business

The inventory in the stuffy store room was about completed. "Whew! it's hot tonight!" Herb Reynolds mopped his face. Ronney Clark bent over the inventory sheets on the counter and wrote "Finis" with a flourish. "It's terrible," he agreed. "Going to be the hottest summer in years, they say," added Tom Redding.

"That means the hardware business will have a bigger slump than ordinary," prophesied Herb. "About two more weeks and old man Lockwood will be letting one of us out—maybe two."

Tom flicked a drop of perspiration from his brow. "You two guys haven't anything to worry about—the newest man gets the ax—that's me." He spoke despondently, his gray eyes bitterly reflective. Eleanor had been so wildly delighted when he got this job after dreary months of unemployment, and they had just set up housekeeping again.

Tom walked home through the sultry night, completely at outs with the world. Eleanor had left the lamp lighted beside his easy chair. "There's a pitcher of limeade in the icebox, Tom," she called from her sleeping room.

A little startled, Tom replied, with an effort, "Thank you; that'll help." He caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. It was the same face he had been wearing for weeks—gloomy, despondent. "Gosh!" he reflected, "what a mug!" But he couldn't smile. For weeks he had feared a letout, and this worry and uncertainty was making him physically ill. He took the limeade and sat down, morosely sipping and thinking. What could he do about it? He couldn't get hmself out of a situation like this by wishing. Most buslness suffered from the summer slump. So what,

A little book lay on the footstool at his feet. Something Eleanor must have been reading. He picked it up idly, and leafed through it. Part of a sentence caught his eye: ". . . do what you reasonably can to make continued progress."

Tom snorted. How could a fellow make "continued progress" when his boss was going to put a period to it? That was the trouble with this pollyana stuff! Fine talk until you bump up against the rock of hard facts!

He turned the pages. Another sentence jumped at him. "Take an inventory of your short-comings and displace them with constructive activities." No, thanks. He was fed up on inventories. He laid the book down, and finished his limeade. The room was very quiet. He could hear Eleanor's deep, untroubled breathing. Poor girl! She didn't know what disappointment was ahead. He had kept all this from her.

It was past midnight, but Tom was too tired and restless to sleep. He fumbled again the pages of the little book—"an inventory—of short-comings"! What was his worst fault? He had developed plenty lately. Fear—lethargy—sour disposition—doing

no more than absolutely necessary —self-pity—lack of co-operation. Tom became alarmed at the formidable list. For a long time he sat meditating.

The clock struck two. Unwillingly Tom turned to his room. His weariness had magically vanished. Eagerness to get back to the store surged through him. His mind buzzed with ideas and plans. Something miraculous had suddenly happened in him.

Tom saw the hot, stuffy store with different eyes the next morning. Herb and Ronney came in together, mopping their faces. Tom grinned a greeting. "It's going to be a scorcher," exclaimed Ronney.

"Let 'er scorch," retorted Tom. "At least the sun is shining. We'd yelp worse if it were cold and raining."

The two looked at him curiously. Lockwood came in, white-haired, worn, worried. Tom followed him to his office, and immediately engaged him in earnest and enthusiastic conversation. The old man listened dourly, then his face lightened. Finally he stepped to the door and called Herb and Ronney. The four were closeted for an hour, and then emerged excitedly. Tom had inventoried the storie's shortcomings.

Immediately Lockwood's became a hive of activity. Herb and Ronney took electric fans out of stock and connected them around the store strategically. Tom switched on one of the store's electric refrigerators and filled its ice trays with water. They could almost feel the temperature drop! They made window and table displays of colorful bowls, iced-tea sets, ice-cream freezers, water pitchers, vacuum jugs, sun umbrellas, beach chairs, appliances that turned bathtubs into showers. Wherever one turned there were cooling suggestions for hot weather comfort. For four days they were busy modernizing the old store. An air of cheerfulness and optimism replaced the gloom, and the merrily buzzing fans made the store the "coolest place in town."

That gave Tom another idea, and the next morning two paper banners were in the windows: "It's cool and pleasant in here." "We can make your home just as comfortable." He filled a small enclosed window with confetti, adjusted two fans, and the ensuing breeze made it look like a snowstorm.

In exchange for a little free advertising, Tom arranged with one of the grocers to supply tea and lemons and sugar. Every customer was offered a glass of iced tea or cold lemonade. It cost only a bit, but it sold every electric fruit juicer in stock, simply because Tom was using one.

The store had a good stock of sporting goods, but somehow the town had never seemed to think Lockwood's was the place to buy these. That was changed when a well-known golf professional came to town one day. Tom persuaded him to give three short talks in the store on "Inventorying your golf faults." Golf bugs flitted around Lockwood's all that week.

Two weeks passed and Lockwood had said nothing about not needing three clerks. But the fourth week he called Tom into his office and closed the door portentously. "Tom," he said, "the last three weeks have been the best we've ever had in the middle

of summer. I owe that to your idea of changing our whole attitude around here."

Tom nodded, pleased. Then it had worked out in dollars and cents as well as in satisfaction. It was true then that replacing gloom and lethargy with cheerfulness and co-operation could overcome cold realities.

"But I've been run pretty close to the wind, Tom," the old merchant continued. "We've spent a good deal modernizing the store, and so on. We've got three months of dull season ahead of us, and we haven't any earthly use for more than two clerks."

Tom felt sunk! But he quickly took a fresh grip. He wouldn't slump, no matter what happened! "Well," he said, as cheerfully as he could, "I've been expecting it."

"No, no; not you, Tom," Lockwood said hastily. "I need you in my business. Now, there's Herb—"

Tom's heart took a flip-flop. Herb! And Herb had a family to support. He had saved his own job at the cost of Herb's! It just couldn't be that way. On that night of inventory he might have welcomed this solution. But now something compelling forced him to refuse.

"That's hardly fair, is it, Mr. Lockwood?" he said, sparring for time. "The rule is to let the newest man go first. Herb's the best of the three on big sales." As he spoke the answer flashed into his brain like a silver ball snapping its signal. He leaned across the desk eagerly, and made bold to say, "Why can't we put Herb out on the street selling refrigerators and stoves? He's good at that, and likes it."

Lockwood stared thoughtfully. Tom held his breath. Then the old man's gnarled fist banged down on the desk. "Now, will you tell me, Tom," he roared good-naturedly, "why in thunderation I didn't think of that myself? Why, we used to do that, and it paid well. Certainly that's what we'll do, son." And he grinned his pleasure.

That night Eleanor almost questioned Tom's sanity. He grasped her by the arms and whirled her madly around the kitchen time and again. When she finally caught her breath after the wild dance, she gasped, "Will you tell me what all this means?"

"Just this, Mrs. Redding," he shouted in laughter; "I'm very, very happy that we have completely sold out at the store our stock of shortcomings, in spite of the fact that someone said it was ninety-eight in the shade!"

———:———

Charity is never lost; it may meet with ingratitude, or be of no service to those on whom it was bestowed, yet it ever does a work of beauty and grace upon the heart of the giver.

—Selected.

THE NEED OF DISCIPLINE

(The Alabama Baptist)

Both nations anl individual need discipline. The army is now giving many an easy-going young sprout a discipline he needs more than anything else. We believe no one ever succeeds in life who has not been disciplined in some way either by circumstances or the necessities of life, or, in the absense of these, the one who succeeds must learn how to discipline himself.

The same is true of nations. It is in war that whole nations are disciplined. They have to be disciplined before they can ever win a war and in the very discipine the whole fiber of the nations become stronger.

Look at the Revolutionary army of 1777. It had practically no equipment. Most of the men who led it were inexperienced in arms. Raw continentals could not be expected to stand up against British regulars. Yet they did it. And they did it because they disciplined themselves.

So did their grandsons in 1861. When the wealthier young men of the South went to Richmond when the War Between the States began, they were "soft and easy-going"—thoroughly undisciplined. Some of them were so totally unused to hardships of any kind that they hired humbler men to do sentry duty for them. Yet, during the next three years, many of those same young men marched on foot from the James in Virginia to the Susquehanna.

And when they stopped one hot June day in 1864 opposite Old Cold Harbor, they were so well disciplined to their duty that they did not even wait for the engineers to stake off the line the earthworkers were to follow. It was this same spirit that shaped their cry on the field of Appomattox when, surrounded and surrendered, they thronged about Lee and shouted, "General, say the word and we'll go after them again."

There is one vitalizaing fact for us to learn. It is this: Discipline is not repression—discipline is progression. That lesson learned, one is ready to be right and do right, though the lightnings of heaven scathe the pathway beneath his feet. This discipline is what the nation is getting now and it is thing that every individual needs.

———:———

Noah would have saved a lot of trouble if he had swatted those two mosquitos when they walked up the gangplank of the ark.

JOSEPHUS DANIELS ADDRESS TO PREACHERS

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

It is not often that the pew gets the opportunity to talk back at the preacher. I had looked forward to taking advantage of that cherished privilege and regret I cannot be present.

Last year a distinguished divine at Junaluska declared that the trouble with the church is that it is too completely controlled by the preachers. I think he is right, but in his diagnosis he failed to point out that the preacher had obtained this ascendency because of the failure of the pew to measure up to its responibilities and carry its share of the load. Often a congregation acts as if the church was a carry-all, the preacher hitched in the shafts pulling, and the members lazily being transported to Zion on flowery beds of ease. Therefore, the pew must do its large part of the pulling before it can justly criticize the lead horse. In this as in all things else, the bystander has no justification to direct the transportation unless he gets under and carries his part of the load.

The preacher needs to see himself as the pew sees him. He is too often on an elevation and figuratively as physically looks down on his hearers, sometimes lecturing them, sometimes squirting sweet wind at them, and often shooting over their heads. I have heard but one preacher in these modern days who took the right course to ascertain how his hearers received his message. He talked his sermon into a phonograph and sat down to listen. In ten minutes, as he attuned his ears to his own words, he had gone fast asleep. He then understood for the first time why so large a portion of his congregation were asleep in Zion. As a result he reduced the length of his sermons and left off after his "secondly, brethren." The beloved Rev. Jesse Page, observing many members of his congregation were in the land of nod on a hot Sunday night, impressively paused and remarked: "I hope the members in the rear of the church will forgive my low tone of voice. I fear if I speak louder I will wake up the members on the front seats." The novel rebuke had the desired effect. Added to flesh and able treatment of the subject, the pew would not find the church so conducive to sleep.

The pew ought to have a larger part in framing the doctrine, the policy, and all activities of the church, and I hope it is not lese majeste to say that in the Methodist Chruch they ought to have a voice in the assignment of the preachers who are to minister in the churches. The preacher is made for the pew, not the pew for the preacher.

Some years ago as I sat in London with the late Admiral Fisher, long First Lord of the Admiralty in Britain, at a dinner given by a distinguished Methodist member of Parliament, the distinguished and ver-

satile father of the dreadnaught asked me: "Do you ever go to church?" Answering in the affirmative he said: "I have learned more by hearing sermons than from any other teaching." I told him that I could make the same confession. My mother, who early turned my steps toward the house of God, said that if she gave an attentive ear and received the message in the right spirit, she had never heard a sermon that did not help her. I am afraid I can give no such blanket approval, recalling not a few among the many sermons I have heard that were conducive to somnolence or provoked questioning.

The pew wishes sermons that are redolent of the simple gospel. They tire of essays, discussions on economics, solutions of political problems and the like. They have a surfeit of these on week days and are often bored with half-baked solutions as they listen to the radio or read their journals. They go to church looking for something spirtual—for strength to gird them in the hours of endurance, guidance in the time of peril and temptation, and an abiding peace of the soul. They look for the Shepherd to divide the bread of heaven so it will give sustenance. The pew's message to the pulpit is as it honors the true men who divide the Word. It begs of it that it throw out the lifeline to men struggling against the restless sea.

With temerity and a feeling of unworthiness the pew ventures thus to look at the preacher and to give a word of counsel to those on the towers in Zion. Even so, I shall continue from the pew to look up to the preacher, sitting at the feet of those called to lead men to the better life, gaining wise direction and inspiration.

———:———

HISTORY OF THE LIBERTY BELL

The Liberty Bell was cast by Thomas Lester, of Whitechapel, London.

It arrived in Philadelphia, August, 1752, and was first used in the State House, August 27, 1752.

It was muffled and tolled October 31, 1765, when the stamp act was put into operation.

It proclaimed the birth of a new nation, July 8, 1776.

It was taken to Allentown, Pa., in September, 1777, to escape capture by the British. It was returned June 27, 1778.

It announced the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, October 24, 1781.

It proclaimed the treaty of peace April 1, 1783.

It tolled for the death of George Washington, December 14, 1799.

It was rung on the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1826.

It cracked in the tolling for the death of Chief Justice John Marshall, July 8, 1835.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Two bales of cotton were purchased recently. They have been delivered and are being used at our textile plant.

—:—

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been painting the three garges that were built recently. This makes considerable improvement in the appearance of the campus.

—:—

"Wild Bill Hickok Rides" was the chief attraction at the regular motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night. A comedy, "Rookie Revue," was shown at the same time. Both are Warner Brothers productions.

—:—

The farm at the Training School is a busy place right now. Some of the outside forces are still mowing and hauling hay; others are gathering vegetables; and still others are cutting corn for the silos. The corn, we might add, is in good condition, and will make fine ensilage for winter use.

—:—

Mr. C. B. Barber, our bookkeeper, reecived a card a few days ago from Harold Walsh, one of our old boys, now in the United States Army. He is a member of the hospital unit, Moore General Hospital, Swannanoa, N. C., which is not very far from his home. Harold was married last year, and proudly announced the arrival of a baby girl in their home. The little one weighed seven pounds and seven ounces, and has been named Patricia Dianne. His brief message stated that he still liked Army life very much and was getting along fine. He likes to keep in touch with activities at the School, and said that he appreciated copies of The Uplift that had been sent to him from time to time.

—:—

Arnold McHone, one of our old boys, recently wrote to friends at the School from Bainbridge, Maryland, where he is receiving basic training for service in the United States Navy. He stated that he thought he was going to like that branch of Uncle Sam's service very much.

Arnold entered the School, May 15, 1939 and remained here until May 16, 1942, when he was conditionally released to his father, who resides in Mt. Airy. While at the institution he was a member of the Cottage No. 7 group, and was in our third school grade at the time of leaving. He was employed as house boy part of the time, and worked on the poultry yard force and on the farm. His record during his stay with us was very

good. We have had no official reports on this lad since he left the School, but feel sure he kept up his good record after returning to his home.

—:—

Bill Morgan, our former chief linotype operator, who enlisted in the United States Navy last November, recently wrote that he had arrived in Kodiak, Alaska. He stated that they had a fine trip from Bremerton, Washington, and that he was enjoying the Alaskan scenery. The next day we received the following note from Bill: "Just a note to ask you for something that I would like to have, but forgot to mention in my last letter. I saw in The Uplift that J. W. McRorie had joined the Navy, and would like to have his address. Think I can give him some advice that will help him get along better. Would also like to have Red Glover's address. If there is anything that you would like to have for a souvenir from up here in Kodiak, I shall be glad to send it to you. Thanks a lot, and write soon. Sincerely, Bill."

—:—

We learned a few days ago that Hansel (Buck) Pate, a former student at the School, had been in the United States Army for several months and is now stationed at Fort Jackson, South Carolina. Buck entered the School, October 16, 1935 and remained here until January 4, 1937, when he was conditionally released to live with his parents who were then residing in Hoke County. While at the institution this lad was a member of the Cottage No. 15 group, working as house boy for about two months, and being employed on the dairy force during the rest of his stay with us. At the time he left he was in the seventh school grade. His record while at the School was very good, and when he left he went to work on a dairy farm in Hoke County. Good progress reports continued to come in and on March 12, 1938, Buck was given an honorable discharge from further parole supervision. A letter from the superintendent of public welfare of that county coming to the School a year later in regard to another boy who had been placed in that county, mentioned the fact that Buck was still making a splendid record.

—:—

The first of the play-off series of three games was played on the old diamond last Saturday afternoon, between the Receiving Cottage team and the boys of Cottage No. 10, winners in their respective leagues, the former winning by the score of 6 to 3. Before the game started, all parties concerned agreed that these play-offs should be limited to seven innings, in order that the boys might enjoy their regular Saturday swim periods.

Bill Young, regular pitcher for Cottage No. 10, who went through the season undefeated, was away from the School, and Clifford Spriggs took his place on the mound. For four innings he pitched very nicely, but tired in the fifth, permitting the Receiving Cottage lads to put across four runs. Up until that time the game was a nip-and-tuck affair, with both teams fighting hard for the lead. The score was tied at one run each

and again at two all. Several errors were responsible for some of the runs chalked up against Spriggs.

Donald Jolly started on the firing-line for the Receiving Cottage boys and did a fine job. He injured his ankle sliding into third base in the fourth inning and had to retire from the game. Malcom Seymour then assumed the pitching duties, and hurled very nicely during the rest of the game.

The second game of the series will be played at 2:30 this afternoon. Bill Young will attend to the pitching for the lads from Cottage No. 10, and they have issued the statement that this game will certainly be in the bag for them. The Receiving Cottage lads, however, seem to have different ideas about it, and promise to end the series to day. They claim Jolly will be back on the hill, and they will make No. 10's ace pitcher bite the dust for the first time this season. So, it looks from the road as though this is going to be a most interesting contest.

—:—

Mr. Charles E. Boger, our former superintendent, recently received a letter from Joesph Moore, a former student here, who has made a fine record since leaving the School, January 4, 1924. The "old-timers" among the staff members will recall that Joe was a fine lad, very popular with both boys and officers. He was a bright, good-natured young fellow who had a smile for everyone he met. One of Joe's accomplishments was his ability as an orator, and we still recall with pleasure the splendid mamner in which he recited on special occasions "A Man May Be Down But He's Never Out," an essay written by the late Dr. A. A. McGeahey, of Charlotte. This young man, now thirty-six years old, has been connected with the Standard Oil Company for several years, in their New York City branch. His letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Boger: A few weeks ago I was in contact with the School and, as always in the past, naturally addressed my correspondence to your attention, not knowing of your illness and inactivity at the School in which you played such a large part in building it into the great institution it is today. To me this is the same, or gives me the same feeling as one has when writing home, only to find that everyone had moved away and strangers were in charge of the house. I sincerely hope your health is much better at this time, and that you are well on the road to recovery and will enjoy many more years of health and happiness.

"At present I am connected with the Standard Oil Campany of New Jersey, in the Export Traffic Department, located in New City. The work is very interesting and I thoroughly enjoy working here. I have learned considerable about traffic and hope some day to hold a position with some concern as traffic manager. That is the goal I am working toward and feel sure I shall attain it in due time. After all, a baby must crawl before he can walk, and the intricacies in

this business are enormous.

"Many years have passed since I last saw any of the boys you and I know, and it would be a pleasure indeed to contact some of them for old time's sake, especially 'Devil' Oglesby, of New Bern, as he and I were great friends, even for quite some time after leaving the School.

"The members of my family are all in perfect health and enjoying everything life has to give. Although they have never seen you, they feel as if you are a great friend of theirs, and all send their regards. Drop us a line when you can, and when this gas rationing business is over, we all hope to see you. Sincerely yours, Joseph Moore."

—:—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, came up to the School last Sunday afternoon, bringing with him as guest speaker for the regular service, Rev. John Reid Love, pastor of Parkwood Avenue A. R. P. Church. Before the service started we had the privilege of listening to some very fine music furnished by some of our band boys. The first number was a baritone horn solo by Charles Tate, playing "Carry Me Back To Old Virginia" very nicely, Miss Jean Cook, of Concord, played the piano accompaniment. A cornet quartet, composed of Mr. Brausa, Edward Loftin, Arcemias Hefner and Velda Denning, then played three numbers: A theme from Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony," "Finlandia" and "The Hunters' Chorus." These numbers were exceptionally well rendered, and both the boys and their instructor are to be commended.

Superintendent Hawfield then presented Rev. Mr. Love, who read as the Scripture Lesson part of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, and then announced the title of his message to the boys, "Moses at the Forks of the Road."

Rev. Mr. Love began by calling attention to the fact that Moses was born in Egypt long ago, and that Pharaoh, a heartless ruler, made a rule that all boy babies of the Hebrews were to be destroyed. Wishing to save her child, Moses' mother made a basket of reeds, placed the baby therein and put it in the Nile river. Pharaoh's daughter, while swimming one day, heard the child cry and discovered the small baby. Moses' sister, a slave, was standing nearby and asked the princess if she wanted her to find a nurse for the baby. She replied that she did, and the girl got the baby's own mother, also a slave, to care for him. Some time later, Pharaoh's daughter claimed the baby as her own son and took him to the palace. Here he grew up and was educated as a member of the royal household.

There came a time in Moses' life, said the speaker, when he had to make a choice. He could continue to live in the king's palace and enjoy all the things that came to wealthy Egyptians or he could take his place among the Hebrew people, who were still living in bondage. We, too, come to the cross-roads in these modern times, and must choose to follow Christ or travel in the paths of sin.

Rev. Mr. Love then told his listeners of two college students in one of our famous educational institutions. The first asked himself this question: Shall I take Christ into my life or not? He spent several hours pacing the floor, asking the

question over and over. About midnight, he made his decision, saying, "No, I shall not do so. There is no reason why I should be a Christian." That man's name, said the speaker, was none other than Benedict Arnold, the most notorious traitor in the history of our country. Arnold counted Christ out of his life, and finally stooped so low as to betray his own country in the hour of need.

In the same college, continued Rev. Mr. Love, another lad asked himself the very same question. He paced the floor far into the night, as did Arnold. Finally he said to himself, "I'll not undertake to go through life without Christ," and from that moment decided to life a Christian life. That man was John R. Mott, possibly the outstanding Christian layman in all the world.

These two men, said the speaker, stood at the cross-roads; they reached the place in life where it was necessary to make a choice that would determine their future. Arnold's life was a most dismal failure, because he left out Christ, while Mott, by living according to the teaching of the Master, became a great man.

Rev. Mr. Love then pointed out that the matter of making the right choice in life confronts men and boys today just as it did in the time of Moses. Moses was forced to decide whether his life would be governed by good or evil. When we decide to go the right way, we must say "No" to many things that are sinful and say it in such a way that the whole world may know that we mean it. To say "No" and hardly be able to hear himself say it, a fellow shows that he is a weaking. But if a fellow is positive in his decision to try to overcome temptation, he is a strong man, and will surely succeed in life. Then there are things to which we must say "Yes," for to be a Christian is truly a positive business. Some people prefer great riches and power, and to that kind of person Christianity is a negative thing. To be a Christian is to say "Yes" to God and to all those thing which are good, high noble and pure in life. When Moses stood at the forks of the road he very definitely said "Yes."

The speaker then called attention to what it cost Moses to make that decision. When Moses said "No" to sin and "Yes" to God, he had to give up many things. He could have stayed at the palace of the king, and as he grew older, might have attained the high rank of prime minister or even King of Egypt. He could have been what people of today would call a big man. Instead of doing so, he gave up all those opportunities to go back to his own people, the Hebrews. If he had decided to stay in Pharaoh's court he could have been a very rich man, but he chose to live in poverty with his people. By staying as a member of the royal family, he would never have to work, but he decided to go with the Hebrews in slavery and become a believer in the true God. He was willing to give up luxury and become a slave with his kinsmen. This same thing is true today. It always costs something to do right. To live as we ought to live is not easy. All of man's vigor and strength is required to live according to God's plan.

The pleasures of sin are for but a season, said the speaker, and how

short that season it. If we reflect on our past acts of sin we are sure to find there was no real, lasting pleasure in them. Like Moses, we should choose to suffer with the people of God, if necessary, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a short season.

Rev. Mr. Love then told the boys before him that they were standing at the forks of the road, and asked them to try to look ahead for five, ten or more years, and attempt to figure out just where they would be or what they would be at that time, should they pursue the same course they were following. He urged them to say "No" to the way of sin and "Yes" to God.

The result of Moses' choice, made at the cross-roads, was that he became the leader of God's chosen people leading them out of bondage, through the wilderness to freedom. From that race of people that Moses led came Jesus Christ, God's greatest gift to the world. From those people came the Holy Bible, written by the descendants of those whom Moses led. Had it not been for Moses' choice, the Bible might never have been written, and Jesus might never have been born into the world.

Addressing the boys, the speaker told them that each boy in the audience could become a good and useful man in the world, and that the possibilities before them would be far greater and more worthwhile if they would firmly resolve to place their lives into Christ's hands. He asked that as they stood at the cross-roads to take the upward way—the Christ way. Moses went to heaven. We know that by reading about the Master and his three disciples going up on the mountain, and in the transfiguration of Jesus there appeared the figures of Moses and Elias. We, too, can go to heaven if we choose Christ.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Love told the boys that all the material things that Moses could have had have long since turned to dust. They are gone forever. But Moses chose God, and God still is—just as real and just as lasting as when Moses stood at the cross-roads and made his choice. He appealed to every boy present to choose these three things: God, Christ and Heaven.

———:———

My heart is ever happy,
As the moon beams from above,
For the good folks 'round about me—
For their kindness and their love.

For it truly is a blessing
To have neighbors dwelling near,
Who are always spreading sunshine
With a word and smile sincere.

And I hope when shadows deepen
And my bark puts out to sea,
I'll be guided to that harbor
Where good folks may welcome me.

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 22, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Donald Jolly
Ira Montgomery
Weaver Ruff
Malcom Seymour
Richard Shehan
Harry Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 1

Thomas Barnes
Richard Billings
Roland Brooks
Marion Cox
Harold McKinney
William Poteat
Jack Ray
John Franks
Rufus Massingill
Lee Turner
Fonzer Pittman

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 4

Elbert Brown
William Davis
Bruce Harper
Elster Jones
Roy Patton
Roy Swink
Jerry Talbert
Ernest Turner
Edward VanHoy
Eugene Watts
Roy Womack
John Fine
Clyde Bustle
Robert Coleman

COTTAGE NO. 5

Randolph Ammons
Clyde Billings
Paul Childers
William Gentry
Earl Hoyle
Eugene Kerman
Sidney Knighting
William Penninger
Leroy Pruitt
Truby Ricks
William Stallings
Eldred Watts
Kenneth Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 6

Eugene Bowers
Kenneth Caldwell
Charlton Cox
Ralph Gibson
Donald Griffie
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
Jacob Myers
Sanford McLean
James McMahan
Hayes Powell
Joseph Turner
William Ussery
Horace Collins

COTTAGE NO. 7

Donald Grimstead
William Hardin
Jerry Ray
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 8

Homer Johnson
R. D. McCurdy

COTTAGE NO. 9

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 10

Floyd Barnes
William Butler
Fred Carswell
Jack Clifton
C. W. Cline
Joseph Kincaid
Edward Loftin
Clifford Lowman
Donald Sides
Clifford Spriggs
David E. Stubbs

Charles Tate
Jack Williams
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Marvin Bradley
Robert Goldsmith
J. C. Rhodes
Edgar Shell
Everett Stamey
Martin Walters
J. C. Wilcox
Lawrence Littlejohn
William Pegram

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Eugene Graham
Robert Hobbs
Donald Hobbs
Richard Kye
B. J. Mayberry
Paul Painter
Dillard Shelton

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Fred Bostian
Robert Caudle
John Fargis
Robert Holbert
William Lane
James Linebarrier
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pittman
Walter Stansberry
Paul Stone
John Pritchard

COTTAGE NO. 15

Edgar Blanchard
James Cantrell
Burley Edmondson
William Griffin
David Lewis
Hugh Roberts
Brady Tew
Leroy Willetts
Evans Watson

INDIAN COTTAGE

James Chavis
Marshall Hunt
R. C. Hoyle
James Lochlear
Herbert Lochlear
W. C. McManus
Charles Pearson

INFIRMARY

(No Honor Roll)

RAILROADS AND AIRPLANES

The first railroad in this county—a crude affair, six miles long and used in hauling stone and coal—was built in 1827, one hundred and fifteen years ago. Three years later the first road for carrying passengers was built. It was fourteen miles long. The wise conservatives declared that if the train could be started it could not be stopped. An eminent jurist of New York insisted that if they did get an engine to run 15 miles an hour over the earth one would risk his life at such a terrific speed. But a hundred and fifteen years have wrought changes so familiar that no mention need be made of them is this connection. The question that arises with some of us is, will aviation see such undreamed of progress in the first hundred years of its history? It has done very well in these first years, even more than the railroads did in the first three decades of their operations We may at no distant day leave London at noon and arrive in New York at noon on the same day.—Selected.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 4, 1943 No. 36

(Orange County)

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

SEP 2 0 1943

CHARITY

One may sermonize and preach until the day of doom and nothing can outbalance or outweigh one noble, unselfish act of charity.

By the very act and deed of a charitable nature one is likely to receive and experience a repercussion that no sermon or preachment can effect.

The act of charity, like the tidal wave of the sea, comes back to its source to tell one of the great good accomplished. The sermon, on the contrary, will tend to dissipate itself upon a distant shore and be utterly forgotten.

There is something that lacks finality in the spoken word, while in the doing of an act of charity there is an enduring result that is not beneficial but constructive.

—T. V. Moreau.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES		8
THE WRECK OF THE EPHRAIN WILLIAMS	(Dare County Times)	12
MISS SARAH WILLIAM ASHE	By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough	16
OUR SECRETARIES OF NAVY	By W. C. Hendricks	19
GIANT SHIP IS NAMED "CONCORD"	(The Concord Daily Tribune)	23
INSTITUTION NOTES		24
COTTAGE RONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

WORK

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

—Henry Van Dyke.

WORKING TOGETHER

It is impossible to listen to the reports of activities on battlefields, on the seas and in air without feeling an intense desire to make a contribution to help alleviate the suffering of the allied forces, now fighting to crush the evils of dictatorship and to retain the freedom of a Christian democracy. There is not a person in the United States, young or old, feeble or robust, man, woman or child with an understanding mind, who in some way can render some service or make a contribution to hasten victory, so that the boys in our armed forces may return home and again live a normal life. "Buy Bonds" is a universal slogan, and the appeal to a certain extent has been heeded, but the goal has not yet been attained. We have reached the cross-roads where decision is imperative. If victory is

to be ours we must give in exchange for government bonds our savings, or be shackled by dictatorship to the end of time. The fight involves the interest of every civilian on the home front. The challenge is ours, and we believe the people will accept it in the right spirit.

It is fitting to note at this time the fine gesture of patriotism and sympathy expressed by Mrs. Ada Rogers Gorman, of Concord, for a cause that touches millions of homes that have sons fighting in every branch of service. Mrs. Gorman recently presented her handsome Lincoln automoble to the National Red Cross, and it has been accepted. Relative to the gift, this good lady said, "I could not bear to see my car standing idle in the garage day after day, knowing of the suffering of our soldiers." This gift is an expression of a humanitarian spirit, and indeed is worthy of emulation. A gift imbued with such soulful kindness will be doubly valuable and must carry a blessing with it, as well as a sweet memory for the donor.

The following item from the Concord Daily Tribune tells the story of this gift:

> A wonderful gift has just been made to the National Red Cross by Mrs. Ada Rogers Gorman. She is giving her beautiful Lincoln car for the use of Blood Donor work in Cincinnati, Ohio. She wrote to the National Director in Washington offering to give her car where it would do the most good. He replied suggesting that it be given to transport equipment and personnel for the Blood Plasma work. When she wrote saying she would be glad to give her car for this work she had the following letter:
>
> "Headquarters American Red Cross, Washington, D. C.,
>
> "My dear Mrs. Gorman:
>
> "On behalfof the American Red Cross, I wish to express our deep gratitude to you for the most generous offer of your car to be used in the Blood Donor Service of this organization. The Red Cross, as you know, is dedicated to the alleviation of suffering and the conservation of human life, and the course being pursued by you is contributing effectively toward that end."
>
> Dewitt Hopkins has given his time and work to put the car in first class condition, N. K. Reid has made out the transfer papers, the Cincinnati chapter is sending a man to drive it to that city.
>
> This is one of the handsomest cars ever put out by the company, it has had perfect care and is as good as new. Anyone knowing Mrs. Gorman will feel sure that she has made this

gracious and valuable gift with love in her heart and a great desire to help our wounded boys to the best of her ability. It now stands in her garage complete in every detail, even to the spare tires in the rack and will be taken away in the next few days.

* * * * * * * *

LEARNING BY CONTACT

We have observed that soldiers in all branches of service when mingling with the home folks, never divulge a military secret. However, from some of their remarks we read betweent the lines, because indelible impressions are made; and when once made they take lodgment. For instance, in conversation with one recently dismissed from active service, we heard this remark: "The Land of the Rising Scum will soon be known as the Land of the Setting Sun." This handsome young "Yank" knew what he was saying because of his contact with the Japs in the South Pacific. He spoke with the courage of his convictions. He described the characters of those "yellow snipers" who are recognized as tricksters or artful deceivers. The Japs are smart mentally, but have not acquired the right principles that make a strong race, and we all know that the people make a country. When the Japs disappeared from Kiska under the cover of a heavy fog, it was then that the molded opinion of characteristics of the people of the Rising Sun was changed—this sneaking move clearly showed that they were not all willing to die for their emperor and their country, which was supposed to be their passport to heaven, or whatever they have been taught to call the place to which all good Japs go. A courageous patriot never assumes a camouflage nor runs when a principle is involved.

From the many sources available today, the press, radio, television, telegraph, telephone, for transmitting information, the masses have superior opportunities for gathering news, thereby learning customs, manner and habits of people in various sections of the world. The beloved Will Rogers, one of America's most popular humorists, said many times, "All I know is what I read in the papers." As a consequence, with all these modern devices available, in addition to the newspapers, we have a finer understanding of conditions far removed and draw clearer conclusions.

LABOR DAY

We again approach an important day of the year. Without Labor Day and all it stands for there could be no rest day. What would we rest from if there were no toil, fatigue, physical and mental exhaustion, Each is necessary to the other. They belong together. Without either of them we would be improverished. Through labor we come to need rest. Through rest we are prepared for labor and its manifold blessings.

It is perhaps true that this day was originally appointed to give fitting recognition to that army of persons who toil with their hands. We do not forget them. Indeed, we honor them. We place them at the head of the roster of those for whom this day has meaning. Their hands may be soiled and horny, but their lives are woven into the unbroken fabric of our American life. The honor due them is not one whit less than that we ascribe to statesmen and poets.

We cannot think for a moment of the building of our nation without having in mind the men who handle the pick and the shovel and the plow, and all those other tools through the use of which we have become great. The honor we do them can never be fully measured by the spoken or written word. It must come from the heart. No other group deserves more honor. We want to feel it no merely formal recognition we bestow upon them. They have had a part in all great achievements. We deeply honor and profoundly respect them. They may be no better than any other group, but they are just as good, and quite as necessary.—The Lutheran.

* * * * * * * * *

EUGENE FIELD

On September 2, 1850, Eugene Field was born in St. Louis, Missouri. When he was seven years old his mother died and he was sent to Amherst, Massachusetts, to live with a cousin. He studied at three colleges, graduating from Missouri State University. He then made a tour of Europe, came back to America, and entered the newspaper business. He wrote a humorous column, "Sharps and Flats," which was widely read and quoted. He was famous also as a lecturer and writer of child's verse.

While he intended his poems for children, they are really child

poems for older people, since their delicate fancy and blended humor and pathos are often too subtle for children. Few poems are better loved by old and young than his "Little Boy Blue:"

"The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands;
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there."

It is sad and so often true that the great as well as the good die young. Eugene Field died at the age of forty-five.

* * * * * * * *

WHAT OF SPAIN?

There has been something in our newspapers of most of the countries that have been touched by war but we haven't read much of its effect upon Spain. It has been four years since Spain ended her civil war, and she didn't have a chance to relax from that before she started in her heavy trading with the Allies and the Axis. Spain has rich mineral deposits and has become wealthy due to them. We understand that the Allies have paid in money, but it is alleged that the Axis powers have carried most of theirs "on the cuff." The Spanish people are now paying enormous prices for ordinary goods and extreme prices for articles not easy to import. Many Spanish women wear Nylon hose, costing $12.00 per pair, imitation silk ones sell for $1.75. American cosmetics and French perfumes are available, and coffee sells for fifty cents a cup at hotels. Rationing of food is necessary, however, and workers get half a pound of bread daily, while every one gets half a pound of meat a week. The same from all quarters, the need of food.—Mooresville Enterpise.

* * * * * * * *

William Ritt, a Central Press writer, recently described Italy's condition in his daily column, as follows: "Post-war tourists to Italy will have a wide choice of ruins to view—B. C., A. D., and B. D. (Benito's Doings.)"

WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES

The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that two employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

Staff Members

Patterson, James L. (Army)
Query, James L. (Army)

Former Staff Members

Barrier, Major George L. (Army)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G. (Navy)
Parker, Lt.-Col. Samuel I. (Army)
Wingate, Lt. W. J. (Army Air Corps)

Former Students

Adams, Clyde (Navy)
Adams, Felix (Army)
Alexander, J. Mack (Army)
Alexander, Robert (Army)
Almond, Odell H. (Navy)
Allen, Burl (Navy)
Allen, Julian Herschel (Navy)
Allen, Grady C. (Navy)
Allen, Wayne (Navy)
Allred, James R. (Army Air Corps)
Amos, Gerald (Navy)
Andrews, Julian (Marine Corps)
Ashley, Arthur (Army)
Atkins, Richard (Army)
Atkinson, Hiram (Navy)
Atwell, Robert (Navy)
Atwood, Earl (Army)
Bailiff, Wilson (Navy)
Ballew, Edward J. (Navy)
Barber, Winfred V. (Army)
Barkley, Joel (Army)
Barnes, Norton (Army)
Barrett, Allen (Army)
Barrier, William T. (Navy)
Batson, Jack (Navy)
Branch, Glatley (Army)
Baynes, Howard (Army Air Corps)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
(‡) Beach, Ernest L. (Army)
Beaver, Albert (Army)
Beaver, Walter (Army)
Bell, James (Navy)
Bell, William Clarence (Navy)

Bell, William G. (Navy)
Beheler, Reid (Navy)
Benson, John (Navy)
Bordeaux, Junior (Army)
Bowman, Charles (Army)
Branch, Horace (Army)
Brantley, Elmond A. (Marine Corps)
Bray, Relons Odell (Army)
Briggs, Paul (Marine Corps)
Britt, Jennings (Navy)
Broadwell, William (Navy)
Brogden, Norman (Navy)
Broome, Jack (Army)
Broome, Paul (Marine Corps)
Broome, Shannon (Army Air Corps)
Brothers, William (Naval Air Corps)
Brown Aldene (Army)
Brown, Harold (Army)
Bunn, Homer (Army)
Burke, Ensign William H. (Navy)
Burkhead, Dermont (Navy)
Burrow, John B. (Navy)
Butner, Roy (Marine Corps)

Capps, John T. (Army Air Corps)
Carter, Adrian L. (Navy)
Carter, Douglas (Army)
Carter, Fred (Army)
Carter, Oscar (Navy)
Carver, Gardner (Army)
Causey, Floyd (Army)
(‡) Causey, James D. (Army)
Chapman, Edward (Army)
Chattin, Ben (Army)
Cherry, Herman (Army)
Christine, Joseph (Navy)
Coats, Clinton (Army)
Cobb, Frank E. (Army)
Coffer, Robert (Army)
Collins, Glenn L. (Army)
Connell, Harry (Army)
Connell, James (Navy)
Cooke, George C. (Army)
Cooper, Lake (Army)
Cooper, Walter (Army)
Cox, J. C. (Marine Corps)
Craft, Arthur (Army)
Crawford, Louis (Army)
Cunningham, David C. (Army)
Cunningham, Jesse S. (Navy)

Dalton, James (Army)
Daubenmyer, Nelson (Army)
Davis, Duke (Army)
Davis, Hubert (Navy)
Davis, James (Army)
Deal, Paul (Navy)
Dodd, Carroll (Army)
Donaldson, Harold (Marine Corps)
Dorsey, W. Wilson (Army)
Driver, Malcom (Army Air Corps)
Dyson, Fred (Navy)

Eaker, Arnold Max (Army)
Earnhardt, Donald P. (Navy)
Edmondson, Arthur (Army)
Efird, N. A., Jr. (Army)
Elders, James R. (Marine Corps)
Elmore, A. C. (Marine Corps)
Ennis, James C. (Navy)
Ennis, Noah (Navy)
Ennis, Samuel (Army)
Evans, John H. (Army)
Evans, Mack (Army)
Everidge, Samuel (Navy)

Faggart, John (Marine Corps)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)
Faschnat, Mose (Navy)
Fausnet, Bernard L. (Army)
(‡) Ferris, Russell (Army)
Fisher, Edward (Army)
Fisher, John H. (Army)
Freeman, Richard (Army)
French, Ian (Army)
Furches, William (Marine Corps)

Gaddy, William (Navy)
Gardner, Horace T. (Army)
Gatlin, Britt C. (Army)
Gibson, Merritt (Army)
Glasgow. Mumford (Army)
Glasgow, Norwood (Navy)
Glasgow, Ramsey (Army Air Corps)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)
Glover, Henry (Marine Corps)
Godfrey, Warren (Army)
Godwin, John T. (Navy)
Godwin, Paul D. (Army Air Corps)
Goodman, Albert (Army)
Goodman, George (Army)
Greene, Giles E. (Army)
Gregory, Charles J. (Army)
Gregory, Roy (Army)
Griffin, Charles (Army)
Griffin, James H. (Marine Corps)
Grooms, J. B. (Army Air Corps)

Hall, Joseph (Army)
Hamilton, Leo (Navy)
Haney, Jack (Marine Corps)
Hardin, Wilbur (Navy)
Harris, Edgar (Army)
Hawkins, William T. (Navy)
Head, Elbert (Army)
Heath, Beamon (Navy)
Hefner, Charles (Army)

Hefner, Eugene (Navy)
Hensley, J. B. (Navy)
Hendren, Isaac (Navy)
Hendrix, John (Army)
Henry, Charlton (Navy)
Hicks, Garland (Army)
Hill, William (Army)
Hodge, Dallas (Army Air Corps)
Hogan, Gilbert (Army)
Hogsed, John R. (Army)
Holland, Burman (Army)
Holland, Donald (Army)
Hollars, Ralph (Army)
Holmes, John (Army)
Honeycutt, Nathaniel (Army)
Hulan, Norman (Navy)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)

Ingram, John E. (Navy)
Irvin, Raymond (Army)

Jackson, Edgar (Marine Corps)
Jackson, William (Navy)
Johnson, Coley (Navy)
Johnson, Edward (Navy)
Johnson, Hugh (Navy)
Jones, Mark Twain (Navy)
Jones, S. E. (Marine Corps)
Jordan, James E. (Army)

Keen, Clinton (Army)
Keith, Monroe (Army)
Keith, Robert (Navy)
Kelly, Grady (Army Air Corps)
Kelly, Jesse (Army)
King, Cleo (Army Air Corps)
King, Frank L. (Army)
King, Jesse (Navy)
King, Thomas (Army Air Corps)
Kinley, Robert (Marine Corps)
Knight, Thomas (Army Air Corps)
Knight, Thurman (Army)
Koontz, J. Milton (Army)
Kye, George (Army)
Kye, James (Army)

(‡) Lamar, A. C., Jr. (Army)
Land, Reuben (Army)
Land, Wilfred (Marine Corps)
Landrum, Luther H. (Army)
Lane, Floyd C. (Marine Air Corps)
Langford, Olin (Army)
Langley, William (Army)
Laramore, Ray (Army)
Lawrence, Robert (Marine Corps)
Leagon, Harry (Army)
Ledford, Harvey L. (Army)
Ledford, James (Marine Corps)

Lemly, Jack (Army)
Lee, Valton (Army)
Lett, Frank (Army)
Lewallan, Paul R. (Army)
Link, Bruce (Navy)
Long, Loyce (Army)
Long, Stacey L. (Army)

Martin, Willie H. (Army Air Corps)
(*) Matthews, Douglas (Army)
May, Fred (Navy)
May, George O. (Army)
Medlin, Clarence (Army)
Medlin, Ervin J. (Army)
Medlin, Wade (Navy)
(‡) Medlin, Wilson (Army)
Merritt, Edgar (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Merritt, Julian (Army)
Miller, Latha (Navy)
Montgomery, Samuel (Navy)
Moose, Claude L. (Marine Corps)
Moose, Eugene (Navy)
Morris, Everett (Navy)
Morrow, Chas. W. (Army Air Corps)
Morrozoff, Ivan (Army Air Corps)
Morgan, William S. (Navy)
Murphy, Lemuel (Army)
Murray, Edword J. (Army)

McBride, Irvin (Army Air Corps)
McCain, Edward G. (Navy)
McColl, Vollie O. (Navy)
McCoy, Hubert (Army)
McEntire, Forrest (Marine Corps)
McFee, Donald M. (Army Air Corps)
McGee, Norman (Army)
McHone, Arnold (Navy)
McIver, Jordan T. (Navy)
McKay, John C. (Marine Corps)
McKee, Thomas R. (Army)
(Enlisted 1937)
McNeely, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1933)
McPherson, Arthur (Navy)
McRorie, J. W. (Navy)

Nelson, Larry (Navy)
Newton, Willard M. (Army)

(‡) Odom, David (Army)
Owen, Fred, Jr. (Marine Corps)
Owens. Leroy (Army)
Oxendine, Earl (Navy)

Padrick, William (Navy)
Page, James (Army)
Pate, Hansel (Army)
Patterson, James (Navy)

Patterson, Joseph (Navy)
Payne, Joy (Army)
Peake, Harry (Marine Corps)
Pearson, Flay (Army)
Pennington, Grady (Army)
Pickett, Claudius (Army)
Plemmons, Hubert (Army)
Pope, H. C. (Army)
Presnell, Robert (Army)
Pyatt, Jack (Marine Corps)

Quick, James (Navy)
Quick, Simon (Navy)

Ramsey, Amos (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Reep, John (Navy)
Revels, Grover (Navy)
Riggs, Walter (Navy)
Rivenbark William W. (Army)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)
Rhodes, Paul (Army)
Roberts, Lonnie (Navy)
Robertson, John C. (Army)
Robinson, Perry (Army Air Corps)
Rochester, Nicholas (Navy)
Roper, Thomas (Navy)
Russ, James P. (Army)

Sands, Thomas (Navy)
Scism, Arlee (Navy)
Seibert, Fred (Army)
Sexton, Walter (Army)
Scott, Archie (Army)
Shannon, William L. (Navy)
Shaver, George H. (Navy)
Simmons, Horace K. (Navy)
Sloan, Lonnie (Army)
Small, Clyde E. (Army)
Smith, Julius D. (Navy)
Snider, Samuel (Navy)
Snuggs, Charles L. (Navy)
Springer, Jack (Army)
Stack, Porter (Army)
Stanley, Brown (Coast Artillery)
Stepp, James H. (Navy)
Strickland, Robert W. (Army)
Stubbs, Ben (Army)
Sullivan, Richard (Army)

(x) Taylor, Daniel (Army)
Tessneer, Calvin C. (Navy)
Thomas, Harold (Navy)
Thomas, Richard (Army)
Threatt, Sidi (Army Air Corps)
Tipton, Kenneth (Navy)
Tobar, William (Army)
Troy, Robert (Army)
Tucker, Joseph (Army)
Tyson, William E. (Navy)

Waldrop, Ned (Army)
Walker, Glenn (Army)
Walker, Oakley (Army)
Walsh, Harold (Army)
Walters, Melvin (Army)
Ward, Eldridge (Army)
Ward, George (Navy)
Ward, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1928)
Ware, Dewey (Army)
Watkins, Floyd A. (Army)
Watson, Lieut. Lemuel (Army)
Watts, Everett (Navy)
Watts, Boyce (Army)
Weaden, Clarence (Army)
Webb, Charles R. (Army)
Webster, John D. (Army)
Whitaker, John H. (Navy)
(*) Whitaker, William E. (Army)
White, Marshall (Coast Artillery)
Whitener, Richard M. (Army)
Whitlock, Winfred (Army)
Widener, Charles (Navy)
Wilhite, James (Army)
Williams, Everett L. (Army)
Williams, Samuel R. (Navy)
Williams, William R. (Navy)
Williamson, Everett (Navy)
Wiles, Fred (Army)
(Enlisted 1927. Now a Recruiting Officer)
Wilson, John C. (Army)
Wilson, Thomas (Navy)
Wilson, W. J. (Army)
Winn, J. Harvard (Navy)
Wood, James L. (Army)
Wood, William T. (Navy)
Wrenn, Lloyd (Army)
(‡) Wright, George (Army)

York, John R. (Army)
Young, Brooks (Army)
Young, R. L. (Marine Corps)

Ziegler, Henry F. (Navy)

(‡) Prisoner of war.
(§) Missing in action.
(*) Killed in action.
(x) Died while being held prisoner.

THE WRECK OF THE EPHRAIM WILLIAMS

(Dare County Times)

On December 22, 1885, the crew of the Cape Hatteras Station, (Sixth District), coast of North Carolina, under the leadership of Keeper Benjamin B. Dailey, assisted by Keeper Patrick H. Etheridge, performed one of the most heroic feats in the annals of the Life-saving Service, by the rescue of nine men composing the crew of the barkentine Ephraim Williams, of Providence, Rhode Island.

The vessel was bound home from Savannah, Georgia, with a cargo of pine lumber, and on January 18, when to the northward of Frying Pan Shoals, encountered such heavy weather that she became waterlogged and almost a complete wreck. In this condition she drifted helplessly before the southerly gale until near Cape Hatteras, on the 21st, when as the sea was running mountain high, her anchors were let go in an endeavor to save her from driving onto the outlying shoals several miles from shore.

The ill-fated craft dragged some distance further, until just before dark, when she seemed to the observers on the beach to fetch up. The crews of the Durant's, Creed's Hill, and Cape Hatteras Stations had all discovered her, but such a fearful surf was thundering in, and she lay so far away, it was absolutely impossible for them to do anything. Experienced surfmen of the locality, not connected with the Service, aver that the surf was the heaviest and most dangerous they had seen for years.

A vigilant watch was maintained by the station-crews above named and by the Big Kinnabeet crew all night, for any signal betokening the bark's condition. Nothing was seen, however, during the night, but at daylight of the 22nd it was found she had beaten over or past the shoals, and then lay six or seven miles northeast of the Cape Hatteras Station and nearly opposite Big Kinnakeet, to the northward.

The Big Kinnakeet crew, who were nearly all at the Hatteras Station when day dawned, at once set out for their own station to get their boat. Being thoroughly jaded from loss of rest, they took breakfast immediately upon arrival, and by that time Keeper Dailey came up with his boat, drawn by horses, the place of an absent member of his crew being filled by Keeper Patrick H. Etheridge of Creed's Hill. It was then about half-past 10 in the forenoon. Up to that time not the least sign of life had been seen on the bark, but as they stood watching her a flag was run up to the mast-head as a signal of distress. That was enough for the

brave Dailey and his crew as well as the others, and preparations were at once made to launch.

The Cape Hatteras men were soon ready. They lashed all loose articles in the boat, stripped off clothing that might in any way impede their movements in case of a capsize, and then, donning their cork belts, at the word from the keeper shoved the boat in and gave way. A glance seaward revealed a towering and almost unbroken wall of tumultuous water, which seemed to threaten destruction to any craft defiant enough to give battle. But away beyond in the offing there were lives in peril which must be saved at any hazard. To those who had assembled on the shore it seemed a forlorn hope, and few dared believe it would be successful. The breakers on the inner bar, immense in themselves, were crossed in safety, but then came the infinitely more hazardous passage of the outer bar, nearly half a mile from shore, where the billow met the first shock of resistance as they thundered shoreward. The whole scene was awfully grand, and enough to make the stoutest hearts quail.

As Dailey neared the billowy barrier he held his boat in check for a brief period awaiting his chance. The chance came ere long, when the huge combers directly ahead flattened out in seething, roaring foam. Quick as a flash the word was given to the hardy rowers, and before the angry water could again rear itself, a few powerful strokes with the oars had carried the boat safely beyond the bar, and the greatest danger was past. It was a marvel to the people on shore how the sturdy fellows got through, it was so magnificently done. There were times when the entire interrior of the boat could be seen as it mounted the seas, and the watchers held their breath, fully expecting to see it topple over backward, bottom up.

No such another chance was afforded Keeper Scarborough and crew, of the Big Kinnaweet Station, who attempted to followed in Dailey's wake, and after vainly watching for another slatch, such as that taken advantage of by Dailey, they were compelled, very much against their inclination, to turn back and beach the boat. There was still a pull or several miles in a storm-tossed sea for Dailey and his gallant fellows ere the bark was reached, but reach her they did at about half an hour after noon. It was impossible to lay the boat along-side for fear of swamping it, so it was anchored off the bark's quarter, and by means of a line thrown to them by the captain they were enabled, by watching their opportunity, to sheer in close enough to take the men off one by one.

This required the most skillful maneuver to avoid staving the boat. The rescued people were almost perished with cold and hunger, as they had been in the condition in which they were found for over ninety hours, or since the 18th, when the gale set in, completely drenched

to the skin and without food or water. As soon as they were seated and everything was in readiness, the anchor was weighed and a start made for the shore.

Keeper Etheridge relieved Dailey at the steering-oar while the latter tended the drag. The boat, laden with its living freight of sixteen souls, was almost gunwale deep, but it rode the still tremendous seas like a duck, and, after safely passing the outer line of breakers, reached the shore in good shape, where it was met by the Big Kinnakeet crew and others and run well up on the beach. A hearty meal had been prepared at the Big Kinnakeet Station by Keeper Scarborough's direction, and the castaways were at once conducted thither.

A muster was also made of all the dry clothing obtainable, including the supply received from the Women's National Relief Association, but it was insufficient to clothe them all, and three of the poor fellows were compelled to remain in their wet garments until they could be taken to Dailey's station after the meal was over and they had somewhat revived. Thus was accomplished one of the most daring rescues by the Life-Saving Services since its organization.

The officer detailed to inquire into the circumstance of the gallant affair closes his report with the following remarks:

"I do not believe that a greater act of heroism is recorded than that of Dailey and his crew on this momentous occasion. These poor, plain men, dwellers upon the lonely sands of Hatteras, took their lives in their hands, and, at the most imminent risk, crossed the most tumultuous sea that any boat within the memory of the living men had ever attempted on that bleak coast, and all for what? That others might live to see home and friends. The thought of reward or mercenary appeal never once entered their minds. Duty, their sense of obligation, and the credit of the Service impelled them to do their mighty best. The names of Benjamin B. Dailey and his comrades in this magnificent feat should never be forgotten. As long as the Life-Saving Service has the good fortune to number among its keepers and crews such men as these, no fear need ever be entertained for its good name or purposes."

It should be stated that before the arrival of the life-saving crew alongside the bark, the people had begun the construction of rafts, upon which to attempt to reach the shore. In fact, one of these rafts, with the mate and one seaman on it, had already shoved off, but, the captain seeing the boat coming, had called them back, and the raft was lying astern of the bark when the rescuers arrived. There can, therefore, be no doubt that but for the timely arrival of the surf-boat the entire ship's company would have taken to the rafts, in which case it is morally certain they would all have been swept off, and not a soul left to tell

the tale.

At the time of the rescue the bark's decks were awash, and she was apparently broken in two, and, as she subsequently drifted off to the northeast with the sea and current, nothing could be learned of what became of her. Being an old vessel, she probably burst open and went to pieces. Her crew were cared for at the station for several days, until they could be provided with transportation to their homes, the captain ,the mate, and the cook taking passage up the sound to Elizabeth City, while the rest were put on board passing vessels after the stormy weather abated.

The boat's crew, consisting of Keeper Benjamin B. Dailey and Surfmen Isaac L. Jennett, Thomas Gray, John H. Midgett, Jabez B. Jennett, and Charles Fulcher, of the Cape Hatteras Station, and Keeper Patrick H. Etheridge, of the Creed's Hill Station, were awarded medals of the first Class for their conspicuous bravery.

Statistics: Barkentine Ephraim Williams of Providence, Rhode Island, bound from Savannah, Ga., with a cargo of pine lumber all saved.

———:———

Should you feel inclined to censure
Faults in others you may view,
Ask your own heart, ere you venture,
If that has not failings, too.

Let not friendly vows be broken;
Rather strive a friend to gain;
Many a word in anger spoken
Finds its passage home again.

Do not then in idle pleasure,
Trifle with a brother's fame;
Guard it as a valued treasure,
Sacred as your own good name.

Do not form opinions blindly;
Hastiness to trouble tends;
Those of whom we thought unkindly,
Oft become our warmest friends.

—Selected.

MISS SARAH WILLIAM ASHE

By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough

The long life and remarkable versatility of Miss Sarah William Ashe of Raleigh could easily supply matter for a volume rather than just a brief sketch.

The great events of the past 87 years have had their influence upon the mind and character of this interesting woman who is very old-fashioned and yet quite modern. Although she is nearing her 88th birthday she is not sitting with her face to the sunset calmly waiting for the end but is busy every day knitting for the soldiers, writing letters to them, attending patriotic and religious meetings, coaching Latin and mathematics students in her family and mothering every child that comes near her.

This last characteristic has been predominant, for she reared nieces and nephews, great nieces and great nephews and had a hand in the upbringing of the children of her neighborhood. They were just as much at home in "Miss Willie's" home as at their own. Recently she said to a Charlotte woman who was born and reared within a block of Elmwood, the old Ashe mansion in Raleigh, "Annie, do you remember when you used to bring all your mother's children and put them down at my feet, then went off and did what you pleased?"

If distinguished ancestry counts for anything Miss Ashe would be entitled to recognition even without the useful life she has led, for she is descended from one of the most influential and intellectual families in the state. Her great grandfather was Governor Samuel Swann Ashe, for whom Asheville and Ashe county are named.

Her father, William Sheppard Ashe, was a leading lawyer of North Carolina. In 1864 he was a representative in the State senate from New Hanover county. He was a representative in the United States Congress from the Wilmington district. In 1856 he was elected president of the Wilmington and Weldon railroad and held the office for a number of years. He was largely instrumental in the passage of a bill in the State legislature for the building of the North Carolina railroad. Jefferson Davis made him a colonel in 1862 and he remained prominent in the state's affairs until his death occurred several months later.

Miss Ashe was born November 26, 1856, on Wrightsville Sound near Wilmington. She was taught by private tutors until she entered St. Mary's Episcopal School at Raleigh. After her graduation she taught a private school at Lilesville and later was a teacher in the public schools of Durham.

Upon the death of his wife, her brother, Captain Samuel A'Court Ashe, asked her to come to Raleigh to live with him and rear his eight motherless children. A deep and tender devotion existed between her and these children who affectionately called her "Aunt Will," a term of endearment by which she has been known to succeeding generations in Raleigh not only in her own family but to their frienls.

It is extraordinarily to see one so petite and apparently fragile wield

such power, but even a short time in her presence reveals the force of her mind and the depth of her character. All her life she has been a student—a student of books, a stuent of people, a student of the deep things of God.

Like her illustrious brother, Captain Ashe, she writes well from her wonderful store of information and wealth of experience. Upon request several years ago she wrote a history of North Carolina for the eighth grade which she called North Carolina for Boys and Girls. It has been pronounced accurate and authentic by the best authorities and is considered a fine contribution to the historical data of the state. It was endorsed by the general convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in 1940 and leading educators hope to see it used in the public schools of North Carolina.

She has just completed a pageant called The History and Origin of the Protestant Episcopal Prayer Book which is arranged for presentation by children in Sunday schools.

She has written many valuable historical papers for the organizations of which she is a member, one of the latest being on the subject of Old Sneedsborough, one of the most historical towns in North Carolina, where Theodosia Sneed, whose mother was Mary Ashe, visited prior to her marriage to Governor Joseph Alston of South Carolina.

At present she is busy assemblying the memoirs of her brother, Captain Ashe. Although he was many years her senior, she mothered him just as she did his children, for Brother Sam was the idol of her heart and hse was very proud of him.

He was one of the first students to attend the Naval Academy at Annapolis, being a classmate of Admirals Dewey and Mahan. When war between the states came in 1861, he left the Academy, was commissioned lieutenant, then captain, in the Southern army and had a brilliant record to its close. After the war he practiced law in Raleigh and wrote extensively.

A History of North Carolina, a Confederate History, Colonial Records of North Carolina and numerous historical sketches are a valable part of the state's archives.

In 1879 he bought the Raleigh Observer and consolidated it with the Daily News, later merging the Chronicle with the News and Observer which he afterwards sold.

For 20 years before he passed away in his 98th year he was clerk of the Federal District court in Raleigh. By order of Governor Hoey the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy, usually raised only on the birthday of General Lee and Confederate Memorial day, flew at half mast above the Capitol during the funeral services.

Said a cousin: "On his last birthday before Captain Ashe passed away, this dear couple attended early communion service at Christ church, accompanied by 40 members of his family and kin. I shall never forget that impressive sight."

Hospitable Elmwood, with its 17 spacious rooms, was for more than 70 years the gathering place for kith and kin from far and near. Often at Christmas and on the Captain's birthday as many as 40 members of the clan slept beneath its roof and dined at the old table that once belonged to Governor Ashe and which could

home with her niece, Mrs. William Bason, of Raleigh.
stretch the length of the long colonial during room.

In addition to entertaining relatives and many celebrities who visited them, Miss Willie taught a private school in this historic house until recent years for she is a born teacher and would not be happy without some work of that kind. She writes on a typewriter every day "to keep my fingers nimble so I can knit for the soldiers," she says. Daily she knits except Sunday. She was reared to keep the Sabbath holy and does not feel that any situation justifies breaking the rules of a lifetime.

She keeps up with every phase of the war. Her nephew, Captain George B. Ashe, whom she reared from infancy, is commanding a fleet in the Pacific and a number of great nephews and reltatives are in the armed service. She has written a beautiful poem, Salute to Our Soldiers, which her friends hope to see set to music.

Miss Ashe is a constant reader and is partial to detective stories. She is a successful bridge player, enjoys motoring, and, as she declares she will never be satisfied until she rides in an airplane, her family has promised her this experience soon. She looks forward to summer trips to the beach when she dons her bathing suit and enjoys wading in the surf.

She was one of the founders of the Manley's Battery Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, 40 years ago and she has been its leader until recently. She is a charter member of the Johnston Pettigrew Chapter U. D. C., the Daughters of the Revolution and is active in the Colonial Dames. A cherished memory is the visit of Jefferson Davis to her father's home in Wilmington when she sat upon his knee.

A fine tribute was paid this beloved woman when one who knew her well said, "I do not believe Miss Willie ever had an enemy."

Truly she has advanced in years gracefully and beautifully making a matchless contribution to every life she has touched. She now makes her

———:———

The first recipient of the Mei-ling Soong scholarship,founded last year at Wellesley College in honor of Madame Chiang Kai-shek's twenty-fifth anniversary as a graduate of that institution, is to be Miss Chandralehka Pandita, who is a niece of Jawaharial Nehru, an outstanding leader of the All-India Congress. Madame Chiang personnally chose the Hindu girl for the the initiation of the scholarship and petitioned the British Rajah for the girl's leave of absence from India. This the India Government granted, though Miss Chandralehka had until recently been interned with her uncle and other members of the family on charges of civil desobedience. The scholarship was gratefully received, for the once-wealthy Hindu family has spent nearly all its fortune for the India Nationalist cause. However, the family expects to finance a younger sister who will accompany the honor student to Wellesley.

OUR SECRETARIES OF NAVY

By W. C. Hendricks, in The State

If you count old Joseph Hewes, North Carolina has provided six head men for the United States Navy, and each of them left his mark upon the service, one way or another. But George E. Badger, who had the briefest service, is not only one that told the Navy not only how to trim its sails, but its beard, as well.

John Paul Jones, one-time resident of Tar Heelia, has been called the father of the American Navy. If he is the father, Joseph Hewes must be the grandfather, because John Paul got his commission from Hewes.

Back in 1775, when the Continental Congress was trying to devise ways and means for conducting a war against Great Britain without a navy and with virtually no army, the Congress made a start by appointing a Committee of Marine, of three members. Joseph Hewes, the patriot merchant of Edenton, was named chairman. Later the committee was expanded to include a representative from each of the Thirteen Colonies, and Hewes remained at its head. Hewes' job was to build and equip ships, procure armament and ammunition, select and appoint naval officers. This made him the equivalent of Secretray of the Navy before such a position, or even a cabinet, existed. Among the officers commissioned was John Paul Jones, whose real name was John Paul, but who assumed the names of Jones for Willie Jones, the doughty revolutionist and early champion of state's rights, who gave John Paul a haven at Halifax while the British Navy was looking for him with a warrant that had homicide written on it.

North Carolina's second contribution as Navy boss was John Branch, a native of Halifax. He served "with integrity and zeal" for two years (1829-31) in Andrew Jackson's cabinet before his secretarial career was torpedoed in the famous battle of the social amenities that was fought around the pretty head of Margaret O'Neill Timberlake Eaton, better known in story and song as Peggy O'Neill. Margaret was the daughter of a Washington hotel keeper. She married John Timberlake, and after his death she was wedded to John Henry Eaton, U. S. Senator from Tennessee. There was Branch, Secretary of the Navy, and there was Eaton, now Secretary of War. Mrs. Branch was a North Carolinian and a true Southern lady, so what did she do? She organized the wives of the other cabinet officers into a boycott against Mrs. Eaton, and was Washington shaken by the war that followed! What Sherman said about the War Between the States was mild. President Jackson threw himself into the fray, on the side of the Eatons. He demanded that Mrs. Eaton receive

the usual social courtesies. Mrs. Branch couldn't take another thing so Mr. Branch resigned, and that was North Carolina's second top Navy man.

Then came Badger, but we will save him for the last of the feast. William A. Graham held the Navy portolio from 1850 to '52. He was probably the best Secretary of the Navy up to that time. His list of occomplishments includes reorganization of the service personnel, inauguration of a retirement system for super-annuates, reorganization of the coast survey, fitting out an expedition for exploration of the Amazon, and organizing and dispatching of Commodore Perry's expedition to Japan. He was so good that the Whigs nominated him for Vice President in 1852.

In 1853, President Franklin Pierce chose another North Carolinian for Secretary of the Navy. The choice fell on James C. Dobbin, who held the post until 1857 and really made things hum. Someone asked why so many North Carolinians were being appointed to head up the Navy and a wag replied: "It may be a good idea to appoint a man from the Rip Van Winkle state to take charge of the Rip Van Winkle service." It seems that the navy was lagging about that time. It didn't lag under Dobbin. He established the apprentice system, promotion by merit, and a retired list. In 1854 he persuaded Congress to appropriate $3,000,000 for construction of six first-class steam frigates. He instituted reforms in navy discipline and banned corporal punishment of seamen.

Of course there is Josephus Daniels, of our own time, who was Secretary of the Navy during the World War. Mr. Daniels wrote a book, "Our Navy at War," and the dedication of the book "to the six hundred thousand men who served in the United States Navy and Marine Corps," seems also to summarize his own great achievement: ". . . manning more than two thousand vessels . . . operating with the Allied Navies from the Arctic to the Adriatic . . . transporting troops and supplies across the Atlantic . . . protecting ships . . . driving off and defeating submarines . . . you made safe the seas, and kept open the road to France, so that, of all the vast Army sent overseas, not one soldier on an American troop ship lost his life on the way to France."

S. A. Ashe, the historian, writing in 1909, expressed the opinion that in any list of the five greatest North Carolinians, "the name of George E. Badger would be included." This rating, which is pretty high, all things considered, was given Badger "because of the comprehensiveness of his mental equipment, his varied attainments, his wonderful power as an orator and debater and his learning."

Badger must have been strikingly precocious in a day when honors often came early to promising young men. Born in New Bern in 1795, educated at the local academy and with two years at Yale, he studied law under his cousin, John Stanley, was licensed

to practice and was appointed solicitor at 19; elected to the general assembly at 21, and at 25 was a superior court judge at Warrenton. And he had taken time out to serve as an aide-de-camp to Gen. Calvin Jones while the Carolina coast was threatened by the British in the War of 1812.

Retiring from the bench at the age of 30, he moved to Raleigh and at once tool rank with the best of the state's legal talent. And he gained a reputation as a conversationalist and good fellow. Yale College now re-discovered the lad who had to quit school in his sophomore year, entered him on the roll of the class that gratuated in 1813, and conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. upon him. The University of North Carolina followed suit with an LL.D. of its own.

Upon the formation of the Whig party in 1834 Badger became one of its leaders and in 1840 North Carolina gave its 15 electoral votes to Harrison and Tyler—"Tippecanoe and Tyler too." President Harrison appointed Badger Secretary of the Navy, but Harrison's death, a month after he took office, proved unfortunate for Badger's cabinet prospects. Badger couldn't go along with Tyler. The Whigs were standing for a National Bank bill and when Tyler vetoed two of them he was proclaimed a traitor and all of his cabinet officers except Webster resigned "in great indignation."

During the six months that Badger was Secretary of the Navy he instituted a few reforms, including the one about beards. As everyone knows, men have worn beards at certain times, and then again there are times when beards aren't worn. In 1841 whiskers were not being worn by gentlemen in the know, among whom was Secretary Badger. The spectacle therefore, of a few wilful naval officers, unmoved by the dictates of fashion or the importunings of their boss, clinging, as it were, to the hirsute appendages on jaw and jowl, brough down the fires of indignation from Mr. Badger. He found it expedient to issue an order that naval officers could wear beards, provided they were cut in a certain way. With this sweeping order from the Secretary himself, there was nothing for the bearded lieutenants, commodores, captains, and admirals to do but trim their beards as Mr. Badger prescribed. The style became known as "Badgers," whether in compliment or derision, the record does not state.

Mr. Badger was elected to the U. S. Senate in 1848 and served until 1855, "taking rank with Mr. Webster and other men of first ability." In the Senate Badger was able to give full flow to his powers of conversation and affability. It was said that upon entering the Senate chamber it was his custom to linger and have a pleasant word with nearly every member before taking his seat. Then he wouldn't sit still very long, but moved freely about to sit and converse with the other Senators. He took delight in ridiculing Senators who happened to make little slips in grammar or pronunciation. Mr. Webster said

that Badger "could make more out of a trifling occurrence than any man I know."

Badger really grew to be a big man in Washington. He frequently appeared before the U. S. Supreme Court. As the clouds began gathering over abolition, he held to the principle that the western territories should be opened to immigration without restriction as to any species of property (including slaves), yet he strongly contended that Congress possessed the right to legislate on the subject of slavery in the territories.

Like many other North Carolinians he wanted to preserve the Union, but he cast his full support to the State and the Confederacy with the decision to secede was made. He introduced a resolution of secession at the State Convention in 1861, but since it was based upon the old Whig hypothesis of the natural right of revolution, as opposed to the Democratic view that any State that had ratified could abrogate at will, it was not adopted.

Badger was stricken with paralysis in 1863 and lingered until May 11, 1886, when he died, at the age of 71.

———:———

LIFE AND CREEDS

I never asked what was his cult or creed;
I only knew his life—I saw the deed.
A product of the schools, he had an art
School could not give—a secret of the heart

Far greater than his knowledge or his skill,
The spirit of the man was there—good will;
The grace of kindness, tact, and sympathy,
High courage, patience, rugged honesty.
Why should I care about his cult or creed?
He was a man of God—the kind we need.

—Edward A. G. Hermann.

GIANT SHIP IS NAMED "CONCORD"

(The Concord Daily Tribune)

Back in April Concordians were told that if they reached their War Bond quota of slightly more than half million dollars, they would be raising enough money to pay for a Flying Fortress, and that such a ship would be named "City of Concord, N. C." They accepted the challenge, bought almost a million dollars worth of bonds, anl the giant ship has been built, and now has the named painted thereon. It is a Boeing B-17F Flying Fortress, latest model of this famous high altitude, daylight precision bomber which is operating in war theatres throughout the world. The Boeing Flying Fortress has four engines and a wing span of approximately 104 feet. It has top speed well in excess of 300 miles per hour, carries a bomb load up to ten tons, has a service ceilling considerably above 35,000 feet, is heavily armed and is capable of operating over a long range. The Flying Fortress was designed and developed by the Boeing Aircraft Company, with plants located in Seattle and Renton, Washington; Wichita, Kansas and Vancouver, British Columbia.

Somewhere in the war zones, which cover the seven seas and stretch to the four corners of the globe, a Flying Fortress is carrying the name of "City of Concord, N. C." that all may see the tangible evidence of our determination to do our bit on the home front.

During the month of April, when the government was seeking millions from Americans everywhere, citizens of this city were challenged to invested enough funds in War Bonds in a single week to pay for a Flying Fortress. Hastening to accept the challenge, they invested more than $600,000 in those seven days. They had a quota of $550,750 for the month; they invested $937,006.75—almost as much as the county quota.

In this same month, residents of Kannapolis invested 695,088 in bonds and in a single week they, too, bought enough bonds to pay for a Fort, so one was named for their city.

It is believed that no other county in the state has this distinction: Two of its cities investing enough in War Bonds in just one week to have their names inscribed on Flying Fortresses.

———:———

Have purpose in life, and having it, throw into your work such strength of mind and muscle as God has given you.—Carlyle.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The members of our farm forces are making improvements in the pig-pens and pasture lots. These lots have been plowed and new fences are being built, and they are being made larger.

—:—

Our dairyman tells us that at present there are more young calves at the dairy barn than at any one time for several years. There are also a number of fine young calves in our herd of beef cattle.

—:—

During these extremely hot days our boys are certainly enjoying their regular swimming periods. It is our opinion that the swimming pool is one of the finest things ever placed here for the use of the boys.

—:—

Stokers have been placed in the Cannon Memorial Administration Building and in the school building. This equipment has been needed for some time, and we are delighted to report the installation of the stokers.

—:—

We were very glad to note last Saturday night there was not a single bed patient in our infirmary, for the first time in several months. However, considerable first-aid treatment has been necessary lately for the treatment of minor injuries, such as cut fingers, sore toes, stone bruises, etc.

—:—

We received an official notice from Corporal James L. Query, a former member of the School's staff of workers, informing us that he is now overseas. His correct grade and address is: Cpl. James L. Query, No. 34, 256, 160, 326 Air Borne Medical Co., % Postmaster, New York, N. Y. He asks that The Uplift be sent to him regularly, and that all his friends at the School write him at their convenience.

—:—

Our farm manager reports that according to present indications, there will be a bumper crop of string beans at the School. They were planted some time ago, and right now the young beans are growing nicely. Should the early fall weather be favorable, these beans will develop nicely, and there should be a sufficient quantity to keep our cannery running at top speed.

—:—

The second game of the three-game play-off series, between the Receiving Cottage and Cottage No. 10, scheduled for last Saturday afternoon, was called off on account of wet grounds. The Receiving Cottage boys won the

first game, played the previous Saturday. These teams are pretty evenly matched, and the remaining games should be very interesting. The second game will be played this afternoon.

This additional week's delay has worked up considerable enthusiasm among the boys of both cottages, and the good-natured rivalry is pretty keen. The boys of the Receiving Cottage, with one game already in the bag, have promised to take the next contest. Bill Young, undefeated for the entire season, will be on the mound for the youngsters from Cottage No. 10. The Receiving Cottage lads say they are going to "pin his ears back" and definitely end the series with the second game. The boys from Cottage No. 10 seem to have different ideas about the affair, and declare that neither Donald Jolly nor Malcom Seymour can beat them again in a month of Sundays, not only promising to take the second game, but the third as well. There is but one way to settle an argument like that, and unless the weather man again interferes, the second game will be played this afternoon, and should be a hard-fought contest, with one team wanting win one more game and put the series on ice, and the other aiming to win this game and stay in the race, hoping for an opportunity to win the third and deciding contest.

—:—

Rev. James W. Fowler, pastor of Kerr Street Methodist Church, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. Following the singing of the opening hymns, Superintendent Hawfield stated that it would never do to have such a fine singer as Rev. Mr. Fowler with us and not ask him to sing a solo. Our visitor graciously agreed to do so, rendering "I Would Be True" in a most pleasing manner. Miss Norma Jean Wyatt played the piano accompaniment. In addition to being a very good preacher, our friend has a fine tenor voice, and it is always a pleasure to hear him sing.

For the Scripture Lesson, Rev. Mr. Fowler read part of the fourth chapter of Luke, and as the text for his message to the boys, he selected the 16th verse—"And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the sabbath day, and stood up for to read."

In speaking of "The Habits of Life," Rev. Mr. Fowler directed the boys' attention to these words of the text, "as his custom (habit) was." He told how Jesus went back to the place where he grew up as a boy, and, following a habit acquired early in life, went into temple on the Sabbath. The habit of attending church is a fine one, said he, and if we learn to do so as children, it will probably stick to us all through life.

The speaker then told the boys that a great psychologist has said that 99 out of every 100 things we do in life are done as the result of habit. The average person is governed almost entirely by habit.

The purpose of the Training School, said he, is that boys placed here may be taught that habit of doing the right thing, at the right time and in the right way. He urged the boys to develop good habits, as they will carry us along the right paths all through life.

A bad habit, said the speaker, is really something to fear. It grips us and holds us tightly, and the longer we allow it to hold to us, the more difficult it is to escape from its clutches. As we go along through life, bad habits will squeeze the life out of us. They cause us to lose sight of the fact that we should do good deeds. A good habit will carry us through in times of emergency, but bad habits will hold us back.

Rev. Mr. Fowler then told his listners that on one of our navy's destroyers there are several hundred men, and when the signal is given, each man has a certain thing to do. Constant drilling makes it a habit for each sailor to take his battle station at a moment's notice, and the work goes on without a hitch. Habit makes it possible for the men, on our destroyers to fight so well, even against great odds.

In conclusion, the speaker stated that the boy who is going to get along in the world is the one who has an orderly plan of life. He asked each one present to try to acquire good habits, and let them be their guide along life's pathway.

—:—

GUADALCANAL VETERAN VISITS SCHOOL

In the Fall of 1941, when the United States Army staged maneuvers on a gigantic scale in North Carolina, it was our pleasure to meet hundreds of the lads in khaki. Among those who spent considerable time in Concord were the members of the 180th Field Artillery Band, of Boston. This organiation, directed by Chief Warrant Officer Chester E. Whiting, is rated as one of the finest bands in the entire United States Army. These lads from New England rendered several concerts in Concord, and, not only by their fine playing, but because of their pleasing personality and genuinely friendly manner, completely won the hearts of all with whom they came in contact.

It was our very happy privilege to have the members of this band as guests at the Training School on two occasions. They played at the boy's Hallowe'en party and again on Thanksgiving Day of that year. On the latter occasion they spent the entire day at the School. Divided into groups of two or three, they were the guests of the boys and officers of each cottage for a fine holiday dinner. After dinner they rendered a two-hour concert in the gymnasium, which was thoroughly enjoyed by the entire School personnel and more than two hundred visitors from Concord and vicinity.

When the maneuvers were over, Mr. Whiting and his "boys" returned to Camp Edwards, Mass. Then came the war, and we next heard of them as being located at New Caledonia, in the South Pacific. We heard from them from time to time, and they never failed to express their appreciation of the hospitality shown by the people of this section of North Carolina.

One day last week, we learned that Staff Sergeant Dominic Magazzu, one of the members of the band, had been discharged from active duty, and was visiting Mr. and Mrs, S. Kay Patterson, of Concord, having stopped of en route to his home in Chelsea, Mass. We lost no time in asking Mr.

Patterson to bring his visitor out to the School, and he did so the next day.

The people here recall Dominic as the fellow with the splendid baritone voice, who sang several numbers, with band accompaniment, when we enjoyed the concerts in 1941. He and Mr. Patterson called at The Uplift office on Tuesday morning of last week, and we were delighted to have the opportunity to renew our pleasant acquaintance with our good friend, Dominic.

He first informed us that within a him with questions concerning himmove uniform, and become a civilian again and resume his work as a professional musician. On account of an attack of Jaundice, he was sent from the Fiji Islands to a hospital on the American west coast, upon recovery was given a medical discharge from the Army.

As we gathered around and plied few days he would go back home, reself and our other friends in the band, he gave us a brief account of their travels. They first went to Australia, staying there for some time. They were quartered in the homes of Australian people, where they enjoyed fine hospitality. "They are our kind of people," said he, "and after the war, I believe there will be much travel between these two countries, because of the many beautiful friendships which developed between our soldiers and the Australians."

They then went to New Caledonia, a wild country with no towns or cities —just groups of natives who live in grass huts. Dominic said the natives in this land were quite like old American Indians in that they were too dignified to work, most of the work being done by Hindu servants, imported from India. While here, the 180th Field Artillery Band changed its name, becoming a part of the Amercial Division (a combination of the names America and Caledonia) and is still listed as such in the War Department.

The outfit then moved to Guadalcanal, landing near Henderson Field. Here they found that the natives hated the Japs and were eager to help the American soldiers in every possible way. The cause of this intense feeling was that the Japs had taken off the native women and killed most of them. When the Americans drove them out of that section, they found many bodies of the unfortunate victims.

When asked about the Jungle fighting, Dominic said it reminded him of the tales of American Indians fighting the early settlers in this country. The Japs are crafty fighters, said he, and to try to find them and destroy them is dangerous business. One of their favorite tricks was for one of them to step out in the open and draw the fire of the Americans, in order that his yellow comrades might locate the Americans' position and fire upon them. Another was to pretend to surrender, and when the Yanks would attempt to take them prisoners, they would suddenly produce hand grenades, blowing up themselves and their would-be captors. The Americans soon learend not to be fooled by this trick. When a group of Japs were surrounded thereafter, our flyers would drop leaflets, telling them to surrender, but to come out from their hiding-places entirely stripped, with their hands up—thus prohibiting any tricks.

Dominic told of one incident when 1,200 picked Japanese troops were wiped out. They entered a section of the jungle from which their radio had informed them had been cleared of all Americans. Our boys, somewhat like the Minute Men at Bunker Hill, let them approach until they "could see the whites of their eyes," and then wiped them out of existence. Only seven of the 1,200 were left alive.

Like all good Americans, Dominic and his pals were pretty good souvenir hunters, and he had quite a few trophies to show us. He first brought out a helmet he had taken from the only kind of a good Jap known to the boys in service—a dead one—on Guadalcanal. There were blood-stains on it, and inside was the name of the former owner, at least Dominic said it was his name, but it looked like the markings on a Chinese laundry ticket to us. He next showed us a bayonet, taken from the same Jap, as well as part of a machine gun magazine belt, filled with bullets. They were arranged in this order: four regular bullets, a tracer bullet, and an explosive bullet.

The next things brought to view were several Japanese bank notes. Upon each of these pieces of paper money were pictures of the "Rising Sun" and the sacred mountain of Fujiyama. At the latter place, thousands of Japs climb each year by one of five paths to worship at shrines and temples along the way. When the Allies put the Rising Sun into a total eclipse, our Flying Fortresses will probably start some of those shrines rolling down the 12,000 feet to the base of this so-called holy mountain.

According to Dominic, in the Guadalcanal fighting area, there were at least 150 Japs exterminated for each American life lost. We asked his opinion as to the time it will take to wipe out the Japs. His reply was that while he was in the South Pacific it seemed that it would taken ten years, but over here, after reading the various dispatches, he thinks it can be done in a year or two, especially if we continue the policy of destroying Japanese production and cutting supply lines.

Our friend had a nice collection of coins used in the various places he and his pals had been located in the past eighteen months. It was quite interesting to hear him tell of the difficulties encountered when trying to bargain with the shop-keepers in those strange lands. All in all, said he, they seemed to like the Americans, and the instances in which the traders would try to take advantage of their ignorance of money values were very rare. In one or two places they had to pay as much as seventy-five cents for a pack of American cigarettes, but not many other dealers tried to "gyp" them.

In speaking of the visits the band made to the School in 1941, Dominic said on many occasions, while lying in the jungle, they would speak of that wonderful Thanksgiving dinner here, and the way our boys sang "God Bless America," with band accompaniment, making the rafters of the gymnasium ring. He further stated that it was Mr. Whiting's intention, after the war is over, to bring his band to Concord, where they had made so many friends, and to visit the School again. They all sent regards to both the boys and officials of the institution, and asked that we

write them occasionally.

We were very glad to learn that Mr. Whiting and his band boys, although under fire many times, had suffered no casualties. It is our fervent wish that before long, peace will again cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea, and that we may have the privilege of our New England again.

It was a real pleasure to see Dominic again, and we want him to feel free to drop in on us any time he happens to be this victinity. We have heard rumors that a lovely young Concord girl of our acquaintance, now a member of the Woman's Army Corps, and the staff sergeant—but that's another story. All we want to say right now is just come in and see us when in town, Dominic. We shall always be glad to see you.

A thoughtful mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag only, but the nation itself; and whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history, which belong to the nation which sets it forth.

When the French tricolor rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the Italian flag is unfurled, we see Italy. When the united crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, on a fiery ground, set forth the banner of Old England, we see not the cloth merely; there rises up before the mind the noble aspect of that monarchy which, more than any other on the globe, has advanced its banner for liberty, law, and national prosperity.

This nation has a banner, too; and wherever its reamed abroad, men saw day-break bursting on their eyes, for the American flag has been the symbol of liberty, and men rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand or went forth upon the sea, carring everywhere, the world around, such hope for the captive, and such glorious tidings. The stars upon it were to the pining nations lige the morning stars of God, and the strippes upon it were beams of morning light.—Henry Ward Beecher.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 29, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Ira Montgomery
Weaver Ruff
Malcom Seymour
Richard Shehan
Rodney Starnes

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Thomas Barnes
Richard Billings
Roland Brooks
George Cox
Marion Cox
Velda Denning
Douglas Dorsette
Jack Harmon
Roy Jones
Harold McKinney
William Poteat
Floyd Puckett
Jack Ray
David Swink
Luther Vaughn
John Franks
Rufus Massingill
Lee Turner
Willford Richard Seegers

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
John Holder
J. T. Jacobs
Lawrence Littlejohn
Samuel Pritchard
Fonzer Pittman
Marvin Bradley
Robert Goldsmith
William Guffey
Ray Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 4

Elbert Brown
Frank Fargis
Bruce Harper
Elster Jones
Raeford Medlin
James Moore
L. B. Sawyer
Roy Swink
Jerry Talbert
Walter Thomas
Edward VanHoy
Eugene Watts
Carl Willis
Martin Walters
Ervin Wolf

COTTAGE NO. 5

Randolph Ammons
Clyde Billings
William Gentry
Earl Harris
Earl Hoyle
William Peninger
Everett Stamey
William Stallings
William Wilkerson
Eldred Watts

COTTAGE NO. 6

Jack Hensley
Robert Gayler
Hayes Powell
Robert Peavy

COTTAGE NO. 7

Wallace Foster
Donald Grimstead
William Hardin
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Bennett
George Guyton
Homer Johnson

COTTAGE NO. 9

Thomas Ingram
Leon Rose
Edgar Shell
J. C. Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Ernest Davis
Eugene Graham
Richard Kye
Paul Painter
Dillard Shelton

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Robert Caudle
Joseph Case
Robert Holbert
William Lane
James Linebarrier
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
John Pritchard
Walter Stansberry
Paul Stone

COTTAGE NO. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

INFIRMARY

(No Honor Roll)

———:———

TO A FRIEND

As twilight fades upon the west,
And zephyrs yield their rich bequest
Of odors to the evening air,
From leaflets and from flowerets fair
So may fresh incense for you rise,
When time shall shade your future skies.
To soothe with peace those future years
When strength grows weak, and hopes and fears
As tendrils of the running vine
Around the oak their grasp entwine,
To find support to rise on high,
As if to seek the fair blue sky,
So may your hopes like ivy cling
To truth, a constant peace to bring,
And bid your faith seek clearer skies,
Where joy fails not, where sorrow dies
As gently as the evening breeze
Soft whispers through the murmuring trees.
As calmly as the crystal tide
Kisses the pebbles by its side,
In all your ways appear to all,
Nor shun the weak, when once they fall;
But flowers scatter in the way,
And cheer their hearts, as best you may.

—Daniel A. Drown.

SEP 12 1943

THE UPLIFT

(Orange County)
(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C. No. 37

Dr. Charles W. Elliott for more than forty years president of Harvard said, "If I had an opportunity to say a final word to all the young people of America, it would be this: Don't think too much about yourselves. Try to cultivate the habit of thinking of others; this will reward you. Nourish your minds by good reading; discover what your life work is, work in which you can he happiest. Be unafraid in all things where you know you are right. Be unselfish. That's the first and final commandment for those who would be useful, and happy in their usefulness."

—Christian Advocate.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
THREE-MILE MOVING PICTURE	By Vincent Edwards	8
SOME DEPARTMENT OF STATE	By R. C. Lawrence	10
A STATESMAN FROM THE OZARKS	By J. S. Payton	13
PAST-PRESENT-FUTURE!	By Peter N. Hodgins	16
HEROD AND HITLER	By Rabbi H. Geffen	19
THE GLASS HOUSES OF TOMORROW	By Dr. H. L. Smith	20
PERPETUAL MOTION	(Word and Way)	22
BOYS BECOME FORESTERS	(The State)	23
THE FIGHTING SOUTH IS A WORLD-MINDED SOUTH	(N. C. Christian Advocate)	25
INSTITUTION NOTES		27
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

IF WE KNEW

If we really knew the fellow
That we talk so much about;
Then the hardest heart would mellow
With a little kinder touch.
We would speak about his error,
Should a fellow chance to fall;
We would talk a little fairer,
Or we wouldn't talk at all.

But we add a lot of rumor
To a little bit of fact,
And the ultimate consumer
Adds what ever we have lacked.
Yes, we add a little to it,
For we nearly always can,
But I doubt if we would do it
If we really knew the man.

If we really knew another
As ourselves we really know,
When man criticized a brother,
We would say it wasn't so.
For a lie a mile a minute
Often traveled, often grew,
But there may be nothing in it,
If the man we really knew.

When the jealous bring a story,
When the little rumors start
That may dim another's glory
Or may break another's heart,
Then we carelessly receive them,
Never question, never scan,
But we never would believe them,
If we really knew the man!

—Selected.

PULPWOOD

Twenty-five years ago the draymen at the stores here in Albemarle heated their homes with the boxes in which merchandise was shipped to the local stores. The boxes were made of pine wood, and they burned freely and easily. And best of all, they were certainly plentiful.

But today it would be a cold home that was heated with the wooden goods boxes which come to the Albemarle stores. Almost every conceivable item is shipped in a pasteboard carton. It is well-made, and serves the purpose of wooden boxes at less cost.

But these cartons require pulpwood in their manufacture, and pulpwood comes from trees. Today there is a shortage of pulpwood for the reason there is a scarcity of labor to cut the trees. A nation-wide drive to encourage the cutting of trees for pulpwood is underway, and right here in Stanly county there is a buyer for this product. We are not familiar with the prices wood is bringing these days, but $8 and $9 per cord for pulpwood sounds like a good price to us.

Incidentally, the newspapers of the country are pushing this drive to encourage all farmers who own timberland to spend at least three days cutting trees for pulpwood. The newspapers are particularly interested because the paper which they use in printing is made from pulpwood also. A shortage of pulpwood means a shortage of newsprint, the product on which this newspaper is printed.

Although the price of newsprint has advanced $8 per ton since the first of the year, the newspapers are more concerned right now with getting the paper than they are with the price of it.

So if you want to keep getting your newspapers and magazines, it would be a good idea to sell a little pulpwood. It might also give you a clearer conception of the future for this part of the country in the production of forests for pulpwood.—Stanly News & Press

• • • • • • • • •

TRUTH IS ENDURING

Though the conquered peoples of Europe may writhe under Hitler's heel, truth still lives and the flame of freedom has not yet been extinguished. Like a prairie fire, when stamped out in one place it

flickers in another. These thoughts are prompted by a news item that today upward of five hundred newspapers are published clandestinely in tortured Europe. Each editor, publisher and contributor takes his life in his hands when he engages in this work. Many have already paid the supreme sacrifice for their devotion to their country's and humanity's best interests. In France, the three leading clandestine papers have a combined circulation approaching 100,000 copies. In Poland, upwards of one hundred papers are published by the "underground." Their combined circulation reaches 300,000, and it is estimated they have 3,000,000 readers. Czechoslovakia has five papers circulating nationality. Thus goes the story. Truth and liberty refuse to be suppressed. No matter how great the danger or severe the penalty, men will be found who treasure spiritual freedom above physical punishment. Even death does not deter them, as witnessed by the fact that whenever headquarters of a clandestine paper is rooted out and its staff "liquidated," it is quickly re-issued from another source. We, in the United States, should count ourselves fortunate that we live under a Constitution which guarantees freedom of expression. Those who have never known anything but freedom can never appreciate its blessings to the full. We pay tribute to the patriots who operate the underground newspapers of Europe. Unknown, unpublicized, probably unpaid, they are heroes—every one.—Masonic Trestle Board.

* * * * * * * *

LOOKING SELF-WARD

Instead of continually tearing to pieces this or that person in our circle of acquaintances, why not spend a little time in crititicizing and sitting in judgment on that individual who really deserves it, that person who is our only real enemy—ourself? There is no person anywhere whom we have a greater right to criticize, dislike or mistrust than we, ourselves, if we are as freely observing of ourselves as we are of others.

Let us be honest and ask ourselves this question: If I were choosing a friend, would I select one just like me; if in trouble would I choose as a confidant a person like me; in choosing a partner, would the person selected be one like me?

We cannot get away from ourselves. If we do not like a certian person, if we mistrust a friend, we can growl and keep away. This man "Me" we cannot get away from. He is with us twenty-four hours every day.

If we fooled our acquaintances as we sometimes try to fool ourselves, it is hardly likely we would have a friend in the world. To "see ourselves as others see us" would change our attitude toward all mankind.

How gloomy life would be if we were as conservative in praising ourselves as we are in praising others. If we flattered others as much as we flatter ourselves, those around us would think us most charming liars, and would start to hunt for the "nigger in the woodpile," at the same time holding on to their pocket-book. If we put our best self forward with others as we try to do with ourselves, people would think of us more kindly. If we overlooked the faults of others as we do our own, we would be looked upon as being far more charitable than we are reputed to be.

What a fine old world this would be if everyone would be as nice to each other as we are to ourselves.

* * * * * * * *

GOD PLANTED A GARDEN

Some people have hobbies of one kind or another. But the one who has gardening for a hobby is working with the Creator. In the early days of the world God Himself "planted a garden" and set man to tend it for Him. Men and women who must work in offices and factories have the touch of the earth in growing things.

In the crowded life of today, the man who goes home to dig in a quiet garden where plants thrive under the sunshine and rain sent by the Almighty, is working with the Lord who supplies everything necessary to make the garden grow.

Gardening is constructive. A man doesn't think mean things while he gardens. He is working hand in hand with and depending on the Owner of heaven and earth for his harvest. He feels humble. He knows unless God sends the "seasons" his own efforts will fail.

The farmer toiling to raise vegetables, grain and cattle is working at the tasks God Himself set mankind to do in the childhood of the race He created in His own image.

Working with God is the man who lives close to the soil. In the wide, sun-drenched fields, splashed with cloud shadows one may look up and fancy he sees the smiling face of Him whose hands made all the earth. One may rejoice if he returns to Him His share of the earth's produce, and know He still sees that "it is good".—Baptist Record.

* * * * * * * *

" IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NO GOOD"

The botanists of Britain are having a field day in more senses than one. Enthusiasm has been roused by the fact the since and because of the "blitz" at least ninety-five types of flowers and shrubs, that seemingly had died out many decades ago, are now flourishing on bombed sites, having been resurrected by the shattering of their former habitats. These reappearances have raised high the hopes of the English botanists for the return of a once-famous flowering plant, whose former favor is indicated by the name it bore—the London Rocket. This, a plant two feet tall, bearing a whitish flower, was seemingly killed off nearly 280 years ago by the first "Great Fire of London." The botanists are the more interested in the present possibility because a number of years ago, in the earth excavated from the ruins of an ancient Roman garden, some plants bloomed that had never been known in that region, and botanists professed to find in them a strong similarity to the flora of Italy and ancient Britain.—Julius F. Seebach, in The Lutheran.

* * * * * * * *

To those who feel that they have not reached as high a place in the world as they should, Dr. Henry Ward Beecher, one of the world's greatest clergymen, has this to say: "Do not be troubled because you have not great virtues. God made a million spears of grass where He made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted not with forests but with grasses. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities and you need not mourn because you are neither a hero nor a saint."

THREE-MILE MOVING PICTURE

By Vincent Edwards

In the year 1838 a young American happened to pick up a foregin magazine and read: "America has some of the most picturesque scenery in the world, but there is no American artist adequate to the task of giving a correct and faithful reproduction of it."

To John Banvard, Louisville artist, those words sounded like a challenge. Then and there he decided to paint a picture that would make even Europeans open their eyes. It would be a canvas three miles long and it would show all the wonders of the Mississippi Valley, from the mouth of the Missouri down to New Orleans.

That, actually, was how the "Panorama of the Mississippi" came to be painted. People of that period knew nothing whatever about motion pictures, but nine years later, when Banvard started to exhibit his great, long canvas, they saw the forerunner of the modern projector. While spectators sat spellbound, the panorama steadily unrolled between two upright revolving cylinders which Banvard operated after the fashion of a player-piano roll. It took two hours for the painting to be viewed from start to finish, and it created such a vogue for these unwinding panoramas that a new kind of public entertainment seems to have been born.

It was fortunate that Banvard was only twenty-five and could wield his brush with lightning speed. Otherwise the task of covering a three-mile canvas would certainly have dismayed him. It is true that his work has no lasting art value, but, in great-great-grandfather's day, the admirers of the "Panorama" never stopped to think of that.

In order to gather detail for the gigantic painting Banvard spent thirteen months on the Mississippi making sketches. When he had all he needed, he came back to Louisville to start on the "Panorama." For his studio an immense building was put up. There, for the next six years, Banvard could be found toiling away in the midst of innumerable paint-tubes, brushes and other equipment, sometimes painting eighteen hours at a stretch.

At last the great "Panorama" was done. With as much fanfare as he could scare up, Banvard set the date for the first showing in Louisville. It was a night in the year 1846.Unfortunately it rained, and not a person appeared. The artist was torn by doubts. Had he thrown away six years of his life on nothing, When a second date was set and the crowds still stayed away, the painter was plunged into dispair.

But he refused to give up. Alone and desperate. he became a tireless publicity agent. He went down among the rivermen and gave them all tickets. They must come and see his painting, he told them, because it showed their own river to the last detail. It was impossible to resist such enthusiasm.

When the men came they got the

surprise of their lives. As the "Panorama" unfolded, it was just as if they were moving down the Mississippi on a riverboat. Every town, every landing place, was shown. All the time Banvard, pointer in hand, was picking out the more interesting features and explaining his painting.

That night marked the turning point of Banvard's fortunes. The rivermen told all their friends about the remarkable picture and the next night the crowds came flocking. Hundreds crowded into the Louisville auditorium, and the money rolled in in a stream.

When everybody in Louisville had seen it Banvard decided to take it on a tour of the country. He went first to Boston. On the opening night in April, 1847, the governor and many state legislators were present and gave the "Panorama" a rousing reception. The picture was received with so much acclaim that the railroads were forced to run extra trains to accommodate all the people who wanted to see it. The "Panorama" stayed in Boston for seven months. At the end of that time Banvard had taken in more than $50,000 in admissions.

Then began a long tour of the country. Everywhere the "Panorama" was shown it attracted crowds. From one standpoint at least, it was a highly educational exhibition, for most of the persons who saw it had never set foot in the Mississippi Valley. After touring the United States, Banvard was invited to take his painting to Europe. There he scored another triumph. When he came to total all the money he had taken in he found it amounted to nearly $200,000—a staggering sum for those days.

The "Panorama" had another effect. All over the country other pictures that slowly unwound before absorbed audiences were being shown. The first "Panorama" had been followed by scores of others, and in due time this evolved into the cyclorama, the still painting that pictured some spectacular event and was shown in a circular hall.

When he died Banvard's chief claim to fame as the world's largest painter still held. Nobody had come along and painted a picture bigger than his "Panorama." He had set a fashion in the field of moving picture entertainment that nobody sees the end of, even in our own day. In his heyday it isn't to be doubted that our great-great-grandparents derived just as much of a thrill out of his three-mile "Panorama" as boys and girls now get out of any modern motion picture.

———:———

Aim at the sun, and you may not reach it; but your arrow will fly far higher than if aimed at an object on a level with yourself.—J. Hawes.

SOME DEPARTMENTS OF STATE

By R. C. Lawrence, in The State

It cannot be hoped to include within the compass of this article a reference to all of the far flung activities of State, but it is my purpose to call attention to some of the more important in the hope that the information will be helpful to the people of the State.

Of course there have been Governors ever since early Colonial days, but when the State Constitution was adopted in 1776 at Halifax, Richard Caswell was elected as the first Governor, and his memory is perpetuated in our county of that name.

There has also been a Secretary of State since the time the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, and among the early incumbents of that high office was David Glasgow, in whose honor a county was named, which now embraces the territory included in the county of Greene. It was later discovered that the trusted officer had been defrauding the State in connection with the sale of land grants, and he was dismissed from his office, and the name of the county which had been designated in his honor was changed to its present title. William Hill held the office for more than fifty years—a record for office-holding in this State.

There has also been an Attorney General from the beginning, Waightstill Avery being the first incumbent. His memory is preserved in the name of the youngest county in our State. The activities of this Department have expanded so rapidly that there are now several Assistant Attorneys General; and the official designation of the Deparement has recently been changed, so that it has been reorganized as the Department of Justice.

Prior to 1868 the Auditor was known as Comptroller, and was appointed by the General Assembly; and for a brief period in the sixties the officer was known as Auditor of Accounts. The office as now constituted was created by the Constitution of 1868, and Henderson Adams was the first incumbent.

There was no Supreme Court prior to 1818, as the Superior Court Judges also met for the purpose of sitting as an appellate tribunal under the title of Court of Conference. This was changed by the Act of 1818, when the court as now constituted was established and John Louis Taylor was elected as first Chief Justice. Later the membership was increased to five, then reduced to three, then changed back to five; and recently was enlarged to seven, the first addition to the five being Justice M. F. Barnhill and J. Wallace Winborne. Recently, for the first time in its history, the court adopted the practice of wearing robes. A new building has recently been completed to house the court and the Department of Justice.

Prior to 1868 there was no Lieutenant Governor, but the Senate elected its own Speaker; and upon the death of the Governor, he was succeeded by the Speaker of the Senate, and in the event of his death, he was succeeded by the Speaker of the House. Tod R. Caldwell was the first Lieutenant Governor, and he succeeded to the Governorship upon

the death of Governor Brogden, as did Henry T. Clark upon the death of Governor Ellis, and Thomas M. Holt upon the death of Governor Fowle. Oliver Max Gardner is the only Lieutenant Governor who has ever been elected as Governor.

The far-reaching Constitution of 1868 also provided for a Department of Agriculture, but the necessary legislation was not enacted until 1876, when Col. Leonidas L. Polk of Anson County was elected as the first Commissioner. He founded the Progressive Farmer; was one of the founders of the Populist Party and would have been its Presidential nominee had he lived. He also playel an important part in the establishment of State College and Meredith College.

It was not until 1899 that a Department of Insurance was provided for, and James R. Young, of Vance County, became the first incumbent of the office. The Secretary of State is also charged with the performance of certain duties in connection with the issuance of licenses by foreign insurance companies and investment syndicates.

The State Highway Commission came into being under the basic hard-surface highway act of 1921, enacted by the Morrison Administration, and under its first Chairman, Major Frank Page, more than a hundred millions dollars was expended in the construction of a system linking every county seat with every other county seat, without the least suggestion of fraud or speculation on the part of any of its thousands of employees. At a later time, the venerable and beloved Governor Rufe Doughton served as Chairman of the Commission.

In a recent article I called attention to the important changes which have been made in conection with the State laws in connection with State Banks. The Banking Commissioner is now invested with authority not only to examine and supervise all State Banks and Trust Companies, but he is vested with complete discretion in the issuance of charters for new banks, and can decline to issue a charter where in his judgment the locality is adequately served.

The Constitution of 1868 also provided for the important State Board of Charities and Public Welfare. Originally known as the State Board of Charities its name was changed to its present form in 1917, when the first Commissioner after reorganization was the venerable editor and legislator Roland F. Beasley of Union. The present Commissioner is Mrs. W. T. Bost.

The vestly important State Board of Health came into existence through legislation enacted in 1877 when the first Secretary was Dr. Thomas F. Wood of New Hanover County. It sprang from small beginnings, and came into fruition as the result of fifty years of labor on the part of Dr. Richard F. Lewis. He was succeeded by Dr. Watson Rankin, who resigned to accept the superintendency of the hospital and charities department of the Duke Foundation. The present highly efficient Commissioner is Dr. Carl V. Reynolds.

The Department of Conservation and Development came into existence by legislative enactment in 1925, and its first Secretary was Major Wade H. Phillips of Davidson County. Col. R. Bruce Etheridge took a leading part in the development of this Department.

The germ of the budget bureau will be found in the act of 1919; but it was not until 1925 that it really amounted to anything, but at that time, during the administration of Governor McLean, the Executive Budget Act was provided for and the Governor himself became the first Director, with Henry Burke as Assistant Director.

Control of the rates of common carriers was effected after a bitter and protracted legislative struggle, resulting in the passage in 1891 of an act establishing a Railroad Commission, of which Major James W. Wilson of Burke was the first chairman. Its name was changed to Corporation Commission in 1899, and the name of A. J. Maxwell will ever be identified with the work of this Commission. In 1933 its name was again changed to Public Utilities Commission, and still further changes were made by the act of 1941.

The State Historical Commission was created in 1903, the original members being William J. Peele (who also took a leading part in the establishment of State College); Rev. J. D. Hufham, F. A. Sondley, lawyer and research historian of Asheville; also Judge Richard Dillard of Edenton; and the scholarly Dr. Robert D. W. Connor, of the University. The present efficient Secretary is Dr. C. C. Crittenden.

The germ of the parole system came into being during the administration of Governor McLean, who created the office of Executive Counsel, with Judge N. A. Townsend, as the first such Counsel. The office of Commissioner of Pardons was created by the act of 1925, with the first Commissioner being Judge Hoyle Sink. The department was reorganized in 1935, and Edwin M. Gill became the first Commissioner of Paroles and won for himself a national reputation on that field. When he resigned to become Commissioner of Revenue, he was succeeded by the present incumbent, Hathaway Cross.

The highly important Department of Revenue came into existence as a tax commission, whose functions were transferred to the Department of Revenue by the act of 1921, when the astute legislator and politician Alston D. Watts of Iredell became the first Commissioner. When Watts resigned, he was succeeded by Governor Rufus A. Doughton, and he in turn by the venerable Allen J. Maxwell, who is now head of the new Department of Tax Research. The office was made appointive by the Governor under the act of 1929.

When I was a boy, the real contest in the State was not over the Governorship but over the election of State Printer, for that was where the real money was, and the election was by the legislature. Captain Samuel A. Ashe was a notable holder of this office, as was also our Uncle Josephus Daniels, this being the first office which he ever held. The office of Commissioner of Labor and Printing came into existence in 1899, with Wesley N. Jones of Wake County as the first Commissioner. A name which will be forever linked with this Department is that of Benjamin R. Lacy, who was later elected as State Treasurer. By the act of 1931 the present name of Department of Labor was assumed, and Forrest H. Shuford of Catawba is the present Commissioner.

As the result of the present global

war, no doubt many other State Departments will come into existence, and these may be made the subject of another article.

A STATESMAN FROM THE OZARKS

By Jacob Simpson Payton

They call Arkansas "The Wonder State." It boasts of the largest peach orchard, raspberry farm, sorghum mill, fish hatchery, vinegar plant and watermelons in the United States. It also takes pride in leading its sister states in the percentage of native Americans among its population, in having the only diamond mine within the nation's borders, and in having been the first state to elect a woman, Senator Hattie Carraway, to the Upper House. These are among the wonders of The Wonder State.

Shortly before Congress recessed for the summer the press of the United Nations, students of post-war problems and the public generally were hailing the latest wonder of Arkansas, Representative James William Fulbright of Fayetteville, who arrived on Capitol Hill last January. His sudden rise to international attention came with the introduction of the following resolution:

"Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), that the Congress hereby expresses itself as favoring the creation of appropriate international machinery with adequate power to establish and to maintain a just and lasting peace among the nations of the world and as favoring the participation by the United States therein."

Eager to learn more about the author of this much discussed bill, I interviewed him one day shortly before the adjournment of Congress. He appears boyish for his 38 years, and his physique indicates regular workouts in the House gymnasium. He showed his athletic prowess as right halfback on the eleven of his alma mater, the University of Arkansas, and as a number of the Cambridge-Oxford international Lacrosse team with which he toured the United States in 1926. As a Rhodes scholar he picked up a couple of degrees at Oxford, but not the accent. He still speaks with a mid-western drawl, and while he is something of a cosmopolite having spent a year in travel and study on the Continent in addition to his Oxford sojourn, he still insists that he is "only a boy from the country."

Mr. Fulbright not only has an enviable record as scholar and athlete, but he has had rather an extensive business and professional career. In 1923 upon the death of his father he assumed the management of his interests. Back in Fayetteville he is president of the Fulbright Investment Company, publishes a daily newspaper, and has numerous other business connections. In 1930 he came to the nation's capital, was graduated from the law school of George Washington University, returned to lecture in the University of Arkansas and served for two years as its president. When he arrived in Washington he was no stranger about town, for he had been

a special attorney in the Anti-Trust Division of the Department of Justice.

Mr. Fulbright is American to the core. He lives on a farm near Fayetteville where thoroughbred cattle are his pride. He is a member of the Disciples of Christ Church and spoke with emphasis of the influence of religion upon our national character. He would not exchange the ozone of the Ozarks, nor their beauty, for the breath of winds across an English meadow, or the glories of the Alps.

Asked how he got into politics, Mr. Fulbright smiled and said he had not even thought of it until one day Representative Clyde Ellis suggested that he succeed him. The fact that the novice in vote-getting carried all ten counties of the Third district attests to his popularity and to his ability as a campaigner. When a fledgling arrives in Congress he is supposed to assume the seen-and-not-head attitude of a child of the Victorian Age in the presence of its seniors. Mr. Fulbright sat mute during the ebb and flow of eloquence of the veterans until one day Congresswoman Clare Boothe Luce made her "globaloney" speech. The loveliness and the nimble wit of the lady from Connecticut seemed to awe all her collegues with the exception of the newcomer from Arkansas. When he had concluded his reply to her the House recognized that a man with ideas and courage had arrived from the Ozarks.

"Since you are lawyer, how did you ever manage to keep your bill so brief?" I asked. "Well, you see," he replied with a chuckle, "I'd been working on it for fifteen years." Reference was of course to the study he had given to political science during his Oxford days and ever since. The strength of the Fulbright resolution is in the breity and clarity. Although it consists of a single sentence of only fifty-one words, it actually outlines a foreign policy for the United States. It is a declaration of America's intention to co-operate with other nations in the establishment of machinery "with power adequate to establish and to maintain a just and lasting peace." Republicans and Democrats are almost unanimous on that broad but vital proposal, and unless a measure for post-war intenational collaboration can command bipartisan support it is in for rough going.

Furthermore, the Fulbright resolution is reduced to such simplicity as to give the tinkerers little to work on. Congress is so pestered with precisionists who are bent on minutely adjusting every bill, with lawyers with a mania for adding more words for clarification, and with extremists who prescribe more teeth for all legislation in the making, that often what is begun in the light is so darkened in its passage by picking up extraneous matter that when it arrives on the federal statute books the public can neither understand it nor the legislators explain it. Fortunately the pettifoggers can not find much to haggle over in a bill of fifty-one words.

Back in April Mr. Fulbright dropped his bill in the hopper of the congressional mill. It was only one of a score of others that deals with our foreign policy. House committees are not inclined to take seriously bills submitted by freshmen members. However, the Committee on Foreign Affairs, composed of thirteen Democrats and eleven Republicans, voted for it unanimously. Even Hamilton Fish, the

pre-war isolationist, approved. All seemed eager to get something down in black and white which would commit the United States to a policy of co-operation in maintaining world peace without blue printing a post-war program and which would neither infringe upon the powers of the executive branch nor the rights of the Senate which latter alone has treaty-making power. That very thing the single-sentence Fulbright resolution provides.

At present there is a general belief that the House will pass the bill. Of course the Senate and the House are not inclined to fall on each other's necks in transports of joy when either formulates a bright idea into a bill, and the grave senators are rather touchy on priority of legislation that deals with foreign affairs. The Ball-Burton-Hatch resolution has long been snagged in committee, beyond the power of its sponsors to dislodge. Its provisions while generally acceptable are more comprehensive, but it contains a section committing America to participate in an international armed force to preserve peace which arouses some fears.

It was interesting to listen while Mr. Fulbright discussed post-war problems as he envisions them. The end of hostilities will not usher in a day when Americans can throw their ration books into the air and start for the grocery store or on a tour of the battlefields. There will be vast call for relief and rehabilitation in war-improverished lands. There will be troublesome questions arising from allocating political control over disputed colonies, and everywhere will rest the burden of war debts, in some cases threatening national survival.

And a new world such as cosmographers never mapped will be open to nations competing for airways, landing field and installations, and for communications not to mention shipping and access to raw materials. And there will be the momentous problem of protecting the weak against a recurrence of exploitation by aggressor nations. For these and many more reasons Mr. Fulbright believes that the United States cannot stand aloof from the momentous problems that will confront the world when the guns cease firing, since their amicable solution alone will insure a just and lasting peace. And this foresight has led him to introduce and to press the passage of House Concurrent Resolution 25. And it has led many to believe that a statesmen from the Ozarks has arrived on Capitol Hill.

———:———

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And not about the sad ones.

—Selected.

PAST—PRESENT—FUTURE!

By Peter N. Hodgins

Slightly over eighteen months ago, on December 7, 1941 the most surprising, most disastrous, and most treacherous attack on the United States of America took place. Japanese war planes swooping out of a tranquil Sunday sky wreaked havoc, destruction and death to our armed forces at Pearl Harbor.

Whose lack of vigilance, or whose reckless indifference permitted that disaster is now a question for historians to establish and is of no immediate concern to our people. The men in command at the place visited by the Japanese horror have been removed from their former positions of trust, and will be dealt with in proper time and with exact justice.

The result of this insidious blow was terrific. Eight battleships, three cruisers, three destroyers, and four other lesser ships were sunk or badly disabled. One hundred and seventy-seven planes were destroyed and—worst of all—we lost 3,300 men. And the following day we were again attacked on the Philippine Island and at Guam.

The surprise of these attacks may be realized when we recall that for weeks and up to the very day of the attack, there was raging through the length and breadth of the land and in the Halls of Congress, fierce debates on the positive trend toward war. In fact, news of the attack caught Senator Nye, a noted anti-war advocate, in the midst of an anti-war speech he was then delivering.

Likewise, it caught the great American public with such stunning suddenness that we could scarcely believe the reports. Particularly was this the case, since at the very time of this devastating treachery there was waiting in Washington an Ambassador from Japan, supposedly come to discuss plans for a permanent peace between his nation and our United States.

The reaction of our people was, naturally, immediate and tremendous. All debate stopped like a runner striking a stone wall; all the anti-war factions in Congress were stymied in their stride; publications which had been preaching isolationism, and various organizations of citizens formerly opposing our entrance into hostilities, became silent or changed their fronts with lightning speed. Their false theory that "It could not happen to us" had been "knocked into a cocked hat."

On the very next day after the attack, the President read to the Congress a message asking for the declaration of war against Japan. Without debate the Senate voted unanimously for the declaration, and the House of Representatives had but one lone vote against it. That single vote was cast by a woman member who did not believe in war under any circumstances, and who placed her own personal desire above that of her constituency.

Later followed the declarations of war from Germany and Italy against the United States, and we were indeed within global conflict.

Unfortunately, as a nation, we were in a very unprepared condition. For years after World War I there had been constant and strong opposition to any further wars on European soil. We were just emerging from the great depression; men who long had been jobless farmers who likewise lost their homes were reduced to uncertain tenancy; small businesses had been destroyed; and the enormous debt entailed in figthing the war and the following period of reconstruction, were all factors in our mental attitude opposing future entanglement in war.

The Administration was accused of war-mongering when it repeatedly asked for preparedness. Isolationists in and out of Congress joined with the chronic haters of President Roosevelt and the "peace at any price" agitators, in fanatic appeals to the public to foreswear all war.

However, this clamor died over night between December 7th and December 8th, 1941, and the Nation became in spirit united for war but it was sadly disunited as to the manner of waging the war.

On the one hand we had advocates of only continental defense and no foreign expeditions, and on the other hand the proponents of immediate attack on the German strongholds of Europe. Both of these schools of thought were, of course, inspired by their emotions instead of their minds as guides to action.

However, in the present instance our war-weary people, disillusioned by the facts of past experience, have taken the calmer and by far the better stand of approaching the task with judgment and deliberation.

Quite naturally, a small minority even yet from sheer selfishness oppose the efforts to mobilize the Nation, to raise a huge army, to build a two-ocean navy, and to curtail civilian consumption of war-needed goods. Furthermore , there were members of Congress who saw in the war merely a good chance "to play politics," and kept their ears so close to the ground that the grasshoppers of greed got in and shut out the real voice of the people from their normal hearing.

At first every thing went against us. We lost the island bases of Guam, Midway and Wake, and later we were overpowered throughout the Philippines, after much heroic fighting.

A vast area of Russian territory had been seized by the apparently invincible German forces, and they were battering their way to Stalingard—another vital city in that domain.

Our scant naval force, together with certain British and Dutch warships, gave battle to the powerful Japanses air and naval forces in the Java Sea, and were almost entirely destroyed.

The loss of the Malay Peninsula, Singapore, the Dutch East Indies, and Burma were likewise terrific blasts to Allied hopes, and India being thereby seriously menaced seethed with internal discord.

In Africa, Rommel was driving the British armies from Tobruk to El Alamein, threatening to capture Alexandria, the Suez Canal and all the Near East, and to make a juncture with the forces of Japan. Such a combination would have been an almost fatal blow to Allied hopes for victory.

Yes, we were actually losing the war. We were being defeated on every front, and still having dissen-

sion and quibbling at home with no proper conception of just what all-out global war really meant.

However, some progress was actually being made. Our production of all equipment for war was swelling; our armed forces were growing by leaps and bounds; the shipbuilding program was succeeding; we were salvaging the wrecks at Pearl Harbor and returning them to the fleet in better condition than they were before the attack.

The great problem of the rationing of food and civilian goods was being worked out, and although there has been considerable grumbling and gripping, we all realize that such is an American characteristic developed from many years of Liberty.

Later, now, the pictures of the battle-fronts have been growing much brighter. The Rommel horde in Africa has now been completely wiped out or captured. The indomitable Russians have thrown back the Nazis from Stalingrad and apparently have them at least stalemated in all sectors. Our armed forces in the Pacific are gradually but surely gaining the upper hand on the Japanese. The submarine menace is quite apparently being overcome. The Allied forces now control the Mediterranean, and the probability of a later invasion of Europe on a vast scale seems much brighter.

However, internal troubles at home are our most serious obstacles. Such disgraceful and traitorous tactics as industrial and coal strikes; racial riots; such shameless affairs as greedy manufacturers supplying inferior material to our shipbuilders; and the general "how much can I make out of it" procedure being carried on by many of our producers, merchants, and citizens in all walks of life.

Yes, all these must be overcome, or the various elements of Greed will destroy our God-given power to win this war and to preserve our ideal national life! Therefore, in the final analysis it is up to us—we, the people—to conquer those Nazis, Fascists, and Japs who seek to overcome us—BUT WE MUST CONQUER OURSELVES FIRST!

———:———

CANT AND WILL

Two little men stood looking at a hill;
One was named Cant, and one was named Will.
Cant said, "I never in the world can climb this hill."
So there he is, at the bottom of it still.
Will said, "I'll get to the top, because I will."
And there he is now, at the top of the hill.
Two little men are living by a hill;
At the bottom is Cant, at the top is Will.

—From "The Cheerful Letter."

HEROD AND HITLER

By Rabbi H. Geffen, in Masonic News

There is a remarkable similiarity between Herod and Hitler. Both of them were strangers to the nations over which they ruled. Both of them possessed fantistic ambitions by exercising bestiality, murdering and forging their ways to power. Both of them gangsterously ruled their countries.

Hitler, before he came to power in Germany, took out Prussian citizens' papers because he was an Austrian subject, a corporal in the Austrian army in the first World War, and a plain house painter and paper hanger.

Herod, 2000 years ago ruled Israel, although he was not of the Jewish race, nor even a descendant of the tribes of Israel, for he was an Edomite slave. Yet, like Hitler, with his ambiguity, after a bitter civil war and frantricide struggle, with the craftiness of a fox, Herod obtained the throne of the land of Judea, and from an Edomite slave he turned a Roman slave for Rome helped him to get the power over Judea.

He also, like Hitler, killed the best men of Jerusalem and stripped everybody of all their possessions.

Like Hitler, he murdered his best friends, even if his suspicious on their behalf was unjustified.

There is a wonderful analogy between those two tyrants. Herod, through the influence and ability of conquering the world, obtained the entire government of Judea, and thus got possession of the whole country. Hitler, however, intends to conquer the whole globe.

Herod lived a tragic life and died an awful death, so denominated on account of the number and magnitude of his crimes, as to throw all other real and ficticious tragedies into the shade. He ordered to be slain his beautiful wife, Mariame, his sons and all his relatives. Likewise Hitler, not having a wife and children, tortured thousands of his nearest devoted friends.

But we do not know whether conscience and remorse seized Hitler, as it is a fact that it seized Herod. Because it is recorded that from the moment of the execution of Mariame, Herod never had one tranquil hour; and in order to shut his crimes out of his memory, he plunged into scenes of the wildest dissipation. Neither society nor solitude could yield tranquility to his troubled mind. Who can say that Hitler does not suffer with such untranquilities to his troubled mind sometimes?

We are told by historians that in the city of Jerusalem Herod built a magnificant theatre and amphitheatre in which he celebrated games in honor of Caeser Augustus and set image of idols around them in commemoration of the emperor's victories. These were regarded by the Jews as a profanation tending to idolatry; their complaints he suppressed by acts of unheard of cruelty.

The same we mark in Hitler's regime. He re-established a new Teutonicheathen religion; persecutes all the Protestants, Catholics, Jews, Masons and in particular the main teachings and virtures of Christianity and Judaism. He is torturing to death in concentration camps the repre-

sentatives of the clergy of the Protestant church.

Thus, the cup of Herod's iniquity was rapidly filling up. The calamities which befell him, joined to a guilty conscious, preyed heavily upon a constitution already enervated by dissipation and the wretched monarch was thown into a mortal disease.

A premature report of his death caused a tumult in Jerusalem, which resulted in the destruction of a Roman eagle which he had placed over the gate of the Temple. Herod had the perpetrators of this act seized and put to death. He also ordered his son, Antipater, to be executed in prison.

To perpetrate, if possible, a still greater crime than all the rest, as the last of which he could be guilty, he had the most distinguished persons among the Jews taken to Jericho and confined in the hippodrome or cicus and gave strict orders to his sister, Salome, that they should all be massacred at the moment of his death. This cruel order was not carried into execution. On the contrary, the moment of his death was made the signal of their release.

Regardless of the fact that a period of 2000 years divides the existence of those two cruelest of tyrants, yet they favor each other in their inhumanity, pitilessness and bloodthirstiness. The only difference between the two is that Herod, at least, was sometime overcome with conscience—remorse about his acts. While we do not yet know that the same thing happens to Hitler, it may be that we will at some time in the future. We see now only that he has no regard for the human lives of millions of peoples, which he is cutting off unceasingly.

THE GLASS HOUSES OF TOMORROW

By Dr. Henry Louis Smith.

Housebuilding is one of the oldest and most important of all human occupations and is steadily advancing. Our modern "sky-scrapers," in size, height, complexity, and costliness, excel anything ever dreamed of in past ages. But in the matter of building materials our progressive age is still using the same old materials, short-lived wood, massive and ugly brick, brittle and unworkable granite, and modern cement. Each of these has many defects and not one of them can give us a permanent and attractive outer surface even when painted or glazed.

Inventive genius and creative chemistry have now devised a building block of glass far excelling brick, stone, or cement, and of course far better than fragile and combustible wood. The universal adoption of this new building material will give our children and grandchildren houses of every type from cottage and cathedrals far more quikly built, more beautiful to look at, far more easily heated in winter and cooled in summer, and less subject to injury or decay than the houses of yesterday and today.

Modern chemistry can now make glass by the ton from ordinary vegetable matter like a pile of cordwood.

This new form of glass is not brittle, can easily be nailed or screwed, and will never rot, rust, decay, or change color with age. Such an ideal building will also be so light as not to require such costly foundations as brick or stone or cement.

This glass is cast in large hollow cup-like blocks as large as desired. They are then fused together at their edges, with the hollow cavities facing each other, thus forming a large hollow building-block of any size desired. The fierce heat of the fusion, expanding and drying the enclosed air, makes each building block a semi-vacuum. The ultramodern glass glue now used makes the two blocks really one, about as light as a wooden block. In building a wall or partition the same kind of glue is used.

Their extreme lightness and strength make transportation, storing, and handling far less expensive than in the case of brick or stone, and the partial vacuum within makes such a wall far more resistant to the passage of heat or cold, making such a house much less expensive to air-cool in summer and heat in winter.

Another advantage is that the glass of these inner or outer walls may be made of any color or shade of color desired, and neither age nor weather can ever dim the luster, alter the color, or mar the surface of such walls. The entire ease of cleaning is another advantage, saving much cost and trouble. Both interior and exterior walls, partitions, and floors of this material may be thoroughly cleaned and restored to their original appearance by rubbing with a wet sponge or spraying with a hose.

More remarkable still, giving a varied excellence no other building material con imitate, is the ease of making such blocks either opaque like stone, translucent, or any kind and degree of transparency. Also by ribbing the interior surfaces direct sunlight may be diffused into daylight all over any interior room or apartment. For such interiors as sitting-rooms, reading-rooms, play-rooms, and all sorts of auditoriums and public halls, such walls can be adjusted to give just the illumination desired over the whole interior. Rooms can thus be lighted perfectly whether facing north or south.

———:———

Our lives are songs; God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure;
And the song grows glad, or sweet or sad
As we choose to fashion the measure
We must write the music, whatever the song,
Whatever its rhyme to meter;
And if it is sad, we can make it glad,
Or if sweet, we can make it sweeter.

—Selected.

PERPETUAL MOTION

(Word and Way)

We were interested in reading recently, in a magazine devoted to the jewelry trade, the story of a newfangled clock. It can be seen in a jewelry store in Colorado Springs. It was made in Switzerland. It is entirely encased in glass. The balance wheel makes only one revolution a minute instead of the usual five a second. The makers assert that, with proper care, it should be capable of running 500 years—and it requires no care. It runs itself for, each time the barometer goes up a centigrade—or down one—the chance of air pressure winds a spring that gives the clock five days of driving energy.

For example, when the barometer goes down, indicating the approach of stormy weather, the air pressure winds the clock. When it goes up, indicating the coming of fair weather, the clock is again wound. And so, on and on and on.

We recall the story the later senior editor often told about a man living on a farm, as we recall, out from Macon, Mo. We have no desire, in locating this man near Macon, either to credit Macon with a genius or to charge that good community with harboring a crackpot. The fact is, it may not have been Macon at all.

Anyway, after a church service the senior editor was invited out into the country for dinner. After dinner, he was escorted out to the barn. There, was revealed what was described as the strangest, most fantastic machine ever beheld by the human eye. There were levers and pulleys and wheels and cogs and springs.

"There it is," said the editor's host, "the one and only perpetual motion machine ever made."

"Wonderful, isn't it?" remarked the editor.

"Yes, it will run forever," continued the other. "But there's only one thing wrong. I can't get the blooming thing to start."

"That's too bad," said the editor as they walked back to the house.

Well, it appears that the Swiss clockmaker has solved the problem. He has a clock that not only will run forever but will start, as well.

Our only fear is that in this day of scientific miracles, somebody will invent a way to control the weather. The barometer then will neither go up nor down. And our famous clock will stop.

Today's triumphs often become tomorrow's catastrophies.

———:———

Of all the arts, great music is the art to raise the soul above earthly storms.—Leland.

BOYS BECOME FORESTERS

(The State)

On Beaverdam Creek about three miles from Canton, North Carolina, is a forest owned by this little town of 5,117 inhabitants. The densely wooded hillsides of which the community has every right to be proud, is now a thing of beauty, out of what, twenty years ago, was an ugly, cut-over, and abandoned mountain area. The forest also serves a practical purpose. It covers the municipal watershed of 500 acres and assures the town of an even flow of pure water. Reforestation has doubled the water supply in the past nineteen years so that the developing of a second source of water, thought necessary ten years ago, is no longer important. In the process of reforesation man has aided nature. "Man" in this case has consisted of upwards of 2,000 high school boys who, through doing the job, have developed and intelligent interest in forestry.

Canton is a paper-mill town. Almost the entire thought and energy of the community are directed toward turning trees into paper. Although the mill is located close to its source of supply in the midst of the heavily wooded mountains of western North Carolina, even here man, with the help of machines, can use up timber at a much more rapid rate than nature can replace it.

A community which has an adequate immediate income from industry dependent on its forests must be far-sighted, indeed, to plan for the future when the supply will no longer meet the need. The schools of Canton have seen their responsibility in creating an awareness of the need and an interest in replenishing the supply. The Champion Paper and Fiber Company has fostered wise cutting practices throughout its existence in the area. It has also recognized the importance of continuous replanting and has furnished thousands of seedlings from its own nurseries.

In 1926 an official of the company urged the Superintendent of the local schools to use his high school boys for planting trees on the municipal watershed. The Superintendent, an ardent conservationist, saw an opportunity for educating by doing. Stimulating talks by members of the U. S. Forest Service, officials of the paper company, and the Superintendent resulted in an enthusiastic response from the students. On Arbor Day of that same year about fifty boys, after careful preliminary instruction, went out with the Superintendent to plant the first 3,000 trees. Three-year-old seedlings—white pine, red pine, Scotch pine, and Norway spruce—were supplied from the nurseries of the mill. These seedlings, planted at five-foot intervals, have now attained a length of 40 feet, and are so dense that present plantings are being made at eight-foot intervals.

The tree planting became an annual

event. In all, more than 35,000 have been planted and almost every one has flourished. One year, more than 100 seniors planted approximately 6,000 seedlings as part of a reforestation celebration. Plans are being made to extend the area to make room for 25,000 more trees. The number of volunteers among the students has increased beyond the ability of the Superintendent to get trained supervision. Recently, therefore, participation has been limited to Boy Scouts. They receive careful instruction before being allowed to go out on a planting expedition, are supervised by persons trained in forestry during the planting, and receive well earned credit toward Merit Badges in Woodcraft.

The Superintendent says his motive was not the planting of a municipal forest, worthy though he feels this to be. He hoped through the education involved in the process to develop an interest which would carry over to replanting at home. He can point to tangible evidence of the achievement of this purpose. Black locusts, poplars, and pines have been planted on poor, cut-over land throughout the county. There have, he points out, been other influences, such as the TVA, at work in the area, but the pride the boys feel in their forest indicates that the school project deserves a large share of the credit. Every boy who has been a part of the planting expedition seems to retain his interest. Soldiers home on leave ask about their trees. One man, now employed by a film company in Colorado, recently wrote to ask, "What's becoming of those trees we planted?"

Personal pride in their forest has made good fire-fighters of many of the boys. One year, when 17,000 acres burned "up the river," they fought valiantly. Fire actually broke out on the watershed, but they saved ever single one of the 35,000 community trees. This experience has made the Superintendent feel that older high school students might furnish a fine fire-protection organization. They study fire prevention; they learn what to do in case of fire, and, during the school day, they are all together with transportation on hand so that immediate action would be possible. If the Ranger at Green Knob should ask for fifty men, he could have them in twenty minutes. Moreover, they would have a knowledge of the area from preliminary study maps and plans. This organization, however, is in the future.

The replanting is an accomplished fact. The project serves as a demonstration forest for high school students and other citizens. It is a matter of civic pride and worthwhile community planning in which youth has an important part. Moreover, it is already paying dividends in a good water supply and increased home planting; and it is building future security in the form of good timber crops.

THE FIGHTING SOUTH IS A WORLD-MINDED SOUTH

(N. C. Cristian Advocate)

A coral finger dipped in blue—pointing the Gulf Stream to its place in the Atlantic—pointing North America to South America. That is Florida. It points the South to the wide world.

The South, I believe, will accept the direction. Many of the same factors of history, temper, geography and economy that made the Southern States more responsive than any others to the war's challenge in fateful days before Pearl Harbor promise that these states may lead the nation in world-mindedness after war and in Pan-Americanism and Anglo-Americanism as the right nucleus for that mindedness.

No other states are quite so much akin to England. No other blood is so largely Anglo-Saxon. No other region has engaged so long in constant great business with Englishmen as have Southern growers of cotton and tobacco. Nowhere else in America do Englishmen find themselves so much at home, understand so well the language, temper and point of view. And thousands of Royal Air Force lads, training in Southern states for their parts in this war, have been reminders of grandfathers in England who took the South's part once in a war between these states. If, as Mr. Walter Lippmann seems to be suggesting in his recently published U. S. Foreign Policy, England and America must make world organization succeed after this war by being its nucleus and its dominant combination, the English affinities of the Southern States should do much to make the combining more than political. The very real ties and interests that bind England and America are most real in the South. The Gulf Stream which Florida's finger points to the Atlantic is pointed to a great mission—the mission of keeping British Isles warm with a current from Dixie.

Nor are any other of the United States so close to Pan-America. When you look at a map of half-America—the northern half—the South is only a shank. But when the map is of the whole Hemisphere, the South is a heart—and a front porch. Its latitudes make it the stopping off place between Alaska and Cape Horn, the perfect base from which Admiral Byrds of the future may go out and discover the North Pole and the South Pole. And its latitudes of blood and temper make it the place where Bostonians may get their spiritual passports to Brazil, and Brazilians their's to Boston. Only in the South is there both Latin blood and Scotch-Irish-Anglo-Saxon, with histories, traditions and tempers to match. Only in the South is there the exact temperture in which the greatest number of Hemispherical Northern-

ers and Southerners can feel most at home with each other and in common tune with existence. Only in the South, too, is there shore line and level plain enough to center the vast traffic of sea and air that is destined to make Pan-America a fact when the war is won. Only in the South is industry advanced just enough in comparison with agriculture to make for best kinship with industrial North America and argicultural South America.

The twin policies of Pan-Americanism which are indicated for the United States in years to come will not be appearing for the first time as twins. They were born twins. The Monroe Doctrine which was pronounced in 1823 and which was Pan-Americanism's first and mightiest expression was not a doctrine of the United States alone. It was an Anglo-American doctrine, as Mr. Lippmann has pointed out in his new book. "This momentous engagement," he says, "was taken by President Monroe after he had consulted Madison and Jefferson. They approved it only after Canning, the British Foreign Secretary, had assured the American Minister, Richard Rush, that Britain and the British Navy would support the United States. For the Founding Fathers understood the realities of foreign policy too well to make commitments without having first made certain they had the means to support them. They knew, as John Quincy Adams put it, that at that time the naval power of the United States was to that of Great Britian 'as a cockboat in the wake of the British man-of-war.' The two governments came very near to making a joint declaration (of the Monore Doctrine)." It was with Britian, therefore, that the United States ventured upon its greatest foreign policy of the nineteenth century—Pan-Americanism. It will be with Britian and Pan-America that the United States goes into the post-war world and assumes its twentieth century responsibility for keeping the peace. And the Southern States are closest cousins to both. The same loves for England and geographies for South and Central America that made the South willing to fight this war direct the South now to the internationalism that will make the peace.

There is, too, the man from Staunton, the "pale, lean scholar," who came out of Virginia to the White House and the world's greatest stage. Woodrow Wilson was the South's man. He may have acquired elsewhere his intellectual habits and conclusions but it was from Scotch-Irish generations in the South that he had the passion and crusade he put into his world-mindedness. His name leads all other ones of this century in Southern esteem. It argues interationalism for a region whose very circumstance makes the same argument.

He who sings, harbors no evil thoughts.—Yugoslav Proverb.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys are ceiling Cottage No. 1, basement with sheet rock.

—:—

"Sundown" was the chief attraction at the regular motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night.

—:—

Mr. Leon Godown, instructor of the printing class, is spending his vacation at his home in New Jersey.

—:—

We have recently purchased five bales of cotton that will be used to make sheeting and shirting in our textile unit.

—:—

Mr. J. E. Adams, a former staff member of the School is visiting his brother, Mr. T. R. Adams at the Receiving Cottage.

—:—

Dr. King, the School physician, with his family, Mrs. King and daughter, are spending a week at Virginia Beach, the quests of Mr. N. G. Norfleet.

—:—

We are watching with interest the increase in our herd of Hereford cattle. If nothing unforseen happens we will soon be supplying the tables with beef grown here. The increase of young claves is satisfactory, they are beauties.

—:—

The officials of thes Stonewall Jackson Training School appreciate letters from old friends. Last week a letter was received from Mr. J. E. Latham, Greensboro, a former trustee of the institution. He referred to the time he served as trustee of the School and despite the fact he is not physically able to do active work his interest is the same for the boys who are often forgotten. Mr. Latham is a subscribter to "The Uplift" and in this way keeps in contact with the program of activities in the Jackson Training School.

—:—

BASE BALL

By Willford Seegers, Reporter

The last game of the three-game play-off series, between the Receiving Cottage and Cottage No. 10, was started at 2:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon. Boys and officers of various cottages was there to see the game.

This is the first game Bill Young has lost this year. Bill was a little wild last Saturday. The lads of the Receiving Cottage said last week they were going to "pin his ears back" and end the series and they did it. When Bill saw it in "The Uplift" he said that was a joke and laughed. But Bill did not have much to say after

the game Saturday. When one of the players got up to the bat a player on the side line would say "if you don't hit it I will." That was a good spirit to have. The score as follows means what each player did. W is a walk, Ab is at bat, R is the runs he made, H is the hits, O is the outs he made himself, E is the errors.

TENTH COTTAGE

	pos	W	Ab	R	H	O	E
Woodard	2b	0	3	0	0	3	1
Carswell	Lf	0	3	0	0	3	0
Lowman	C	0	3	0	1	2	0
Young	P	1	3	0	0	2	0
Moses	Cf	1	3	0	0	2	1
Kincaid	1b	1	3	0	1	1	1
Barnes	Rf	0	3	0	0	3	0
Stubbs	Ss	0	3	0	0	3	1
Jones	3b	0	3	0	1	2	2
Total		3	27	0	3	21	6

RECEIVING COTTAGE

	pos	W	Ab	R	H	O	E
Finley	C	1	3	2	2	1	0
Jolly	P	0	3	2	2	1	0
Seymour	1b	0	3	0	1	2	0
Shehan	2b	0	3	0	0	3	0
Mont.	3b	1	3	1	0	2	0
Bullard	Ss	0	3	0	0	3	0
Davis	Lf	0	3	0	1	2	1
Wilson	Cf	2	3	1	0	1	0
Ruff	Rf	0	3	0	0	3	0
Total		4	27	6	6	18	1

Jolly struck out 4, Young struck out 7, Umpire Mr. S. G. Hawfield.

—:—

For the services at the Training School on Sunday afternoon, September 5, we were fortunate to have Rev. C. C. Herbert, pastor of the Forest Hill Methodist church in Concord. The boys are always delighted to have Mr. Herbert visit the School. He makes an excellent talk to the boys and they seem to have a deep devotion towards him. Mr. Herbert used as his text a selection from John's Gospel, Chapter XLII, Verse 35—"Ye are my disciples if you have love one to another." Mr. Herbert explained that in a chemistry laboratory many kinds of test are made. He explained that a piece of blue litmus paper in an acid solution would turn red and also that when the same paper is put in alkaline solution, it becomes blue again.

He explained that the sure test of a Christian is whether or not a person loves his fellow men. The speaker then explained that one who really loves his fellow men is always tolerant and friendly towards others. Once when the disciples saw a man casting out devils they complained to Jesus because he was not one of their followers. Jesus, however, said that he found no fault with him so long as he was doing good and casting out devils. He explained that it was John Wesley's policy to extend the hand of encouragement to one whose heart is as his heart was. His theory was to think and let others think.

The speaker reminded the boys of the fact that Christ in his anger, at one time, drove the money changers out of the temple with bitter lashing

when they were doing evil in the temple. In other words, he was always intolerent of evil.

He related the instance of when Louis Pasteur, when passing by a blacksmith's shop, heard a man wailing in desperate suffering. He found that this man had been bitten by a mad dog and his friends were searing his wound with hot iron to destroy the poison. As a boy, Pasteur, resolved that he would fine a better way to treat rabies. After many years of work and investigation the Pasteur remedy was found. Frequently his friends ridiculed his work but he was steadfast in his purpose.

Mr. Herbert then told of how a young boy, crippled by an accident, had learned to make an impression on people by doing mean things. In early boyhood the boy had been a very fine and obedient child. After he was crippled, he lost his balance of good judgement. The boy was treated and was relieved of his physical handicap and then he again became a fine upright boy. In this story, he illustrated the need for understanding and tolerence. He advised the boys to always look for the good in others and he told the fable of the time when Christ went into a town and saw a curious crowd assembled about an object. It developed that a dog had lost its life. Some said that the dog was ugly, some said that he had probably been killed for stealing, some said that they could not even use his hide to make shoes, and some said that the odor was terrible, but when Christ looked at him, he said "pearls do not exceed the whiteness of its teeth." Thus, when all others found something about which to complain, Jesus found something good.

His final advice to the boys was to have an attitude of love towards others and to always be friendly and tolerant.

---:---

Put away the habit of fault finding. See the noble and true in your neighbors and friends instead of magnifying their weaknesses and imperfections. Look not for the "contradictions" in the Bible, but for the great and eternal truths that are to be found in this storehouse of truth and wisdom. Learn to admire poems of grandeur and eloquence. Go out into the green pastures of the World of God and walk in contentment beside its still waters. But stop being a growler.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending September 5, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Earnest Bullard
Raymond Davis
Donald Jolly
Ira Montgomery
Weaver Ruff
Malcom Seymour
Richard Shehan
Rodney Starnes

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Thomas Barnes
Richard Billings
Roland Brooks
Donald Carland
George Cox
Marion Cox
Harold McKinney
Leonard Roberson
Willford Richard Seegers
Pete Tuttle
John Franks
Rufus Massingill
Lee Turner
Marshall Prestwood
John McLean
Velda Denning

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Everette Bowden
Hugh Cornwell
Donald Daniels
Milton Talley
Marvin Bradley
Robert Goldsmith

COTTAGE NO. 4

James Brigman
Elbert Brown
R. C. Combs
Billy Davis
Frank Fargis
Harry Lewis
Raiford Medlin
L. B. Sawyer
Edgar Shell
Jerry Talbert
Walter Thomas
Carl Willis
Martin Walters
Ervin Wolf
Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 5

Randolph Ammons
Clyde Billings
Buch Corn
William Gentry
Earl Harris
W. C. James
William Peninger
Truby Ricks
Everett Stamey
William Stallings
Wesley Turner
William Wilkerson
Jerry Ray

COTTAGE NO. 6

Eugene Bowers
Kenneth Caldwell
Charlton Cox
Douglas Daniels
Ralph Gibson
Donald Griffie
Everett Gallion
Jack Hensley
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
Stanford McLean
Hayes Powell
Joseph Turner

COTTAGE NO. 7

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 8

Homer Johnson
R. D. McCury
Eugene White

COTTAGE NO. 9

Herbert Branch
Riley Denning
Edward Guffey
John Hill
Windy Jones
Albert Newton
Robert Owens

Leon Rose
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

Paul Alphine
William Butler
Fred Carswell
E. C. Stamey
Charles Tate

COTTAGE NO. 11

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Ernest Davis
Eugene Graham
Dexter Goard
Rudy Hardy
Emerson Sawyer
William Schoppel
Dillard Shelton

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Robert Caudle
Robert Hobert
Joseph McKinney
Robert Moose
John Pritchard
Paul Stone
Jack Gentry
Wallace Foster

COTTAGE NO. 15

James Cantrell
Burley Edmondson
Hugh Roberts
Orlen Wishon

INDIAN COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll

INFIRMARY

(No Honor Roll)

———:———

TODAY

Today is mine—to use as I see fit. It will not come to me again; I must use it now or it is lost to me forever.

Tomorrow belongs to the future. I cheat myself if I attempt to mortgage it for the time I waste today. Today only is mine.

Today is fleeting; it will not wait my pleasure. Seconds run to minutes, minutes to hours—and there is much to do.

But today is mine—and only I can rob myself of it. Today is my opportunity, for I am strong and my heart is light.

Tomorrow belongs to the future—I depend not upon it. Today is sufficient—for it is Oportunity.

—Selected.

329

SEP 17 1949

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT
(Orange County)

Carolina Collection
C. Library

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., No. 38

A TIME FOR SACRIFICE

This is a time when sacrifice
Becomes a privilege of the free;
Yet little we can pay on this
Indebtedness to Liberty:
A few undaunted days from years
That gloriously have touched our lives;
Our sweat and blood, Our faith and tears
To know that freedom still survives
For generations yet to be!

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS A CAROLINA LAND OWNER	By Dr. Henderson	8
SO YOU CAN'T SLEEP	(The Sanatorium Sun)	14
FIVE PRESIDENTS VISITED WILMINGTON	By Doris Goerch	18
SUFFERING CONQUERS	By Dr. C. C. Earle	22
HOME OF LEE, WASHINGTON SAME VICINITY	(Richmond Times-Dispatch)	24
INSTITUTION NOTES		26
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

MODESTY

Who can estimate the value of a modest woman? She is worth more than rubies or diamonds for the value of the home centers in her. Her sweetheart can love her with confidence and her husband can build around her all the wealth of the most valuable thing in this world—a Christian home.

A modest woman dresses with propriety and consistent taste and makes her main adornment pure, noble and good works. She avoids all sorts of dress and conduct which would stir evil thoughts or detract to the least extent from the highest regard of the noblest, purest minded observer. There is no influence that for strength and helpfulness can be compared to association with a lovely, modest woman.

When the Christian home is gone, all that is worthwhile will be lost. It will be gone when modesty is surrendered. The time has come in this country when in the relations of life, at home, on the street, in public places, everywhere, the priceless quality of modesty should be magnified so as to rule in the acquirement of beautiful character and the proper estimate of women wherever seen.—Baptist Standard.

FEDERAL AID TO PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Federal aid for the public school began under the ordinance of 1785 with the establishment of land grants to certain States for public schools. Those grants to the 30 States which were established from the public domain totaled about 121,130 square miles, an area three times the size of Ohio. The proceeds of these land sales constituted, by terms of the grants in most instances, permanent State school funds, only the income of which could be expended for the current needs of the schools.

A number of other grants have been made to the States for public schools and grants have been made which were not especially for

schools, but they have been allotted in part at least by the States to education. Some of these grants have been outright money grants to each and every State; some have been additional lands to certain States; whereas others have been percentage grants to those States within whose boundaries are situated income-producing natural resources of the Federal Government.—State School Facts.

* * * * * * * *

DEATH OF MR. CLAY BLACKWELDER

After a lingering illness of about five years, C. A. Blackwelder, a well known citizen of the city of Concord, died September 4, at the Cabarrus hospital. Mr. Blackwelder was a master mechanic and was recognized for his efficiency in every detail of work, and his fairness in his dealings with his customers. When Mr. Blackwelder was physically strong he did much work at the Jackson Training School. When a break of any kind would occur that required an expert mechanic he was sent for.

It was not unusual to hear someone say when there was a break in the print shop or the furnace room: "Send for Mr. Clay, he can pull us out of the hole." He was a man of strong convictions, and when once taking a stand for that which he thought was right, was unswerving in his viewpoint. He was a fine friend, a good neighbor, and during his illness he always greeted his friends with a warmth of feeling that was indicative of the hospitality in his home expressed by both him and his wife.

It has been said that when a man loves children there is the never dying spark of love that sweetens the life of anyone, and Mr. Blackwelder was never happier than when the young people of the neighborhood visited him. He loved children and they loved him. He possessed the happy faculty of rejoicing with them in their sports, and sympathized deeply with them in their misfortunes.

Last, but not least, the story of his fine thoughts and consideration for the unfortunate youths of the state was expressed in his will wherein he remembered different churches and orphanages and the Stonewall Jackson Training School. The Blackwelder estate was left to his widow Mrs. Laura Goodman Blackwelder, without

restrictions and at her death the porperty will be divided according to his will.

The Stonewall Jackson Training School takes this opportunity to express sympathy to Mrs. Blackwelder and other close relatives.

* * * * * * * *

DON'T FORGET TO MAIL LETTERS TO SOLDIER BOYS

The men in every branch of service, let it be the army, navy, or air, are looking for letters or packages Christmas from the folks back home. Then men and women are a long way from their homes. therefore, the date, September 15, has been emphaized for mailing letters or parcels if there is an assurance of delivery. The custom of sending greetings and gifts during the Christmas season, the most blessed of all anniversaries is practised at home, and there is a let-down feeling when one is forgotten. The woe-begone feeling is at any season of the year hard to overcome, but it bears down more heavily at Christmas and especially so when removed from loved ones. Christmas is the season of good cheer, so it is imperative we remember the date, September 15, and send greetings to those on the far-flung battle fields. A message of cheer, expressing the spirit of the season, is a small contribution to those who in the midst of turmoil and confusion are fighting courageously for a righteous cause—freedom from fear and want. If unavoidable circumstances delay letter writing prior to September 15th write there after, and especially to some one in the service who has neither kith nor kin, for a thoughtful and sweet message is appreciated at any time.

* * * * * * * *

FALL WEATHER

We are feeling the sudden change in the weather—from an extremely hot wave to a cooler atmosphere that makes one shiver and look for warmer clothing.

The Cone swimming pool is not so attractive to the boys at this time, but instead we find them huddled in groups in the warm sunshine. It is quite noticeable also other groups of boys exercise on the altheletic fields, playing football, and pitching horse shoes. It will not be long if the weather continues cool before starting

fires and giving out winter clothing to our students.

However, despite the sudden change in the temperature, the entire personal of this intitution feels invigarated and is enjoying the cooler weather.

* * * * * * * *

A NEWSPAPER EDUCATION

Will Rogers' celebrated saying "All I know is what I read in the papers," was not a confession of ignorance, but rather an indication of wisdom. The American press is the greatest single educational influence in America. It works with the public system to make the American nation an intelligent, free thinking people. Without a free press the school system could not remain free. The press clears the ground for every new enterprise, every advancement. It sways public opinion as nothing else can do. But its value is that it has remained free. Attempts to buy the press have met with failure. The American newspaper is founded on the doctrine of printing the truth, of giving a true picture of what is happening in the world. Anyone who reads the newspapers has a practical education for they touch every known subject.—Morganton News-Herald.

* * * * * * * *

HEALTH OF THE DICTATORS

The most convincing evidence of the course the war in Europe is taking is found in the health of Mussolini and Hitler. They are both reported in rapidly declining health. The Charlotte Observer sees it this way:

Hitler's health is getting bad.

His doctors are uneasy about him. He has no color in his cheeks, no luster in his eye. He mopes around as if he had the roup. Appears not to be much interested in current events.

So Berlin reports would have us believe, and doubtless, with some basis of validity.

Mussolini is sick, too.

He has long had an organic ailment—caught it when a youth and it has hung on through his adult life.

It's been getting worse lately. His projecting chin tends to recede. His eyes are heavily surrounded with bags. His muscles are flabby and his step is uncertain.—Exchange.

* * * * * * * * *

TWO BIRTHDAYS

August 15th is the birthday of the Panama Canal while August 14 is the anniversary of the Atlantic Charter and both significant dates. The Panama Canal links the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans as an understanding of benefit to all. The Panama Canal was a 400 year old dream that became a reality. The Charter is the dream always, however the wording or the name, of men who have lived through wars and desire peace. The Panama Canal is considered a vital spot in the preservation of the nation while the Atlantic Charter suggests a way to preserve a world. The Four Freedoms are still but one freedom with four names. There were idealists who dreamed a dream where they thought in terms of such an engineering feat that boats would not have to sail around Cape Horn in order to go from one ocean to the other. So is man named an idealist perhaps as he hopes for a world brotherhood, an understanding, a belief that peace is possible for free men.—Mooresville Enterprise.

GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS A CAROLINA LAND OWNER

By Dr. Archibald Henderson

As part of my duties in the capacity of official, in connection with the George Washington Bicentennial celebration, I have spent much time and research in unearthing the letters and documents and publications which exhibit Washington's connections of various sorts, personal, official and business, with North Carolina. This is an almost virgin field; for little or nothing of value has been written on the subject.

In the present series, I shall exhibit these connections in detail. The record, all things considered, is surprisingly full and teeming with interest both to the general reader and to the historian and biographer. Already, in an extended work, I have narrated in fullest detail the story of two visits, going and returning, which Washington made in North Carolina in the course of his southern tour in 1791. In addition, in three articles in Sunday newspapers I have set forth certain of Washington's business connections with North Carolina in the organization and operation of the Dismal Swamp company. Since the appearance of those articles in 1927, I have been so fortunate as to unearth a large amount of new material on this subject. With certain of these new materials the present article will deal.

Washington was a business man of large vision, with comprehensive and far-reaching designs concerning the development of the country's natural resources. Undoubtedly Washington revealed great shrewdness in connection with the organization of a group of Virginia speculators into a company known as the Dismal Swamp company. The Virginia council, for a long period of years prior to the Revolution, and chiefly prior to 1764, made huge grants of land to Virginia capitalists and prospectors. Washington, as a young man, foresaw great profits to be made out of reclamation of swamp lands and the cutting of canals. While some of these projects were never financially profitable to Washington, the Dismal Swamp company proved to be perhaps the most lucrative of his earlier business enterprises.

In 1763, a group of 11 prominent Virginia gentlemen in association with a single business firm petitioned the Virginia council for the right to reclaim a vast tract of swamp land in southeastern Virginia, totaling considerably more than 40,000 acres. The petition was successful; and the Commonwealth of Virginia, on November 1, 1763, issued the desired grant to the following: William Nelson, Thomas Nelson, Robert Bur-

well, John Robinson, George Washington, Thomas Walker, Feilding Lewis, Anthony Bacon & company, J. Syrne, Samuel Gist, Robert Tucker, and William Walters. Each interested partner received one share in the company, there being 12 shares in all. The purpose of the grantees was to drain and make arable a vast tract of spongy and swamp lands in southeastern Virginia, lying below the James river, extending from the Nansemond river east and south to the North Carolina line, and indeed extending far into that colony. This latter portion of the grant was of course made without any shadow or color of authority on the part of the colony of Virginia. Evidently the extent of this grant, as in the case of many others of that day, was not considered in connection with dividing on boundary lines.

In the spring of 1763, specifically May 25-28, Washington made his first visit to the Dismal Swamp; and his second visit was made in October of the same year. I have already published, in 1927, Washington's diary of the latter visit. The records show that Fielding Lewis, Burwell Bassett, Thomas Walker, and George Washington contributed funds toward the expense of a preliminary examination of the territory.

Convinced, from the preliminary examinations made by Washington and others, of the feasibility of their project, the grantees carefully set to work to secure the passage of an act by the Virginia legislature authorizing them to canalize, drain, and exploit commercially the swamp lands comprised within their grant. In November, 1763, 600 pounds was voted by the company for carring on the surveying and reconnaissance.

On January 18, 1764, by the Virginia assembly, it was "Ordered, That Leave be given to bring in a Bill to enable certain Adventurers to drain a large Tract of Marshy Ground in the Counties of Nansemond and Norfolk; and it is referred to Mr. Richard Henry Lee and Mr. Lemuel Riddick, to prepare and bring in the same, Evidently the most powerful interests and influences were sought by Washington and his associates to procure the passage of the desired act. One of the grantees was John Robinson, Speaker of the House of Burgesses; and the Riddick (Reddick) family were clearly interested, as it developed that, after the passage of the act, prepared in part by Lemuel Riddick, the company bought a considerable tract of land from the executors of Willis Reddick, who accompanied Washington in a further examination of the Dismal Swamp in 1768.

The original act, passed on January 20, 1763, is in three clauses, of which the first two are given below:

"Whereas a number of gentlemen have lately formed themselves into a company of adventurers for draining, and rendering fit for cultivation, a large tract of marshy ground known

by the name of the Great Dismal Swamp, lying in the counties of Nansemond and Norfolk, which if effected will be attended with public utility, but as it may happen that in the prosecution of their undertaking they may be under necessity of cutting and passing through some of the adjacent lands, and thereby subject themselves to prosecutions.

"For the prevention whereof, and for the encouragement of so laudable and useful a design, be it enacted by the lieutenant-governor, council and burgesses, of this present general assembly and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, that it shall and may be lawful for the said company of adventurers, or any of them, at any time, to enter upon and have such a free passage, and make such canals or causeways, through the lands of any person whatsoever adjacent to the said Dismal Swamp, as may be conducive to the more effective draining thereof, without being subject to the action or suit of any such persons for the same."

During the five years, 1763 to 1768, Washington devoted considerable time and expense to furthering the affairs of the company. Washington's ledger records visits which he made to the company's lands on the following dates: May and October, 1763; July, 1764, to receive and set the people to work; November, 1766; April and October, 1767; and October, 1768. The last mentioned record is as follows:

October 26, 1768.—Breakfasted in Suffolk, dined and lodged in ye Dismal Swamp at Jno. Washington's.

27th. — Went up to our plantation at Norfleets in Carolina and returned in ye afternoon.

28th. —Went into the Pond with Col. Lewis, Majr. Riddicks and Jno. Washington and at night went to ye Majrs.

29th. — Got to Smithfield in return to Wmsburg.

30th. — Set out early, breakfasted at Hog Island and dined in Wmsburg.

In Washington's "Ledger A" are accurately recorded by him the exact amounts of the expenses of these various trips, in the account entitled "Adventures for Draining the Dismal Swamp" — the total being 47 pounds 19 shillings and one pence half-penny. Some years later, in 1784, Washington wrote to Hugh Williamson of North Carolina, describing his detailed investigations which entailed a complete circumnavigation of the swamp. His investigations led to the important discovery that the waters moved steadily eastward, convincing him that the current was descending into one of the rivers of Albemarle Sound. This also convinced him, as he informed Williamson, of the "practicability of opening a communication through Drummond's pond between the rivers which empty into Albemarle Sound, and the waters of Elizabeth or Nansemond river."

After the death of John Robinson, on May 6, 1766, Washington and other partners of the company purchased Robinson's one share. Other

partners of different times were taken into the company, notably Burwell Bassett, Mr. Waters, Mr. Mead, and Mr. Farley as early as December, 1766. Slaves of George Washington and John Robinson had been set to work draining the Dismal Swamp as early as 1764. Washington threw himself actively into the work of the company, and pushed matters steadily forward. On December 16, 1764, the sum of 480 pounds was raised to continue operations; and this was supplemented by two further sums: 300 pounds voted June 12, 1765, and 300 pounds voted May 3, 1766. In December, 1766, the first payment for land was made to the estate of Willis Riddick and in October, 1767, the last payment was made. The total amount to the assessments recorded in Washington's "Ledger A," for surveyor's expenses, services of slaves furnished to work for the company, and for the purchase of adjoining lands, is 524 pounds, six shillings, and six pence — this being Washington's personal ledger account against the company.

The important part of manager was given to Washington; and Washington Irving, in his Life of Washington, says: "With his usual zeal and hardihood he explored it (the Dismal Swamp) on horseback and on foot. In the center of the morass he came to a great place of water, six miles long, and three broad, called Drummond's Pond, but more poetically celebrated as the Lake of the Dismal Swamp. Having made the circuit of it, and noted all its characteristics, he encamped for the night up on the firm land which bordered it, and finished his explorations on the following day."

During the first plans of the company's activities, the lands were drained by the cutting of small canals from Lake Drummond. The purpose of these canals was for lightening the timber out of the swamp, in the form of shingles, staves, poles and the like.

One of these canals, the laying out of which, Washington himself is believed to have supervised, bears his name to this day, being known as the "Washington Ditch." This canal, which is only eight or 10 feet wide at its narrowest point, is not ugly, as the name ditch would imply, but a beautiful little waterway. It runs from the northwest corner of Lake Drummond in a westerly direction, ending at what was formerly known as the Reed farm, on the Edenton road, seven miles from Suffork. The cypress shingles got out of the swamp have been in great demand for a century and a half, and undoubtedly constituted a chief source of revenue of the company prior to the Revolution. In Washington's ledger appears one account, for example, of 70,300 shingles.

After 1767 the work of the company appears to have lagged; and from 1768 onward, George Washington left the management of the property to others, doubtless chiefly to his brother, John A. Washington, who lived in that region.

It may be of general interest to readers of this article to know that Washington owned land in North Carolina. In the schedule of property mentioned in his will, there is a record of 373 acres of land in Nansemond county, Virginia, which Washington valued at $2,984. Washington's annotation follows: "These 373 acres of land are the third part of undivided purchases made by the deceased Fielding Lewis, Thos. Walker, and myself, on full conviction that they would become valuable. The land lies on the road from Suffork to Norfolk, touches (if I am not mistaken) some part of the navigable water of Nansemond river. The rich Dismal Swamp is capable of great improvement, and, from its situation must become extremely valuable."

Fielding Lewis was Washington's brother-in-law; and Dr. Thomas Walker, Thomas Jefferson's guardian, was for many years the leading spirit in the famous Loyal Land company of Virginia. Washington was interested along with Lewis in purchasing other lands adjoining the Dismal Swamp company's property, lying in North Carolina. The tract which Washington and Lewis purchased from Marmaduke Norfleet in 1766 has already been mentioned as referred to in Washington's diary, October 27, 1768: "Went up to our plantation at Norfleets in Carolina and returned in ye afternoon." In Ledger A, under date November 5, 1768, Washington has entered: "By Cash paid Mr. John Bibson on Account of Majr. Reddick's order in favor of Marmaduke Norfleet for Land brought of him 300 pounds.

Some years ago was sold at auction a brief letter, perhaps written to his co-partners in the Dismal Swamp company.

Williamsburg, Dec. 16, 1769.

Gentlemen:

I have drawn upon you this day in favor of Marmaduke Norfleet for One Hundred Pounds Sterling which please to pay and place to account of Mr. Geo. Parke Curtis. I am Gentn.

Yr. Most Obedt Servt.,

G. WASHINGTON.

On April 26, 1766, Marmaduke Norfleet of Perquimans County, North Carolina, made a deed to George Washington and Fielding Lewis of 1,093 1-2 acres for the consideration of 1,200 pounds current money of Virginia. This land consisted of four tracts. Marmaduke Norfleet received according to the will of Thomas Norfleet, deceased: randum was attached to the deed, be- the said Thomas Norfleet purchased from one William Jones, of 275 acres, April 5, 1697; and the other being the tract, 40 acres, which the said Thomas Norfleet purchased from one Charles Drury, July 26, 1721. A third tract was granted to said Thomas Norfleet by the Earl of Granville, July 23, 1760, for 450 acres.

All the above three tracts were located at a place called the White Oak Spring in Perquimans County, North Carolina. The fourth tract, located near the above three tracts of land,

lay partly in Perquimans County and partly in Chowan County, North Carolina; and was granted by the Earl of Granville to Marmaduke Norfleet on July 23, 1760. This fourth tract evidently contained 466 acres, as the estimated acre of the four parcels was 1,093 1-2 acres.

This deed of Marmaduke Norfleet and George Washington and Feilding Lewis was proved on May 26, 1766, by the oath of Lemuel Riddick, before James Hassell. It was registered in the Register's Office, of Perquimans County, June 5, 1766, Test: John Harvey, Register. The witnesses to the deed on May 26, 1763, were Lemuel Riddick, Phil. Alston and Willys Riddick. The following memo-one being one-half the tract which ing signed by Marmaduke Norfleet and witnessed by John Washington and William Pugh:

"It is agreed by the parties to these present that if there shall ever happen any dispute concerning any part of the marsh land hereby sold and conveyed between the Exors, heirs or assigns of John Norfleet deceased and the said Washington and Lewis their heirs and asigns that the expense of the said dispute shall be borne by them and if any part of the said marsh recovered from them that these the said Marmaduke his heirs Exors. or admrs shall pay and satisfy the said Washington and Lewis their heirs and assigns for each acre so recovered the sum of 22 shillings current money of Virginia."

This same land was sold on May 18, 1791, by John Lewis, Attorney in Fact for George Washington and Executor of Fielding Lewis, to one John Cowper. The consideration for the 1,093 1-2 acres, more or less, was 1,090 pounds current money of Virginia. The preamble to the deed sets forth:

"Whereas the aforehead George Washington and Fielding Lewis received a deed conveying the premises hereinafter mentioned to them jointly in fee simple, the title whereof it is conveyed hath developed to said Washington in severalty by virtue of survivorship which title he does not desire or choose to exert as appears by his letter of atty. Wherein he authorizes said John to sell and convey the premises to said John Cowper in fee simple, etc."

The witnesses to this deed were Dempey Copeland, Ridding Hunter, Thomas Mann and Arthur Jones.

The orginal deed of Marmaduke Norfleet to George Washington and Fielding Lewis appears to have been drawn up by the great Virginia lawyer, Edmund Pendleton, for a fee of one pound. It is deed No. 188 in Book H, Perquimans County Court Records, Hertford, N. C. It was not registered in Gates County until August 2, 1910, when it was registered in Book 64, page 49, Gates County Court Records, Gatesville, N. C., by a lumber company to carry back chain of title, for record in a law suit. The deed of sale of this land to John Cowper, of date, May 18, 1791, was registered in Gates County Court Records, Book 2, page

330. This happened because this land, originally lying in Perquimans and Chowan Counties, fell within Gates County after it was erected, from Hertford, Chowan and Perquimans Counties, in 1779.

SO YOU CAN'T SLEEP

(The Sanatorium Sun)

Doctor, I didn't sleep a wink last night." Probably no complaint is heard more often around a sanatorium. And the doctor probably jokes about it, or at the most writes you an order for three or four nights of sleeping pills. This to your great annoyance, for you know what you really need is more exercise, or a few days' furlough, or anyhow something to take regularly, because your nerves just won't stand this continual lying in bed when you are not the least bit tired.

Lying awake is tough, of course. And your doctor doesn't laugh about it because he's hard-hearted and likes to see you suffer. He laughs because he knows that, for the most part, nobody but you can do anything about you not sleeping and that the first thing you have to do is quit fretting about it.

Sleep is a funny thing. We don't know yet exactly what it is, or why we sleep. One of the most common explanations is that fatigue generates poisons in the body which have a drugging effect on the consciousness. These poisons are thought to be similar to those thrown off by TB bacilli, a fact which might account for "that tired feeling" being a common symptom of tuberculosis. On the other hand, we've all been "too tired to sleep." So that theory doesn't make complete sense: and that's the way with almost everything we think we know about sleep.

Doctors and psychologists have recently, however, done a great amount of research on the subjects of sleep. While they are still considerably short of a complete solution of all the problems it present, they have reached a number of more or less practical conclusions. Some of the most interesting are found in "The Treatment of Insomnia," by Dr. Louis J. Karnosh of Cleveland, published in the September 30th, 1939, issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Dr. Karnosh defines insomnia as a chronic inability to sleep, as distinguished from an occasional sleepless night or sleeplessness resulting from physical causes such as pain or acute illness. In other words it is the failure to get normal sleep under approximately normal physical conditions. The normal amount of sleep for an average adult seems to be from six and one-half to eight hours, but this

varies so greatly for different individuals that it is impossible to set a general rule. Some people—Edison is the classic example—get along perfectly on as little as four hours. Others, if they permitted themselves to do so, could sleep almost all the time.

Dr. Karnosh also found that nearly all insomnia sufferers exaggerate the extent of their sleeplessness. (Take it easy, there. You don't, of course. It's just the others.) Often they do it for sympathy, for most insomniacs are also psychoneurotics. Or in plain English, most persons who constantly have trouble sleeping are apt to be victims of nervous, psychological or mental disturbances. Often, too, they fool themselves. Sleepless hours have a habit of stretching to endless lengths, throwing off all our calculations. Besides, under careful observations, many persons who sincerely believed they hadn't slept a wink were found to have actually slept—fitfully, perhaps, but slept a good part of the time they swore they were awake.

A lot of the unnecessary sleeplessness, the doctors find, is caused by worry over sleep. It is true that a person must sleep. He can go without food longer than he can without sleep. But he is so constituted that unless he is forcibly kept awake, he will sleep in spite of everything, long before he reaches the danger point. There is no good evidence that insomnia is a vampire that saps health and strength. And here's good news for sleepless worriers—it is never the dominant factor of causing mental illness.

The process of going to sleep involves several steps. The final one is a sort of twilight state in which occurs what psychologists describe as a "subconscious free association of ideas." That is, thoughts seem to drift through your mind with no apparent connection to each other. Normally this period is very brief and apt to be pleasant, if remembered at all. But in the case of the insomniac these thoughts are usually unpleasant or morbid, making the period a fearful time, indeed, which may last for several hours.

It has been definitely established, according to Dr. Karnosh's work, that the immediate cause of sleeplessness is worry at the time of going to sleep, at least the tense mental state in which worry leaves you. Extensive worrying during the day results in unpleasant thoughts coming to the front in the beforesleep twilight period. Merely trying to forget worries—repressing them, as the psychologists say—usually serves to make matters worse. For repressions have a nasty habit of bounding back at you just when they can do the most harm—in this case, during the free-wheeling, twilight period, when you are ready to slip over the boundary of shut-eye town.

Counting sheep, reciting poetry, reading and all such time-honored remedies for insomnia are likely to do more harm than good, Dr. Karnosh

maintains, because they merely fool you into thinking your worries have evaporated, when they have only been further repressed.

The first step in curing sleeplessness, then, is curing the worry that causes it. The problems that make you worry must be cleared up during your waking hours. True, most patients in an institution like this have a number of genuinely distressing problems. Often they cannot be readily solved. But most of them can be approached in a sane manner sufficiently for you to lie back and say, "Well, I've done all I can."

With that taken care of, there's nothing to it but just lying down and going to sleep. Literally, that is just about true. Simply relax and let your thoughts wander. Don't try to "steer" them. Don't concentrate on anything, not even on going to sleep, and the first thing that you know it will be morning.

One interesting point that Dr. Karnosh makes is that an afternoon nap won't interfere with your sleeping at night. In fact, it may actually help, by aiding you in the habit of going to sleep.

There are, of course, many other angles to the problem of sleep. This discussion decidedly does not apply to sleeplessness that has its origin in digestive trouble, coughing, shortness of breath, pneumo or other chest pains and similar ills that are incident to tuberculosis. If such things keep you awake, they should be relieved and you will find your doctor anxious to accommodate.

Here are a few hints on sleeping gleaned from Dr. Karnosh and other authorities: A reasonable comfortable bed is a big help, though a "comfortable bed" is often a matter of what you have become accustomed to. Another aid is sufficient bed clothes of a grade that will keep you warm without weighting you down. (You won't sleep if you are too warm, either. But we assume you have sense enough to push off that extra blanket). Unless you have a 100 per cent guaranteed fool-proof digestion you needn't expect much sleep immediately after eating anything heavier than, say, crackers and milk. But such a light snack, especially a warm drink, is beneficial to many people. And plain hot milk is every bit as efficient in wooing the sandman as the widely advertised "night-caps" that are supposed to help you make the big sale the next day.

Dr. Karnosh concedes that drugs have a place in the treatment of insomnia. Sleeplessness is apt to create a vicious circle. You lose sleep and that makes you tired and irritable. If you are like the most of us, that makes you worry a little extra next day, and then you lose a little more sleep that night and that makes you tired and irritable and you worry a—but that's where you came in, and you can see how it works.

The various sleep-producing drugs break that circle. They give you a few night's sleep, get you rested and less irritable and tend to re-establish

the sleep habit you have lost. But that's all they can do; just give you an even break in fighting whatever is really keeping you awake. And if you feel that you must have something regularly to put you to sleep, the chances are, Dr. Karnosh points out, you're not seeking sleep, just oblivion.

Generally speaking, the modern sleep-producing drugs won't hurt you when taken properly. So, there is no need to fear them if your doctor prescribes them. Many of them, though, are not particularly good for you if taken persistently. Some of them "wear out" and require increasing doses to do any good. And almost all of them tend to render you so dependent upon them, if continued too long, that you will have a worse time than ever trying to sleep without them. So, your doctor knows what he is doing when he orders them, as he usually does, for only a few nights at a time.

Unquestionably, sleeping is a problem for many TB patients. If six to eight hours of sleep is all you happen to need, you probably are going to do some lying awake if the sanatorium schedule allots twelve to twenty-four hours to sleeping. That sort of sleeplessness is something that perhaps no one, and certainly not your doctor, can remedy much. But you can make lying awake far more pleasant if you can teach yourself to relax and quit fightnig wakefulness; and you might surprise yourself, too, by getting a lot more sleep.—Adapted from an article in Hoosier Res-cuer, via the Q. A. S. Sun.

———:———

DO YOU READ YOUR BIBLE DAILY?

If so, you will probably welcome some helpful suggestions which the editor gleaned from his reading. Here they are:

1—Read slowly and reverently.
2—Read with the idea of finding a helpful message for the day.
3—Do not be discouraged if passages are obscure—many will be.
4—Underline passages that impress you as you read.
5—Pick out one short verse for the day's meditation.
6—Keep inviolate the period set aside for daily reading—in the morning preferably.—Selected.

FIVE PRESIDENTS VISITED WILMINGTON

By Doris Goerch, in The State

Although almost every town in North Carolina can point to a tree or rock where President George Washington sat or ate while visiting within its city limits. Wilmington can do a little better than that. Not only did President Washington visit that port city, but so did Presidents James Monroe, James K. Polk, Millard Fillmore, and Confederate President Jefferson Davis.

President Washington's visit was the most spectacular and the details in connection with his trip there have been preserved.

The first President arrived in the North Carolina city on April 24, 1791. At a distance of some six miles from Wilmington he was met by a committee of prominent citizens and also by a large number of the "Gentlemen of the Town."

A procession was formed on entering Wilmington. First came four dragoons on horseback blowing trumpets. Then came the President and his aide-de-camp, Major Jackson, followed by the High Sheriff of New Hanover County with the committee appointed to attend on the President during his stay.

Next came a troop of the famous Light Horse Cavalry, followed by the "Gentlemen of the Town" and the President's equipage and attendants.

On entering the city a round from the batteries, four guns, was fired in honor of the President's arrival.

There was a slight mix-up because the original plans called for General Washington's staying at Dorsey's Tavern, but due to the fact that his quarters were evidently not ready, he was escorted to the home of Mrs. John Quince on the southeast corner of Front and Dock streets where he stayed during his visit.

General Washington entertained a few friends on the night of his arrival in Wilmington at a supper at Dorsey's Tavern. While he was at the tavern, he noticed the flat taste of the drinking water and asked one of the tavern hosts if he didn't notice the unpleasant taste. The host evidently took the remark as an insult and curtly replied, "I wouldn't know. I haven't drunk any of it in twenty years."

On April 25 a dinner and ball were given for the President. He himself reports that 62 ladies were present and described them as being lovely. Bonfires were built all around the city and the ship Maria of Boston, which was in the harbor at the time, was gaily decorated with lights.

The President must have been well pleased with his visit because in his diary he wrote:

"Wilmington has some good houses, pretty compactly built—the whole

under a hill, which is formed entirely of sand. The number of souls in it amount by enumeration to about 1,000.

"Wilmington, unfortunately for it, has a mud bank—miles below, over which not more than ten feet of water can be brought at common tides. Yet it is said vessels of 250 tons have come up. The quantity of shipping which load here annually amounts to about 12,000 tons. Exports are naval stores and lumber; some tobacco, corn rice and flax seed and port."

On leaving Wilmington, President Washington stopped by Belvidere, the plantation of General Benjamin Smith in Brunswick County. There he was met at the dock by thirteen beautiful young ladies, dressed in white, representing the thirteen colonies. The young ladies preceded him to the mansion, strewing flowers in the path over which he walked.

The second President to visit Wilmington was President James Monroe, fifth president of the country. He arrived in Wilmington on April 12, 1819, and on April 23, 1819, the Raleigh Minerva carried this account of his visit:

"The Presidential cortege was met about twelve miles from town on the old Newbern Road, somewhere near Scott's Hill, and escorted into the City by the Wilmington Light Horse, a volunteer organization under the command of Colonel Cowan. The entrance into the town was made on Market Street, the boundary then being on Fifth. They then proceeded down Market to Front and up Front to the Wilmington Hotel, where the usual formalities of a grand reception were tendered the President.

"His Excellency was the guest while here of Robert Cochran, Esq., who resided on Second Street, between Chestnut and Mulberry and John C. Calhoun, the Secretary of War and his lady, received the hospitalities of Dr. A. J. DeRosset, Sr., at the brick house now standing on the corner of Market and Third streets. It was on Thursday that the President arrived here, and on Friday, accompanied by Judge Murphey, he paid a visit to Wrightsville. On his return he partook of a dinner with the citizens at the Wilmington Hotel and the next day left this place on the steamer Prometheus for Fort Johnston, from which he proceeded to Georgetown, S. C."

Thirty years later another president came to Wilmington. On March 8, 1849, the Wilmington Commercial carried this account of the visit of President James K. Polk, who was a native North Carolinian:

"The Ex-President, Mr. Polk and Lady and Niece, together with Mr. Secretary Walker and Niece, and Mr. Graham, Solicitor of the Treasury, and Lady, reached our town at 10 o'clock in the morning. Their arrival was heralded by the booming of cannon, the ringing of bells and floating aloft of banners and streamers from stalls, housetops, and mastheads. The

Magistrate of Police, Colonel James T. Miller, the Committee of Arrangements, and a large concourse of citizens were ready at the railroad to receive the Ex-President and suite, and they were greeted by Colonel Miller in a brief and cordial address, to which the Ex-President warmly responded. The whole suite was then escorted, according to the program heretofore published to Mrs. Swann's boarding house, on the balcony of which, in view and hearing of the assembled crowd, Mr. William Hill welcomed the Ex-President and suite in a cordial, chaste, and eloquent address; during which he alluded to the birth and education of the Ex-President in North Carolina and to many of the leading measures of his administration.

"Mr. Polk's response was feeling and patriotic. He fondly acknowledged his attachment to North Carolina and the gratification which it gave him to receive from the archives, and to transmit to our State Executive, the recorded evidence of the early disloyalty and independent resolves of different portions of North Carolina. He spoke of inestimable value of our Union, and of the bright destiny in store for our country, provided we shall adhere to this glorious union, and the teachings of the Father of the Republic. When he had closed, General Marsteller announced to the crowd that at 12 o'clock Mr. Polk and suite would be happy to see their fellow citizens at the Masonic Hall."

President Polk was also enterained at the house on the southeast corner of Front and Dock streets, but this time Mrs. F. J. Swann was the owner. He also left Wilmington on a steamer bound for Georgetown and Charleston.

President Millard Fillmore, thirteenth president of the United States, planned to make a southern tour in 1853, but Mrs. Fillmore's death that year caused him to postpone his trip until 1854. Before leaving on his trip he told the public he "earnestly wished to avoid the pomp and pageantry of a public reception."

The Wilmington Daily Journal on Friday, May 12, 1854, gave this report of President Fillmore's visit:

"Ex-President Fillmore of New York and Mr. Kennedy of Maryland, Secretary of the Navy under his administration, arrived here this morning on the Manchester cars from Columbia. A very large number of our citizens of both parties have called upon our distinguished visitors at their rooms at Mr. Holmes' Hotel. Owing to the illness of Mrs. Kennedy, they are anxious to reach Baltimore at the earliest possible moment, and are thus compelled to leave for the North by the two o'clock train. In accordance with the earnest wish of the people, Mr. Fillmore had designed to make a short address from the balcony of the Hotel at 11 o'clock, but, in consequence of the rain, his intention could not be carried out. We are pleased to see both gentlemen apparently in the enjoyment of high

health and spirits. Mr. Fillmore is certainly a gentlemen of exceedingly prepossessing appearance and manners; and bears little evidence of the cares of state having pressed heavily upon him."

The Confederate President, Jefferson Davis, visited the city on November 5, 1863, to inspect the defensive works and the protection of the port. He was greeted with a salute from Southerland's Battery and addressed the people at 9 o'clock in the morning from General W. N. C. Whiting's balcony. He made reference to the fine fortifications of the town and appealed to the people to stand up for the Confederate cause and do their fullest duty, giving them assurance of ultimate and glorious success.

After the address the President went to bed and slept until afternoon when a big parade and dinner were scheduled in his honor.

———:———

BE CONSIDERATE

When you get to know a fellow, know his joys and know his care,
When you come to understand him and the burden that he bears,
When you've learned the fight he's making, and the troubles in his way,
Then you find that he is different than you thought him yesterday.
You find his thoughts are sensible and there's not so much to blame,
In the man you lightly jeered at when you only knew his name.
When next you start to sneering and your phrases turn to blame,
Learn more of him you censure than his business and his name
For it's likely that acquaintance would your prejudice dispel,
And you'd really come to like him if you knew him very well.
When you get to know a fellow and you understand his ways,
Then his faults won't matter, for you'll find a lot to praise.

—Anonymous.

SUFFERING CONQUERS

By Dr. Charles C. Earle

It is a common saying that great characters are like great mountains—they always attract the storms; the tempest rages about their heads; with deafening roar the thunder breaks, with blinding flash the lightening gleams, as though heaven and hell were combined to destroy them. Nevertheless, they stand unbroken and unmoved and are a shelter and a defense for the dwellers in the valley. Look down the vista of centuries and behold the great souls of history, who rise in solitary grandeur above the multitude of their times to be the prophets, the reformers, the apostles, the saviours of their peoples. What vituperation, what scourging, what imprisonment what martyrdom they endured. Joseph, sold by his brothers, cast into prison, falsely accused. Daniel, cast into the lions' den. Paul, hunted like a wild beast; lashed, stoned, imprisoned, martyred. Homer was a beggar, Terence a slave. Cervantes died of hunger. Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold. The charming Spenser died forsaken and in want, Milton sold his copyright of Paradise Lost for seventy-five dollars and died in obscurity. Dryden lived in proverty and distress. Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield was sold for a trifle to save him from the grip of the law. Fielding lies in the burying ground of the English factory at Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot. Time would fail me to tell of Luther, Knox, Lincoln, and others upon whom the warth of the wicked broke in awful fury.

Higher than all other men arose the Holy Son of God to bless the world with benedictions. And fiercer than all other foes came the banded legions of darkness with warthful maledictions. Behold the gentle Christ in the midst of passion week. The heavens grow dark with murky clouds. The very air seems surcharged with the hatred of mankind. In the sacred love chamber of the pascel supper, a black-soul traitor rises from among the disciples and goes forth to betray his Master. The fearful storm of the world's sin is gathering to overwhelm the Saviour of the world. The midnight draws on apace. He leaves the supper room in Jerusalem and goes forth into the night. The weight of the world's sin and woe is too heavy for him to bear. He must cry to God for help. Out through the city gate, down the steep side of the ravine on the other side, then into the olive-grown garden of Gethsemane, hidden in the shadows of the sheltering trees. Another shadow falls across his path, the shadow of the cross. He shrinks from it, then sinks to the earth in anguish and cries, "O my Father, if it is possibble, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." Thrice he prayed thus, repeating the same words. It is ever thus with sorrow,

a few bitter words said over and over again.

Some of your hearts have been broken by grief from which you have prayed to be saved. The baptism of fire may have swept away your property. A loved one has been called from your home, leaving your heart desolate. Affliction in one form or another has cast you down until you could no longer bear the load, and you gave up in despair. The arm of flesh failed and you were undone. How like the Saviour's experinece has been that of many of his disciples in the failure of the flesh in the great trials of life, and yet Christ triumphed gloriously. He arose and went to his disciples, saying, "Arise, let us be going." Then calmly, sublimely, he went forth to meet the band of cruel soldiers, to recieve the traitor's kiss, to be smitten, arrested, tried, and crucified. How did Chris triumph? Listen again to the Gethsemane prayer, especially the latter half of it, "Nevertheless not my will, but thine be done." The spirit gained the victory over the flesh by entire submission to the will of God.

Herein is contained the only escape from life's woe and calamity. When all else fails, resignation to God's purpose will save. Right well do I know the truth of this declaration. Very vividly does God's deliverance recur to me at this time. It was the midnight hour. We were soundly sleeping in our berths on board the ship. Suddenly comes the awful shock board in a moment; then hurrying feet and anxious faces; the dark night, the dense fog, the black sea, of colliding vessels, arousing all on the helpless ship; the fearful uncertainty for two hours; the dead, the cries of the wounded and dying. The life-boats swung out already to lower. What were we to do when there was nothing we could do? Fear filled our hearts, as we factd a watery grave. Then came the victory in faith: "Lord if this is thy will, thy will be done." In the place of fear came the sweatest peace ever known to the heart. The doing of God's will is the execution of God's purpose, and who would have this unfulfill. Let all else go, but not the divine plan in our life. Come then sorrow or joy, loss or gain.

In the still air, music lies unheard.
In the rough marble, beauty lies unseen.
To make the music and the beauty
Needs the Master's touch,
The sculptor's chisel keen.
Great Master touch us with thy skillful hand.
Let not the music that is in us die.
Great Sculptor hew and polish us,
Nor let hidden and lost thy form within us be.
Do with us as Thou will, let there
Be naught unfinished, broken, marred.
Complete thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image,
Thou, our God and Lord.

HOMES OF LEE, WASHINGTON IN SAME VICINITY

(Richmond Times-Dispatch)

Virginia has many distinguished sons on her roll of honor, but none whose prestige equals that of the immortal George Washington and beloved Robert E. Lee. It is a curious coincidence that these two men were born in the same county and within a few miles of each other.

Because of this coincidence, the Virginia motorist seldom plans to visit either Wakefield or Stratford separately. They are so close together that the visitor to Westmoreland almost invariable divides his time between them.

This week brings Washington's birthday, and it is fitting that this time of year should be selected for a pilgrimage to Wakefield, where he was born on February 22, 1732. Lee's birthday occured last month, but Stratford, ancestral home of the Lees, may well be visited on the same trip.

Leaving Richmond on Route 360, the Mechanicsville Pike. the mortorist traverses the entire 85 miles to Wakefield through a countryside rich in historic memories.

Mechanicsville itself was the scene of an important engagement in the War Between the States, and in the vicinity occured battles of even more bloody memory. Further on is Marlbourne, home of Edmund Ruffin, famed Southern agriculturist and known to posterity as the man who fired the first shot at Fort Sumter.

Tappahannock, nestling beside the broad Rappahannock, preserves its ancient Colonial aspect in the courthouse green and a few quaint old buildings, reminiscent of the days when it was a tobacco port carrying on a flourishing trade with the mother country.

Beyond Tappahannock and the river is Warsaw, with its fine old Richmond County Courthouse, built under the supervision of Colonel Landon Carter of near-by Sabine Hall. Also in the vicinity is celebrated Mount Airy, old Tayloe home.

Next beyond Warsaw is the town of Montross, and beyond Montross is the entrance to Stratford. Here, on a range of hills overlooking the Potomac lowlands, is the baronial mansion of the Lees—built by Governor Thomas Lee and the birthplace of his six famous son, all of whom were eminent in the Revolutionary period.

Lighthorse Harry Lee, father of Robert E. Lee, was not of this branch of the family, but he acquired Stratford through his first wife and here his son Robert, child of his second marriage, was born in 1807. Stratford has been acquired in recent years by the Robert E. Lee Memorial Association, which is gradually restoring the house and grounds to their old-time grandeur.

It is only a few miles beyond Stratford that the mortorist comes to the entrance to Wakefield. Washington's birthplace unlike Lee's, did not survive the years; it was burned during the last years of the eighteenth century.

However, the United States Government has taken proper cognizance of the hallowed ground on which the Father of His Country first set foot. Several hundred acres of the old Wakefield estate were acquired by the National Park Service a few years back, and a replica of the old brick homestead of the Washingtons' was erected.

With its tombs of the Washingtons near by its memories of the great liberator himself and its Washington heirlooms and period furnishings, the restored estate is well worth visiting. No American and no Virginian can help but feel reverent on such scared ground.

From Wakefield it is only 36 miles further to Fredericksburg up the old King' Highway, now State Route 3, and the motorist has opportunity en route to visit a number of fine old King George County homes. In Fredericksburg he may visit the many shrines of interest for their connection with the Washington family.

Among them are the home of Mary Ball, the mother of Washington, in her later days, and Kenmore, where lived George's sister, Betty Washington, with her husband, the patriotic munitions maker, Fielding Lewis. Across the river is Ferry Farm, where Washington's adolescence was spent.

From Fredericksburg it is only 58 miles back to Richmond over State Route 2, the Bowling Green Road, which brings motorist past many fine old homes dating from the Colonial period.

---:---

JUNK IT

Junk something every day. Junk you fears, junk your worries, junk your anxieties, junk your little jealousies, envies and hatreds. Whatever interferes with you getting up and getting on in the world—junk it! Every night before you go to sleep, put in the junk heap all your disappointments, all your grudges, your revengeful feelings, your malice—Junk everything that is hindering you from becoming a big, strong, fine character. The great trouble with most of us is that we have not any junk heap of this sort. We pull all our mental enemies, all our handicaps, our discouragements, our losses, our misfortunes, our trouble, worries and trials along with us. That eats up more than fifty per cent of our vitality and energy, so that we have only the smaller amount left for the great achievements of making life a success.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

James Eury stopped at the School for a brief visit one day last week. James has been gone for about three years. While here he was a member of the Cottage No. 10. He is in the Army and in the parachute squad. He is liking Army life. James is a nice looking soldier and looks every inch a man. He was wearing the strips of a T. Corp.

—:—

We recently received a letter from Dallas Hodge who is in the Army Air Corps and stationed at Walla, Walla Wash. Dallas wrote that he is getting along fine and that his brother David is in the Army and has already been sent overseas. Dallas is married and has one child.

Dallas has been in the service for more than a year. He left the School six years ago and is twenty five years of age.

—:—

The base ball game played Saturday between the officers and the boys created a great deal of interest, the boys were very happy when the score stood in their favor. Our linotype operator, Willford Seegers, reported the game for "The Uplift," he did it nicely. Perhaps this particular work at the Jackson Training School will inspire this young boy to be a sports writer. Every thing has a beginning. We all know small acts lead to big undertaking.

—:—

Richard Patton spent last Sunday night at the School. Richard has been in the Navy for seven months and while he hasn't seen much action he has visited some foreign ports. Richard entered the School on Oct. 2, 1936 and remained here until July 11, 1941, when he was permitted to return to his home in Morganton. He was in cottage No. 2 and while here worked part of the time as office boy, house boy, in the laundry and on the farm.

—:—

We have noted on some recent mail coming through the office that Henry Ennis, Jr. is in the Marine Corps and taking his basic training at Parris Island, S. C. Henry left the School Oct. 27, 1942 returning to High Point to reside with his grandparents. He came to the School Sept. 15, 1939. While here Henry was a member of Cottage No. 14 and worked in the house more than two years, and did general farm work.

We are glad to hear that Henry has entered the service and we wish him well in his experience as a Marine.

—:—

We received a letter from Robert Keith who has been in the Navy about two years. He is somewhere in the South Pacific and wrote as if he was really enjoying the life of a sailor in time of war. Robert left the School about two and a half years ago and went to work in Stanly County later returning to relatives in South Carolina and then enlisted

in the Navy in the fall of 1941. In fact, he was taking his boot training at Norfolk, Va., when Pearl Harbor was attacked by the Japs.

Robert was in Cottage No. 2 and worked on the farm, he also worked as office boy part of the time.

—:—

We recently learned that Dellas Beamon "Jack" Mathis is in the Marine Corps and stationed at Parris Island, S. C., where he is taking his basic training. Jack entered the School Feb. 16, 1938 and remained here until Oct. 27, 1941, when given an honorable discharge. When leaving here his plans were to enter CCC.

Jack was a member of the Cottage No. 13. He entered the 3rd grade in school and had been in the 7th 13 months when leaving. He worked most of the time at the barn and on the farm.

We are glad to learn that Jack has entered the service of a Marine and wish him well in his experience as a "Leatherneck."

—:—

A recent issue of the Charlotte Observer carried a picture of Raymond M. Irwin who has been credited with downing a Jap Zero. He is a Waist Gunner Staff Sgt. The write up further state's that he has seen active service. Raymond enlisted in the Army May 6, 1940, spent two years as an M. P. in Hawaii and then decided he wanted more action and was transferred to the air corps. He received his initial training at Charleston and was sent overseas immediately. He is every inch of a soldier.

Raymond entered the School Feb. 16, 1932 and remained here until Jan. 10, 1936, when permitted to return to his home in Newton, later moving to Charlotte. He was a member of Cottage No. 3 and worked in the laundry most of his time here.

—:—

Harold Walsh stopped in for a few minutes Thursday afternoon, Sept. 9th, to call on friends. As has been published before, Harold is in the Army and stationed at the Moore General Hospital, Swannanoa, N. C. This was the first time Harold had been back since leaving in 1938. He was glad to be back for a visit. Harold has been in the Army for about a year and when accepted was taken in for limited service due to his vision and a foot injury received when a small boy. Although he feels the Army is going to give him a medical discharge due to his limited service status, he hopes to be able to remain in the service. Harold looks well and is enjoying Army life. He is married and has one child.

While here Harold worked in the dairy and made a good record. Since leaving the School and prior to entering the armed forces he lived in Wilkes County up near Statesville where he has made good.

We were glad to se him and hope he can stop in to see us again before so long.

Rev. Grady J. Haynes, pastor of Young St. Baptist church of Concord held the Sunday afternoon services for the Training School Boys last Sunday. This was his first visit to the School and the boys were delighted to hear his inspiring message.

Mr. Haynes used for his text the 9th verse of the 119th Psalm: "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word."

The speaker explained to his young listeners that these significant words came from the pen of David at a critical time in the history of the Israelites. This nation was under attack by powerful outside enemies. David's own son, Absalom, had joined in a wicked plot to weaken and destroy his farther's kingdom. In fleeing from a losing battle Absalom had lost his life when his hair was caught in the branches of a tree so that he was left hanging helpless in mid-air. When David received the news of the boy's shameful death, he exclaimed "Oh! Absalom, my son Absalom, Would that I had died in thy stead."

The speaker emphasized the fact that Absalom, as a young man, had been allowed to grow up as a "fast" young man. His father, although he was the king and the religious leader of his people, had allowed the boy to indulge in wickedness and spent his time in idleness. He had spared the rod and spoiled the child; he had not properly trained and guided his son.

Mr. Haynes then explained how important it is always to teach the youth to respect the laws of God. "One of these laws pertains," he said, "to a strict and reverent observance of the Sabbath." He declared that our own nation is in endangering itself by showing too much disrespect for God's law regarding the Sabbath. Too many are using it for wickedness and for getting material possessions. Many people think nothing of using the Sabbath day for going on a picnic instead of attending church, when so many are disobeying the laws of God, there is little wonder that they are also breaking laws of the government.

The speaker then condemned the use of profanity, the habit of gambling, and the practice of impure conversation. All of these things tend to destroy character. Evil habits multiply hurriedly and will finally swamp a person unless they are halted. The person who indulges in sin thinks he is having a good time but this in the end is a sad delusion.

In conclusion, Mr. Haynes asserted that being a Christian required a strong person. To be a true Christian, a person must be a real man, strong and steadfast in purpose.

—:—

BASE BALL

By Willford Seegers, Reporter

Last Saturday the officers and the boys had a game. The officers said they were going to "pin the boys ears back" and win the ball game.

Mr. Liske, was the pitcher for the officers and about the 5th inning Mr. Andrews, was on the mound pitching for the officers. The pitcher

for the boys was Donald Jolly, who pitch a nice game with three home runs off of him. Bill Young was the first one in the game to hit a home run. Bill got the best home run of the four. Bill played a nice game he got 3 out of 4, that means he got 3 hits out 4 bats. Mr. Liske, Jolly and Lowman also got a home run.

Boys and officers of the entire School were there to see the game. The grandstand was filled up. The boys in the grandstand wanted the boys team to win. Every time a run came in the boys in the grandstand would want to know what the score was. Douglas Dorsett, the second baseman for the boys team won the ball game. The score was tied in the 7th inning there was one man on base and he hit a single and brought a run in and the score was 12 to 11 in favor of the boys. Then some more runs came in.

Everybody enjoyed the game and said they want to see another game with the officers and the boys. There was good spirit shown.

There were not enough officers to play the game so they got three of the boys player as follows: Lowman, Cox and Young.

The score as follows means what each player did. W is a walk, Ab is at bat, R is the runs he made, H is the hits, O is the outs he made himself, E is the errors he made.

THE BOYS

	pos	W	Ab	R	H	O	E
Jolly	P	1	5	2	1	3	0
Dorsett	2b	0	5	2	3	2	1
Finley	1b	0	5	1	2	2	1
Bullard	Ss	0	5	2	4	1	3
Shehan	Cf	0	3	0	0	3	0
Brooks	Lf	0	4	2	2	2	1
Moose	3b	1	4	2	2	1	1
Ricks	Rf	0	4	1	1	2	1
Robinson	C	0	4	1	1	3	0
Sub.							
Whitting	Cf	0	2	0	0	2	0
Denning	Rf	0	1	1	1	0	0
		2	42	13	17	21	8

THE OFFICERS

	pos	W	Ab	R	H	O	E
Cox	3b	0	4	2	3	2	0
Lowman	C	0	4	1	1	3	0
Young	Cf	0	4	3	3	1	0
Andrews	1b	2	4	3	1	1	0
Liske	P	0	4	1	3	2	0
Russell	2b	0	4	0	0	4	3
Carriker	Ss	0	4	0	1	3	3
Hartsell	Lf	0	4	0	0	4	2
Adams	Rf	0	3	1	0	2	0
		2	35	11	12	22	8

Jolly struck out 1, Mr. Liske struck out 10, Mr. Andrews struck out 5, Umpire Mr. Hobby.

"When there's a boy around loose what ain't got no Ma or Pa, you ain't relieved of no responsibility just 'cause your name ain't the same as his."—Seth Parker.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending September 12, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Earnest Bullard
Robert Finley
Ira Montgomery
Weaver Ruff
Richard Shehan
Malcom Seymour
Buck Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 1

Thomas Barnes
Richard Billings
Roland Brooks
George Cox
Marion Cox
Velda Denning
Jack Harmon
Rufus Massengill
Harold McKinney
William Poteat
Jack Ray
Leonard Robinson
James Shell
David Swink
Willford Richard Seegers
Lee Turner
Luther Vaughn
John Franks
John McLean
Marshall Prestwood
Roy Mumford
Pete Tuttle

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Everett Bowden
Edward Britt
Donald Daniels
John Holder
Lawrence Littlejohn
William Pegram
Fonzer Pittman
Milton Talley
Robert Goldsmith
William Guffey
Ray Taylor
William Harding

COTTAGE NO. 4

Everett Benfield
Elbert Brown
R. C. Combs
William Davis
Frank Fargis
John Fine
Bruce Harper
Raiford Medlin
James Moore
L. B. Sawyer
Edgar Shell
Roy Swink
Jerry Talbert
Walter Thomas
Carl Willis
Martin Walters
Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 5

Clyde Billings
Fred Coats
Buck Corn
Harold Cruse
William Gentry
Richard Hobbs
Earl Hoyle
Amon Myers
Everett Stamey
William Stallings
Eldred Watts

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Charlton Cox
Douglas Daniels
Malvin Fowler
Ralph Gibson
Donald Griffie
Jack Hensley
Clyde Hoffman
Chester Lee
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean
James McMahan
Hayes Powell
Joesph Turner
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 8

George Guyton

Homer Johnson

COTTAGE NO. 9

Arthur Beal
Leonard Church
Riley Denny
Edward Guffey
Henry Hattem
John Hill
Windy Jones
Albert Newton
Lawrence Rice
Thomas Ware
Milford Ward
J. C. Wilcox
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

Paul Alphin
William Butler
Floyd Barnes
Fred Carswell
Jack Clifton
Donald Grimstead
Robert Moses
David E. Stubbs
Donald Sides
Charles Tate
Marion Todd

COTTAGE NO. 11

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 14

Wilton Barfield
Robert Caudle
John Fargis
Robert Holbert
William Lane
Robert Moose
Paul Stone
Jack Gentry
Wallace Foster

COTTAGE NO. 15

James Cantrell
Burley Edmonson
Jim Knight
John Watts
Evens Watson

INDIAN COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

INFIRMARY

(No Honor Roll)

Many American soldiers will return to their home with Italian blood in their veins, for reports from the Mediterranean battle front reveal that many Italions are giving blood for wounded American soldiers. Although they are being paid for the blood at the rate of $10 per pint, this act reveals what the world has long known—the Italians are not mad at us. They were led into war by unscrupulous leaders and they would like to be out of it.

—Selected.

64

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

SEP 27 1943

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 25, 1943 No. 39

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

I SHALL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN

I shall not pass this way again,
And as I go along;
I wonder if my memory
In minds will linger on.

I ponder over things I do,
I pray that they are right;
And hope that they will serve as guides,
To others through this night.

I wonder if I can be sure
That at sometime, some one
Will think of me and thank me
For some little thing I've done.

I shall not pass this way again
And so, you understand.
I'll try to do each thing, each day.
The very best I can.

—Carol Bessent.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
A TRIBUTE TO JUDGE PARKER	(The State)	8
THE FOUR CARFTSMEN	By Jay-Bee	11
ENTITLED TO SECOND SERVICE STRIPE AS R. C. NURSES' AIDE	(Concord Daily Tribune)	16
WHISTLER'S MOTHER: A FAMOUS TAR HEEL	By Lou Rogers	17
TO LIGHT UP HUMAN FACES	By Dr. J. F. Newton	22
THE INVISIBLE LEADER	The New Chronicle	23
HENRY FORD AND WRIGHTS	(N. C. Christian Advocate)	24
INSTITUTION NOTES		25
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

ON THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

In "pastures green"? Not always; sometime He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.
And by "still waters"? No, not always so;
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'ver my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storm beats loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I."
So, where He leads me, I can safely go,
And in the blest hereafter I shall know,
Why, in His wisdom, He hath led me so.

—Author Unknown.

OUR BOYS ARE FIGHTING

It is estimated that more than three hundred former Jackson Training School boys are now fighting courageously for their country in this World War II, taking their places as any other soldier or sailor, on the battlefield, on the high seas or in the air. We are conservative in our estimate of the number of former student in the armed services, but there is every reason to believe there are many others in service who have not been reported to the School. The institution as it stands today with all of its activities tells a story of fine service with a hope of greater accomplishments for the future. The program for the development of the forgotten boy, from the day the School was conceived, reflects the spirit of real democracy—

offering a home and a hope for the underprivileged child.

The dividends for such an investment, a training school for youths coming from unfortunate homes, are valued citizens such as are contending on the battlefields for the preservation of the privileges born in the minds of the early patriots, and enjoyed for 167 years.

The officers of the Jackson Training School receive letters every day from the young men seeing action in different areas of this global war. When on furlough, if possible, they visit the School and tell interesting experiences, but are very careful not to divulge military secrets. Some of them are commissioned officers, and many others are non-commissioned officers.

The superintendent in not oblivious to the fact that these old boys need cheer during the Christmas season. Plans have been made to mail every soldier, who was in the past committed to the care of this institution, a Christmas Greeting. This move is not only a thoughtful consideration, but a kind one, that will lift the morale of the boys, making them feel that some one cares. Moreover, many boys enter the Jackson Training School without a living relative or friend interested in their welfare, and it is quite likely the Christmas cheer cards may find there way to forgotten young men on the battlefields. If not possible to send these cards on the date named—September 15th—please send them at your earliest convenience.

* * * * * * * *

BOY SUGGESTS AN IDEA

We have taken from The Charlotte Observer a letter written by one of our youthful linotype operators in the office where The Uplift is printed. The work done by the boys of the printing class is valuable because it teaches the fundamentals of an education. Here they learn to spell (and few young people of this day are good spellers); they learn to punctuate properly; they learn how to paragraph; and last but not least, they learn to read understandingly and to discriminate between good and bad literature. When these lads are passed from this institution, after having received training in The Uplift office, they find remunerative jobs, and usually be-

come fixtures in the social life of their respective communities.

Benjamin Franklin once said: "The printing office is a poor mon's college," which is as true as when uttered by this great American. We give the following to show that our boys think things through on subjects in which they are interested, and can express themselves clearly. In this particular vocation their thoughts are directed along lines of worthwhile things. We invite our subscribers to read and form their own estimate of the following:

To The Observer:

I believe you should write the War Department and ask them how many dollars in war bonds and stamps it would take to buy a Flying Fortress bomber and name it "Mecklenburg County." When the War Department answers your letter and tells how many will be needed, advertise a whole page in The Charlotte Observer, telling the people the amount of war bonds and stamps it will take to buy the plane. When they read this they will invest more money in bonds and stamps than ever before. That will be one of the greatest things Mecklenburg county could do so the boys in the armed forces will know that the people on the home front are doing their part in this war.

When the plane is paid for, get a picture of it and put it in The Charlotte Observer, for you see a lot of people do not know what war bonds and stamps are doing in this war. People like to see where their money is going and what good it is doing. The boys in the armed forces and saying, "you buy them, we will fly them," and that is a good spirit to have.

I am a linotype operator on "The Uplift," published here at Jackson Training School; am from the great city of Charlotte, and proud of it.

Very truly yours

Willford Seegers
Jackson Training School.

* * * * * * * * *

A WORD OF APPRECIATION

The Uplift, the offical mounthpiece of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, was founded thirty-one years ago with a two-fold purpose—not only to teach the youngsters the mechanics of printing, but to cultivate an appreciation of selections of good literature.

Probably no one realizes today the thought given to the selection of a proper name for this little magazine. One name after another was suggested, and finally a gleam of satisfaction shone in the countenance of the founder, and his expression tells the story—"I've found it—The Uplift." Since the publication of the first issue, the effort has been to print clean and uplifting articles, so as to maintain high purpose and dignity of the basic principles. The Uplift is preserved in the State and institutional libraries, and is also kept on file in the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. When a copy is missed, that particular paper is requested by respective libraries and appreciative subscribers. The request for these missing papers is quickly responded to by the director of the printing department.

It is true that The Uplift bears no similarity to periodicals published by institutions of a kindred cause, but it has been recognized by outstanding people of the state and elsewhere, and proves in many ways to be a valuable asset to the School, in making lasting friends, and quite frequently brings in valuable monetary contributions.

The following is one of hundreds of such expressions that come to this office, and we reproduce it, not with a boast, but appreciatively:

East Carolina Teachers College
Greenville, N. C.
September 10, 1943

Mr. S. G. Hawfield
Stonewall Jackson Training School
Concord, N. C.

Dear Mr. Hawfield:

For a long time I have planned to write you a note in expression of my appreciation for "The Uplift," but have neglected to do so. I think you are editing one of the best papers of its type that I have seen. The articles which you publish are interesting, informative, and wholesome. I enjoy reading the little magazine very much. I trust you will continue the good work. With best wishes, I am,

Very truly yours,

Leon R. Meadows, President.

ITALY

We do not know just how to evaluate the fall of Italy. We do not know just how much help the Italians have been to Germany. Certainly the army was not much and fought indifferently. Germany had had the use of well nigh a million Italians as semi-slave laborers and they have liberatel Germans for the battle front. Also the peninsula has been a buffer state and has kept the Allies well away from Germany. The Italian navy has been a very definite threat to Allied shipping and has made it necessary for them to keep a powerful fleet in the Mediterranean to guard shipping. Now that Italian fleet is no longer a threat but according to reports is a part of the Allied fleet. There was a sprinkling of Italian soldiers on every battle front and in every occupied country. These have all either laid down their arms or have turned against their former allies. Then there is a very definite morale value in the surrender. It is having its effect upon all ocupied countries and is giving hope to them, also Turkey and Spain are taking due notice. If there has been any danger of their going over to the side of Germany, that danger is past. They, with all the rest of the world, see in the fall of Italy the beginning of the end. It will be a scramble to get on the band wagon. Of course the most desperate phase of the war is only beginning. Germany is in control of the greater part of Italy, including Rome. Desperate fighting is ahead but it will end in the defeat of Germany, and the fall of Italy is the promise.—Charity & Children.

* * * * * * * * *

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, famous clergyman, writer, and educator, has given us the following rules for a successful life: Be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; be satisfied with your possessions but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and fear nothing except cowardice; be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends.

A TRIBUTE TO JUDGE PARKER

(The State)

Mr. Arthur T. Vanderbilt: Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: Once a year the American Bar Association, after solemn deliberaton of its Board of Governors, customarily awards its medal for distinguished service to some outstanding figure in the legal firmament.

Sometimes the medal will go to a distinguished jurist such as Mr. Justice Holmes or Chief Justice Hughes; sometimes to a prominent professor of law like Dean Pound, Dean Wigmore, or Professor Williston; sometimes to a zealous missionary in the cause of law reform such as Elihu Root, George W. Wickersham, George Wharton Pepper, or Herbert Harley.

The distinguished Senior Judge of the Unithe States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit is known to lawyers throughout the country as the guiding spirit of the several advisory committees that brought forward a practical program for improving the administration of justice, a program that five years ago was unanimously adopted by our House of Delegates. Not content with merely presenting the program, he has for years served as chairman of the special committee of this Association, advocating this program to judges and lawyers the country over, by correspondence, by conferences and by speeches in probably every state of the Union with results undreamed of by most of his associates.

More than any other judge in the United States he has sensed that the work of bringing our judicial methods in line with the needs of the times must be the joint enterprise of judges and lawyers. As far back as 1931 he instituted the Judicial Conference for the Fourth Circuit at Asheville. There once a year federal judges and representatives of the bar meet for a frank and informal discussion of their common problems. The success of this gathering has led to the establishment by statute of similar conferences in each federal circuit.

He has never forgotten that courts exist primarily to satisfy the needs of litigants. He has expedited decisions. He has reduced the cost of litigation. He was one of the draftsmen of the Act creating the Administrative Office of the United States Courts. He has been a zealous advocate of the wise use of the rule-making power. In all of these enterprises he has, with the modesty of a true gentleman, seemed to be but presenting ideals which all of the judges and lawyers had always known and accepted, but which somehow had never quite come to the point of putting into action.

No lawyer who has ever appeared in his court will forget the experience—a court in which all three judges have read the briefs in ad-

vance and so know what the issues are; a court which gives counsel a fair chance to state his case and then by straightforward but firm questions seeks to prove the soundness of his position; a court which never fails to extend the time for argument if the argument merits it; a court where the judges, once the argument is over, step down from the bench to shake hands with counsel and to chat for a minute or two before going on with the next case; a most delightful court in which to argue, if counsel is well prepared and especially so if he is on the right side. Would that every appellate judge in the United States might have an opportunity to spend a full day in the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals!

Judge Parker, by your high character and your true modesty, by your lofty judicial standards and your interest in the common problems of your fellowmen, by your courage and your tenacity in urging the American bench and bar to do their manifiest duty in improving the administration of justice, by example as well as by precept, you have endeared yourself to American judges and lawyers throughout this country. It is my great pleasure on behalf of this gathering to present to you the American Bar Association Medal.

The audience arose and applauded as Judge Parker came forward.

President Morris: The Judge has consented to speak a few words in response.

Honorable John J. Parker (North Carolina): Mr. President, I want to thank you, my fellow-members of the Association, for this great honor, and I want to thank Mr. Vanderbilt for the kind speech of presentation. However unworthy I may feel myself of the kind things that he has said, it is gratifying to hear such an expression from one for whom I have so high a regard.

I am deeply moved, my friends, by this honor that you have done me. There is no body of men anywhere whose good opinion I value more highly than I do that of the members of this Association, and there is no cause in which I would rather be thought to have rendered some service than the cause of bettering the administration of justice. (Applause.)

To be honored by you, my friends, for such part as I have been able to play in a cause lying so nearto my heart stirs me to the very depths of my being. I have no language in which I can adequately express the full measure of my gratitude and appreciation.

I am deeply conscious, however, that it is only in a representative capacity that I can accept the high honor that you offer me because improving the administration of justice is an enterprise which has enlisted the enthusiastic effort of literally hundreds of the leaders of the bench

and bar of this country, and what I have done would have amounted to nothing had I not had at all times the loyal support and cooperation of these, my fellow-workers. I feel that this award is a recognition of their work as well as of mine, and it is in this spirit that I accept it and thank you not alone for the honor accorded us but for the recognition that you have given the great movement in which we are so profoundly concerned. I thank you.

The audience arose and applauded.

SPRINKLES OF WISDOM

Over-sleeping and over-eating hurt more people than over-working.
Getting on is largely a matter of getting up each time you are knocked lown.
Time is life. Don't murder it.
Cheerfulness aids work as well as digestion.
Strong men do not need to use strong language.
Character begets credit and credit begets capital.
The man who wins is he who hold on until he can hold on no longer—and then does not give up.
Bad habits must be slain or they will slay you.
Your opinion of others is apt to be their opinion of you.
If there were no difficulties there would be no triumphs.
Ability and reliability make a good team.
It pays to do a little better then seems necessary.
A light heart makes work light.
A smile oils life's bearings.
You can serve God only by serving man.
How you use today will determine how tomorrow will use you.
While you are considering when to begin, it is often too late to act.
Good morals are nobler than good manners, but not so popular.
It is usually on the detours that we pick up the tacks.
The achievement of freedom is through discipline.
Our lives are judged not so much by their length as by their breadth.
Many a man who would not tolerate old-fashioned methods in his business lets his mind become an antique shop in religion.

—Religious Telescope.

THE FOUR CRAFTSMEN

By Jay-Bee in The Richmond Dispatch

Ancient and modern history lists numerous examples of famous quartets that have made their mark in varied fields, but few outshine the accomplishments of the four great rivals of the furniture world—Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Sheraton and Phyfe. Unlike parctically all the other combinations, the furniture foursome were not "one for all and all for one" but were keep business rivals at times, or at least opposed to the ideals of those who had preceded them in the realms of design. Rather did each individually seek to nullify the influence of the other, but each achieved so well that instead of being eclipsed by another, each became a recognized authority, a definite standard and all four won renown in their respective ages.

Glibly, today, their names are chanted in the thousands of antique shops throughout the land, yet it is safe to say that few indeed of those who talk intimately about "this Chippendale," or "that Hepplewhite" know, or have even though about, the personal careers of those old craftsmen. Even to most of the dealers I have contacted they are just names, not personalities, and the search for facts had to go on. But in one of Richmond's foremost antique shops it was not so. Years back this veteran of the trade had painstakingly gathered data not only on the great men of furniture but on all the great furniture ages and this information was available. So, of The Four Craftsmen, let us begin with

Thomas Chippendale 1705-1779

All that is known of the early life of Thomas Chippendale is that he was born in the beginning of the eighteenth century, supposedly in 1705, and that his father, also Thomas Chippendale, lived in Worcestor during the reigns of Queen Anne and King George I and was a wood carver and cabinet maker of considerable reputation.

By 1730 the Chippendales, father and son had become established in London, but it was not until about 1749 that a shop was opened, in Conduit Street, Long Acre, by Thomas Chippendale, Jr., "The Chippendale."

Chippendale was that rare combination—a great artist and an excellent business man. He adroitly employed his talents to cater to the vagaries of his patrons and since he was willing to make the artist in him subjective to the business man, his success was continuous and highly profitable.

His keen business mind saw the advantage of associating his name with the output of his shop and, from the beginning of business, he clothed his work with personality. Up to Chippendale's time, all styles of furniture were identified by the names of the prevailing historical period and usually were called after the reigning ruler. Chippendale was not content to have his name and his originality so completely lost in this manner and, astute business man that he was, constantly and successfully advertised and emphasized the man "Chippendale," along with his productions.

His business expanded until in 1753, finding need of larger quarters, he

moved to 60 Saint Martin's Lane, where, with the addition of three adjoining buildings, he continued actively in business for the rest of his life.

With an idea of securing clients, he arranged attractive reception rooms in the Saint Martin's Line Shop for the convenience and comfort of visitors. This idea proved fruitful and it was not long before it become fashionable to meet at the Chippendale shop to discuss furnishings and exchange gossip.

It is easy to discover the Queen Anne and early Georgian influences in Chippendale's English styles, which were produced early in his career, before he was affected by the influence of foreign suggestions. Much of his best work is shown in the English style.

The general style features are graceful, sturdy construction, good proportions, original forms and adapted decorations, lattice and fret work. The details of decoration are shell carving, leafage, flowers, fruit, rococa, lattice work, Chinese frets, geometric patterns, pagodas, carved splats, acanthus leafage, scrolls, cabriole legs and carved feet.

Chippendale used the "C" and "S" scroll forms so often in his pierced and carved ornamentations that the idea was suggested he had employed these letters in order to advertise and perpetuate his name and his products. If he chose these letters at the trade-mark "Chippendale's Shop" and not because of their decorative worth he has presented us with but another evidence of his ingenious and business mind. He flourished and was a powerful influence until his death in 1779.

George Hepplewhite
About 1725 to 1786

Very little, if anything, is known of Hepplewhite's early personal history other than he is supposed to have been apprenticed to Gillow, a cabinet-marker of Lancaster.

From about 1760 until the time of his death in 1786, Hepplewhite's shop was located in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, where he designed and built remarkably beautiful furniture.

Upon Hepplewhite's death, his wife Alice, carried on the business and continued building furniture, under the firm name of A. Hepplewhite and Company. It was at this time, while the business was under Mrs. Hepplewhite's management, that "The Cabinet-Marker's and Upholsterer's Guide" was published, first in 1788 and later in 1789 and 1794. These books showed furniture built by A. Hepplewhite and Company, and the presumption was, and still is, that the illustrated pieces were either designed by Hepplewhite personally or drafted under his supervision.

In addition to her proven initiative and business capacity, Mrs. Hepplewhite must have had a positive by sound and understanding knowledge of furniture designing and cabinet-making. Remembering her confident assumption of management as soon as her husband died, and considering the delicate touch, almost womanly grace, of a great number of Hepplewhite pieces, the thought suggests itself that, if Mrs. Hepplewhite did not actually design these Hepplewhite pieces, she must have exercised a very strong influence in their conception.

This suggested thought is without the support of authority.

There is little, if any, resemblance in the Hepplewhite design to those of Chippendale, although there is a re-

marbable similarity, perplexing at times, between Hepplewhite and Sheraton.

Certain pieces of Hepplewhite so exactly resemble Sheraton, or vice-versa, that the natural conclusion is both used the same model or identically similar models, for the inspirations and effects obtained.

The characteristics of Hepplewhite designs are essemtially more classic than Chippendale's and lead gradually into, and become a part of, Sheraton's. His refined forms of carving and inlay, his runs, his table legs, and his shield shaped chair backs, did a major part in the improvement of the furniture designs of his day.

In contradiction to Chippendale's elaborate carvings are Hepplewhite's enrichment of his designs with charm of slender proportions and emphasized beauty of different colored woods, artistically inlaid so that their individual colors are pleasingly blended.

England, tired to boredom of the massive furniture with which the homes had been furished for generations, enthusiastically and joyfully welcomed and generally adopted the dainty designs of Hepplewhite. One of the outstanding things to remember about the Hepplewhite period is that it was during the time his style was at its height that the American colonies fought, and won, their War of Independence.

Thomas Sheraton 1750-1806

Thomas Sheraton, a man of rare genius, great versatillity, and natural refinement, but possessing no business ability, was born at Stockton-on-Tees in 1750. He lived at his birthplace until about 1790, when he moved to London, where he continued his residence for 15 years, until his death in 1806. He was wonderfully gifted in many directions and during his lifetime, particularly while living in London, he was variously employed as a designer, drawing master, cabinet-maker, Baptist preacher, tractarian and publisher, changing from one vocation to another, just whenever the whim seized him.

Data on Sheraton's life is necessarily scarce. His "A Scriptural Illustration of the Doctrine of Regeneration," which he authored and published when he was about 21 years old, gives us our first definite information and surprisingly presents him as a theologian of Baptist inclinations, instead of as the master designer and cabinet maker he is best remembered and recognized to have been. Sheraton describes himself, on the title page of the above book, as a "mechanic who never had the advantage of colegiate or academic education."

There is no further record of Sheraton until after his arrival in London, when, in 1791, he first began publishing books of his furniture designs.

He was the last of the three great furniture designers and cabinet makers of the eighteenth century, and expressed sorrow in having "lived to see all beauty vanish from the English furniture through a senseless copying of ugly designs of the French empire."

The representative Sheraton type of furniture, as we have come to know and accept it, is based entirely on his first book. This book, published in 1791, impressively stamped him for originality and excellence in artistic designs.

He found a real pleasure in brightening large surfaces with the inlay of fine Satinwood lines, which produced

panel, and many other interesting effects.

The perfection of the sideboard is rightly accredited to Sheraton, who did not favor the serpentine front, but preferred square ends and spring fronts or the whole front convex in form.

With his keen sense of proportion, plus his ability to skillfully employ and control the straight line, Sheraton gave an extraordinary possession of dignity and refinement to all of his designs, particularly chairs. It seems a pity that it remained for posterity to properly appreciate Sheraton, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that, although he was a designer and builder of surprisingly beautiful furniture, he was unable to win success and wealth in life.

Duncan Phyfe 1768-1854

In the last half of the eighteenth there was born, at Loch Fannich, in the highlands of Northern Scotland, a child destined to emigrate to the new world, become a citizen of the new Republic of the United States of America, and indelibly impress his influence on the furniture-making art of his adopted country.

This child, born Duncan "Fife," reached American in his youth, having come over with his parents, brothers and sisters when he was 16 years of age. As soon as they landed in this country, the entire "Fife" family went directly to Albany, N. Y. In 1792 we find him listed in the New York Metropolitan directory as "Duncan Fife," a joiner by trade, located at 2 Broad Street. In 1794 the directory records him as a cabinetmarker, under the name of Duncan "Phyfe," doing business on Partition Street. Just when he opened his shop is not known, but, by the year 1695, his shop on Partition Street was well established.

His brother, Lachin or Laughin, and two sons, Michael, and James D., were associates of the business when conducted under the firm name of "Duncan Phyfe." In 1783 the firm name was changed to "Duncan Phyfe and Sons," and in 1840, after the death of the son, Michael, the firm name was again changed this time to "Duncan Phyfe and Son."

Duncan Phyfe continued actively in business until his retirement in 1847, from which time until his death on August 16, 1854, he lived quietly, enjoying a well-earned rest and freedom from labors.

The output of the shop of Duncan Phyfe was admittedly of the finest furniture made in America. When the eighteenth century was closing. which was just about the time Duncan Phyfe established his business, American cabinet-makers began showing, if not actual originality, at least a decided independence in their designing, giving to the United States, before the close of the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century, a most distinctive throughly American adaptation of European styles.

Characteristic of Duncan Phyfe are definite details of construction, carving, turning, and veneering, but more pronounced than these are his characteristic use of beautiful materials, his slenderizing of proportions and his bringing into play, subtle details, which might not be seen by the average person but were sure to gladden the hearts of the understanding, true artist.

He had seen the success which came to Chippendale in the constant advertising of the name, and appreciated the advantage of this distinction. This influence probably answers the question of why his name, "Fife," was changed to "Phyfe," a change in spelling which was not immediately accepted of employed by all members of his family.

Chippendale emphasized the ornate and sturdy; Hepplewhite, beauty of form and charm of curves, and to Sheraton appealed the straight line and perfection of proportions, which he developed into "things of beauty and joys forever."

———:———

THE MISER'S FORTUNE

A miser died. Within a box
We found his money, bonds and stocks;
A fortune left for kin to share,
Stored in a cabin, bleak and bare.

Beneath the splintered floor, interned
Was every dollar he had earned.
Mute testimony, unadorned,
Of every useful purpose scorned.

When beggars asked for food he'd say;
"I've nothing I can give away."
When needy fellows sought his aid
The same reply to them he made.

He let the springs and summers pass
And planted neither flowers nor grass.
Throughout his life that he might save
He neither spent, nor lent, nor gave.

What did the lawyers count that day
And list and file? The papers say
The dead man's wealth, I think they knew
They counted all his failures, too.

—Edgar A. Guest.

ENTITLED TO SECOND SERVICE STRIPE AS R. C. NURSES' AIDE

(Concord Daily Tribune)

According to announcement made today by Mrs. R. B. Rankin, chairman of the Red Cross Volunteer Nurses Aide committee, and Miss Louise Harkey, superintendent of the Cabarrus hospital, Mrs. Thomas B. Longhurst, a member of Concord's first class of Red Cross Volunteer Nurses' Aides, is now entitled to recieve her second service stripe for 500 hours of voluntary service at the hospital.

"I cannot commend Mrs. Longhurst too highly for what she has done," said Miss Harkey. "There is no greater service she could render to her country in its hour of need than to do all she can to relieve human suffering, and that is what she has done, regularly, consistently, unselfishly."

Miss Harkey pointed out that four days each week, rain or shine, Mrs. Longhurst presents herself at 7 a. m., for duty in her crisp blue and white uniform and cap. She does it as regularly as if she were paid for doing it. But she isn't. Not one penny. Her only reward is the personal satisfaction of duty well performed.

Mrs. Rankin echoed Miss Harkey's sentiments and added a few of her own.

Mrs. Longhurst is modest about the whole matter and feels that she has done no more than her duty.

"I feel there's no use taking the course if I wasn't going to give more than the required 150 hours. The need is so great, and I like to care for sick people. I expect to continue serving as long as I can be of use," she said simply.

Mrs. Longhurst has been working recently in the Maternity ward, and wishes there were no regulations against Aides working with the babies. She does all she can for the mothers, however.

———:———

THE RIGHT AND WRONG

There are two ends to things—the right and wrong. Life, its success or its failure, depends upon the choice. Few people exhibit the slightest intelligence in choosing and the result is—failure. As a matter of fact, taking the world over, not more than two men in ten succeed; nor are the two successful ones necessarily those in possession of the greater merit. The secret if it is a secret— is in the beginning at the right end. All philosphers can teach no more than this; the smallest grain of common sense teaches the whole.—Selected.

WHISTLER'S MOTHER: A FAMOUS TAR HEEL

By Lou Rogers, in "We The People"

The words of the accompanying poem, written by a Tar Heel poet, John Charles McNeil, could not have painted a better likeness of Anna Mathilda McNeil Whistler if they had been written especially to her. This famous relative though was only a small lad when Mrs. Whistler died, and probably never saw her.

"To you, dear mother heart,
whose hair is gray,
Above this page today,
Whose face, though lined with
many a smile and care,
Grows year by year more fair.

Be tenderest tribute set in perfect rhyme,
That haply passing time
May cull and keep for strange lips
to pay
When we have gone our way."

Her own son painted her so well on canvass that it is "Arrangement in Grey and Black," better known as "Whistler's Mother," the painting for which Mrs. Whistler's son is best known today.

Mathilda McNeill Whistler has become such a universal figure that we sometimes fail to claim her as our own. By residence she belongs to half a dozen states and even two or three other countries, but by birth she rightfully belongs to North Carolina. To be born a McNeill of North Carolina, is to be born into a heritage rich in clan prestige and tradition; and to be bred in the gracious living of the Old South.

Dr. McNeill, Mathilda's father, settled in Wilmington and began the practice of medicine there. Through a land grant from the royal crown of England to his ancestors, he had inherited much land and timber in that section. He married the belle of Bladen County and they established a home in Wilmington. A marker in Bladen County designates the place of Mathilda's birth. Dr. McNeill also built a beautiful home on "Brown Marsh" and named it "Oak Forest." The family always spent the summers on the plantation in this mansion of imported brick. Mathilda was born in September, 1804 and it is most likely that this is the house in which she was born, as September is still a summer month in the south. In 1938 "The Battle of Elizabethtown" Chapter of D.A.R. held a bicentennial celebration in Clarkton and placed a marker there to point out her birthplace. This old mansion stood for nearly two centuries but was burned a few years ago.

Anna Mathilda grew up as a member of a large family and she loved all of them dearly but she was especially fond of her older brother, William Gibbs. The first outstanding highlight of her life was when William came home one summer from West Point and brought his friend George Washington Whistler, better known as "Pipes" for a vacation at "Oak Forest." Mathilda had not yet twisted her brown hair into a chignon and grown up but she fell so com-

pletely in love with cadet Whistler that she was never able to transfer her affection for him to any other man.

The cadets went back to West Point and soon afterwards, Dr. McNeill moved his family to New York and began important rescarch work in medicine. Mathilda helped him in the laboratory and assisted him with his experiments. She seemed to have a knack for nursing and the experience she gained with her father proved to be invaluable to her in the years that lay ahead.

Her best friend in the north was Mary Swift. They spent many happy hours together and eagerly awaited the visits of William and "Pipes" from West Point. Mathilda must have been terribly disappointed when "Pipes" on finishing at West Point, cohse Mary to be his bride. Mathilda's noble mind seems to have held no bitterness toward her friend though and the two remained very close friends. There was a mutual love between Mathilda and Mary's three children which lasted as long as they lived. This was very fortunate for all of them because Mary was destined to die young, and Mathilda to see a great deal of the young Whistlers through the coming years.

When William and "Pipes" finished at West Point the government did not need their services for fighting so after a few years with the army, they became engineers for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and established homes for themselves in Baltimore. Soon after Mary died, Dr. McNeill also died. Mrs. McNeill and Mathilda went to Baltimore to live with William. Bound by a common grief, Major Whistler and the McNeills spent much of their time together.

Mathilda's relatives in England invited her for a visit. She accepted and spent about a year with them. When she returned Major Whistler found her much more attractive and courted her as he never had in her younger days. Soon they were married in New York City in the year 1831. Mathilda was now twenty-seven years old and was quite equal to the task of becoming a step-mother at the altar.

The Whistlers moved to Lowell, Massachusetts, and there James Abbott McNeill Whistler was born. Two years later, Willie was added to the family. When Willie was a year old, the family moved to Stonington, Connecticut. Then came the third son, Kirk. The family now consisted of Mrs. and Mrs. Whistler, George, sixteen; Joseph, fourteen; Deborah, twelve (Mary's children); James, four; Willie, two; and Kirkie. Soon after Kirkie was born, Joseph became a typhoid victim and died. From then on, Mathilda's happiest moments seemed to be foreshadowed by approaching sadness.

Soon after Joseph's death, the family moved to Springfield, Massachusetts. The fourth son, Crarles Donald, was born in this town. While here, her husband's big chance came. The Czar of Russia invited him to build a great railroad across Russia into St. Petersburg. The Major left his always dependable wife to look after the young Whistler and bring them on to Russia when he could establish a home there. Before Whistler could arrive in Russia, Kirkie, not quite four, died and brave Mathilda had to carry the little body back to Stonington and place it be-

side that of Joseph. Both the baby and Jamie were quite sick during this lonely year but Mathilda nursed them through illness and started courageously out on the long hard trip to Russia. George, now twenty, went with her as far as England where she and the children visited relatives for two weeks. In Liverpool George saw the rest of the family safely on the steamer that was to take them around through the Baltic and up the river to St. Petersburg. Little Charlie grew sicker all the time and died on the steamer. When they reached Kronstadt, Mathilda had to leave her baby's body there and greet her husband with a new grief. The little body was later sent back to America and put in the family enclosure at Stonington.

In Russia the Whistlers lived in splendor and were often invited to the royal palace. Whistler became more prominent as time went on, and his wealth increased accordingly. Although she had a beautiful mansion and many servants, it was hard for Mathilda to enter into the new life. Her health suffered from shock and grief, and the whole family suffered from the rigid winter climate. One or the other was always sick with colds and influenza.

In 1845 a little Russian baby was born to the Whistlers. They named him John. Aunt Alice came from England for a visit and took Deborah back with her for Christmas. Winter at thirty below zero brought the Wristlers much sickness again. When summer came, Whistler went to England to bring Debo back home. While he was away, little Johnny became ill and died in August, soon after his first birthday. "Pipes" and Debo arrived just in time to see Johnny alive, and to help Mathilda through this ordeal. Another winter of sickness and grief followed.

When spring again arrived, Whistler sent his wife, Debo, and the two boys, to England for their health. In the early fall Debo and Seymour Haden were married. Unknown to Mathilda, Major Whistler had been quite ill but he managed to come from Russia to the wedding.

Mathilda and the two boys returned to Russia with "Pipes." That winter cholera swept St. Petersburg and Whistler had a light case but after his recovery he continued his work, driving harder than ever. He succumbed to a violent heart attack in April, 1849, after seven years in Russia.

Part of Mathilda died with "Pipes" but she bravely took over again and returned to Stonington with her two sons. Because of an excellent preparatory school in Pomfret, Connecticut, she moved there and set about making a home for her two boys in an old farm house. It was hard labor for one used all her life to fine homes and many servants but her money was fast dwindling and she had to "scrimp" and save.

Ambitious for her boys, she secured an appointment to West Point for Jamie. Caring nothing for the tradition of West Point, Jamie spent his time drawing and having a good time until he was finnaly dismissed. Through friends his mother secured him a job in Washington that gave him money, opportunity, and association with the best people. Jamie played the part of a social butterfly and when asked to resign, flitted off to Paris.

Willie wanted with his whole heart

to be a doctor but his preparation for entering Columbia was inadequate and after failing his work there, he went to work in a machine shop in Baltimore. Later he went to Philadelphia Medical School and in the years ahead became a brilliant doctor.

In 1860 Willie finished medical school and married. Then came the most heartbreaking war in our history. Although Willie had never lived in the South, his sympathies were with it and so he joined the Confederate Army. While he was in Richmond his wife became ill. Mathilda came to nurse her but good nursing was not enough and Ida slipped away.

By this time Jamie had gone to London and he wrote glowing accounts of his successes, mostly imaginary. He failed to tell of his degradation in Paris and how Debo and her husband had rescued him and helped him make a new start in London.

Mathilda's heart was rent in two by the war between the two sections of her country. She decided to make a surprise visit to Jamie. With the aid of Governor Vance, she got passage on a cutter in Fayetteville and rode down the Cape Fear and through the blockade at Fort Fisher. Amid shell and fire and bitter cold, she finally arrived in England.

Jamie's way of life was strange to Mrs. Whistler's puritanical soul and religious nature but she set about to make his home more comfortable. Soon, she became a favorite with his Bohemian friends. The one thing she could not tolerate was Jo Hefferman, Jamie's red-headed model who continued to live under the same roof with them. Mrs. Whistler spoke to Jamie about it and this subject caused a violent quarrel between them. Jamie left without even telling her good-bye. For two years he lived a gay life in other countries.

The poor woman who had already gone through so much, lived alone with never a word from her wilful son. Her sight was failing, so much of her time, she had to "just sit." Seymour Haden, Debo's husband, and Jamie had quarreled bitterly and Seymour had forbidden Debo and his children to go near Jamie's house. Jamie had forbidden his mother to go to Seymour's. Luckily for her, Mrs. Whistler had many old and new friends in England. One of her best friends was Thomas Carlyle, the essayist and historian. He had had many disappointments too, and he came often to talk with her. Sometimes they just sat quietly with each other, Mrs. Whistler on one side of the hearth, just as in the picture, and the rugged Scot on the other side.

It was thus that Jamie found them when he suddenly returned from his wanderings. The picture made such an indelible impression on him that he could not forget it and, sometime later, he painted his mother just that way. This portrait proved to be his best work of art. Carlyle liked it so much that he asked Whistler to do one of him. The two pictures were sat for in the same room and are now often used as companion pieces.

The story of the picture itself would fill a book. It had many ups and downs, just as did the one who sat for it, but it finally found a home in the French National Art Galley and is now considered too valuable to be sent on exhibitions and tours.

A few years after Mrs. Whistler went to England, Willie was given a furlough but was asked to deliver dis-

patches to Liverpool. He was there when the War Between the States ended, and there he stayed the remainder of his life. After living for a while with Jamie, he went to live with a doctor in another part of the city. Later, he married again and set up a home of his own. By this time his practice had grown so large that he was kept quite busy, but he still found time to look after the physical needs of his mother.

Jamie lived for a while with his mother after his return. Then he decided to set up a studio-house in another part of town, and keep the old place for his mother.

Mrs. Whistler's last days were spent in peace and quiet, and while there is a pathetic touch to her last days, it was symbolic of her portrait, and of her whole life, that Mathilda McNeill Whistler, on a bleak day in January of 1881, should slip out quietly and all alone, on that last journey to meet the one person whom she had loved above all others.

There have been many events and celebrations commemorating "Whistler's Mother." One of the best known was the Mother's Day Stamp issued in May 1934. The stamp is a tiny reproduction of "Whistler's Mother" but art lovers still resent the flowers bouquet added to the picture.

In May 1938 the "Battle of Elizabethtown" Chapter of D.A.R. held the Bladen County Bicentennial Celebration at Clarkton. There they unveiled the marker to Mathilda's memory. One of the outstanding features was a float representing the portrait "Whistler's Mother." The float was very lovely under its covering of gray moss pink roses. The living picture was portrayed by Mrs. Walter T. Porter, a relative of Mrs. Whistler.

When Fayetteville held the Sesquicentennial Celebration in the fall of 1939, there were many lovely floats, both historical and commercial, in the colorful parade. The above mentioned D.A.R. Chapter entered "Whistler's Mother." The float was identical to the one used in Clarkton but due to Mrs. Porter's illness. her daughter, Mrs. F. B. Richardson, rode on this float. There are relatives and friends still living who can remember Mrs. Whistler. They say that Mrs. Porter resembles Mrs. Whistler to a marked degree.

The life of Anna Mathilda McNeill Whistler should remind us that it is not pleasures, nor hardships, nor circumstances that make a woman great, but the manner in which she meets the joys, the pains, the struggles, and the disappointments along her path, that proves her worth. The worth of Mrs. Whistler's life was not lessened by her most outstanding trait which was her abundant love for, and deep devotion to her husband and children. It might well have been Jamie, for he wrote poems too, instead of Kipling who painted this picture with these words:

"If I were hang'd on the highest hill, Mother o'Mine,
I know whose love would follow me still, Mother o'Mine.
If I were drown'd in the deepest sea, Mother o'Mine,
I know whose tears would come down to me, Mother o'Mine.
If I were damn'd of body and soul,
I know whose pray'rs would make me whole,

TO LIGHT UP HUMAN FACES

By Dr. Joseph Fort Newton

Hear now the story of a great man of science, how a little boy made up his mind what he wanted to do in the world and why. He grew up on a lonely farm in Wisconsin, and one night his little brother became dangerously ill. It struck terror to his heart as he saw his brother suffer and watched the drawn and anxious faces of his father and mother—so eager to help yet so helpless. The nearest doctor lived miles away, but when sent for he came as quickly as a good team of horses could bring him. As the doctor entered the sickroom the boy—unspeakably shy—slipped into the room, too, unnoticed in the excitement, and hid behind a piece of furniture to see what went on. From his hiding place he watched every movement that was made by the doctor, and what he saw made him decide what he wanted to do in life.

Quietly, calmy the doctor went about his work, examining his patient, touching here, listening there, making his tests. As he sat down and began to pour out the medicines to be given, he said to the parents: "Have no fear; he is going to get well." At once the boy felt the tension relax, and from his hiding place he saw the drawn faces of his father and mother light up in a way so wonderful that he decided, then and there, what he wanted to become when he grew to be a man.

To have such knowledge and skill, to be able to cause such a light as that to shine in the faces of people—that was what he wanted above everything else. Such is the story of Edward Rosenow of the Mayo Clinic, one of the greatest bacteriologists of our day, as it was told to me. Among his peers it is freely predicted that his name will go down in history along with Pasture and Koch as a benefactor of the race. His studies of infantile paralysis alone entitle him to our undying gratitude.

No wonder he is a happy man, having dedicated himself to something greater than himself, in which his entire self finds full play and free expression in behalf, of others. For surely neither men nor angles can know a satisfaction more real, or a joy more wonderful, than to cause the light of happiness and hope to appear in the faces of men and women. It is the secret, almost too simple to be found out, of the greatest happiness we can experience on earth or in heaven—to light up human faces beclouded by fear and beshadowed by anxious sorrow.

———:———

The best way to get rid of a hot-head is to give him the cold shoulder.

THE INVISIBLE LEADER

The New Chronicle.

A Colonel in the Austrian Imperial army was ordered to march against a little town in the Tyrol and lay siege to it. The place was small and unlikely to put up any great resistance, so the Colonel was somewhat mystified by the remark of a prisoner, "You will never take that town," he said, "they have an Invincible Leader." To make assurance doubly sure, the Colonel doubled his preparations.

As the troops decended the pass through the Alps they noted with surprise that the cattle were still grazing in the valley and that men, women and children were working in the fields. They smiled and greeted the soldiers with friendly words. The Colonel suspected a trap, but could see no sign of it.

The Austrians rode into the town, up the cobbled streets and into the market square. Women and children greeted them as they passed and the small boys danced admiringly round the soldiers, making them feel as though this was a glorious parade for their special amusement.

Completely mystified, they rode up to the Town Hall. No sign of a cannon or a soldier in the place. Instead there appeared a white-haired old man wearing the insignia of a mayor, and followed by ten men in simple peasants' costume. They walked down the steps, completely undismayed by the array of armed force before them. The old man walked up to the Colonel and held out his hand. "Welcome brother." he cried.

"Where are your soldiers?" the Colinel demanded.

"Soldiers?" replied the old mayor. "Why, we have none," and looked rather as though he had been asked, "Where are your giants?"

"But we have come to take the town."

"No one will stop you."

"Are there none to fight?"

The old man's face lit up with a rare smile.

"No, there is no one here to fight," he said. "We have chosen Christ for our Leader, and he taught men another way."

The Colonel admitted defeat. He could not order his men to fire on smiling women and children, and he and his troops departed, leaving the town unmolested. Later he reported to headquarters that the town had offered unassilable resistance.

———:———

Let not a day pass, if possible, without having heard some fine music, read a noble poem, or seen a beautiful picture.—Goethe.

HENRY FORD AND THE WRIGHTS

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

Last Friday morning, July 30, Robert St. John in his broadcast featured Henry Ford on his 80th birthday. A marvelous story did he tell in portraying this man of genius in depicting what he has wrought in this generation for widening the range of man. The goings of the ordinary man had been limited largely by the boundaries of towns and counties. Henry Ford made it possible for man to cross lands and continents the whole world around. Along with this revolution on land we could but associate the other revolution wrought by the Wright brothers in the conquest of the air. Wilbur has passed along but Orville Wright still remains to carry on. Two men with two ideas have wrought in the making of two ages. A new age on the land and a new age in the air.

Henry Ford driving his first car in an alley of Detroit and Orville Wright rising in his first airplane above the sands of Kill Devil beach in North Carolina led this revolution for man on the land and in the air. In a most simple and unpretentious way did Henry Ford and the Wrights usher in this new age. Mirobile dictu. They have lived to see more than most men ever dreamed would come to pass. A revolution in war and in peace of vast world proportions has resulted from the ideas and efforts of these men in the course of their natural lives. And they still remain busy, not ready to quit.

Both have had a chief place in this present world war and they most certainly will have a dominant place in the peace that is to follow. Transportation on the land and the dominance in the air are two of the persistent demands of those who plan for the age that is to be. Many have entered into their labors, contributing to the work done by these men of genius; millions more will have a part in the conquest begun by Henry Ford, the genius whom American citizens delighted to honor as he reached his 80th milestone on July 30, 1943. He and the Wrights belong to the ages.

———:———

MANY STRINGS

Seek not to pour the world into thy small mold;
Each as its nature is, its being must unfold.
Thou art but as a string on life's vast sounding board,
And other strings as sweet may not with thine accord.

—W. W. Story.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Some of the boys on the barn force have been hauling coal from the railroad siding to various building on the campus.

—:—

There's a little chill in the air these days, and furnace fire have been started in the school building, administration building, and elsewhere about the campus.

—:—

Winley Jones and Robert Bass, two of our boys, were taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, for observation, they having been previously treated at that institution. After thorough examinations, the doctors reported that both lads were doing very nicely.

—:—

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys are getting along very nicely ceiling the cottage basements. Cottages Nos. 1, 3 and 4 are about completed. This will be a great improvement in the basements, not only in a sanitary way, but will make them much more cheerful and lighter.

—:—

Farming activities were slowed down considerably this week on account of a two-days' rain. However, we were sadly in need of the rain, and the late fall crops will be greatly benefitted thereby. The string bean crop looks very promising at this time, and if frost will stay away a few more weeks, a bumper crop will be gathered.

—:—

A number of the staff members recently received cards from Jesse Cunningham, formerly of Cottage No. 8, who has been in the United States Navy about six months. The cards came from Washington, D. C. Jesse said that he was taking in the sights of our nation's capital, so we assume he was just there on a short leave.

—:—

One night recently, part of our herd of Holstein cows broke out of the pasture. In a very short time they were rambling about the campus, and some got out on the highway. Several boys and officers were called out of bed, and the "round-up" was on. After about an hour's chase, the cows were driven back into the pasture, the gate was repaired, and everybody returned to their beds.

—:—

It has just been reported to this office that Hoyle Pittman, a former member of the Cottage No. 5 group, is now in the United States Navy. He is receiving basic training at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. Hoyle entered the School, March 15, 1941 and was conditionally released, July 13, 1942, going to live with an uncle at Spruce Pine. Progress reports concering this lad since leaving us have been very good, and we feel sure he will continue his good record while performing his duties as a sailor for Uncle Sam.

—:—

A young fellow who had just completed his basic training at the United States Naval Training Station, Bainbridge, Maryland, visited the School last Wednesday. He said that he knew Robert Muse, a former student here, and that he finished his training courses at the same place. Robert came to the School, March 3, 1942, and remained here until February 26,

1943, when he was conditionally released to return to his home in Elizabeth City. During his stay with us he was member of the Cottage No. 4 group and worked on the farm. He was in the sixth school grade at the time of leaving the institution.

—:—

When more than two hundred draftees left Concord for Fort Jackson, South Carolina, September 13th, two members of the Training School's official family were in the group. They were Messrs. John L. Carriker and James H. Liner. Both of these men had been employees here for quite a number of years. Mr. Carriker was officer in charge of Cottage No. 11 and was also one of the supervisors who looked after the boys engaged in farm work. Mr. Liner was athletic director and school teacher. As these men take their places in our country's armed forces they have the best wishes of their friends back on the home front.

—:—

Just a few days ago our attention was called to the fact that William R. Hames, one of our old boys, was in the United States Army, having enlisted about three years ago. We received this information from his mother, who said that he had been overseas for several months, but is now back in this country. She showed us his picture, and we must say that he certainly is a very good looking young man.

William entered the School, September 4, 1931, coming to us from his home in Rutherford County. He stayed with us until January 17, 1935, when he was granted a conditional release, and went to live with his mother. While at the School he was a member of the Cottage No. 7 group, and was employed on the poultry yard force. He is now twenty-two years old.

—:—

In these columns last week, we referred to an article in a recent issue of The Charlotte Observer, carrying a picture of Raymond Irwin, one of our former students, now fighting for this country. In the write-up, dated September 1, 1943, it was stated that this young man, a Waist Gunner Staff Sergeant in the Army Air Corps, had been credited with downing a Jap Zero, and we were very glad to read of the achievement.

Since that time, further honors have come to Raymond, for in the Charlotte News, issue of September 17, 1943, we noticed that this same young man was credited with shooting two Jap figther planes out of the skies, and probably a third, in an Allied air raid on Wewak, New Guinea. It makes us feel proud that one of our former students is making such an outstanding record, and his many friends at the School wish him all the luck possible as he aids in carrying the fighting to the Japs.

—:—

A letter from Ivan (Tiny) Morrozoff, a former member of our printing class, who is now in the United States Army, tells us that he has been transferred from Portland, Oregon to McChord Field, Washington. Tiny writes as follows:

"Just a few lines to let you know that I am well and hope you are the same. Well, I got behind on my rent and had to move. Am now a "Rambling Wreck From Georgia Tech and a Heck of an Engineer." You will recall that I told you about two months ago

that I was being re-classified. It has happened, and I have landed in a tough engineer outfit, but have enjoyed it very much so far. Have not been here long enough to be assigned to a regular job, but will probably work on heavy equipment, such as tractors and trucks. How are all the folks at the School? Please give everybody my best regards. Being in a new company, I don't have much to write about, so this letter will be a short one. Be sure to drop me a few lines now and then. Your old friend, Tiny."

—:—

We learned a few days ago that George and William Downes, two of our former students, are in the United States Army. George has been overseas for some time, and was wounded recently. Evidently his wounds were not serious, as information coming to his mother in Wilmington was that he would soon be able to leave the hospital.

George Downes, better known here as "Greek," came to the School, March 1, 1930, and remained here until September 15, 1932, when he was permitted to return to his home in Wilmington. This lad has made a very good record since leaving us, and always seemed appreciative of the fact that the School did a lot for him, according to information coming through his welfare superintendent on several occasions. He is nearly twenty-seven years of age.

William Harvey Downes entered the School, October 15, 1934, and on August 12, 1938, was conditionally released to return to his home in Wilmington. Reports on file show that he entered the United States Army in the summer of 1939, and within a very few months after his enlistment, was sent to Panama. His record while at the School was good, and after returning to his home, he kept the good work up. Both these boys were in Cottage No. 2 during their stay at the institution, and they were well liked by both boys and officers.

—:—

We have just received another letter from William S. Morgan, a former linotype operator in our printing class, who enlisted in the United States Navy last November, and is now in Alaska. He writes in part, as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: How's the boss these days? You haven't written in so long that I'm beginning to think something has happened to you. I know you are busy, with all the proofs to read and the other shop work, and then have so many other fellows to write to, but please don't forget that I'm always glad to hear from you. If you should happen to get a copy of Our Navy Magazine, issue of August 1st, you will see an interesting article on Kodiak, Alaska. It tells about most of the things permissible to tell about the place without violating military restrictions, and is a very interesting write-up. Haven't received a copy of The Uplift since arriving here. Hope to get some soon, as I would not miss the news about the old School for anything. If there is anything you would like from up here as a souvenir, let me know and I'll gladly sent it. Write soon and tell me how the School is getting along. I'll write you often. I know you don't have as much time to write letters as I have, but let's hear from you whenever you find it convenient to write. Please tell Messrs. Fisher, Hawfield and Barber

'hello' for me. So long for this time. Sincerely, Bill."

—:—

William R. Young, formerly of Cottage No. 10, who was inducted into the United States Army from the School campus a few weeks ago, has written a number of letters to both boys and officers. Bill is now at the Reception Center, Fort Jackson, South Carolina. Mr. J. C. Fisher, our assistant superintendent, recently received the following letter from Bill:

"Hello Mr. Fisher: Am here in the Army now and getting along fine. I am glad I was in your Sunday school class, and enjoyed going every Sunday. But there is more to it than that, for I did appreciate your talking to me about drinking and gambling. It did me more good than anything else at the School. Although I can say the exercise and drilling I received there were a great help, but not as much as what you did for me, because everybody here that drinks offers me a drink. I am very glad to say that I have my first drink of liquor or my first bottle of beer to take, also have my first time to gamble, and will have the first time to do these things when I die. Mr. Fisher, for my sake, and more for the other boys' sake, keep up your good work.

"I guess Mr. Barber has told you how I got mixed up when I left Concord. I got on the wrong bus and went to Charlotte, but got with my group about two hours later. Am getting along fine here and am proud of it. I go to the show about every night, and to chapel services on Saturday and Sunday. If you would like to write me, I shall be glad to hear from you. Will close for now, but must tell you again that I shall always appreciate what you and the School have done for me. Your old friend, William R. Young."

—:—

Rev. Roy C. Whisenhunt, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. His message to the boys was an illustrated talk, in which he made use of a box of matches and a flower. As a basis for his most interesting message, he used two selections from the Bible, the word of Christ: "I am the light of the words of Christ: "I am the light of the world."

The speaker emphasized the point that "I" came first and was followed by "ye," and explained that the significance of this statement is that religion is first caught from Jesus Christ and then passed on to others. He further illustrated his talk by using an ordinary match, which he lighted. While the match has within it the power of light, said he, it must first come in contact with another substance in order to produce light.

Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt's next illustration was made by using a flower. He pointed out the beauty of the flower, stating that what the sunlight was to the flower, Jesus Christ is to the individual. The sunshine makes the flower colorful and attractive, bringing out the best that is in it. So it is with men—when they have contact with Christ, they have the best cultivated within them, and, like the flower, more fully represent Christ to their fellow men.

Frequently we say that an apple is just naturally beautiful and has a sweet taste, but this is the result of the sunshine and other elements. By

itself, the apple would be useless or would never develop.

The speaker then told how a preacher sent his boy to Duke University. When the lad came home on a visit, his father inquired as to how he got along with the rules and regulations at the university. The boy replied he guessed they must have some, but that his purpose was to do the right thing thing anyway, and never gave rules and regulations much thought.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt told the boys the proper guide or rule for their lives would be to keep in constant contact with Jesus Christ and his teachings.

DISCOVERING A FRIEND

If trouble never happened and sorrow never came,
The only thing you'd know about your neighbor is his name.
If all your days were bright and fair, and certain was your place,
You'd only know a fellow by the features of his face.
Acquaintances upon this earth are all you'd ever own,
If care had always passed you by, and grief you'd never known.
Time was I used to nod at one who lived across the way,
I knew his name and he knew mine; we passed the time of day;
But nothing did he mean to me, and nothing I to him,
Until one moorning sorrow came and all my world was grim.
I saw his face, I felt his hand, and knew he'd come to lend
The strength I needed, and right then I found I had a friend
'Tis not in sunshine friends are made, but when our skies are gray,
The splendid souls that men possess are never on display;
We cannot tell what lies behind the hasty nod or smile,
Nor what of worth will come of it in just a little while;
We only know that when we face the cares that life must send,
We realize the passerby has changed into a friend.

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending September 19, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Weaver Ruff
Leonard McAdams
James Stamper
Harry Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 1
Willford Richard Seegers
Lee Turner
Rufus Massingill
Roy Mumford
Robert Hamm
Joseph Kincaid

COTTAGE NO. 2
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3
Everett Bowden
Robert Coleman
Hugh Cornwell
Donald Daniels
John Holder
Robert Goldsmith
William Guffey

COTTAGE NO. 4
William Davis
Frank Fargis
John Fine
James Graham
Charles Lanford
Malcom Seymour
Richard Shehan
Edgar Shell
Roy Swink
Carl Willis
Martin Walters
Ervin Wolfe
Floyd Barnes
C. W. Cline
Alfred Lamb
Eugene Stubbs

COTTAGE NO. 5
Randolph Ammons
Clyde Billings
Fred Coats
Earl Hoyle
Earl Harris
Sidney Knighting
Amos Myers
Jerry Ray
Truby Ricks
E. C. Stamey
William Stallings
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 6
Kenneth Caldwell
Charlton Cox
Douglas Daniels
Marvin Fowler
Earl Gilmore
Ralph Gibson
Donald Griffie
Everett Gallion
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean
James McMahan
Hayes Powell
Joseph Turner
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7
Albert Allen
Arthur Beal
Donald Grimstead
John McLean
Leroy Pate
Lloyd Sain
Marion Todd
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 8
Jack Clifton
Homer Johnson
Edward Loftin
Troy Morris
Jesse Parker

COTTAGE NO. 9
George Bass
John Hill
Donald Sides

COTTAGE NO. 10
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 11
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13
Ernest Davis

COTTAGE NO. 14
Wilton Barfield
Fred Bostian
Robert Caudle
Joseph Case
John Fargis
Robert Holbert
William Lane
Joseph McKinney
Robert Moose
Carlton Pate
Walter Stansbury
Paul Stone
Jack Gentry

COTTAGE NO. 15
Edgar Blanchard
James Cantrell
Burley Edmondson
William Griffin
Boyce Plyler
Hugh Roberts
John Watts
Evans Watson
William Whittington
Robert Moses

INDIAN COTTAGE
Marshall Hunt
Hudell Jacobs
Carl J. Lochlear
J. C. Rhodes

INFIRMARY
(No Honor Roll)

——:——

I KNOW SOMETHING GOOD ABOUT YOU

Wouldn't this old world be better
If the folks we meet would say:
"I know something good about you,"
And then treat us just that way?

Wouldn't it be fine and dandy,
If each handclasp, warm and true,
Carried with it this assurance:
"I know something good about you."

Wouldn't life be lots more happy,
If we praised the good we see?
For there's such a lot of goodness
In the worst of you and me.

Wouldn't it be nice to practice
That fine way of thinking, too:
You know something good about me;
I know something good about you.

—Selected.

364

OCT 4 1943
(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 2, 1943 No. 40

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

A DANGEROUS HABIT

The fault-finding habit is a bad one. It is easily acquired and not readily broken. We live in an imperfect world. Everything is flawed and defective. Institutions all blunder and fall short of the ideal. Persons are all erring creatures and their faults give us offense, but one should not pay too much attention to the faults of others, or to the defects of the world in which he lives. He may become a chronic fault finder, and in that case he will become a grumbler. If he is not careful, he will degenerate into a growler. If he growls long enough, he will become a cynic, of no account, either to himself or to anyone else. He is a nuisance and a stumbling block. He did not intend at the start to become a cynic. He began by finding fault, and the habit grew on him until his mind became twisted and his heart sour.

—Charles E. Jefferson.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
WITH THE U. S. ARMED FORCES		8
FAMOUS WORDS OF CAROLINIANS	By R. C. Lawrence	13
HOME BUILT BY THREE PRESIDENTS	By Frank Hopkins	16
NORTH CAROLINA SEALS	(N. C. Public School Bulletin)	22
A NEGLECTED ESSENTIAL	(N. C. Christian Advocate)	24
NAPOLEON'S NOTES TO WIFE	(Selected)	25
INSTITUTION NOTES		26
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

DREAMERS OF DREAMS

We are all of us dreamers of dreams,
On visions our childhood is fed;
And the heart of the child is unhaunted, it seems,
By the ghosts of dreams that are dead.

From childhood to youth's but a span,
And the years of our life are soon sped;
But the youth is no longer a youth, but a man,
When the first of his dreams is dead.

'Tis as a cup of wormwood and gall,
When the doom of a great dream is said;
And the best of a man is under the pall,
When the best of his dreams is dead.

He may live on by compact and plan,
When the fine bloom of living is shed;
But God pity the little that's left of a man
When the last of his dreams is dead.

Let him show a brave face if he can,
Let him woo fame or fortune instead;
Yet there's nothing to do but to bury a man,
When the last of his dreams is dead.

—William Herbert Carruth.

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

We noted with interest the annoucement on September 27th of Governor Broughton's appointments to the North Carolina Board

of Correction and Training. The Chief Executive of the State has given much thought to the selection of these members, and we feel sure he has chosen wisely. Along with this announcement, the members of the board were asked to meet with Governor Broughton on October7th, for the purpose of selecting a chairman.

When properly organized, this board will have the authority to employ a commissioner of correction to have general supervision of the following state institutions: Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School, Concord; Eastern Carolina Industrial Training School for Boys, Rocky Mount; Industrial Farm Colony for Girls, Kinston; State Home and Industrial School for Girls, Samarcand; Morrison Training School for Delinquent Negro Boys, Hoffman. Also the board will supervise and control the State Training School for Negro Girls, authorized by the last Legislature, but not yet established.

In selecting a commissioner of correction, the board will be required to select a person of demonstrated executive ability, having special education, training and experience in welfare and correctional work. To him the superintendent of each institution must make a monthly report. In the new set-up, a business manager for the institutions named has been recommended. The selection of a commissioner and business manager will mean a fine opportunity to render the state a great service, and carries with it a tremendous responsibility.

Those named to serve on the board were: Dr. W. Houston Moore, of Wilmington; Mrs. Clarence Herr, of Chapel Hill and Mrs. Howard G. Ethridge, of Asheville; one-year terms. Dr. Rachel D. Davis, of Kinston; Dr. A. M. Proctor, of Durham and B. V. Hedrick, of Salisbury; two-year terms. J. C. Braswell, of Rocky Mount; Mrs. Thomas L. Riddle, of Sanford and W. L. Parsons, Jr., of Rockingham; three-year terms. Miss Gertrude Weil, of Goldsboro; Gordon C. Hunter, of Roxboro and Dr. William Marvin Scruggs, of Charlotte; four-year terms. W. N. Harrell, of Wilson; Herman Cone, of Greensboro and Mrs. J. R. Page, of Aberdeen; five-year terms. J. J. Barnhardt, of Concord; Clyde A. Dillon, of Raleigh and Dr. W. A. Stanbury, of Winston-Salem; six-year terms.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE

The influence of a good woman is far-reaching. The old expression, "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," is as true today as when first uttered. All of us, in the course of life, know of women with large families and limited means to meet the demands. However, in the face of hardships the youngsters scramble through and become valuable assets to society. In every such instance, when a survey is made, there is found a woman—a mother with an understanding mind—who is the power behind the scenes. A mother of such calibre is never seen before the footlights, but gives power and inspiration to the manhood of her household to push forward until the finer ideals of life are realized.

A short resume of the career of George Bernard Shaw, noted English writer, told of the sweet companionship existing between him and his wife. She lived for him and he had unfailing faith in her judgment, and accepted her criticism of his writings. Her goal was not to absorb or take from her illustrious husband any of his initiative, but on the other hand gave him more power. Mrs. Shaw was satisfied to remain in the background and be a helpmeet, as was intended in all well regulated homes from the beginning of time.

The old-time ideas relative to the activities of womanhood being confined to the four walls of her home has just about been forgotten, but incidents occur daily that show the fallacy of the mothers entering the business world and leaving their children and domestic affairs to incompetent maids. A well poised woman in the home gives to society citizens with initiative, and at the same time the head of the family has a feeling of security, knowing he has the cooperation of noble womanhood. The kindly "give and take" spirit of the housewife in the home creates an atmosphere as orderly as the rising and setting sun and as beautiful and fresh as the colorful flowers of spring.

* * * * * * * * *

CONSERVE HEAT

The one subject that is receiving the attention of federal authorities is heat conservation. This conservation of heat is not difficult

if one follows the rules given recently by a radio commentator. We quote: "In your bed rooms at night raise a window for fresh air, but close all entrances to halls. Upon rising, close windows and open doors. In this way the fresh air from sleeping rooms circulates. It is only common sense to understand that doors are not only for exits, but for circulating fresh air when needed and retaining heat when necessary."

Doubtless the cost of this was is stupendous, saying nothing of the loss of life, but the American people are taught the spirit of self-denial and thrift, something at least is gained. Universal team-work will be the only way to conserve fuel of all kinds.

* * * * * * * *

ADMIRAL NELSON

This week marks the anniversary of the birth of Horatio Nelson, the most famous of British admirals. He was born in Burnham-Thorpe, Norfolk, England, September 29, 1758. Crippled by the loss of one arm and one eye, he nevertheless won the greatest victory in English naval history, defeating the French at Trafalgar. This was the greatest conflict of the age, and Nelson here received his death wound, living only long enough to know that he had won the most brilliant victory of his career. The guns ceased firing as he drew his last breath.

In his capacity as commanler, Nelson was essentially a fighter. Like Napoleon, he had the power to inspire his men with the daring that comes from personal loyalty and enthusiasm. His work marked the real beginning of the preeminence of Great Britain as a sea power, and he may truly be said to be the personification of his country's great navy.

* * * * * * * *

HE CHEATED HIMSELF

A striking story is told of a rich man who wanted to help a poor carpenter and his family.

He hired the carpenter to build a home on a hillside and then went away on a long journey. The carpenter said to himself: "My boss is

away and I can use shoddy material and neglect the supporting work that does not show. The house will be weak, but nobody will know it." So he built a ramshackle house.

When the rich man came back, the carpenter said: "Here is your house." "Thank you," said the rich man, "here is the deed and the key. I'm giving it to you."

And the carpenter grieved that he had robbed himself of a good house.

We reap what we sow. We have to live in the house of life we build. If we do shoddy work, if we "soldier" on the boss, we pinch ourselves, shrivel up and lose our ability to discern between right and wrong. We have to live in such a home without character. It is a tremendous fact that each one of us is building today the house we must live in tomorrow. We can build a palace or a hovel, a mansion or a jail or a pig-pen, but we must live in it.—The Masonic News.

* * * * * * * * *

We learn from an exchang the material value of this old body of ours, as follows: The average man is worth approximately $1.26 in chemicals, accordings to an analysis made by the medical staff of the National Health Insurance Committee. The analysis shows that the average man has in his body these ingredients—fat enough for seven bars of soap; iron enough for one medium sized nail; sugar enough to fill a shaker; lime enough to whitewash a small chicken-coop; phosphrous enough to make 2,200 matches; magnesium enough for a dose of salts; potash enough to explode a toy cannon, and sulphur enough to rid one dog of fleas. So why worry so much over the thought of leaving this old body of ours behind?

WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES

The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that four employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

Staff Members

Carriker, John L. (Army)
Liner, James H. (Army)
Patterson, James L. (Army)
Query, James L. (Army)

Former Staff Members

Barrier, Major George L. (Army)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G. (Navy)
Parker, Lt.-Col. Samuel I. (Army)
Wingate, Lt. W. J. (Army Air Corps)

Former Students

Adams, Clyde (Navy)
Adams, Felix (Army)
Alexander, J. Mack (Army)
Alexander, Robert (Army)
Almond, Odell H. (Navy)
Allen, Burl (Navy)
Allen, Julian Herschel (Navy)
Allen, Grady C. (Navy)
Allen, Wayne (Navy)
Allred, James R. (Army Air Corps)
Amos, Gerald (Navy)
Andrews, Julian (Marine Corps)
Ashley, Arthur (Army)
Atkins, Richard (Army)
Atkinson, Hiram (Navy)
Atwell, Robert (Navy)
Atwood, Earl (Army)
Bailiff, Wilson (Navy)
Ballew, Edward J. (Navy)
Barber, Winfred V. (Army)
Barker, Jewell (Army Air Corps)
Barkley, Joel (Army)
Barnes, Norton (Army)
Barrett, Allen (Army)
Barrier, Carl (Marine Corps)
Barrier, William T. (Navy)
Batson, Jack (Navy)
Branch, Glatley (Army)
Baynes, Howard (Army Air Corps)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
(‡) Beach, Ernest L. (Army)
Beaver, Albert (Army)
Beaver, Walter (Army)

Bell, James (Navy)
Bell, William Clarence (Navy)
Bell, William G. (Navy)
Beheler, Reid (Navy)
Benson, John (Navy)
Bordeaux, Junior (Army)
Bowman, Charles (Army)
Branch, Horace (Army)
Brantley, Elmond A. (Marine Corps)
Bray, Relons Odell (Army)
Briggs, Paul (Marine Corps)
Britt, Jennings (Navy)
Broadwell, William (Navy)
Brogden, Norman (Navy)
Broome, Jack (Army)
Broome, Paul (Marine Corps)
Broome, Shannon (Army Air Corps)
Brothers, William (Naval Air Corps)
Brown Aldene (Army)
Brown, Elbert M. (Navy)
Brown, Harold (Army)
Bunn, Dewey (Navy)
Bunn, Homer (Army)
Burke, Ensign William H. (Navy)
Burkhead, Dermont (Navy)
Burrow, John B. (Navy)
Butner, Roy (Marine Corps)

Capps, John T. (Army Air Corps)
Carter, Adrian L. (Navy)
Carter, Douglas (Army)
Carter, Fred (Army)
Carter, Oscar (Navy)
Carver, Gardner (Army)
Causey, Floyd (Army)
(‡) Causey, James D. (Army)
Chapman, Edward (Army)
Chattin, Ben (Army)
Cherry, Herman (Army)
Christine, Joseph (Navy)
Coats, Clinton (Army)
Cobb, Frank E. (Army)
Coffer, Robert (Army)
Collins, Glenn L. (Army)
Connell, Harry (Army)
Connell, James (Navy)
Cooke, George C. (Army)
Cooper, Lake (Army)
Cooper, Walter (Army)
Cox, J. C. (Marine Corps)
Craft, Arthur (Army)
Crawford, Louis (Army)
Cunningham, David C. (Army)
Cunningham, Jesse S. (Navy)

Dalton, James (Army)
Daubenmyer, Nelson (Army)
Davis, Duke (Army)
Davis, Hubert (Navy)
Davis, James (Army)
Deal, Paul (Navy)
Dodd, Carroll (Army)
Donaldson, Harold (Marine Corps)
Dorsey, W. Wilson (Army)
Downes, George (Army)
Downes, William H. (Army)
Driver, Malcom (Army Air Corps)
Dyson, Fred (Navy)

Eaker, Arnold Max (Army)
Earnhardt, Donald P. (Navy)
Edmondson, Arthur (Army)
Efird, N. A., Jr. (Army)
Elders, James R. (Marine Corps)
Elmore, A. C. (Marine Corps)
Ennis, James C. (Navy)
Ennis, Henry (Marine Corps)
Ennis, Noah (Navy)
Ennis, Samuel (Army)
Eury, James (Army Air Corps)
Evans, John H. (Army)
Evans, Mack (Army)
Everidge, Samuel (Navy)

Faggart, John (Marine Corps)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)
Faschnat, Mose (Navy)
Fausnet, Bernard L. (Army)
(‡) Ferris, Russell (Army)
Fisher, Edward (Army)
Fisher, John H. (Army)
Flannery, John (Army)
Freeman, Richard (Army)
French, Ian (Army)
Furches, William (Marine Corps)

Gaddy, William (Navy)
Gardner, Horace T. (Army)
Gatlin, Britt C. (Army)
Gibson, Merritt (Army)
Glasgow. Mumford (Army)
Glasgow, Norwood (Navy)
Glasgow, Ramsey (Army Air Corps)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)
Glover, Henry (Marine Corps)
Godfrey, Warren (Army)
Godwin, John T. (Navy)
Godwin, Paul D. (Army Air Corps)
Goodman, Albert (Army)
Goodman, George (Army)
Greene, Giles E. (Army)
Gregory, Charles J. (Army)
Gregory, Roy (Army)
Griffin, Charles (Army)
Griffin, James H. (Marine Corps)
Grooms, J. B. (Army Air Corps)

Hall, Joseph (Army)
Hames, William R. (Army)
Hamilton, Leo (Navy)
Haney, Jack (Marine Corps)
Hardin, Wilbur (Navy)
Harris, Edgar (Army)
Hawkins, William T. (Navy)
Head, Elbert (Army)
Heath, Beamon (Navy)
Hefner, Charles (Army)
Hefner, Eugene (Navy)
Hensley, J. B. (Navy)
Hendren, Isaac (Navy)
Hendrix, John (Army)
Henry, Charlton (Navy)
Hicks, Garland (Army)
Hill, William (Army)
Hodge, David (Army)
Hodge, Dallas (Army Air Corps)
Hogan, Gilbert (Army)
Hogsed, John R. (Army)
Holland, Burman (Army)
Holland, Donald (Army)
Hollars, Ralph (Army)
Holmes, John (Army)
Honeycutt, Nathaniel (Army)
Hulan, Norman (Navy)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)

Ingram, John E. (Navy)
Irwin, Raymond (Army Air Corps)

Jackson, Edgar (Marine Corps)
Jackson, William (Navy)
Johnson, Clawson (Army)
Johnson, Coley (Navy)
Johnson, Edward (Navy)
Johnson, Hugh (Navy)
Jolly, James D. (Navy)
Jones, Mark Twain (Navy)
Jones, S. E. (Marine Corps)
Jordan, James E. (Army)

Keen, Clinton (Army)
Keith, Monroe (Army)
Keith, Robert (Navy)
Kelly, Grady (Army Air Corps)
Kelly, Jesse (Army)
King, Cleo (Army Air Corps)
King, Frank L. (Army)
King, Jesse (Navy)
King, Thomas (Army Air Corps)
Kinley, Robert (Marine Corps)
Knight, Thomas (Army Air Corps)
Knight, Thurman (Army)
Koontz, J. Milton (Army)
Kye, George (Army)
Kye, James (Army)

(‡) Lamar, A. C., Jr. (Army)
Land, Reuben (Army)
Land, Wilfred (Marine Corps)
Landrum, Luther H. (Army)
Lane, Floyd C. (Marine Air Corps)
Langford, Olin (Army)
Langley, William (Army)
Laramore, Ray (Army)
Lawrence, Robert (Marine Corps)
Leagon, Harry (Army)
Ledford, Harvey L. (Army)
Ledford, James (Marine Corps)
Lemly, Jack (Army)
Lee, Valton (Army)
Lett, Frank (Army)
Lewallan, Paul R. (Army)
Link, Bruce (Navy)
Long, Loyce (Army)
Long, Stacey L. (Army)

Martin, Willie H. (Army Air Corps)
Mathis, D. B. (Jack) (Marine Corps)
(*) Matthews, Douglas (Army)
May, Fred (Navy)
May, George O. (Army)
Medlin, Clarence (Army)
Medlin, Ervin J. (Army)
Medlin, Wade (Navy)
(‡) Medlin, Wilson (Army)
Merritt, Edgar (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Merritt, Julian (Army)
Miller, Latha (Navy)
Montgomery, Samuel (Navy)
Moose, Claude L. (Marine Corps)
Moose, Eugene (Navy)
Morris, Everett (Navy)
Morrow, Chas. W. (Army Air Corps)
Morrozoff, Ivan (Army Air Corps)
Morgan, William S. (Navy)
Murphy, Lemuel (Army)
Murray, Edward J. (Army)
Muse, Robert (Navy)

McBride, Irvin (Army Air Corps)
McCain, Edward G. (Navy)
McColl, Vollie O. (Navy)
McCoy, Hubert (Army)
McEntire, Forrest (Marine Corps)
McFee, Donald M. (Army Air Corps)
McGee, Norman (Army)
McHone, Arnold (Navy)
McIver, Jordan T. (Navy)
McKay, John C. (Marine Corps)
McKee, Thomas R. (Army)
(Enlisted 1937)
McNeely, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1933)

McPherson, Arthur (Navy)
McRorie, J. W. (Navy)

Nelson, Larry (Navy)
Newton, Willard M. (Army)

(‡) Odom, David (Army)
Owen, Fred, Jr. (Marine Corps)
Owens. Leroy (Army)
Oxendine, Earl (Navy)

Padrick, William (Navy)
Page, James (Army)
Pate, Hansel (Army)
Patterson, James (Navy)
Patterson, Joseph (Navy)
Patton, Richard (Navy)
Payne, Joy (Army)
Peake, Harry (Marine Corps)
Pearson, Flay (Army)
Pennington, Grady (Army)
Pickett, Claudius (Army)
Pittman, Hoyle (Navy)
Plemmons, Hubert (Army)
Pope, H. C. (Army)
Presnell, Robert (Army)
Pyatt, Jack (Marine Corps)

Quick, James (Navy)
Quick, Simon (Navy)

Ramsey, Amos (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Reep, John (Navy)
Revels, Grover (Navy)
Riggs, Walter (Navy)
Rivenbark William W. (Army)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)
Rhodes, Paul (Army)
Roberts, Lonnie (Navy)
Robertson, John C. (Army)
Robinson, Perry (Army Air Corps)
Rochester, Nicholas (Navy)
Roper, Thomas (Navy)
Russ, James P. (Army)

Sands, Thomas (Navy)
Scism, Arlee (Navy)
Seibert, Fred (Army)
Sexton, Walter (Army)
Scott, Archie (Army)
Shannon, William L. (Navy)
Shaver, George H. (Navy)
Sides, George D. (Navy)
Simmons, Horace K. (Navy)
Sloan, Lonnie (Army)
Small, Clyde E. (Army)
Smith, Julius D. (Navy)
Snider, Samuel (Navy)
Snuggs, Charles L. (Navy)
Springer, Jack (Army)
Stack, Porter (Army)
Stanley, Brown (Coast Artillery)
Stepp, James H. (Navy)
Strickland, Robert W. (Army)
Stubbs, Ben (Army)
Sullivan, Richard (Army)

(x) Taylor, Daniel (Army)
Tessneer, Calvin C. (Navy)
Thomas, Harold (Navy)
Thomas, Richard (Army)
Threatt, Sidi (Army Air Corps)
Tipton, Kenneth (Navy)
Tobar, William (Army)
Troy, Robert (Army)
Tucker, Joseph (Army)
Turner, Lee V. (Navy)
Tyson, William E. (Navy)

Waldrop, Ned (Army)
Walker, Glenn (Army)
Walker, Oakley (Army)
Walsh, Harold (Army)
Walters, Melvin (Army)
Ward, Eldridge (Army)
Ward, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1928)
Ware, Dewey (Army)
Watkins, Floyd A. (Army)
Watson, Lieut. Lemuel (Army)
Watts, Everett (Navy)
Watts, Boyce (Army)
Weaden, Clarence (Army)
Webb, Charles R. (Army)
Webster, John D. (Army)
Whitaker, John H. (Navy)
(*) Whitaker, William E. (Army)
White, Marshall (Coast Artillery)
Whitener, Richard M. (Army)
Whitlock, Winfred (Army)
Widener, Charles (Navy)
Wilhite, James (Army)
Williams, Everett L. (Army)
Williams, Samuel R. (Navy)
Williams, William R. (Navy)
Williamson, Everett (Navy)
Wiles, Fred (Army)
(Enlisted 1927. Now a Recruiting Officer)
Wilson, John C. (Army)
Wilson, Thomas (Navy)
Wilson, W. J. (Army)
Winn, J. Harvard (Navy)
Wood, James L. (Army)
Wood, William T. (Navy)
Wrenn, Lloyd (Army)
(‡) Wright, George (Army)

York, John R. (Army)
Young, Brooks (Army)
Young, R. L. (Marine Corps)
Young, William R. (Army)
Ziegler, Henry F. (Navy)

(‡) Prisoner of war.
(§) Missing in action.
(*) Killed in action.
(x) Died while being held prisoner.

A TOAST TO OUR BOYS

Let's drink a toast to the widening host—
Of Americans serving the nation—
To those millions of lads (and their brothers and dads)
Who are saving our civilization.
To the men from the mills and the farms and the hills
And the cities and mountains and plains—
To the workers and miners and airplane designers,
And crews on the ships and the trains.
Wherever they are—be it near, be it far,
On the land, in the air, on the sea—
With a stoutness of heart they are doing their part
To keep this—"the land of the free."
So good luck and God speed them—may nothing impede them
Nor make them delay nor digress—
May the near future find them with power behind them
To roll up a final success.

FAMOUS WORDS OF CAROLINIANS

By R. C. Lawrence, in The State

Undoubtedly the most famous of all American phrases, standing in a class by itself, are the immortal words of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death"; words which heartened and nerved the American soldier through the suffering of the terrible winter at Valley Forge. Following this should come Lincoln's famous Gettysburg Address, memorized by practically every school child in the Nation, closing with its eternal words: "That government of the people, by the people and for the people should not perish from the earth"—a consummation most earnestly sought for by our people today. It may be that in the ages to come, President Roosevelt's designation of December 7, 1941, as a "day that will live in infamy" will become equally famous as a classic in world literature, and to this I would add Charles C. Pinckney's defiant "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," words which should be memorized by every American today.

Let us now hear a few phrases uttered by famous Carolinians, which, while they cannot be compared with the world famous phrases above referred to, nonetheless should cause every Carolinian to swell with pride and every pulse to quicken at the recollection of the words.

During the administration of Carolina's famous son "Old Hickory" as President, South Carolina passed a series of statutes known as the "nullification acts," and under the leadership of Vice President John C. Calhoun threatened to withdraw from the Union unless Congress enacted certain legislation demanded by that state. Jackson was tendered a banquet which was also attended by the Vice President, and of course the President was called upon for a toast. Lifting high his glass, and looking the Vice President squarely in the eye, the President proposed: "Our Federal Union: It must and shall be preserved." And the Vice President dared not refuse to drink it! A North Carolina—John Branch—was a member of the Jackson cabinet, the first time our state had been honored with a cabinet appointment.

It is the early 1840's and the greatest legislative battle ever to be waged in the history of this state is raging fiercely and with unprecedented fury as the contest nears it climax. The bill under consideration is to establish, largely at the cost of the state, a railroad through the heart of the Commonwealth, in the midst of an empire devoid of transportation. The bill was championed by Governor John Motley Morehead, who dreamed of rails reaching from the sea across the mountains, but the school of political thought of which Nathaniel Macon was the father was opposed to internal improvements in any form and when the bill came to a vote in the Senate on third reading it was apparent that the margin would be narrow. Amid a breathless silence the Clerk calls the roll in the crowded legislative chamber, and hands the result to the Speaker. The slight form of Speaker Calvin Graves of Caswell County leans forward, and the chair an-

nounces: "Twenty-four Senators having voted aye and 24 having voted nay, the chair votes aye, and the bill is passed." These words wrote the name of Calvin Graves into the fame of the State and the North Carolina Railroad from Goldsboro to Greensboro constitutes his monument.

The thunder of Confederate cannon firing upon the Federal Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor inaugurated the opening of the Civil War, and President Lincoln called upon our state for three regiments of troops to aid in putting down the "Rebellion." Dramatically Governor John W. Ellis replied: "You get no troops from North Carolina." This language was as theatrical as the laconic message sent by President Theodore Rossevelt: "Pericardis alive, or Raisuli dead." In years to come the picturesque language of the American aviator in the present World War may rank with these classics: "Saw sub; sank same."

The close of the Civil War found the state in ruins, and the inaugural words of President Grant, "Let us have peace," brought no surcease of sorrow to Carolinians, for Northern carpetbaggers perched upon the prostrate wreck of the state and what the war had left in ruins, they left in ashes. For a decade our people groaned beneath the agony of their desolation, but in 1876 under the superb leadership of the immortal Vance, our people threw off the yoke of the foreign invader, dethroned the oppressor, and elected Vance as Governor. When he was installed a great host of grateful people thronged to hear his words and to linger on his message. He opened his famous inaugural with the phrase, "There is retribution in history." A generation later the only Republician governor our state has had since the Civil War, opened his inaugural with the same words. A Roland for an Oliver!

Charles D. McIver, as he grew in stature was consumed with a burning passion for the higher eduction of women, and he uttered words which have become classic in the language of American educators: "When you educate a man, you educate an individual; but when you educate a woman you educate a family." These were the words which wrote the name of McIver in letters of gold in the album of fame. Recently the institution which he caused to be founded and of which he was long the head, celebrated its 50th anniversary—the lengthened shadow of a colossal figure. He died suddenly while touring the state with William Jennings Bryan during a Presidential campaign. That night, instead of making a political speech, Bryan laid glowing tribute to the dead leader in words almost as famous as his "crown of thorns, cross of gold" peroration. And his great subject merited Brvan's great tribute.

The name of Charles Brantley Aycock is illustrious in the Nation, and with Vance he represents our state in the National Hall of Fame at Washington. Like Vance he redeemed his state to democracy, and the one consuming passion of his soul was to remove from our state the stigma of illiteracy and place it high in the educational life of the Nation. This was the cause for which he lived and that to which he gave the "last full measure of devotion"—literally giving to it his life itself. When installed as Governor in 1901, a vast throng filled capitol square to see the magnetic man and hear the burning ora-

tor. It was here that he proclaimed his doctrine which lifted his name into the Nation's fame: "A school for every child, and every child in a school"—and what many people thought was only a vision and a dream was nearly translated into actuality under his brilliant leadership. How the shade of Archibald D. Murphey must have beamed with approval at his words! The fame of Aycock is a precious memory not only in the heart of the state but that of the Nation. He left a rich heritage to Carolina. He actually died with the word "education" on his lips.

Cameron Morrison is the only man in Carolina history who has been Governor, United States Senator, and (shall we say) Congressman. Prior to 1921 from the mountains to the sea across the length of a state memorable for its wretched roads, he proclaimed the doctrine of a state-wide system of hard-surfaced roads. Elected as Governor in 1921, his dream became a reality when, under his dominance, the legislature wrote into our statutes an act containing the famous words: "A hard-surfaced highway linking every courthouse with every other courthouse in the state." Moreover, a Commission selected by him, of which Frank Page was chairman, spent more than a hundred million dollars on highways without a suggestion of graft or dishonesty. Still living and in vigorous life, he exemplifies one who has spent his life in great service to his state.

December 1924, and from his palatial home in Charlotte, James Buchanan Duke utters famous words: The establishment of a colossal foundation for the creation of a great University, endowing it with almost a hundred million dollars, the trust indenture also containing generous gifts to other educational institutions, hospitals, orphanages, aged ministers and other charities, the greatest benefaction in the history of the South and one of the greatest in that of the Nation, linking his name with those of Rockefellow and Carnegie as America's greatest philanthropists.

These be the words of Carolinians who have carried out the injunction of our state motto—"to be rather than to seem"—for these men largely laid the foundation upon which the superstructure of our state rests today, a superstructure which continues to be lifted onward and upward.

———:———

A PRAYER

I do not ask a truce with life's incessant pain;
But school my lips, O Lord, not to complain.
I do not ask for peace from life's eternal sorrow;
But give me courage, Lord, to fight tomorrow.

—Peter Gething.

THE HOME BUILT BY THREE PRESIDENTS

By Frank Hopkins, in The Richmond Times-Dispatch

Six miles east of Charlottesville, on a hilltop beyond Monticello, stands Ash Lawn, once the home of James Monroe. It is an unpretentious house —in Monroe's time it was only a bungalow—but it enjoys the distinction of being the only home in America built through the collaboration of three Presidents of the United States.

Monroe, often called the "last of the Virginia dynasty" because his two terms as President brought to a close the long period of Virginia ascendancy in national affairs, had during his lifetime no less than five homes in the Old Dominion, in addition to the many houses he occupied in American and European capitals during his long years of public service.

He was born at Monroe's Creek in Westmoreland County; he lived in Fredericksburg for a while after his marriage; and for ten years he had a home on the site of the present University of Virginia campus. Ash Lawn was his fourth home, and Oak Hill, in Loudoun County, which he built during his first term in the White House, was the fifth and last.

Oak Hill still stands, a huge mansion of brick and stucco with impressive columned porches in the best classic style. But Ash Lawn, which was his home for such intervals as he could snatch from public life from about 1799 to 1820, is the house he occupied longest and in many ways is the one which best symbolizes the modesty and simplicity of the fifth President's character.

It stands, moreover, as a monument to a great friendship—that remarkable triple alliance, both personal, and political, which united Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and James Monroe. The fame of Jefferson, the philosopher of the Revolution, and Madison, the father if the Constitution, has somewhat overshadowed that of Monroe, but so closely were the three friends associated over 50 years of American history that it is impossible to disentangle the career of any one from that of either of the others.

Jefferson, born in 1743, was the oldest of the trio; Madison, who came along in 1751, was eight years his junior; and Monroe was seven years younger than Madison. Monroe first studied law under Jefferson in 1780, when the latter, with Madison's aid, was busy reforming the Government of Virginia. As a political protege, Monore looked up to his elders and was often guided by their opinions, but he in turn contributed to the triple alliance valuable qualities of practical ability and sound judgment

On the personal side, the warmest

friendship existed betwen the three men. They transacted business for one another and lent money back and forth, Madison in particular befriending Monroe several times in the hour of need. As the three men grew older, and political interests conflicted for a time, there were some interruptions in cordiality, but these were succeeded by a Mr. Jones (Monroe's uncle) on a site for the new home.

> "I wish every preparation for our final repose," he wrote. "I mean from active life, be on the farm adjoining yours. To this object my attention will be turned while abroad and I will endeavor to bring back what will contribute to its comforts . . . "

In 1795 he was writing Jefferson from Paris various instructions about orchards, crops and the new house, which was to be, if possible, in sight of Monticello. In 1796 he wrote Madison he was sending Jefferson two sets of plans and wished Madison to see them and give his opinion. In 1798, after his return from France, he was again writing Jefferson, who had been supervising the building, "If I can place the funds, I shall trouble you soon about windows, etc., as my cabin castle goes on . . . "

The "cabin castle" today has been relegated to the status of a rear wing, for a two-story wing, built about 1850, has been added and made the front of the house. Except for this change, however, the original building is still essentially as it existed in the fifth President's lifetime. The entire house was in bad repair about three years ago when it was bought by Mr. and Mrs. Jay Winston Jones and sympathetically restored. Through the kindness of many people, including Monroe descendants, the historic wing has been furnished as a Monore memorial and opened to visitors.

Ash, Lawn approached by a long winding uphill driveway, but once the hilltop is reached the taste of Monroe's friends can be justly admired. From the site they picked, rolling farms and green hillsides spread out before the eye, and a forested mountain looms in the background. Far to the west extend the misty foothills of the Blue Ridge itself.

The house stands in the grove of ash trees which have given the place its name. The present entrance is through a fine box-wood garden, laid out not in the rectilinear style of the Colonial period but in the sweeping curves of the French manner of the time. At the end of a garden vista stands the Piccirilli statue of President Monroe, which was originally intended for Venezuela but was presented to the Ash Lawn estate in 1931.

Passing around the 1850 addition, one finds Monroe's own wing nestling close to the ground on a spur of the hilltop. It is a sturdy little one-story building which seems at first glance mostly roof and chimneys. The old entrance has a peculiarly Jeffersonian feature in that one goes in under the archway formed by a

quaint double chimney. From the little front stoop one can look across intervening hills and valleys to Monticello, in plain sight two miles away on Jefferson's wind-swept mountain summit.

Low to the ground in front, the little "cabin castle" sits on such a sharp slope that a basement kitchen, furnished as of old with brick floor and pots and cranes swinging over an open fireplace, opens out on the ground level in the rear. Out behind the house is a group of old outbuildings—smokehouse, icehouse, overseer's house, and a carriage house in which reposes the President's old family coach, so often used for journeys from Albemarle to Richmond or Washington.

The rooms in which the Monroes lived are simple to the point of plainness, with no pretensions to architectural embellishment. The little house is so homelike, however, with its small rooms and cosy fireplaces, so charming with its period furnishings and family heirlooms, that one has the feeling that the President's life here, while simple, was not without comfort, cheer and a certain modest elegance.

Among the original Monroe pieces now in the house are several chairs, including two of the Empire period from France and a Duncan Phyfe that belonged to a White House set; a fine old corner cupboard, said to have been built by the President's father; a large French four-poster bed; and a number of miscellaneous objects, including pictures and decorations brought from Europe by the Monroes, a military sash which the President wore in the Revolution. and a pair of ferocious firearms labeled as dueling pistols. One of the most pleasing decorations is a copy of a minature of Mrs. Monroe originally done by Sene in Paris. It testifies eloquently to the charm of one referred to by many as the "most beautiful mistress of the White House." Mrs. Monroe was Elizabeth Kortright of New York, daughter of an old merchant family of Knickerbocker descent. She was described as "tall and graceful, and extremely beautiful, noted for her arms and shoulders. She was a reigning belle."

She was a good wife, according to historians; she liked to accompany her husband on his many trips about the State and loved the Blue Ridge Mountains like a good adopted Virginian, though at times she pined for New York. Unfortunately she was frail in health, and the strain of social life through her husband's long career so exhausted her that by the time she reached the White House she was a semi-invalid.

The Monrces had two children, Eliza, who married Judge George Hay of Richmond, and Maria, much younger, who married her cousin Samuel L. Gouverneur of New York. Eliza went to school in Paris with Napoleon's stepdaughters and nieces and wa so proud of her daughter, Hortensia Hay, after Hortense de Beauharnais, stepdaugther of Napo-

leon 1st and mother of Napoleon 3d. This daughter, incidentally, married Nicholas Lloyd Rogers of Baltimore and was mistress of Druid Hill mansion.

As for James Monroe himself, it is a little difficult to picture him as an individual because his personality lacked color. He did not receive ambassadors in his bedslippers, like the democratic Jefferson, or bathe nude in the Potomac on summer mornings like John Quincy Adams. Essentially an undramatic figure, he was serious-minded, sober, industrious, conscientious and trustworthy, a man who did not seize people's imaginations, but commanded respect by his strength of character, his energetic devotions to duty and his solid common sense.

Monroe is described as a six-footer of strapping physique. raw-boned and square-shouldered, with light hair and blue-grey eyes. He was virile rather than handsome, but appeared to many diffident and ungraceful. Careful and rather old-fashioned in his dress, the last of the Presidents to wear the knee breeches of the Colonial period, he was always simple, dignified and even solemn.

He did not shine in the social circle; one acquaintance records that "he always used the plainest, simplest language" and was slow and hesitating in speech, the exact opposite of the fluent and persuasive Jefferson. Lacking the broad culture of more versatile men, Monroe had little small talk and was thought dull by those who did not appreciate his wisdom in practical affairs. His physical strength and endurance were phenomenal, as were those of those other strapping Virginians, Washington, Jefferson and John Marshall. During a critical period of the War of 1812 he is said to have gone 10 days without going to bed, spending most of the time in the saddle.

His career sums up as follows: Soldier in the Revolution at 18, major before his 21st birthday; at 24, a member or the Virginia Legislature; at 26, a member of the Continental Congress. He was four times Governor of Virginia and twice elected to the United States Senate; he was American minister at various times to France, England and Spain, and helped negotiate the Louisiana Purchase; he was Madison's secretary of state for six years and for several months during the War of 1812 was secretary of war as well, the only American ever to hold two major Cabinet posts at once.

What Monroe lacked in intellectual brilliance was at least partly compensated for by his strength and nobility of character. A man of unblemished reputation, his honesty was proverbial. Jefferson once wrote to Madison, speaking of a friend, "For honesty he is like our friend Monroe; turn his soul wrong side outwards and there is not a speck on it."

By temperament the owner of Ash Lawn was ordinarily mild and equable. He was a man of strong feeling, however, and just as he was warm

in friendship, so could he be hot in anger. There were times in his life when he lost his temper and frightened whomever chanced to be the butt of his rage.

Such an occasion was once described by his daughter. William H. Crawford of Georgia, Monroe's secretary of the treasury and the same unfortunate who was once so foolish as to accompany mad John Randolph of Roanoke on a cross-country horseback ride, made the fatal mistake of trying to hurry the President, who was a slow thinker and liked to take his time. After making a request, Crawford insisted on an immediate answer.

"I won't leave this room until my request is granted," he boldly proclaimed.

"You won't?" Monroe exclaimed sharply. He jumped up and grabbed the poker from the firplace. "By all that's holy, you'll leave the room now, sir, or you will be thrust out!"

Monroe himself told of losing his temper on another occasion, when he was American minister to England. After Jefferson's famous reception in his bedslippers of Anthony Merry, British minister at Washington, indigant London society subjected both Monroe and his wife to repeated snubs and insults. The crowning indignity came when the American, at a state banquet, found himself placed at the extreme foot of the table, between representatives of two German principalities.

Then he bgan to see red. In drinking a toast to the king,he spilled wine on the table in his annoyance. The guests exchanged sarcastic smiles, and Monroe was rapidly losing control of himself altogether when the Russian ambassador restored American honor and saved the situation with a toast to the President of the United States.

"James Monroe doesn't care where he eats his dinner," he said afterwards, "but to find the American minister put at the bottom of the table between two little principalities no bigger than my farm in Albemarle made me mad!"

It is in his friendships and his family relations that Monroe's most human side is evident. He rescued Thomas Paine from prison in Paris durning the French Revolution and nursed him back to health in his own home; he befriended the Lafayettes at the same time; and when Jefferson, stricken with poverty in old age, wrote to Monroe, then President, to see if Congress would not buy his library, Monroe replied sorrowfully, "I will follow your wishes, my friend, but it grieves me that you should be deprived of the solace of your old age."

To his family, according to Judge E. R. Watson. "he was not only unvaryingly kind and affectionate, but as gentle as a woman or a child. He was wholly unselfish . . . I shall never forget the touching grief manifested by the old man the morning after Mrs. Monroe's death, when he sent for me to go to his room and

with trembling frame and streaming eyes spoke of the long years they had spent happily together, and expressed in strong terms his conviction that he would soon follow her."

Jefferson would have lost Monticello if he had lived much longer, and Madison was able to carry on only by selling off much of his property. Monroe, however, got into worse difficulties than either, even losing, according to some, his fine new estate of Oak Hill. At any rate, he went to live with his daughter, Mrs. Gouverneur, after Mrs. Monroe's death in 1830, and spent the last year of his life at her home at 61 Prince Street, New York.

During Monroe's retirement at Oak Hill, John Jacob Astor wrote him a fine letter of congratulation on his "honorable retirement." He did not fail to end it with the request that Monroe pay a loan that was overdue. A different sort of letter was one received at the same time from a certain unbusiness-like Frenchman.

"My dear Monroe, permit your earliest, your best and your most obligated friend to be plain with you," wrote the aged Marquis de la Fayette, to whom Congress had recently voted $200,000 and a township of public land. "It is probable that . . . a mortgage might be of some use. The sale of one-half of my Florida property is full enough to meet my family settlement . . . In similar embarrassment I have formerly accepted your intervention. It gives me right to reciprocity . . . "

Monroe, however, declined his old friend's offer. He undertook instead to write a treatise on free government, hoping by its sale to defray some of his debts. His son-in-law, Judy Hay, was exasperated with him.

"A history of your life and times written by yourself would really be interesting and valuable," he told the ex-President. According to Judge Watson, "The idea seemed quite new to Mr. Monroe such was his modesty and self-depreciation that he had never thought of it before."

Jefferson died several years before Monroe, on July 4, 1826, but not before the three friends, with Lafayette as guest of honor, had one last gathering at Monticello. Madison, who lived to the ripe old age of 85, survived until 1836. Monroe died on July 4, 1831, the third President to end his life on an anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, a remarkable coincidence which caused wide comment. During his last illness. his srviving friend, Madison was constantly in his thoughts. Tench Ringgold, who was with him a great deal, wrote Madison that Monroe in his last illness had often spoken of Madison and their friendship of 40 years, "expressing his regret that he should leave the world without beholding you."

NORTH CAROLINA SEALS

(N. C. Public School Bulletin)

North Carolina has had eight separate and distinct seals. There were four in the colonial period and there have been four since Independence.

During the colonial period the four seals varied in size and design. The first seal used was that of the Lords Proprietors. It measured 3¾ inches in diameter and made a double-faced impression. The impression was usually made on wax. The next seal was much smaller measuring only 1 7-16 inches. This seal made an impression only on one side of the wax. It was used from 1665 to 1730.

The seal used from 1730 to 1767 was the largest seal. It measured 4 3-8 inches. It also made a double-faced impression, and required a large amount of wax, which made it quite heavy. In fact any impression usually weighed about 5½ ounces.

The seal adopted in 1767 was somewhat smaller and lighter. It measured 4 inches in diameter, and like previous seals had the Coat of Arms, the Garter, Crown, Supporters, etc., of the King.

When North Carolina declared her independence, a more radical change was made in the seal. The ordinance of 1776 directed the governor to procure a seal, but left to him the responsibility of working out the details of the design. The seal thus procured measured 3 inches in diameter, and like three of the four seals previously used made a two-faced impression—the only two-faced seal the State has used since Independence.

In 1794 a new seal was provided for by legislative act. But here again no description was given in the law, and as in the case of the last seal the details of design were left to the governor. This law did specify that the new seal should be made with one face only, and should be used to make impressions on the face of such "grant, commission, record or other public act; . . . . ." Previously the the impressions had been made on wax attached directly or indirectly to the grant, commission, document, or public act. The seal procured under this law was practically the same size as the one used today. For the first time there appeared on the seal the figures of Liberty and Plenty with the scroll and the cornucopia.

In 1835 the Legislature again authorized the procurement of a new seal. The law directed the governor to procure a new Great Seal for the State, "which shall bear suitable devices; . . . . ." No description was given in the law. The seal procured was the same size as the present seal. Among other details, it had Liberty and Plenty with the scroll and cornucopia held in their hands respectively. The seal shows the moun-

tains and the sea on which is anchored a ship in the distance.

The North Carolina General Assembly did not change the Great Seal of the State in 1883 as has been previously thought. It did, however, pass a law describing the seal.

On February 16, 1883, Governor Thomas J. Jarvis sent a report by W. L. Saunders, secretary of state, on the Great Seal to the Legislature together with the following message: "This report of the Secretary of State on the Great Seal contains all the information which can be obtained on this subject. I have no doubt it will be a surprise to many, as it was to me, that nowhere among the records of the Capitol can there be found a description of the Great Seal, or any report or law giving such description. The only evidence I have of the genuineness of the present seal is the fact that it is the one that was used by my predecessor and was turned over to me. This is a matter about which there ought not to be any room for doubt, and I recommend that you take such action, as in your wisdom may be necessary to remove all room for doubt." Following this recommendation, the General Assembly passed a law which described the seal. This law required the governor to file with the manuscript law in the secretary of state's office an impression of the seal. Governor Jarvis complied with this section of the law on August 16, 1883. Thus for the first time the Great Seal of North Carolina was statutably described and a description and impression officially filed.

This seal was used until 1893 when the Legislature added to the seal the motto Esse Quam Videri and "May 20, 1775." The seal has not been changed since that date.

Official seals are used on commissions, proclamations, and other public documents issued by the governor. The present seal is a copper and steel die which makes an impression on the paper. The laws also provide that the several branches of the State and local governments use seals on some of their official documents and records. The legal definition of a seal is worded somewhat as follows: In all cases in which the seals of any court or public office shall be required by law to be affixed to any paper issuing from such court or office, the word "seal" shall be construed to include an impression made by means of a wafer or of wax affixed thereto. The governor, in complying with this definition of the law, uses a gold wafer on his commissions, proclamations and public documents.

The State Department of Archives and History has just reprinted a 40-page pamphlet entitled "The History of the Great Seal of the State of North Carolina." This contains illustrations of all the seals as well as excerpts from the laws and correspondence pertaining to the several seals. A copy may be procured from that Department upon request.

A NEGLECTED ESSENTIAL

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

On the desk at which we write are a few fresh flowers with the dew of the morning upon them. Just a moment ago in came a little girl whose eye brightened and face beamed as she uttered a cry of delight on beholding this slight offering of the flower-land. It supplied a very real need of aesthetic sense....a child's love of the beautiful. A little distance up the street stands the noble school building where the mind of the youth is trained and the love of truth inculcated. Hard by is the house of God in which the multitude assembles for worship to answer the insistant call of the soul. All of these are essential to the well being of every normal man and woman. For within us all the insatiable demand for the true, the beautiful and the good externalized in the school, the flowers, and the church. Why should we prove so false to the element of beauty so widely made manifest and thus leave the soul to perish for the very bread of life!

Who has not felt genuine regret and grieved for the loss sustained by the favored people on the farms and in country places? Through thoughtless neglect sore hurt has come. Every fairly well advanced rural community has a well kept school and church, exponents of their intellectual inclinations and religious longings. How seldom, though, do you see an effort to satisfy the aesthetic demands of the soul! If the children on the farms and in rural communities generally grew up surrounded by flowers so easily grown, a richness of soul-life, now little appreciated, would be theirs.

Religious people are apt to stress the place of truth and of goodness in life, but they too often neglect the beautiful. Especially true is this among people of the open country who are so favored with the beauty in the open heavens above, the glory of trees and flowers in woods and field, and the grandeur on sea and shore.

All such would do well to remember that to all the essentials are the true, the beautiful and the good. To blend these three into one whole life is to have the well rounded personality. In religion, which is the deepest thing about life, the beautiful as well as the true and the good should ever more be granted a chief place in all our religious exercises.

———:———

A lot of fellows who complain about their boss being dumb would be out of a job if the boss were smarter.

NAPOLEON NOTES TO WIFE WILL BE AUCTIONED

Selected

London, Nov. 24—One of Napoleon's love letters to Josephine are worth 18 times as much as one of his letters to Marie-Louise, his second wife, in the opinion of auctioneers who will sell Marie-Louise's letters to the highest bidder on December 17.

The letters of Marie-Louise, 318 in all, are expected to bring $50,000. These letters deal with every phase of Napoleon's courtship and marriage to her, and his exile to Elba.

About a year ago, eight early love letters of Napoleon's written to Josephine, his first wife, were auctioned for Lord Roseberry and sold for $22,000.

The letters to Marie-Louise show Napoleon as the correct and effectionate lover writing almost every day, and not as the passionate and irresistible wooer.

In grandiloquent phrases he plays the imperial lover in grand manner, striving to win the affection of Marie- Louise who was brought up to hate him.

He wrote assuring her that her brilliant qualities led him to ask her hand in marriage and he awaited their meeting with impatience. Furthermore, he vowed, he would throw himself at her feet, and devote his life to making her happy.

The second group of letters written after the marriage when the imperial pair were traveling in the Netherlands had cooled in tone. Napoleon wrote how he had slept on a visit to the fleet and that he had not become ill when the sea was rough. The letters were mere friendly notes wishing that Marie-Louise had not been annoyed by the dust and hoping she was enjoying herself.

The last letter of all was that of a tired and defeated warrior in a hermitage, above the sea in the middle of a chestnut forest. He wrote: "I long to see you and my son."

The owner of the letters is remaining anonymous for the time being but claims to be a member of a noble house to whom the letters have desended by inheritance.

Blessed is the man that beholdeth the face of a friend in a far-country,
The darkness of his heart is melted in the dawning of day within him,
It is like the sound of sweet music heard long ago and half forgotten;
It is like the coming back of birds to a wood where the winter is ended.

—Henry Van Dyke.

INSTITUTION NOTES

We are now enjoying some fine fresh string beans, the second crop of these vegetables to be gathered at the School this season.

—:—

Several large flower beds are being prepared in various sections of the campus. In a short time pansy plants will be transplanted to these beds.

—:—

The boys on the tractor force are now busily engaged preparing our fields for the sowing of small grain. Considerable plowing has already been done, and the soil was found to be in excellent condition.

—:—

"Swiss Family Robinson" was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in our auditorium last Thursday night. A short, entitled, "Mat Men," was shown at the same time Both are R-K-O productions.

—:—

Mr. Wyatt and his machine shop boys recently repaired the deep well pump which has been out of order for some time. Ths pump is now working fine and has filled our 50,000 gallon energency water tank to the top.

—:—

The sweet potato curing-house is being made ready for this season's crop. It was scrubbed and disinfected from top to bottom. This curing-house is heated by thermostatically controlled electrit units. By this means the temperature is kept at an even heat, thereby causing less spoilage, as is so frequently the case when other heating methods are used.

—:—

Although the major league baseball season is not yet closed, local sports enthusiasts are thinking of football. Among our boys, as they assemble on the athletic field and other playgrounds, we noticed the appearance of several footballs, and that the youngsters were enjoying kicking and passing them around.

—:—

New Sunday school quarterlies for the quarter beginning Sunday, October 3rd, have been issued to the boys and their teachers. This is an important part of the work carried on at the Training School, one in which both the boys and the members of the staff are greatly interested. The lads are placed in classes according to their grade level in their regular school rooms, and the classes are conducted in a manner that would compare favorably with any other well regulated Sunday school.

—:—

We are indebted to Mr. Austin E. South, Clerk Superior Court, Boone, for another name to be added to our list of former students now serving in the armed forces of the United States. In looking over the list as it appeared in a recent issue of The

Uplift, he noticed that John Flannery's name was not included and promptly sent us the information that this young man, now twenty-eight years old, volunteered for service in the United States Army in September, 1942, and is now with an engineers outfit. He further stated that John was married and had two children, and had been getting along fine since leaving the institution.

John entered the Training School, September 9, 1928 and was permitted to return to his home, May 5, 1932. While here this lad was in Cottage No. 5 and worked in the sewing room, where he made a very good reord.

—:—

We recently received a letter from William Norton Barnes. a member of our printing class, who is now in the United States Army. Norton, as he was known here, entered the School, February 15, 1937 and was conditionally released, January 30, 1940. He returned to his home in Sylva, and for a few months was employed in a printing office in Waynesville. He later went to Gastonia, where he worked for an uncle, a painter, but later secured employment in a printing establishment in that city. He will be twenty-two years old in December. We heard several months ago from another of our old boys who is now in the service, that Norton was in the Army, but had not heard from directly until the receipt of his letter, mailed at Camp Edwards, Massachusetts, a few days ago. He writes as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: I guess this letter I am about to scribble will be a surprise to you, but here it comes. I often think of the school and all the friends I left there, and would like to thank you and all the rest of the members of the staff for what you did for me. Have often wondered what really would have become of me if I had not been sent there. My stay there really opened my eyes to what I was heading for when sent there. Had I gone ahead doing what I liked, taking what I wanted, I would have grown into manhood with the idea that I could always have my way, and you know what usually happens when a man gets ideas like those into his head. It is usually too late when he realizes he is wrong.

"I am sure you remember my brother, Henry, who was once at the school. He was in the Army for a couple months but couldn't take it. He was discharged and is now back in North Carolina, and is working in a mill in Belmont.

"Have been in the Army about fifteen months, and it isn't bad at all. Of course, back home a fellow could do a lot of things which are not permitted here, but the Army is a fine place if you do your duty, and I have no complaints to make. Think I shall be seeing some action soon. While the outfit I am with is not a fighting unit, we all know how to fight, and are not afraid to meet the best soldiers the enemy has. Please remember me to everybody, and write soon. So long, Norton Barnes."

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, visited the School last Sunday afternoon, bringing with him Rev. Leslie Frerking, pastor of Calvary Lutheran Church, of that city, as guest speaker for the regular service. For the Scripture Lesson He read John 15:1-14, and as the text for his message to the boys, he selected the parable of the fig tree, as found in Luke 13:6-9.

Rev. Mr. Frerking began by telling the boys that he was going to talk to them briefly about a very simple story. A man had a vineyard in which there was a vacant corner. In this space he planted a fig tree, caring for it for a number of years, but it bore no fruit. He further stated that when Jesus told this parable to his listeners, he was thinking of the Jewush people, to whom God had given many blessings, even sending His only son to live among them and teach them. This nation was God's fig tree, upon which he showered loving care, but it failed to produce fruit. The Hebrew people soon forgot the countless blessings which came from God, and turned again into lives of sin.

Today we are the fig tree, continued the speaker. God has greatly blessed us. We are the richest people in the world, having more of material things than any other nation on earth. We live in a land where we have wonderful opportunities. Unlike those in many other countries, we have the privilege of worshipping God; Christian ministers are ready and willing to help us day or night; all that is necessary for us to do in order to enjoy God's gifts, is to live according to His teachings. In some other countries of the world, people's religious feelings must be submerged or they suffer.

Rev. Mr. Frerking then said that since we receive God's blessings of every kind, we are expected to produce fruit. Many people forget they must do this by Christian growth, proving to be faithful worshippers and servants of God. The fruits of such a life are: Faith, Hope, Joy Humility, Kindness and Brotherly Love. God would have us be clean in our thoughts. He wants us to be honest in our dealings with our fellow men. He wants us to overcome our selfishness and share with others, using our blessings not only for ourselves, but for those round about us. In other words, we are the fig tree, and He wants us to produce good fruit.

According to the parable, said the speaker, the proprietor of the vineyard was disappointed because after all the care he had used, the fig tree failed to produce fruit. God's experience with His fig tree—the Hebrews—was that they failed Him. They not only lived the wrong kind of lives for many years, but they even crucified His son whom he sent to save them. So it is with us today. By reason of our selfishness and complacency, we are again disappointing God. People continue to accept His blessings but fail to produce fruit—do their part in spreading the Gospel to all the world.

Rev. Mr. Frerking continued by saying that we often hear of acts committed by people when in a rage, and they sometimes go so far as to boast of what happened. Then there is the type of person who proudly states that he always looks out for himself, and lets the other fellow do the same. Still another says that he s going to do just what he gets paid for doing, and not a bit more. These people are like the non-producing fig tree—they are no good to themselves or to anyone else—and are likely to be destroyed.

In the parable the gardener begged to be permitted to give the tree another chance, and the owner granted him one more year. God is also ready and willing to give us another chance. We may not have been living as He wants us to, but we are still alive, and have an opportunity to produce for God. Just as the sun shines each morning, each day is another opportunity for us to produce fruit for God. He is coming again and we must produce for Him, or, like the useless fig tree, we shall be cut down and destroyed.

In conclusion the speaker told the boys that we cannot go on forever ignoring God. There must certainly come a time in our lives when we shall be compelled to decide what to do. We can go on accepting God's gifts and doing nothing for Him, but one day we shall be called to accout, and if we cannot show that we have been producing fruit, we shall be lost. But on the other hand, if we have been living fruitful lives, all the joys of eternity will be ours.

———:———

THE SEEKER AFTER GOD

There was a dreamer once, whose spirit trod
Unnumbered ways in thwarted search for God:
He stirred the dust on ancient books; he sought
For certain light in what the teachers taught;
He took his staff and went unto the wise,
And deeper darkness fell about his eyes;
He lived a hermit, and forebore his food,
And God left visitless his solitude;
He wrapped himself in prayer night after night,
And mocking demons danced across his sight.
Resigned at last to Him he could not find,
He turned again to live among mankind—
And when from man he no more stood apart,
God, on that instant, visited his heart.

—HarryKemp.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending September 26, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Ernest Bullard
William Burnette
Raymond Davis
Leonard McAdams
Weaver Ruff
James Stamper

COTTAGE NO. 1

Richard Billings
Roland Brooks
Donald Carland
George Cox
Marion Cox
Douglas Dorsett
John Franks
Jack Gray
Jack Harmon
Roy Jones
Rufus Massingill
Harold McKinney
Roy Mumford
William Poteat
Jack Ray
Willford Richard Seegers
David Swink
Peter Tuttle
Robert Hamm
Joseph Kincaid

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Everett Bowden
Edward Britt
Robert Coleman
Hugh Cornwell
Paul Childers
Joseph Dew
Edward Haynes
J. T. Jacobs
Ray Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 4

Everett Benfield
Elbert Brown
Frank Fargis
Bruce Harper
Charles Lanford
Malcom Seymour
Richard Shehan
Edgar Shell
Roy Swink
Edward VanHoy
Martin Walters
Roy Womack
Floyd Barnes
C. W. Cline
Alfred Lamb
David E. Stubbs

COTTAGE NO. 5

Randolph Ammons
Richard Hobbs
Earl Hoyle
William Wilkerson
Elbert Stamey
E. C. Stamey
Arcemias Hefner

COTTAGE NO. 6

Eugene Bowers
Kenneth Caldwell
Charlton Cox
Douglas Daniels
Melvin Fowler
Ralph Gibson
Donald Griffie
Marvin Lippscomb
Sam Lynn
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean
James McMahan
Hayes Powell
Joseph Turner
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7

Donald Grimstead
Leory Pate
Jerry Ray
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 8

Jack Clifton
Edward Loftin
Troy Morrison

COTTAGE NO. 9

George Bass
Cecil Caldwell
John Hill
Albert Newton

COTTAGE NO. 10
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 11
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13
Ernest Davis
Eugene Graham
Dexter Goard
B. J. Mayberry
Banks McKnight
Dillard Shelton
Frank Jones
Charles Tate
A. B. Woodard

COTTAGE NO. 14
Robert Bailey
Charles Callahan
Joseph Case
Robert Holbert
James Linebarrier
Joseph McKinney
Robert Moose
Charlton Pate
Paul Stone
Paul Alphan

COTTAGE NO. 15
Edgar Blanchard
Thomas Baumgarner
Burley Edmondson
Fred Fox
William Griffin
James Knight
Sam Linebarrier
David Lewis
Bopce Plyler
Hugh Roberts
Dewey Smith
Robert Moses
Evns Watson

INDIAN COTTAGE
(No Honor Roll)

INFIRMARY
(No Honor Roll)

———:———

OPPORTUNITY

In an old city by the storied shores,
Where the bright summit of Olympus soars,
A cryptic statue mounted toward the light—
Heel-winged, tip-toed, and poised for instant flight.
"O statue, tell your name," a traveler cried;
And solemnly the marble lips replied:
"Men call me Opportunity. I lift
My winged feet from earth to show how swift
My flight, how short my stay—
How Fate is ever watching on the way."

"But why that tossing ringlet on your brow?"
"That men may seize me any moment: Now,
Now is my other name; today my date;
O traveler, tomorrow is too late!"

—Edwin Markham.

CAROLINA ROOM
c364
OCT 11 1943

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 9, 1943 No. 41

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

BE A FRIEND

Be a friend. You don't need money;
Just a disposition sunny;
Just the wish to help another
Get along some way or other.
Just a kindly hand extended
Out to one who's unbefriended,
Just the will to give or lend
That will make you some one's friend.
Be a friend. You don't need glory.
Friendship is simple story.
Pass by trifling errors blindly,
Gaze on honest effort kindly,
Just a little labor spend
On the duties of a friend.

—Edgar A. Guest.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
JOSEPHUS DANIELS	By Mary Johnston Avery	8
THE JUDGE AND GOOFER DUST	By Judge Luther Hamilton	14
HOME BY PLANE IN FOUR DAYS	(The Lutheran)	17
TAR HEELS IN NORFOLK	By Keith Sanders	20
KINDLY CARE—LONGER WEAR	By Esther Freshman	22
ON FARMING	By George M. Adams	24
INSTITUTION NOTES		25
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

OUR COUNTRY

To all who hope for Freedom's gleam
Across the warring years,
Who offer life to build a dream
In laughter or in tears,
To all who toil, unmarked, unknown,
By city, field or sea.
I give my heart, I reach my hand,
A common hope, a common land
Is made of you and me.

For we have loved her summer dawns
Beyond the misty hill,
And we have shared her toil, her fruit
Of farm and shop and mill.
Our weaknesses have made her shame,
Our strength has built her powers,
And we have hoped and we have striven
That to her children might be given
A fairer world than ours.

We dreamed to hold her safe, apart
From strife; the dream was vain.
Her heart is now earth's bleeding heart,
She shares the whole earth's pain.
To men oppressed in all the lands
One flashing hope has gone,
One vision wide as earth appears,
We seek, across the warring years,
The gray world's golden dawn.

—Anna Louise Strong.

———:———

OVER THE TOP

We were not one bit surprised when the announcement was made that the Third War Bond Drive reached the goal, fifteen billion

dollars, and then some more—one billion, eight hundred and sixty million. Knowing the people of the United States, a freedom-loving people, whose forebears fought in every battle on land and on the high seas from the early colonial days, there was not a momentary doubt as to reaching the goal. The people on the home fronts, the warriors on the battlefields, the fighters in the navy and in the air, have shown their mettle, reflecting the fighting spirit of the early patriots—"United we stand, divided we fall."

It is pertinent to state here that canvassers were named by the superintendent of this institution to sell bonds and stamps. The ones selected responded willingly and results proved satisfactory. The amount realized from the purchase of bonds and stamps at the School was $3683. We congratulate the canvassers and applaud the personnel for their generous response.

* * * * * * * * *

THE IMPORTANCE OF REVERENCE

The leaders at the Training School believe profoundly that the development of a spirit of reverence is of greatest importance. Our thought is that no person can ever rise high in the estimation of others who jeers and sneers at sacred things. When the boys enter the auditorium for religious services of any kind we insist that they do so quietly and orderly, that they come without unnecessary talking, and that they maintain an attitude of calm meditation. In other words, it is our purpose to so train the boys that they would be at ease in any church service where there may be devotion and meditation.

We believe and teach that if a boy at the Training School is to show the proper respect and reverence towards God, he must do it calmly and quietly, without boisterousness, while in the presence of others. We believe also that true reverence extends to the proper care and treatment of books and all kinds of property. There is never a time when it is honorable for a boy to be irreverent at a religious service or anywhere else, and to be well-rounded in his development a boy must learn the lesson of reverence.

Frequently it occurs that a boy shows a spirit of irreverence in the presence of others simply because he is thoughtless and has not

received proper guidance and training. Of course, this should not happen. In such circumstances it is the clear responsibiltiy of wise and mature adult leaders and teachers to start the youngsters on the right road. They must emphasize again and again the importance of a reverent spirit in the lives of true Christians. A thoughtless boy may get up and walk out of the church during service because he sees other boys on the outside, but the wise counselor will explain that this is irreverent.

Here at the Training School we attempt to teach the boys that it is irreverent to abuse a song book or a piece of furniture. We emphasize how difficult it is to maintain an attitude of worship and devotion when one is required to use a song book that is torn and soiled, or to sit in a seat that is scratched or broken. On the other hand it is both inspiring anl elevating to sing and read from a book that is neat and well-preserved.

Reverence is one of the sure signs of strength; irreverence is a certain indication of weakness. Goethe once said: "The soul of the Christian religion is reverence."

It is said of the Turks that they collect every scrap of paper that comes their way, because they realize that the name of God may be written thereon. How different we Americans are!

We shall continue throughout the years to seek to instill in the boys here a sincere spirit of humble reverence. To do so will of course involve patience and repetition: it will require the embodiment and personification of reverence by those who teach and guide. But reverence is our heritage from saintly ancestors and it is our inescapable responsibility to pass it on.

* * * * * * * * *

OCTOBER ANNIVERSARIES

The second day of October was the seventy-second anniversary of the birth of Secretary of State Cordell Hull. He has been a mighty force, wielding a wonderful power during this era of history. In the face of his advanced age he is evidently physically and mentally alert or he would not undertake to cross the deep sea and the European countries for a conference with Stalin. This movement upon the part of this outstanding statesman is proof of the fact that if

a man is physically fit, he is only as old as he feels and thinks. If there are combined a fine physique and mental alertness the motivating power of anyone can be maintained or prolonged at least. Here is wishing Cordell Hull many, many returns of happy birthdays.

The Supreme Court of the United States celebrated its one hundred and fifty-third anniversary on October 4th. The members of this high and dignified court are selected after considering from every viewpoint their fitness for this responsible and honored position. The Supreme Court Building in Washington, D. C. is a classic in marble. The members of this honored body are as follows:

Chief Justice: Harlan F. Stone; Associate Justices: Frank Murphy, William O. Douglas, Owen J. Roberts, Hugo L. Black, Stanley Reed, Felix Frankfurter, Robert H. Jackson and Wiley Rutledge.

Another notable happening this month was the retirement of Assistant Secretary of State Sumner Welles, and the appointment of Edward R. Stettinius, former lend-lease administrator, as his successor. Also came the announcement of the appointment of W. Everell Harriman as Ambassador to Russia.

* * * * * * * *

THE SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE

This country boasts of its schools, colleges and universities, but there is one school in which all must train. The head of this particular seat of learning is not referred to as dean, doctor, professor or any other dignified title. This school is taught by an old teacher, known to all as Experience, and he dispenses knowledge to his pupils on just one subject, that which his name implies. It matters not what other school man attends or what degrees he might attain, he must put in a lifetime in this tried and true old school of experience. In its classrooms and workshops, wealth or social position count for naught; the student's accomplishment depend largely upon himself.

There are two kinds of experience—personal and the experience of others—and we may learn from both. If we are wise we will

profit by personal experience, using our past mistakes as stepping-stones to ultimate success, but it is also imperative that we consider the experiences of those round about us, judging between those that are worthless or profitable and governing ourselves accordingly. From a careful study of the history of the world and the accomplishments of great men, both past present, it is possible for us to obtain many shining examples as to the value of lessons taught in the school of experience. No other teacher can wield such an influence in the lives of men.

* * * * * * * *

A CHRISTIAN CRUSADER

From the radio, the press and many other sources we have learned that General Douglas MacArthur possesses the elements of a great military strategist, together with the innate feeling of the value of a Christian home. The following clipping, taken from one of our valued exchanges, tells a fine story.

General Douglas MacArthur said: "By profession I am a soldier, and take pride in that fact; but I am prouder, infinitely prouder, to be a father. A soldier destroys in order to build; a father only builds, never destroys. The one has the potentialities of death, the other embodies creation and life and, while the hordes of death are mighty, the battalions of life are mightier still." And he added that he wants his son to remember him "not from the battle, but in the home repeating with him our simple daily prayer, 'Our Father, Who art in heaven'."

JOSEPHUS DANIELS, AMBASSADOR AND CITIZEN

By Mary Johnston Avery

(The following tribute to that outstanding citizen of "The Old North State"—Hon. Josephus Daniels— appeared in one of the leading Southern magazines shortly after his appointment as Ambassador to Mexico, in 1933. This fine old gentleman is now back to his first love, the newspaper field, and is again actively engaged in the publication of The Raleigh News & Observer.)

He can't be bought, and he can't be scared—this is what they say of Josephus Daniels, one-time Secretary of the United States Navy and now Ambassador to the Republic of Mexico, but at all times, anywhere, Tar-Heel born, Tar-Heel bred, "and when he dies he'll he Tar-Heel dead." And one thing else: They both possess a delicious sense of humor—the plural, of course, being Mrs. Daniels, for a portrait of the Daniels' without her would only be a profile; these two are one.

It is no secret that when President Roosevelt passed around the ambassadorships to the selected few, his old chief was offered the first serving; and perfectly true to form, Josephus Daniels chose his near neighbor, Mexico. A "down homer" is just naturally neighborly, and it has always been the easiest thing in the world for the Daniels' to be good neigbors. Then, too, our new ambassador has always been rather "tropic-conscious," for in times past, much to the chagrin of his wife and family, he would wear crash suits in summertime for comfort, even if they were ostracized by society, while his fellow countrymen sweltered under the heat of woolens. And hasn't he always worn white socks all the year round, because he liked them (or maybe his four sons wouldn't wear them), even though society smiled behind its hand at his little vagary? And hasn't he been, for over forty years, an ardent free silver man and a believer in its unlimited coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1?

That's Josephus Daniels: old-fashioned, simple, natural, and sincere. His clean-shaven face is rather serious and one might even think it severe until his smile robs it of all save kindliness. In looking at him, one is reminded irresistibly of thase fine, severe old forebears preserved to us in our treasured daguerreotypes; but that's only his appearance, for he lives right in the present; and though he may be happiest in Raleigh, "with the missus and the kids" (all the latter grown and married now), wherever Josephus Daniels goes he carries his whole heart with him and starts right to work.

Today, as an eminent ambassador, he is still first a country editor with a warm Southern heart, finding himself for the first time setting the style of the present-day vogue of editors as ambassadors—to England, Spain, and Mexico.

Mexico is to be congratulated, for

Mr. Daniels is truly a good-will ambassador, one with the most approachable personality. And it won't be long before he is greeting a pretty senorita with "Why, child, how are you?" and leaving her all in a flutter, and squeezing every Mexican mother's heart as he grasps in friendship the hands of Mexico's youth.

But if they don't work in Mexico, I don't know what Josephus Daniels will do, for work is his passion and sincere genuineness a part of his religion. It must have been these two characteristics that made Daniels and Roosevelt such a powerful team during the World War. A little b-play illustrative of this naturalness was enacted at Chicago last summer. When the ears of all the world listened in at the supreme moment of the Democratic convention, and all visible eyes were straining to catch the first glimpse of the party's hero as he mounted the platform to accept the nomination for President, with his son James on one side and his old chief, Josephus Daniels, on the other—then, catching sight of Mrs. Daniels and forgetful of all else, he put his arm around her and gave her a hearty kiss. The spontaneousness of his act almost threw the lady off guard, but only for a second, and with her ready wit and sparkling eyes dancing, she chided him with "Now, Franklin, since you are a president-elect, you can't be kissing me."

Throwing back his great head and laughing boyishly, he replied, "I'll never get so high I can't kiss you!"

America possesses one foursome at least, free from sham and pretense.

We are wagering the best in North Carolina that it won't be long before Mrs. Daniels is exchanging North Carolina pot-licker and greens recipes for information on hot tamales, and might even be persuaded to give the approved method of "dunking" in her own state. And soon, whatever the Mexican term for "Old Man" is, they will be giving it to the new ambassador, for everyone from the governor of the state to the type-setter in his newspaper office thinks of him as that, just as everybody the entire length and breadth of North Carolina calls his Raleigh News and Observer "Old Reliable."

Already word has come back that Ambassador Daniels is winning the confidence of the Mexican students, immediately taking their aims and hopes to his mind and heart. And he is such a partisan that whatever he does, he does with all his might, and whenever he enlists he enlists for war. He is seventy-one, and it has been a battle with him the greater part of the journey. For Josephus Daniels was born in Washington, North Carolina, in 1862, his father dying a year later; born, as one of his own reporters aptly puts it, "into a rich heritage of poverty"; but he possessed a sound mind and a strong body, both of which have been preserved by temperate living. On that mind was emblazoned early the word "industry"; but he has been more than industrious; he has been, rather, indefatigable. No subject is too small to enlist his attention; none is too large to daunt his fearless spirit. He seems early to have absorbed convictions, courage, and ability to fight for the things he believes; and no taunts stay him, no criticism deters him, whether it be the signing of an

order as Secretary of the Navy abolishing the obsolete terms "port" and "starboard" as synonyms for "left" and "right," or his thirty-years' war against the late James Buchanan Duke, one-time "czar" of the tobacco industry.

Daniels would never have got any fun out of editing his newspaper in Raleigh if he had not been permitted to write his opinions in plain English; and those who have felt his editorial thrusts since 1895, when he became a power in Southern journalism, know they are anything but cat slaps.

Everybody in North Carolina knows of the time when he was put "in jail" for speaking his mind too freely in his editorial columns, in 1904. His jail was a room at the hotel, where he was actually held for two or three days in custody by United States marshals; and he wrote his editorials there, dating them "Cell No. 365." He had criticized the Federal District Judge T. B. Purnell for his acts in connection with the receivership of the Altantic and North Carolina Railroad. Daniels charged that the governor was in league with men who had formed a conspiracy to get hold of the road as receivers and to bankrupt the state property. The judge held him for contempt, and imposed a fine of $20,000. In open court, Daniels declared that he would rot in jail before he would pay a cent. He was confined to the hotel room. Appeal was taken to the Circuit Court, and that judge promptly found Daniels not guilty and remitted the fine.

Mr. Daniels started being a newspaperman at the age of sixteen in Wilson, North Carolina, where he established a paper with the ambitious title Cornucopia. He was so much in earnest that he succeeded in getting to the summer meeting of the State Press Association, at sparkling Catawba Springs in the western part of the state, a distance of about two hundred and fifty miles. In the youthful editor's financial condition, the expense money seemed staggering enough to invite the notice of the House o Morgan; but it seemed worth the price, and so Josephus went—only to realize before he had reached Catawba that heavy as he had estimated the cost would be, he had miscalculated sadly. His funds had only paid his way to the convention. His unhappiness over the ignominy of having to walk all the way back to Wilson, in a day when hitch-hiking was unkown to man, must have leaked out; for his return fare was arranged. The ambitious young editor enjoyed the great occasion, and he has a picture as witness to the wing collar, derby hat, and accessories; and he returned home in proper fashion.

It was right here that Mr. Daniels exhibited a trait which has left him unhampered all his life, to grow humanly broad and spiritually high. He does not love money. It means little or nothing to him, and he hates to carry more than pocket change around with him even yet. In fact, he used to say that when he was going on a journey, and had to take fifty or a hundred dollars for expenses, he was sadly worried.

In Raleigh he buys on credit, at hotels he pays by checks, and he has no small-change-consuming habits, for he does not smoke, chew, or drink —albeit he can raise cain with his pen

and talk with the rapidity of a Gatling gun.

When he came home after his eight years as Secretary of the Navy, Mrs. Daniels felt the time had come when he should care a little about what money could buy; so she sent him out from time to time on the Chatauqua platform and the Lyceum circuit; and his "hot air," as she termed it, built for them a splendid mansion on the the outskirts of Raleigh. They named it "Wakestone," and North Carolina's first citizen might rest there, were he so minded.

During the years following that State Press Convention in 1878, Josephus Daniels edited two newspapers, graduated in law at the State University, married a wife, moved to Raleigh, started another paper, came out for state printer, and started out on his great career of knowing North Carolinians first. In those early days, when the Daniels' lived in a modest little cottage, during the sessions of the legislature every member was at some time invited into this home. And a vivacious young hostess, an atmasphere of good will, and delicious homemade cookies linger to this day in the memory of many an old, old "down homer."

Then came the time when Grover Cleveland was president, and Josephus Daniels lifted his gaze beyond the state's horizon and got himself appointed to a place in the Department of the Interior, where he worked for the Government by day and for himself by night, writing his editorials and Washington news letters for his paper back home. The only lasting joy in the adventure was his introduction to and association with that handsome and brilliant young Congressman from Nebraska, William Jennings Bryan. Daniels heard Bryan speak, and then sat at his feet; whereupon he enlarged his own vocabulary and began to think deeply, particularly about that other Chicago Democratic Convention of 1896.

There was a fellow in Raleigh who thought he wanted to go to that convention more than Josephus Daniels did; so he went around to the state chairman to see what the latter could do for him.

"Well, Jim, how do you stand on free silver?" asked the chairman.

"Oh, well, I guess I believe in it, all right, but I ain't no damfool about it."

"Well, you can't go."

Jim wasn't so politic as a man in the state's western delegation, who was also queried about his feelings on free silver. He said, "Wal, I'm for free silver, but I treat gold right."

And so they sent Jo Daniels.

Mr. Daniels was elected national committeeman at that convention, and held the position for twenty years. And then came the day when Woodrow Wilson appointed him Secretary of the Navy, and home folk were never happier and the outside world never set up a greater howl. What did a Southern country editor know of ships and navies!

But those who greeted him with jeers remained later to give him a big hand, for Josephus Daniels really did something for his country. He brought democracy into the navy, which by tradition was essentially aristocratic. He quietly gathered up no end of useless red tape and threw

it overboard with "up anchor—in cork."

For the first time in the history of the country, equality of opportunity in the navy was established. Schools were ordered set up on board ship for all enlisted men; and for a time it seemed that coaling ships and target practice depended upon recess, for educating these boys was almost a fetish with the Secretary. He was at home there, for he had been fighting ignorance all his mature days in his home state (and as evidence of his success, since the war, over one thousand men in the navy have been advanced from warrant officers to commissioned).

Then the Secretary thought the men would be better off without liquor, so he set right to work and abolished intoxicants from shipboard. The howl that was raised at this order reached high heaven, but was cut off short when it was learned that hereafter the Secretary intended to treat with enlisted men as human beings. And thinking all these things right, he did them, even though the press rang out with the refrain, "He'll ruin the navy! He'll ruin the navy!"

But it was no other than Admiral Dewey who said, a few years later, that he had been in the navy for sixty-two years and that Josephus Daniels was the best Navy Secretary America had ever had.

And then came the war, and with it was brought to light another trait in this man's character which ranks him among the great. Mr. Daniels seems to have an intuitive power to pick men. Not only men, but the right man for the right place, without fear of losing his own prestige by so doing. He has the faculty of throwing his whole soul into his job, and in the accomplishment of it loses sight of the personal equation. So with characteristic honesty he threw aside all personal prejudices and differences, and the navy's personnel during the war was the best the country had in brain power. When we recall that two million soldiers were transported across the sea with naval escort without the loss of one, America even still should doff hats to Josephus Daniels and his wonderful crew.

And during those days did all the criticism and taunts of grape juice and schooldays upset Mr. Daniels? One would hardly judge so, for he went quietly on fighting for the safety of Democracy and for the education of the youths entrusted to his keeping; while Mrs. Daniels, with scissors and paste pot, went right on decorating her husband's study in their Washington home with all the many cartoons about him. until the wall was covered. And nothing gave them more fun than to enjoy this unique display with guests—and he laughs best who laughs last.

Then the Daniels' and their four sons came back home; and with the completion of Wakestone, one would have expected Mr. Daniels to drop anchor and rest. Bless us, no! He rolled up his sleeves, picked up scissors and stub pencil, and began to work in earnest—to work as if a night were coming when man works no more. But Jo Daniels won't rest even in the grave; he'll be no sooner laid than he will up and haunting!

Once more as plain newspaperman, he picked up his duties as editor, wrote books (six already to his credit), lectured, campaigned for better and higher education, and all the time kept an eye on the special interests and Bishop Cannon. Being himself a devoted Methodist, the bishop's publicity was a sore subject with Mr. Daniels.

Two summers ago he acknowledged he was enough wearied of the state's and Nation's battles to rent himself a summer home on a lake deep in the mountains of North Carolina, where he might rest a bit. He arrived at night. Next morning, when he came out on his front porch to drink in all of his full quota of the Blue Ridge, the first thing his eyes fell upon was Bishop Cannon, calmly sitting in the cool of his own summer home next door. Mrs. Daniels said it was the intervention of Providence, arranging it so they both could keep an eye on each other while vacationing.

We don't know just how Mrs. Daniels is liking that lovely embassy in Mexco, for we once heard that she said she would rather live in the old state mansion than any house in the world. But we do know that when the time came when her distinguished husband could have been governor of the state by the mere announcement, something stayed his hand. We wonder if, with a woman's intuition, her lifted vision read the handwriting on the wall and caught sight of a castle somewhat like this present castle in Mexico.

It was just the way he wanted it last March, when he was inducted into office as ambassador in the Supreme Court room in Raleigh, with the governor, the judges, home folks, and family around him, and his brother, Judge Frank Daniels, administering the oath. Above that thin line which separates the visible and invisible, that mother who toiled early and late to make her son so worth while must too have been privileged to withness the scene.

'Way down there in Mexico, he may not know what others are thinking of him; but we are sure that when the day's work is over, and these two sit in the radiant glory of a brilliant sunset amid foreign beauty, we can hear the dear old-fashioned "Old Man" say in his choppy way to that charming companion of all his thinking, working years—a way all his own:

"Well, Miss Addie, what do you reckon the folks back in North Carolina are doing now?"

———:———

Sullen skies today,
Sunny skies tomorrow;
November steals from May,
And May from her doth borrow;
Griefs—Joys—in Time's strange dance
Interchangably advance;
The sweetest joys that come to us
Come sweeter for past sorrow.

—Aubrey DeVere.

THE JUDGE AND GOOFER DUST

By Judge Luther Hamilton, in The State

A short time ago I was presiding over a session of criminal court in one of the counties of eastern North Carolina.

The term had moved into the fourth day—Thursday—and I had a feeling all the while that the court was not functioning quite so smoothly and satisfactorily as it should.

As I started into the courthouse that Thursday morning, the Sheriff's chief deputy stopped me near the courthouse steps and said: "Judge, William here wants to tell you something that he thinks you should know."

Two or three white men and a Negro boy, about nineteen or twenty year old, were standing with the deputy.

"Who is William?" I asked.

"This colored boy," replied the deputy.

"Well, William," I said, looking at him expectantly, "what do you wish to say to me?"

Now William, either because of excitement or perhaps because it was his natural way, spoke up with a pronounced stammer and said: "I know, Jedge, who it is that has been putting that 'goofer dust' on your cheer."

"You know what, William?" I asked.

And William, this time with considerable more emphasis than before, reiterated: "The boy that's been putting the 'goofer dust' on your cheer, Jedge. I know who he is. It's George!"

In my bewilderment, I looked beseechingly at the deputy. and he, radiating the wisdom of his office, explained: "Judge, out in the section of the country where this Negro boy lives, there is a superstiton to the effect that if someone is in trouble in the court and can get some gopher dust on the trial judge, the judge will be so conjured and under the magic spell of the individual who sprinkled the dust, that he cannot pronounce any sentence upon the offender. What William here is trying to tell you is that George, a colored boy who is to be tried during this term, is trying to work a 'spell' on you so that you won't be able to punish him."

"Oh, yes; I see!" I exclaimed. "Well, Sheriff; take William on up to my chambers and then bring George in, because we have only a few minutes before time to open court."

With that I went on up. Almost immediately the good deputy appeared with both William and George.

"All right, William," I said, "what did you say George had been doing?"

"Yes, sir; yes sir; Jedge. I'll say it right to his face. I seen George sprinkling 'goofer dust' on the arms and head-piece of your cheer. I seed him with my own eyes, and he knows it, too!"

I looked at George, who also seemed to be about twenty years of age and who apparently was badly scared. "What about this, George?" I demanded in a severe tone.

"Naw, suh, Jedge," said George in a pathetic tone of vice. "I swears I didn't do it. I know dat stuff would conjjure you all right, but I didn't

do it. Not to you Jedge. Naw, suh! William jes' wants to git me in trouble because he wants my gal, and he wants to send me away so he can git her away from me. And dat's all there it to it, Jedge: so help me."

William, stammering with excitement, then spoke up. "Jedge; let the Sheriff tell you what he done found in George's pocket. He'll tell you 'twas jes' like what was on yore cheer."

The deputy spoke up: "Well, yes, Judge; I did take from George's pocket an envelope that had in it a brown-yellowish dust like that which the janitor wiped off your chair and desk this morning."

Looking at the clock on the courtroom wall, I saw that it was time to open court, so I said: "After you open court, Sheriff, take George over to jail until I can think about this matter a little longer." And then, in an aside to the deputy, so that George could not hear me, I said: "I want to see how strong George's magic is before I decide just what to do about it."

The deputy, of course, understood that it would never do to let these Negro boys think it would be all right for them to be sprinkling "gopher dust" or anything else on a Judge's chair and desk. For obvious reasons, of course.

An hour or so later, I directed the deputy to release George and send him home with the reminder that he must not, for any purpose thereafter, try to inferfere with the judge's desk and chair or anything else in the courtroom.

The next day was Friday. The late afternoon was beginning to turn into early evening, and I knew if I did not obtain submissions or conditional pleas in the other criminal matters pending, I should have to leave the calendar in a "not cleared" condition, or go back Saturday to conclude the business of the court.

The next case called by the Solicitor was the one involving as defendant the same George who had attempted working his magic on the court. To tell the truth, I had forgotten all about the boy and did not recognize the name when it was called. His attorney announced that the case would be for the jury to decide. I called the lawyer to the desk and said: "Why take the time of the jury to hear this controversy? Why not do as in the other cases—tender a conditional plea, and help me along without our having to come back Saturday?"

George's lawyer spoke sympathetically but had to refuse. Said he: "You see, Judge, my client is the one who thinks that he has got a 'spell' woven around you. He's the one that used the 'gopher dust,' and he's convinced that this court can't do him any harm unless he 'gives in' by yielding something to you. I can't get him to agree to anything."

"O.K.," I said, "but tell him that he didn't get any of that 'goofer dust' on the jury." And I also reminded him that if the jury convicted him, George would be at the juctice seat and not the mercy seat. All lawyers, of course, understand the meaning of the expression. The lawyer duly conveyed these tidings to George, but the boy continued to insist upon a jury trial. Well, after the argument

of the lawyers had been presented and the court's instructions had been given to the jury, the jury retired to consider the evidence. In five minutes they came back with a verdict of guilty.

For a moment, the expression on the poor little Negro's face was the most woebegone and forlorn that I ever have seen across the countenance of a human being. But, "believe it or not," as Ripley mould put it, I don't know if, after all, the power of his "goofer dust" didn't work. Because, although I had almost sworn I wouldn't do it, the trial ended with my placing George on probation.

He left the courtroom with an expression of triumph, and I expect he's going to spend a goodly portion of his time from now on, collecting "goofer dust."

———:———

THE SURVIVOR

When the last day is ended,
And the nights are through;
When the last sun is buried
In its grave of blue;

When the stars are snuffed like candles,
And the seas no longer fret;
When the winds unlearn their cunning,
And the storms forget;

When the last lip is palsied,
And the last prayer said;
Love shall reign immortal
While the worlds lie dead.

—Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

HOME BY PLANE IN FOUR DAYS

(The Lutheran)

It is not only the First Lady of the United States who makes use of the latest modes of travel. Recently Miss Bertha Koenig, who had planned to return to America on her long overdue furlough, was enabled to use one of Pan-American's transport planes and thus travel from the point of departure in Liberia to La-Guardia Field, New York, within the compass of four days. It is not conventient to indicate the exact route over which she traveled. It is enough to say she embarked in Africa, stopped at more than one port in South America, and stepped from the plane in North America. The member of the missionary staff upon whose arrival at the station in Liberia the beginning of Miss Koenig's furlough depended, needed six weeks for the trip from "here to there."

This furlough, of which the plane journey was the start, would have come sooner had not conditions on the field made it overdue. She has been in the present term of service since January 1940. And when one speaks of active service, one means not only the ordinary routine of one missionary aided by the normal complement of colleagues and equipment, but a term of duty spent alone in the "interior" at Belefanai, the youngest of five stations from which U. L. C. A. work is carried on in Liberia.

It was learned by inquiry that this is the seventh term of service for Miss Koenig. She went to Liberia in 1916, and her first assignment to duty was at one of the educational institutions in the mission, the Emma V. Day School for Girls, located about thirty miles from Monrovia, the capital of the republic of Liberia. At that time the mission consisted of two stations, with the opening of a third in contemplation.

When Miss Koenig was asked as to the influence of the war on her work, she said that current news, such as is customarily available in the home country by means of the radio and the press, is not found in the back areas of Liberia.

"Indeed," she commented, "there would not be a great deal of interest on the part of our wards in the mission stations in what have been headlines in this great world conflict. But do not conclude from that fact," she continued, "that the participation of the United States in this second world war has been unnoticed in our mission in Liberia. Its effects began with the shortage of workers which fell upon missions fields as it fell upon schools and all institutions where administration is by persons."

She became specific. There should have been associated with her at the station to which she was assigned one or more ordained men, and perhaps missionary evangelists and teachers. But she has been alone. In order to indicate what that has

meant in recent months, she instanced actual situations.

She said: "When baptisms and communions were due for administration, it was necessary for me to procure a clergyman from a distance. First a runner must be sent with a note asking the Rev. Mr. Blank to come to Belefanai. In one instance when this was done, the runner returned with the reply that the man to whom I had sent was ill and could not come. It was then necessary for me to send for one of our nationals who has been ordained and is competent to administer the sacraments. To him a runner must be sent. He would then procure carriers who would bring him to the station. When he had finished the mission for which he had been called, I in turn would need to get carriers in order to take him back to the pont which was his residence.

"When I undertook to procure carriers, I would learn that a good many of the able-bodied young men have accepted positions with the Firestone rubber development, and that has made it difficult for this kind of service to be obtained. As a result," Miss Koenig concluded, "there have been instances of delay for a whole year in the performance of baptisms and administrations of Holy Communion."

It was at this point that Miss Koenig took charge of the interview in order to emphasize what she feels to be the primary need of the mission. "Send us ordained men," she said specifically," and such other personnel as are necessary in order to serve these people and create open doors for the ministry of the Gospel."

"Are the people responsive to the ministry of the missionaries?" was a direct question, which Miss Koenig answered by saying, "Yes, the people in Liberia are responsive and the missionaries are encouraged."

She remarked in this connection that the number of stations has increased from two in operation and one in contemplation to the present five, with groups of "out stations" attached to each where many of the contacts are made by the nationals themselves. She spoke particularly of the work which women do as catechists and vistors and as the media of invitation to their fellow Liberians to "come and see."

In response to the query, "Does conversion to Christianity make a great change in the living customs of a Liberian?" she replied:

"Yes, to some extent. But we do not try to make Americans out of them. They are urged to forsake their old practices of native medicines, to recognize witchcraft in the ceremonies of their medicine men, and to seek the uplift which the Gospel of our Lord and the example of the missionaries provide."

Relative to the school work which is done in Liberia she said: "The people are eager to have their children come to the schools. Just now the number of pupils is limited because in many cases there is only one missionary in charge. More must be sent to satisfy the eagerness of

the people, and with them must come equipment and books."

"Do you plan to return to Liberia?" was a final query addressed to Miss Koenig, to which she replied, "As soon as my furlough is completed, I hope to be able to go back to these people with whom I have lived almost three decades."

———:———

A GENTLEMAN

It is almost a definition of a Gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain.

He carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast—all clashing of opinion or collision of feeling, all restraint or suspicion or gloom or resentment; his great concern being to make everyone at ease and at home.

He has eyes on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unreasonable allusions or topics that may irritate; he is seldom prominent in converation, and never wearisome.

He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring.

He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best.

He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes an unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for argument, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out.

He has too much good sense to be affronted at insult; he is too busy to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice.

If he engages in controversy of any kind his disciplined intellect preserves him from blundering discourtesy of better though less educated minds, who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean.

He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence.

He throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he ac counts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human nature as well as its strength, its province, and its limits.

—Cardinal Newman.

TAR HEELS IN NORFOLK

By Keith Saunders, in The State

A favorite quip in Norfolk these days is to the effect that, "If Hitler ever gets desperate enough to send a fleet of planes on a suicidal mission to bomb the Hampton Roads area, North Carolina is going to have one helluva big homecoming."

Whoever thought that up merely used a wisecrack to point to what everyone in Norfolk knows already: namely, that the Portsmouth-Norfolk-Newport News area is literally swarming with North Carolinians. War-time conditions have simply accelerated a migration of Tar Heels into Tidewater Virginia that has been going on for many, many years.

Attracted by the inflationary wages being paid to the workers who are so badly needed to keep the shipbuilding and ship-repair yards and other defense projects in this vital section going at full blast, North Carolinians by the thousands, perhaps by the tens of thousands, have quit their farms, their filling stations and their office jobs; have thrown down their plow reins, shovels and fishing nets, and have flocked to Hampton Roads to earn from $45 to $125 a week as shipfitters, steamfitters, caulkers, bricklayers, carpenters, welders electricians and common laborers. Anyone who doesn't mind working 60 hours a week can draw $50 a week at common labor; the same type of labor the same individual was doing for the WPA in 1940 for $36 a month. A horn of plenty into which Uncle Sam is pouring hundreds of millions of dollars has sounded a clarion call which has been heard and heeded by Tar Heels from the potato fields of Currituck to the rugged hills of Cherokee.

At the Norfolk Navy Yard alone there are 45,000 persons working day and night, performing the hundreds of tasks incident to building and repairing destroyers, cruisers, battleships, aircraft carriers and other Navy vessels. No accurate figures are available, but it has been variously estimated that from 15,000 to 25,000 of the Navy Yard workers are natives of North Carolina. Many former Tar Heels who were drawn to Norfolk by the high wages paid during World War I stayed on and still are working in the yard. Thousands of others were attracted here when war clouds brought about a great expansion in the yard's personnel in 1939 and 1940, and they have been pouring in ever since. Hundreds of these workers still maintain their residence in Currituck, Camden, Pasquotank and other northeastern Carolina counties and commute back and forth daily.

But the Navy Yard is just one place of employment. The Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company is one of the largest building yards on the East Coast and is employing thousands of "Down Homers" The Norfolk Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Corporation, as well as the contractors building thousands of homes for defense workers, and the contractors building roads, barracks and countless other installations for the Naval Operating Base, the Little Creek Section Base, Camp Bradford, and other naval and military establishments in

the area are employing additional thousands.

Then there are hundreds, perhaps thousands of young women who are doing the typing, filing and other office duties connected with these numerous projects. Many girls who a short while ago were finishing a business course or were working in smalltown law and insurance offices in orth Carolina for from $10 to $15 a week are now in Norfolk and Portsmouth making from $1,440 up, plus overtime. For example, the 18 or 20 girls in the offices of the Norfolk Shipbuilding firm include a former school-teacher from Fremont, a former Raleigh stenographer, a girl from Elizabeth City, a woman from Manteo, a girl from Siler City and another girl from New Bern.

An infiltration of Tar Heels into the Norfolk area has been going on for a long time, a fact for which Norfolk can give fervent thanks. Because of the business opportunities offered by the great port of Hampton Roads, because Norfolk has always been larger than any of North Carolina's cities, and because of the great volume of water traffic that plied between Norfolk and the sounds and rivers of eastern North Carolina in the days before the advent of good roads, North Carolinians for years have been moving to Norfolk and vicinity.

Some of Norfolk's major businesses were started and developed by ex-Tar Heels. A Granville County native founded the F. S. Royster Company, one of the South's largest fertilizer and guano manufacturers, Norfolk's tallest building is the Royster Building. The Colonial Stores chain, which has headquarters in Norfolk and embraces over 400 Pender, Big Star, Little Star and Rogers food stores in four states, was started in Norfolk by David Pender, who moved there from Tarboro. The key men in hundreds of Norfolk firms today are natives of the Old North State.

The other day a detective in the Norfolk Police Division, who migrated to Norfolk from "south of the border" about 15 years ago, was bemoaning the fact that he would be lost for a place to spend his vacation this year.

"I have been going down to North Carolina every summer to loaf and fish at my Uncle Jim's place," he explained, "but now Uncle Jim is here working in the Navy Yard."

North Carolinians are the butt of a good many jokes and considerable jesting and ridicule in Norfolk, but they soon come to realize that it is all in the way of good-natured kidding and that the fun-poking individuals are former Tar Heels themselves.

Workers at the Navy Yard get a great kick out of telling this story. Governor Broughton, they say, appeared at the yard personnel office one day and made application for a job.

"But, Governor," the personnel officer remonstrated. "You surely must be jesting. Why should a man want to give up a Governor's job to work in the Navy Yard?"

"My good man," Broughton reportedly answered, "I intend to run for the Senate some day, and I want to keep in close touch with a majority of my constituents."

KINDLY CARE LONGER—WEAR

By Esther Freshman

Have you called your clothes to the colors? Does your wardrobe fully understand its part in the war effort? Duration, durable—out and out "last a long time"—new words among the hangers and the shoe bags. Last year's dress is taking on a new look, no more inferiority complex for it in these times.

What kind of treatment do you give your clothes? When you take your shoes off at night, do you just step out of them, tuck them under the bed, or toss them nonchalantly into the closet? The dresses that aren't on you at the moment, what sort of provision have you made for them? And your hats—where is their place of residence when not at a jaunty angle on your head?

Everything responds to kindness, and clothes are no exception. Every dress is entitled to a hanger, and not one full of slivers, either. For the fragile dresses, it's fun to dress up an old wooden hanger with ribbon or a bit of velvet, or, if you aren't that handy, a sheet of tissue paper crushed around the wooden hanger will give excellent protection and assure your dress of the smoothness that will save its sensitive threads.

A good clothes brush is a "must." The best time to brush is immediately after you have wron your dress, coat, or hat. Why shelter the dust you have brought home in your clean wardrobe or closet?

Shoes have to stand for an awful lot at best, so certainly they are entitled to beneficial rest at night. It's a good idea to keep the box in which you first purchased them, line it with tissue paper, and put your shoes in it when they are not on your feet. Shoe trees are a help, but tissue paper rolled into balls and and stuffed in the toes also keeps them in excellent shape. Brush or wipe off all dust before putting your shoes away, and in the case of patent leather shoes, a very thin coating of vaseline followed by a vigorous polishing, will help keep the craks away. Suede shoes respond gratefully to a careful brushing with a wire brush or a rubber sponge. A spot can often be cleaned off of them with a careful application of sandpaper or the gentle use of an emery board. Of course, white shoes should always be kept immaculately white. For the buckskins and suedes one can get the small inexpensive powder bags that are easily rubbed over the offending spots. Be sure and rub off the extra powder if you don't want to leave trails of white on the rugs or have your stockings smudged with powder. The smooth leathers need cream or liquid polish to keep their complexions beautiful, and if you apply it well and each time there is a spot, it isn't necessary to do the whole shoe so often.

Hats have as much right to a home

as do shoes. A hatbox will hold two hats usually, and a hat bag will be a fine substitute for the box. Personally, I don't like to leave my hats exposed on the shelf of a closet, for even though they are out of sight, the dust still can ferret them out. Each of my hats has its own separate pasteboard domicile lined with tissue paper. I find they rest better on their crowns and I stuff each of them with a bit of crushed tissue paper. A label can very well be pasted on the front of each box so that you know quickly just where each hat resides.

Felt hats like to be brushed. They'll show their appreciation by looking fresh and sporty. White felt hats pick up dust and particles of dirt quickly. A fine piece of sandpaper kept just for hat treatments will remove spots nicely if you do not delay, and white powder bags similar to those used for white shoes, can be purchased to keep the white felt hat looking like new all summer. Straw hats that are put away carefully each time will not have bent brims or look droopy before their time.

Stocking troubles is a universal problem. This Christmas I was presented with a stocking box that will hold about six pairs of hose. It fits nicely into my dresser drawer, and it is quilted in a vivid color to add to its beauty and the protection of my hose. Any kind of a smooth box, or better still, one that is lined, makes a good home for the fragile stockings. If you can obtain several pairs of the same color and texture it will prove a great saving, for if one develops a runner, the lone stocking can eventually be matched to another which has lost its mate. It is surprising how this cuts stockings expense. Hose should be washed each time they are worn for purpose of cleanliness and longer wear.

Treat your clothes kindly and you will find that they will wear longer and look far more attractive. Such care only takes a few minutes actually, and putting things away carefully soon becomes a habit that is second nature and no effort at all. Making the wardrobe fall into the "defense line" can be an ineresting challenge.

Man should be afraid of nothing on earth, or above the earth, or under the earth, but to do wrong. The thought of fearing to do that which he knows is right should never enter his head. The path of duty is plain, and we should endeavor to travel where it leads, fearing no evil and dreading no consequences. It is far better to be defeated in a good cause than to triumph in a bad one. The man who would shrink from the discharge of duty because he fears defeat, is not worthy of the name.

ON EARNING

By George M. Adams

The thing that is appreciated is the thing that has been earned. And everything that is earned leaves its mark of merit upon character. So, though a fortune may be passed on to those who have not earned it, the character of the one who did cannot be inherited—only its suggested qualities.

Even the daily meal that is earned becomes a part of the structure of one's body, thus as well feeding the mind. People who earn learn the value of compensation. Losses become gains. All along something new is being created. Even the rest at night is the more appreciated if it has earned its way.

An education thus earned is usually a sound one and far more practical than the one that someone else has earned for one. And what I mean by an education is not that one, for example, that can be secured within the walls of an educational institution Nature is a university where everything is taught and where more knowledge is buried than is ever exhibited in any school or college.

We have to earn peace of mind, bodily comfort, and spirtual satisfaction. No one can earn even these for us. Nor can they be adequately inherited.

Earned things stay with us, also. Even the money spent to gain these things is not money that is gone. Its use stays. Earners are the substantial people of the world. Earning gains for one, self-respect, confidence, and a satisfaction in the affairs of life.

Anything that you do not earn is apt to leave you early—and forever! But the substance and experience of all earning stay. It enters character, molding and mellowing every phase of life. It isn't the amount that you earn, but what you earn that counts.

Money earned can only be useful as it is put to some constructive use either in creating something of benefit to the many or in enriching the mind so that it can pass on ideas and formulas for a better exacting of the duties and privileges of life.

Many thing that what they earn is in small proportion to that which is earned through them for the one who gives them the opportunity to earn. A person always earns most for himself. A fact that should not be forgotten.

A graceful and honorable old age is the childhood of immortality.—Pindar.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The two stokers recently installed in the Cannon Memorial Administration Building and the School Building are working very nicely. This is a decided improvement over the former heating units used in these buildings.

—:—

From the infirmary comes the report that there are several cases of tonsilitis among the boys. We are glad to state that none of these are severe cases, and it is expected that the lads thus afflicted will return to their respective cottages in a day or two.

—:—

We have heard rumors recently that the hog-killing season will soon begin at the School. No dates were given, however, but we have high hopes that some fine sausage, spareribs, liverwurst, and other delicacies of the season will soon be found on our dining-room tables.

—:—

The harvesting of this year's crop of sweet potatoes at the School began in earnest last Tuesday morning. It has been reported to this office that those in charge of the farming operations are anticipating a very good yield. The potatoes are being placed in the curing-house. Some have been issued to the cottage kitchens, and we have found them to be of nice size and good quality.

—:—

Our school principal reports the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the quarter ending September 30th, as follows:

Grade 1—Everett Stamey, most improvement in reading and Stanford McLean, best all around student; Grade 2—L. C. Gearing and Buddy Marshall, best readers; Grade 3—Hugh Roberts, highest general average and Roland Brooks, most improvement; Grade 4—James C. Wiggins and William Griffin, highest average in spelling; (no fifth grade); Grade 6—John Pritchard and William Davis, most improvement, Emerson Sawyer and Mack McGhee, highest general average; Grade 7—Homer Bass and William Poteat, most improvement in reading.

—:—

We have received letters from Elbert Brown and Lee Turner, former members of the printing class, who are now receiving basic training for service in the United States Navy, at Bainbridge, Maryland.

Elbert writes as follows: "Well, I'm in the Navy now, am well and getting along fine. After we finish "boot training" which will last about eight weeks, I'll try to get a furlough and get down to see you and the boys. Tell all the officers that I certainly do appreciate the training received at the School. Please send me an Uplift once in a while. Best regards to all, Your old friend, Elbert Brown."

Lee had this message for us: "Passed all my examinations in Charlotte

and Raleigh, and am now here in the Naval Training School. I like the Navy just fine so far. It will really make a man of a fellow. My company commander is from my home town. He is a swell guy, and so are all the rest of the Navy men. Havn't much time to write, as I must go to drill right away. Would like to have a copy of The Uplift. Remember me to everybody down there. Yours truly, Lee Turner."

—:—

Bill Morgan, the printing department's first represntative in the United States armed forces, is still keeping up his reputation as the most regular correspondent among the boys now in service. His last letter, received a few days ago, came from Kodiak, Alaska, where he is a member of a Naval force. He writes:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Just a note to let you know that I received your last letter and was glad to hear from you. You must write as often as you can, because I value your letters a lot. Was glad to hear that your mother was well. I still have that little card with the basket of flowers on, that she sent thanking the print shop boys for that large Christmas Card, and I also remember the nice box of home-made candy she sent us. Hope everything is going along OK ot the School. Remember me to all my old friends there, and write when you can. Sincerely, Bill."

—:—

We received a letter from Jesse L. Bange, of High Point, a former member of the Cottage No. 9 group. This young man, now nearly thirty years old, entered the School, February 2, 1928 and was permitted to return to his home, January 16, 1930. He visited us a little more than a year ago, at which time he stated that he had been employed in a hosiery mill for a number of years and was getting along very well. Jesse's letter reads as follows:

"Hope you are feeling well. Guess these few lines will surprise you, as it has been so long since I promised to write, but I'm not much on writing letters. Tell all the folks at the School who remember me that I send my best wishes to them. Would like to see them all. Am working six days a week on war work and stay pretty busy all the time. I went to Camp Croft for Army examination but they turned me down—said I was fifteen pounds underweight. Do you ever see Mr. Simpson? I sure thought a lot of him. Please let me hear from you, and don't wait as long as I did before writing. Would like to see The Uplift sometimes. Yours truly, Jesse Bange."

—:—

Rev. Leroy Scott, pastor of Rocky Ridge Methodist Church, conducted the service at the School last Sunday. Although his church joins the School property, and we have seen him quite frequently for the past eighteen months, this was the first time he had charge of a service here. We have known all the time that "Scotty" was a fine fellow, and had learned to like him very much. Then,

too, in addition to being a preacher, he is also quite a photographer—well above the amateur class to which we belong—and that brought us together quite frequently. After witnessing the manner in which he put his message across to the boys last Sunday afternoon, we decided that he was also a good preacher. He knows how to talk to boys, and held their attention throughout the service.

Rev. Mr. Scott began by telling the boys that he was their near neighbor and often saw them passing through his yard on their way to the fields. He added that he knew many of them and always enjoyed talking to them, and urged them not to forget to speak to him whenever they were near his home, as he would like to become better acquainted with them.

For the Scripture Lesson he read Judges 16:17-30, and in his message to the boys, he said that he wanted to tell them something about a famous man of the Bible, whose name was Samson, and asked that they read the entire story of this man's life at their earliest opportunity.

Samson, said the speaker, was probably the strongest man that ever lived. Before his birth, an angel told his mother never to cut hair, and her son would always be strong. He grew into manhood and never had a hair-cut. Samson was sent to deliver the Israelites from the hands of the Philistines, who had entered their country, stolen their cattle and destroyed their crops.

Then, said Rev. Mr. Scott, Samson began keeping company with the daughter of a Philistine. He went back home to get ready for the marriage, and on the way was attacked by a lion. By reason of his great strength he slew the lion. Going back later, Samson saw bees making honey in the carcass of the lion. He went back among the Philistines and asked them to answer this riddle: "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." He offered to the ones who could solve the riddle thirty sheets and thirty changes of garments. The Philistines went to Samson's wife, and urged her to find the answer for them, threatening to burn her house down if she did not do so. Samson told his his wife the answer, and she told her people, and in order to pay the reward of thirty changes of garments, he went out and slew thirty men, took their clothing and gave to those who had solved the riddle. He became very angry and went back to his father's home, and going back among the Philistines later, found that his wift had married another man. His anger then became greater, and he went out and caught three hundred foxes, tied firebrands to their tails, turned them into the fields and destroyed the crops.

He went back home, but soon returned and started keeping company with another Philistine woman, named Delilah. Her people offered her great sums of money if she could find out the secret of Samson's great strength. She begged Samson to tell

her, and he told her that if she would bind him with seven green willow branches that had never dried, he would be too weak to break them. She did so, and called in some of his enemies, at the time awakening him and tellnig him that the Philistines were upon him. Samson easily broke the withs and slew those who were about to capture him. Delilah again begged him to tell her his secret. He told her to bind him with new ropes and he would be secure. She did so, and the same thing happened again. She then accused Samson of keeping something from her, and he finally told her that the secret of his great strength was that his hair had never been cut. He then went to sleep, and Delilah had a man cut off his hair. When this was done, she called in the Philistines who overpowered him, put out his eyes, and carried him to prison, where they chained him to a mill and caused him to grind corn.

The Philistines, thinking they had at last conquered Samson, decided to have a feast, and to have him present so that they might make sport of him. They forgot one important thing—that his hair had grown out again. When he was brought out he asked the boy who was leading him to take him where he could once more feel the pillars of the porch. A great crowd had assembled to watch the sport, there being three thousand people upon the roof. Suddenly Samson, now having regained his strength, pulled the pillars down and the building was destroyed and all the people were killed. By this one act he killed more people than at any other time in his life, but was killed himself.

The sad part of this story, said Rev. Mr. Scott, was that Samson had not fulfilled his duty; he had not performed the task God had set before him. He should have delivered the Israelites from their enemies, but he used his strength for selfish purposes, and at last died, along with his enemies.

There is a lesson in that for us, continued the speaker. We have valuable gifts which come from God. We have good minds, something to think with; we have strong bodies, to be used for good; we have souls, by which we may receive spiritual power to serve God; we have influence, either for good or bad, and we should endeavor at all times to use that influence in the right way. God has given us these things because He wants us to enjoy life, and the success of our lives depends upon whether we use our gifts selfishly or not.

Rev. Mr. Scott then pointed out several ways in which boys make the wrong use of their gifts, as follows: A boy who curses is not using his influence right as he often causes a smaller lad to follow his example. Such a boy is using his gift to pull somebody down. Then there is the boy who constantly fights a fellow smaller than himself. That lad is not trying to be useful. When a boy does not study his lessons, he is wasting one of God's greatest gifts—he is not trying to improve the mind God has given him.

The speaker then called attention to the use of our spiritual strength. Sometimes we know we should do a thing the right way, but for some reason we do it the wrong way. God has promised us that if we call upon Him, we may be assured of help, but if we fail to call on Him we are wasting our spiritual opportunity, and we shall fall far short of success.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Scott told the boys that God has a task for each one of them to do, and that the worst thing that could happen would be for them to go through and realize at the end that they had failed to do their best to accomplish their tasks. The greatest thing any man can say at the end of life will be, "I have done as God wanted me to do." He further urged the lads to make their lives successful by using the gifts of God in the right manner.

———:———

THE FLAG OF PEACE

Men have long fought for their flying flags,
They have died those flags to save;
Their long staves rest on the shattered breast,
They are planted deep in the grave.
Now the world's new flag is streaming wide,
Far-flying wide and high.
It shall cover the earth from side to side
As the rainbow rings the sky.

The flag of the day when men shall stall stand
For service, not for fight;
When every race, in every land,
Shall join for the world's delight;
When all our flags shall blend in one,
And all our wars shall cease,
'Neath the new flag, the true flag,
The rainbow flag of peace.

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending October 3, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Ernest Bullard
William Barnett
Leonard McAdams
Weaver Ruff
James Stamper
Harry Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Richard Billings
George Cox
Marion Cox
Douglas Dorsett
John Franks
Jack Harmon
Jack Gray
Rufus Massingill
Roy Mumford
Harold McKinney
William Poteat
Jack Ray
Willford Richard Seegers
James Shell
Luther Vaughn
Robert Hamm
Joseph Kincaid

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Robert Coleman
Hugh Cornwell
Donald Daniels
John Holder
Dewey Lanning
Roy Monoley
William Pegram
Fonzer Pitman
John Smith
Milton Talley
William Guffey
Ray Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 4

Everett Benfield
William Davis
James Graham
Jeter Green
Bruce Harper
Charles Lanford
Raiford Medlin
Lewis Sawyer
Malcom Seymour
Richard Shehan
Roy Swink
Walter Thomas
Carl Willis
Martin Walters
Roy Womack
C. W. Cline
Eugene Stubbs
Jack Williams

COTTAGE NO. 5

Randolph Ammons
Fred Coats
William Gentry
Earl Harris
Arcemias Hefner
Everett Stamey
William Wilkerson
Robert Walters
E. C. Stamey

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Earl Gilmore
Donald Griffie
Ralph Gibson
Everett Gallion
Jack Hensley
Marvin Lipscomb
Samuel Lynn
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean
James McMahan
Joseph Turner

COTTAGE NO. 7

Albert Allen
R. C. Combs
Wallace Foster
Donald Grimstead
Leroy Pate
Marshall Prestwood
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 8
Troy Morris
Eugene White

COTTAGE NO. 9
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 10
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 11
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13
B. J. Mayberry
Paul Painter
Dillard Shelton
Frank Jones
Charles Tate
A. B. Woodard

COTTAGE NO. 14
Robert Caudle

COTTAGE NO. 15
Edgar Blanchard
James Cantrell
Burley Edmondson
William Griffin
James Knight
David Lewis
Charles Ledford
Hugh Roberts
Evans Watson
John Watts
Robert Moses

INDIAN COTTAGE
Peter Chavis
James Chavis
James Lochlear
Samuel Lochlear
J. C. Rhodes

INFIRMARY
(No Honor Roll)

"RUN IT OUT"

"Run it out" though you think it is useless;
Don't stand as though tied to the plate,
"Run it out" though the chance is against you;
Perhaps you can get to your base.
The crowd on the bleachers is shouting,
Be game and pay heed to its call.
"Run it out" for the other chap, maybe;
Will hopelessly juggle the ball;
"Run it out" is a pretty good motto,
Whatever the game you play,
For there's always a chance for the fighter
Who doesn't give up in dismay.
You will find that the man who's successful,
The man who is lauded by all,
Runs it out and quite frequenly gets there
While the other chap juggles the ball.

—Louis C. Thayer.

C364

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 16, 1943 No. 42

OCT 25 1943

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

RECOMPENSE

All that we say returns,
The bitter word or sweet;
Days, weeks, or years may intervene,
But soon or late
The spoken word or speaker meet

All that we do returns;
The deed that's true or base
We may forget, but all unseen
And parallel
The doer and the deed keep pace.

—John Richard Moreland.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
HOW MUCH CAN YOU STAND?	By Harry E. Fosdick	8
JUDGE MEEKINS AND FISH	(The State)	10
BUILDING THE ALCAN HIGHWAY	By Roy E. Warren	13
THE KING'S CATHEDRAL	By Vincent Edwards	16
FLOWERS IN WARTIME	By Vera E. Edwards	17
WESTWARD, HO! WESTWARD	By J. H. Shonkwiler	19
MIRACLE PLAY	By M. E. Anstadt	21
TO HELP ARMY PREPARE DRIVERS	(N. C. Highway Dept.)	25
INSTITUTION NOTES		27
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THAT'S WEALTH

A calm devotion to one's native sod,
That's wealth;
A faith implicit in the Living God,
That's wealth;
A few choice friends that feel life's fuller meaning,
Who sense reality yet prize the dreaming,
Who from the skies see knowledge ever streaming,
That's wealth.

A body sparkling with the health of youth,
That's wealth;
A mind serenly poised, restrained by truth,
That's wealth;
An eye that feeds on flowers and fields and skies,
That sees the heaven in a baby's eyes,
That finds in life the door to Paradise—
That's wealth.
A home among the trees, the blue above,

That's wealth;
The perfect goodness of a woman's love,
That's wealth;
The sense to grin when all the world looks wrong,
To take defeat with gameness and song,
To smile a mile when worry comes along,
That's wealth.

—Chas. F. Steele.

BOARD ORGANIZED FOR NEW DUTIES

From the press we copy the following item concerning the future management of all schools in the State of North Carolina wherein delinquents are given a chance:

Clyde A. Dillon of Raleigh was elected secretary today of the North Carolina Board of Correction and Training at its organizational meeting here.

All of the 18 newly appointed members were present except Herman Cone of Greensboro and Dr. W. Houston Moore of Wilmington.

The oaths were administered by Associate Justice E. B. Denny and Governor Broughton afterwards outlined the duties of the new board, which will manage and supervise all of the correctional and training institutions of the state, including Stonewall-Jackson manual training and industrial school at Concord, Eastern Carolina Industrial training school for boys at Rocky Mount, Industrial Farm colony for girls at Kinston, State Home and Industrial School for girls at Samarcand, and Morrison Training school for delinquent Negro boys at Hoffman. The board also will have supervision of the State Training school for Negro girls which was authorized by the last Legislature but not yet established.

We are pleasel to note that Superintendent Samuel E. Leonard, of the Eastern Carolina Training School, was chosen to be Commissioner of Correction, to have general supervision over the institutions named. Mr. Leonard has been at the head of Eastern Carolina Training School since its establishment, and during that time made for himself a name, because of his efficiency and understanding of all work that has a tendency to start young people out on the right foot. We take off our hat to this veteran social service worker, and wish for him continued success in reclaiming wayward youths, the victims of broken homes.

From the eighteen members constitution the Board of Correction and Training, Messrs. John J. Barnhardt, Concord, Herman Cone, Greensboro, and B. V. Hedrick, Salisbury, were appointed to the executive committee for the Stonewall Jackson Training School. This committee will have the power to transact necessary business during the interim of regular meeting of the entire board.

At the meeting in Raleigh, October 7th, Superintendent S. G. Hawfield, of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, gave a full and concise report of all work carried on specifically for the development of the boy. The higr spots of his report were as follows:

Present Enrollment and Delinquency Trends, Personnel Problems, The School Department, Farm Activities, Development of Dairy

and Beef Herds, Care of Buildings and Grounds, Recreation Program, and Financial Report. It is quite impossible here to give in detail the ideas incorporated therein. However, it was emphasized that the School Department is by far the most important activity at this institution. Also he expressed the idea that school preparation makes boys have initiative, alertness and resourcefulness. We all know that these three characteristics make for strong manhood.

We learn from many sources that this report was well received by the Board of Correction and Training, Governor J. Melville Broughton, State Welfare Commissioner Mrs. W. T. Bost, and others who were present. We regret that the lack of space in these columns makes it necessary to omit this splendid report in full.—M. N. C.

* * * * * * * *

DISCOVERING AMERICA

Just 451 years ago last Tuseday, Christopher Columbus discovered that little group of island fringing the New World. As history books say, he discovered America. But did he?

Well, yes and no. The argument will rage down the ages whether he was the first to discover the New World or whether he was just a follower. But, what means more to us now, are we discovering America?

Your editor thinks this war is doing one great and wonderful thing for the people of the United States—it is making them actually discover America. We have so long looked to Europe and tagged along behind whatever Europe did, that we could not see just how great a Nation we were.

First of all, war made us stay at home and do our traveling in this hemisphere. Next, the Nazi threat in South America made us suddenly take notice of our Southern cousins. Then, the rubber shortage made us stay closer to our fireside and discover our closer neighbors. The threat to our liberties and ideals makes us more religious conscious. And, lastly, our growing might in arms now makes many of us realize how powerful and influential a Nation we are.

In the days to come, let us not forget how great we are. Not in the sense of becoming vain, but in the sense of realizing that what

we do has great bearing on the rest of the world, let us recognize our might and act accordingly.

When this nightmare is over, this country will be tempted, as it was after the last war, to wash its hands of the whole thing and let Europe patch things up. But, we must not put this important job off onto Europe. We must not pass of our responsibility. We must see to it that right is done. Our chance of obtaining a more lasting peace will thereby be increased.—Mooresville Enterprise.

* * * * * * * *

OCTOBER ANNIVERSARIES

Every month records anniversaries and emphasizes different achievements and activities that contribute to the progress of civilization in a nation wherein free speech, the freedom of the press and religion have been enjoyed for one hundred and sixty-seven years. The dates, October 1st to 8th, was set aside for observing National Newspaper Week. Prior to the general use of the radio, the press unsuestionably informed people and molded public opinion more than any other agency. The press has been and continues to be the mouthpiece of a democracy from the time of formulating the most wonderful document ever written—the Constitution of the United States.

Following the recognition given National Newspaper Week, the attention of the people is called to National Bible Week. The object of such a reminder is to make impressive the importance of reading the Scriptures. It is most important at this time that man's mind be turned toward the reading of the Bible. Without the Word there is no spiritual enrichment. We have been informed that there is a shortage of Bibles. The demand is greater than the output. If we are to judge from statistical reports, the reading of the Bible is more universal than at any other time. In the hours of distress unconsciously we say, "Oh, God, help us," and pick up the Bible with a hope. Reading the Word periodically is not enough, but instead we should read and study the Divine Book if we desire sweet peace and contentment.

Other incidents that occur frequently in the fall of the year are disastrous fires. After the summer months have passed, a cold spell suddenly falls upon all of us. Quickly a fire is made. This is usually done without a thought of defective flues, piles of inflammable debris, and other neglected duties of the home, that not only cause loss of property, but frequently the loss of life results. Let us turn our attention at this time to the proper cleaning of furnaces, and keep all fire-fighting implements ready for instant use. "A stitch in time," is an old solgan, which, if observed, will save much trouble.

This month also marks the thirty-second anniversary of independence for the people of China. Their Independence Day is October 10th, which is observed in a manner similar to our Fourth of July celebration.

* * * * * * * *

SAVE HIM NOW

There are many examples in the world today where countless homes experience conditions similar to the one noted below. While it tells of an incident occurring in another state, we know from long experience at the Stonewall Jackson Training School that the same prevails within the borders of our own state.

A lad of fourteen faced the juvenile court. He had been considered a good boy and studious, living in a select community, with respected parents. But led by mischievous playmates he helped in breaking a shop window and in stealing articles on display. In pronouncing sentence, the judge held that the parents were mainly guilty through parental neglect. "You have given him a room in your house," he said, "but provided no home. You have fed and clothed him, but have denied him companionship and leadership. You have sent him to Sunday school, but by your indifference to the church have killed his spiritual interests. You have started him on a downhill road through your indifference. Save him; start now." And the judge paroled him.

HOW MUCH CAN YOU STAND?

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

Every important life story has two aspects; the things a man has energy enough to do, and the things a man has stability enough to stand. Mny has stability enough to stand. Many individuals today come from inability to stand life's strain.

In our day the virtues most emphasized are those associated with progress. The ancient world did not believe in progress. Marcus Aurelius, Roman Emperor, even said that an open-eyed man, forty years of age, had seen everything that ever had been or ever would be.

But the modern man stands on tiptoe wondering what new things will happen tomorrow; he believes in the future, expects change, lives with the idea of progress and therefore, values those virtues of adventure, enterprise, inventiveness, and strenuous energy which achieve it.

There is, however, another set of qualities which the temper of our times does not encourage: poise, balance, steadiness, stability. In consequence, when one thinks of one's own life, one often feels the topheaviness of it all, as though a tree had specialized in branches and forgotten the roots, and now faces the crucial hour when everything depends on whether it could stand.

To be sure, stability is in part temperamental. Our interior gyroscopes are not of one quality, so that some people will always keep steadier than others ever can be. I have just been reading again the life of George Washington. He was not a brilliant man. Gates won at Saratoga a more smashing victory, I think, than Washington ever won except at Yorktown, but Gates let ambition enter in and in comparison Washington seemed like a great rock, steadfast. When he won a battle, as at Princeton, he did not lose his head. When he lost one, as at Brandywine, he did not lose his heart. In a desperate and chaotic time, he had amazing stability.

If anyone says that this is partly temperamental, we may agree, and yet we do so desperately need this quality that there must be some way of getting a little of it for ourselves if we seek it aright. The problem touches the lives of all of us, particularly in our handicaps. Reading biographies confirms the impression that all human beings are handicapped somewhere, and in no small deree the quality of any personality depends on the way he is dealing with difficulties and standing up under them.

We thought perhaps that a scientist like Pasteur, upon whose titanic work modern medicine rests, must have had lusty health to labor with. We discovered that he had a paralytic stroke at forty-six and was handicapped for life. We find Beethoven writing music although deaf and Milton writing poetry although blind. We discovered that, in general, the great work of the world has been done by handicapped people. We recall that Wordsworth said of James Watt, " I look upon him, considering both the same magnitude and the universality of his genius, as perhaps the most extraordinary man that

this country ever produced." But Watt himself we forget—sickly of body, starving on eight shillings a week.

People who stand things handsomely wield a penetrating spiritual influence upon all who know them. Bring on your strong and shining Apollo who never had a handicap, who with integrated personality, fortunate circumstances, and physical health has lived untroubled by limitations, and however energetic may be his active service to the world, there are some things he cannot do for us that Helen Keller can.

There is no estimation of the spiritual stimulus that comes into human life from handicapped people who have stood up under their burdens handsomely. My friend at a midwestern university tells me that, in all his years there, he never heard such cheering, not even at a football victory as greeted a hopelessly crippled boy carried in the arms of his companions across the platform to receive his diploma on Commencement Day.

One wonders if this ability to tackle life with courage and steadfastness is going to be distinctive of our new American generation. Many of our children go to school where, as Dean Hawks of Columbia College said, they are asked in the morning what, if anything, they wish to study that day. We are surrounding them in our families with luxuries that we never knew in our youth and that our fathers never dreamed of. They are told on every side that personality is a creature of environment, and that the great thing is for everybody to be surrounded by commodious and comfortable circumstances.

This is deceiving many of them as to the real secret of living. They are expecting to find life, to pick it up, to get it out of circumstances, and that is a lie. We never find life, we create it, and often the best friend man has is the stimulus and challenge of antagonistic environment to awaken the courageous resistance and endurance of his slumbering soul.

All life must be tackled in this spirit. What existence hands us is the raw material out of which something must be made, and it takes steadiness to make it.

This certainly applies to our moral situation. That old moral codes have broken down is obvious. The prevalent idea is that laxness is modern, but that is nonsense to anyone who knows history.

Go back to the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries and you will find it all there. When was it that Lady Mary Wortley Montague reported a plan to take the "not" out of the commandments and put it into the creed? That sounds ultra-modern, but it was in the eighteenth century.

When was it that men sneered at a dying Christianty and said that it already was so far gone that it needed only decent obsequies to complete its course? That sounds ultra-modern, but it was in the eighteenth century. When was it that the Duchess of Marlborough called at a lawyer's office and the clerk, reporting her call, said he did not know who she was but that she swore so dreadfully he was sure she was a lady of quality? That sounds ultra-modern, but it was in the eighteenth century.

The fact is that we are facing an old fight between orgy and self-con-

trol, promiscuous living and decent family life, a fight which has been waged again and again across the centuries, upon the outcome of which depends whether we human beings are really going to be human beings or beasts. In this situation nothing is more needed than poise, balance, moral stability, good sense and level-headedness. There is no place where a real religion operates with more conspicuous success than in this matter. A vital faith in God does contribute to steadiness of character. It does enable a man to stand up under things that otherwise would crush or bowl him over.

When that kind of faith is lacking, the insecurity of life is terribly increased. We are insecure enough already—economically, domestically, internationally insecure, victims of vicissitude, children of restless change, dreadfully insecure! And now disbelief comes with the profound addition of spiritual insecurity. When Socrates was on trial for his life, he said, "Men of Athens, I honor and love you; but I shall obey God rather than you." There was a man who had a capacity to stand his ground, but he had it because there was something deeper than popular judgment on which he could stand.

JUDGE MEEKINS AND FISH

(The State Magazine)

Judges are supopesd to be dignified personages.

So are the decisions which they hand down. And the result of this is that most of these decisions or opinions make mighty dry reading.

Occasionally, however, some Judge with a sense of humor will hand down an opinion which embraces plenty of good-natured philosophy and humor. Such a thing happened recently as the result of action brought by W. R. Hampton, of Plymouth, against the North Carolina Pulp Company (also of Plymouth) to recover damages for the alleged wrongful diversion and destruction of fish in the Roanoke River. Defendants made a motion to dismiss the cause for failure of the complaint to state a claim upon which relief could be granted. The motion was allowed and the action dismissed.

The case was heard before Federal Judge I. M. Meekins, and everybody who knows the Judge also knows that he has a keen sense of humor, although for the most part he keeps it pretty well covered up. In this particular instance, however, he cut loose. Here are some excerpts from his decision:

Fish is the subject of this story. From the fifth day of the Creation down through the centuries, some of which lie behind us like a hideous dream, fish have been a substantial factor in the affairs of men. After giving man dominion over all the earth, God gave him dominion over the fish in particular, naming them first in order, reserving unto Himself only one certain fruit tree in the midst

of the Garden, and Satan smeared that—the wretch!

Whatever else we may think of the Devil, as a business man he is a working success. He sat in the original game, not with one fruit tree, but with the cash capital of one snake; and now he has half the world grabbed and a diamond hitch on the other half.

Great hunters lived before Nimrod, who was a mighty one before the Lord, and great fishermen lived before Izaak Walton, whose followers are as numberless as the sands of the sea—not counting the leaves of the forest, as if anybody ever did, or could, except the quondam Literary Digest, which polled itself to death in the late summer and early fall of 1936.

Considered solely as a food product, fish have unlimited possibilities—quantitative and qualitative. we are told that a few little fishes and seven loaves—five loaves and two fishes, according to St. Luke—were more than sufficient to feed a hungry multitude of four thousand men, gathered together with the women and children present, and of the fragments there were seven baskets full of fish. Quantitative.

Professor Agassiz, the eminent Harvard scientist, said: "Fish is a good brain food." One wrote to know "in what quantities should it be taken?" The great scientist wrote back: "In your case, a whale a day for thirty days." Qualitative.

Fish have their places in song and story. In song, from the nursery rhyme: "Little Fishes in the Brook," to the huge leviatans that forsake unsounded deeps to dance on the sands. In story, since the dawn of civilization and the imagination of man began to build romances and tall tales, full and fruity. He was more wag than skeptic who said: "In all the world there are only three great fish stories—Admiral Noah, Commodore Jonah and Captain John Smith." Herbert Hoover added the fourth when fishing in Nevada, he pulled a twenty-five pound trout from the green waters of Pyramid Lake.

Noah built an ark so many cubits high, wide and long. It had one door in the side, and one window in the top twenty-two inches square. What ventilation! We are told it rained forty day and forty nights, and all the mountains were covered with water. We know that Mount Everest is 29,140 feet high. Since it was covered by the flood, the water reached an altitude of more than 29,140 feet. Divide the altitude by forty and we find that the average rainfall was more than 700 feet per day.

How's that for dampness!

Apart from the Biblical account of the flood, many nations have vivid accounts of floods in which all the people, except a chosen few, were destroyed. One account that points this story is a fable about a flood in ancient India. A fish warned Manu that a flood was coming. Manu built a ship and the fish towed it to a mountain and thus saved everybody. We can laugh at this fable without fear of condemnation here and damnation hereafter. That was not our flood.

Jonah, like all the orthodox Jews of his time, thought Jehovah was a local Deity. Jonah did not like his assignment to Nineveh, and in an effort to side-step it, he took passage on a ship at Joppa for Tarshish and fled

from the presence of the Lord. The Prophet thought that if he could get into another jurisdiction he would be safe. However, before he crossed the boundary line into Tarshish, Jehovah pulled down on him with a double-barrel tempest and a muzzle-loading leviathan. When he found himself a prisoner for three days and three nights in the belly of the great fish peculiar unto itself. What is more expressive of failure than, "A Water Haul"? What more charming password for an Ananias Club than, "What a Whopper"? What better synonym for discomfort and disgust than, "Fisherman's Luck," though coarse in translation—classic in application? And where is the Lawyer who has never gone on a "Fishing Expedition?" Who wants to "Fish in Troubled Waters?" A whale of a bargain is a big one. Land Ssark suggests Shylock, and Shylock is a type. They are synonymous and offer a perfect illustration of a distinction without a difference. "It Sounds Fishy," means "It's a Lie on Its Face," and much more diplomatic. Everybody knows that "Fishy Smell" as well as the man "With the Codfish Eye." All these terms are as well understood by the Public as are the terms Bulls and Bears of the Stock Exchange. Codfish Tongues and Codfish Sounds mean one and the same thing and are interchangeable terms in the Trade.

In ancient times fish swam around with money in their mouths. We are told that the Impulsive Apostle caught a fish with enough money in its mouth to pay his own and his Master's taxes. There is not a fish now swimming in any one of the Seven Seas with a mouth big enough to hold enough money to pay Lazarus' taxes if he were alive today and livin in this jurisdiction. Paul Revere lived on Fish Street in Boston and paid his taxes and his rent in fish.

As it is the biggest fish that always breaks the hook or bites the line in two, so, here, the huge sum of thirty thousand dollars is asked as compensation for fish that were never caught. I can remember when that sum would buy a lot of fish. I have seen six-pound roe shad retail for five cents apiece and cured herrings sell for two dollars a thousand—one hundred and twenty pounds of shad for one dollar and five herrings for one cent.

And this large sum is now asked for whose Fish? Certainly not the plaintiff's, because he never owned them. I repeat the question, whose fish? The answer is plain: they belonged to the Public.

And then, after that, Judge Meekins proceeds to go into the details of the case and quotes legal reasons why the motion should be allowed and the action dismissed.

Not a bad treatise on fish, is it?

———:———

He who can suppress a moment's anger may prevent a day of sorrow.

BUILDING THE ALCAN HIGHWAY

By Roy L. Warren

What is the Alcan Highway?

It is a military truck-trail road cut and bulldozed through the wilderness of the Northwest by five hundred American Army engineers and their aides in co-operation with Canadian and American contractors. Its purpose was to get supplies, ammunition, and, any other aid necessary for the protection of Alaska through by a land highway.

The name Alcan is shortened from the names Alaska and Canada, and a small town at each end of this road from now on will loom large in this war effort. Supplies will come from United States to Dawson Creek, a little Canadian village that had a population of about three hundred and fifty. This is one end of the Alcan Highway. At this point supplies are loaded into army trucks and use the new highway to the northern end at Fairbanks, Alaska, a town of about twenty-five hundred people, where, once again, the supplies can be loaded on a railroad.

Alaska is no longer cut off from the rest of the United States and dependent on it only by sea and air.

The Public Roads Administration in conjunction with the Canadian Government moved an army of six thousand civilian workers into Canada and Alaska by plane, truck, boat, and railroad. This force was the largest ever put to work on a single highway job. With them into the wilderness went the trail and highway equipment of fifty-two Canadian and American contractors, supplemented by hundreds of tractors, power shovels, portable repair shops, and electric plants hastily assembled from Civilian Conservation Corps camps in many states.

Early in March of 1942 this highway of over sixteen hundred miles in length was surveyed and the actual construction work was launched in April. It was rushed through at incredible speed through a maze of undergrowth, swamp, and wilderness, up steep grades that hugged the edges of dizzy canyons. It often became temporarily stalled.

Two of our American Army men working on this construction work relate some interesting experiences in helping blaze the trail through the wildernss of the north country. Sergeant Payne worked on the northern end and led a break-through party on a 250-mile strech of the highway through the Yukon territory. Corporal Peacock was with the party that started on the southern end. The two groups working north and south finally met at Fort Nelson, British Columbia, early the following November. They compared experiences.

Sergeant Payne encountered temperatures as low as eighty degress below zero while Corporal Peacock remembers days when it went to sixty-seven below. It was a dry cold

and the soldiers did not suffer nearly as much as they would have in the same temperatures here at home.

The summer was pleasant and the days were twenty hours long. It does not get dark until midnight and then for a short period, and there is daylight again by four A. M. Summer temperatures were in the nineties in the southern part and the low eighties in Sergeant Payne's area.

The aerial maps with which Sergeant Payne's outfit worked seldom showed the conditions to be overcome. It was a case of plunging ahead and overcoming whatever obstacles that were in the path. They crossed rivers, went over mountains, through swamps and pushed their road across the treacherous Alaskan muskeg.

They had an enemy to fight up there, although they were thousands of miles from the Japs. The enemy was nature, and nature can give you a tough fight. It was a hard country for road building, and in addition to the difficulties of engineering, there were mosquitoes, almost of the flying fortress type, the men said, black gnats and mud in the summer, and snow and cold in the winter.

This 250-mile section of the road crossed eight rivers. Some civilian engineers said the highway could not be built. Army engineers said it could be done but that it would take two years. That the job was done in a little over six months so that trucks could traverse the entire route was the result of "American spirit," according to Sergeant Payne.

"There was no glamor to the job; nothing but work. Up there we lived in tents in all weather. We had no recreation. When we had time off we just rested."

Corporal Peacock, who did some road work, but spent most of his time as a cook for the 341st Engineers, said the crew on the southern end of the highway numbered between fifteen hundred and two thousand men. He had special praise for the D-8's, Diesel-powered eight-ton caterpillars which performed almost any task asked of them.

They were really trail blazers. They not only cleared the way for the new road, but cleaned up the highway later. They knocked down the trees, cleared out the brush, aided in leveling the road.

The roadway is sixty feet in width most of the distance, but there are places through mountainous areas where its width had to be reduced, at some places to as narrow as sixteen feet. It is wide enough over its entire distance, however, for army trucks to pass each other.

At this writing it is still a dirt road but the army plans to gravel it this summer (1943). Paving will probably be delayed until the war is over. There are periods now and then when the dirt road is almost impassible, mostly during the thaws of spring.

The army road-builders worked on a twenty-four-hour basis, three shifts of eight hours daily and seven days a week. through the summer months. Shifts were reduced during cold

weather when temperatures dropped so low that it was almost impossible to operate some of the road machinery.

The soldiers enjoyed the experience. but they missed recreation. Many did fish and hunt, but there were few activities for others who did not care for these sports. There were two or three radios, but the reception was not good. After a while the soldiers established their own "rolling library."

Whenever someone would get a book from home, he would read it first, then donate it to the library. Thus the books were available to all. They received a few newspapers; mail service was fairly good.

Corporal Peacock fed from two hundred to two hundred and fifty at his mess. Hard work and life in the open gave them good appetities, but the Army was able to keep them filled up.

Breakfasts were served from 6:30 to 7:30 A. M., dinners at noon and suppers from 5:30 to 6:30 P. M. The meals were prepared in modernly equipped kitchens built on trucks.

Most of the food supplies, especially eggs, fruit juices, and milk, were concentrates. They received plenty of fresh meat. Army workers saw an abundance of game along the new highway and were often pestered by bears at their camps.

Bunks for the soldier-workmen were built on eight-ton trailers, each housing eight men. They had both upper and lower berths, much like a Pullman car. It was difficult to heat them properly in cold weather and it was usually too hot for those in the uppers and too cold for those in the lowers. During the warmer months soldiers slept in tents or even upon the ground with nothing overhead.

The outfit with which Corporal Peacock served made the roadway while a second outfit, far in the rear, handled the finishing touches, such as constructing bridges.

Work was exceptionally difficult through more rugged mountain areas. Winter increased the hazards. The heavy caterpillars frequently broke through ice on streams across which they were working. The ice and snow made the work perilous.

But they worked almost straight ahead. It seemed as though no obstacle was too great for the army engineers. Forests, mountains, streams, virgin areas through which no one had ever traveled, were traversed by this road.

A word now about the Arctic clothing issued by the Army and worn by the men who drive the trucks on this new highway during the cold weather. The clothing worn is an immense hooded coat, actually an Eskimo parka. It has a zipper front for convenience. Many of these coats are lined with sheepskin. The cap of the Cossack type is lined with close-cropped lamb's wool, has flaps that can cover the ears and lower parts of the face. Only the eyes and upper part of the cheeks are exposed.

Footgear varies, but the driver may wear woolen socks under regula-

tion shoes, heavy woolen socks over the shoes, and then encase the whole in huge rubber overshoes containing heavy felt innersoles.

Every forty or forty-five miles there will be a station, and the men drive their trucks one hundred miles northward, turn them over to other men. Then they will take southbound trucks to drive back. Similar to the "pony express" idea. This will keep each man on one familiar run and at permanent quarters.

At each station the truck will be inspected and serviced as needed. At no time will the soldier driver be out of walking distance of a stalled driver freezing to death.

The Alcan highway's place in engineering history will rest on the stupendous amount of work that was done in an amazingly short time.

———:———

THE KING'S CATHEDRAL

By Vincent Edwards

Long ago in Sweden there lived a king who took it into his head to build a noble cathedral.

But first he yielded to a strange whim. He gave orders that nobody else should contribute to its erection, not even so much as a penny. He wanted to build it all alone and have it stand as his own monument to God's glory.

If his people were disappointed they kept it well to themselves. They had long ago learned not to cross their king and arouse his anger, so nobody gave anything toward the new house of God.

In due time the cathedral was finished. As it was the most magnificent structure in the kingdom, strangers came from far and near to gaze upon its splendor.

Shortly before the cathedral was to be dedicated the king had a marble tablet fixed upon the wall. In letters of gold it told how he had built it all alone and no other person had contributed toward its erection.

The next morning, when the king went by, he was greatly astonished.

On the tablet, instead of his own name was that of a poor woman, one of the most forlorn creatures in his kingdom. Yet the tablet made it appear that she alone had built that great cathedral.

The king was very angry. Forthwith he gave orders that the woman's name should be removed and his own restored to its proper place.

But lo, when he looked at the tablet the following morning, the same change had happened overnight. His name had vanished and in its place the woman's had reappeared.

For the third time the king's name was inscribed. Yet once again the miracle came to pass and the woman's

name was written in its place.

The king no longer doubted that the writing was the hand of God.

Seeking to know the cause, he sent for the lowly woman. When she appeared in the court she was trembling with fear.

The king addressed her in tones of anger:

"Before God and to save thine own neck, tell me the truth! Hast thou given anything toward the cathedral I built to God's glory? Surely, thou must have heard that no one was to give so much as a penny?"

The forlorn creature burst into tears. Throwing herself at the king's feet, she cried:

"Mercy on thy most wretched subject, O my lord, the King! I am the poorest of the poor, since, to earn my bread, I must sit at my spinning wheel from sunup to dark. Yet, once by much self-denial, I managed to save up a shilling.

"When I heard thou wert building a great catheral to God, I longed to give my small treasure to so noble a work. Yet when I learned no one was to give so much as a penny, I dared not give it outright. With my shilling I therefore bought a bundle of hay and strewed it before the oxen that dragged the stone, so they might find refreshment as they labored for God. Of a truth, I meant no offense. Have pity on me, O my lord, the King!"

At the woman's words the king was overcome with shame. Now at last he knew that God must have looked into the poor creature's heart and accepted her offering as a more priceless contribution than all the gold he had poured out upon the great cathedral.

Stirred by compassion, he spoke kindly to her, and gave orders that she should be sent on her way with gold from his treasury.

Meekly the proud ruler bowed to God's rebuke. From that time forth he never set any barriers in the way of those who wished to join with him in honoring the King of kings.

FLOWERS IN WARTIME

By Vera B. Edwards

There is a great deal of information recorded in the seed catalogues and garden magazines about the value of many kinds of annuals. They are so very important for summer and fall pictures and for brightening touches indoors. They add zest, amusement, brilliance, softening greens, after most of the perrenials are through giving color. The cosmos, I have learned from personal experience, is one of the most valuable fall annuals. It is a choice war-time flower because it requires so little care. The seeds germinate readily, and the plants all but take care of themselves the summer through. And how they do bloom in the fall! Actually, hundreds of buds come to open out into banners of pink and white and velvety crimson,

so that when one branch is cut, soon another is ready with more blossoms.

A newly introduced cosmos is especially lovely. Its name, "Sensation Dazzler," plus its rich shade of deep velvety crimson, and its startling size—four to five inches across—gives you a good image of the lovely lustered blossoms. The flower form delights us with fluted, slightly overlapping petals, making a full soft flower. The blooms are held gracefully on long heavy stems, on plants three feet high. Picture the cut flowers in your indoor flower arrangements.

"Dazzler" isn't the only one. If you will study your seed catalogue you will find many more cosmos types to select from, to fit your individual taste or needs. In the giant type of cosmos, there are five distinct varieties, one made up of double and single-petaled flowers; one a ray flowering; an early midsummer, and a late fall bloomer. Then there is the dwarf type. It is a treasure to plant among the madonna lilies and delphiniums. As soon as the spikes of delphinium blooms are gone, cut them nearly to the ground, and plant between them the well-grown dwarf cosmos plants which you have started in a separate seed bed or in a row in the vegetable garden. By the first week in August the cosmos should be spreading showers of finely cut green foliage and setting sturdy buds, which will burst open into their full glory a short time thereafter. Then you may start to cut, and continue cutting, until Jack Frost gets frisky and mows them down. The delphiniums will no doubt send up new spikes of bloom, and the pinks and reds of the cosmos contrast beautifully with the delphinium blues and dainty pastels. If some pink, blue and white asters are planted in front of the cosmos, the pictures will be all the more beautiful. The plentiful cosmos blossoms go from pink to bright carmine rose.

I remember reading or hearing someone say that home is what we are fighting for, that it is the first line of defense and the first line of retreat from the skirmishes of the day. Let us, then, not entirely neglect our gardens, but keep growing there a few flowers for their sustaining influence and the inspiration they offer for new contributions day after day. If easily grown flowers, like the cosmos, are chosen, their demands are so slight that caring for them is merely a relaxing chore, and not an added burden te the end of an already busy day.

WESTWARD, HO! WESTWARD

By J. H. Shonkwiler, in Boy Life

On October twelve we honor one of the world's bravest and noblest men—brave in that he intrepidly faced the dangers of unknown seas, than which men feared nothing more in his day; noble in that he stood firmly by an ideal in which he had faith. May the world, four and a half centuries later, floundering aimlessly in a sea of chaos and blind bewilderment, find another who will take the helm and, with courage and fortitude, guide us safely through the treacherous storms which beset us, on and on, beyond the troubled horizon, into a peaceful harbor, safe from the plots of madmen whose lust and greed for power is shaking the very foundations of our civilization.

Europe was just emerging from the Dark Ages. Human life was held cheap. Piracy in every form was all but legalized, and men engaged in any legitimate enterprise might expect to defend their rights by force of arms. It was not a condition of life that would appeal to a young man of a deeply religious nature. But Christopher Columbus followed it of necessity. It did not, however, prevent him from the pursuit of his education. At every opportunity, during every peaceful lull in the almost continuous fray, we find him back at his profession of map-making, or deeply engrossed in his favorite study of world geography.

His naval expeditions took him over most of the then known world. He eagerly sought for evidence in support of the globular theory. Gradually the ideal took shape in his mind that he could, by sailing westward, reach the eastern coast of what he believed would be China or India. Of one thing he became sure—that many undiscovered lands were still to be found in the great unknown western ocean, and slowly he formed the high purpose of setting out to discover them.

Like many another man with a great idea, he lacked means. In the hope of interesting his own nation in his plans, he sought out the leaders of the Genoese Republic and proposed that if they would furnish him with ships and men, he would lead an expedition that would at once determine if the earth was round, and whether or not there might be undiscovered lands beyond the western sea. He was dismissed as an idle dreamer. Angered and mortified, he gave up his Genoese citizenship and went to Portugal.

Portugal was ruled by a prince who was greatly interested in geographic discoveries. This was Prince Henry, sometimes called "The Navigator." Through the efforts of this prince, Portuguese discoveries had become the marvel of the world. From one of the smallest nations, it had become one of the most important.

Every opportunity was given Columbus to pursue his studies, and to engage in expeditions wherein he might broaden his knowledge of geography and become acquainted

with every mood of the stormy Atlantic. It was on these expeditions that he came upon bits of evidence that convinced him there were not only lands across the western sea, but also that they were inhabited. At the Cape Verde Islands Columbus saw carved pieces of wood that had been washed ashore, whereon the work had not been done with tools of iron. Here also he saw washed up by the sea the bodies of two men with features unlike those of any known race.

Once again Columbus determined to seek the aid of a sovereign government in the promotion of his great enterprise. He had now matured his plans. They were to discover the long-sought sea route to India by sailing westward across the Atlantic!

Prince Henry died soon after. In his place came King John II. He was so grossly engaged in extending his Portuguese dominions along the African coast that he lacked funds to finance such an enterprise as Columbus proposed. Then followed a period of duplicity directed against Columbus, until in disgust he left Portugal and made his way on foot into Spain.

He was now very poor. All his means had been spent in the pursuit of knowledge bearing upon his plans, and he had literally to beg his way from court to court. He was ridiculed as a poor old fellow who was not quite right in his mind.

In the Spanish court, after many hard encounters with the learned bishops and prelates, Columbus one day met the Castilian Queen, Isabella, who provided equipment for his proposed voyage. Then new difficulties arose. Sailors would not enlist, thinking it certain death to face the terrors of the unknown deep. Ship owners scuttled their vessels rather than risk them in such a fateful enterprise. Every obstacle that malicious ingenuity could invent was thrown in his way.

But finally, on August 3, 1492, with three small ships, the Santa Maria, the Nina, and the Pinta, manned by one hundred and twenty persons, Columbus sailed from the little port of Palos, Spain, upon the most momentous voyage in human history. But it was a voyage as though by one man, for most of the sailors had been drafted by order of the king, and not one of them could be trusted once the little fleet had passed the outermost of the known islands. Not one of them shared the great vision of thier commander. Only by sheer will power and faith in the godly purpose of his mission was Columbus able to hold them in subjection, and carry on to a glorious triumph.

The results of that voyage opened to the oppressed peoples of the Old World a new land of opportunity, and made possible the institutions of liberty under which all Americans live.

MIRACLE PLAY

By M. E. Andstadt, in Quest

There was tense silence for a few seconds in the Eastbrook High School huddle. Then: "Lateral-pass again" Chris Hunter snapped. "And let's get it this time, gang. . . . Remember, we fake to the left halfback; then lateral to Towson at right. And you, Towson —get that playy through, fella! O. K., let's go!"

There it was again—their old "miracle play"—the one that had brought Eastbrook out on top in the league so far this season. It was the one they needed to rescue this game, now 20 to 14 against them.

Bill Towson squared his tired shoulders and wiped a streak of mud from under his eye. He wouldn't fail them this time! No more fumbles, like the one ten minutes before, when the Branson end had a touchdown.

Bill glanced nervously at the huge clock at the end of the field. Three minutes to go! Three minutes to redeem himself for the miserable showing he'd been making lately!

For the past three games Bill had been in a nightmare, playing like a ghost of the Bill Towson who had gained recognition through all the league for his ability to nab quick passes and then run like an elusive phantom through any kind of blocking. He couldn't account for it—the sudden, recent disconcerting lack of confidence.

"Where's the old spark, Lucky? What's wrong?" the Eastbrook captain had asked him after the last game. He had said it in fun, but Bill knew that there was a lot of seriousness underneath the kidding.

Gordon Dunlap may have had something to do with it, Bill had decided, trying to figure it out calmly. Gordon had transferred to Eastbrook that fall after the season started. He had been the star right halfback at Brigantine High School, and the first time he had come out for practice scrimmage, he'd warned Bill good-naturedly that he was gunning for Bill's spot on the varsity.

"You'd better be good, old man!" he'd joked. " 'Cause I'm out to get that position! Football's in my blood, and in any other spot I'm no good at all."

He'd been smiling when he said it, and it had been all in good fun. But at every practice since then Gordon had worked like a demon, and in the one game that Bill Towson had had to miss because of a severe cold, the coach had put Gordon in at Bill's regular playing position. That game had been a walk-away for Eastbrook, with Gordon streaking up and down all over the field and running five touchdowns across.

Bill had had to add his grudging admiration to that with which the rest of the squad had showered Gordon after that game. The boy was good! Bill knew a football sensation when he saw one.

Was he as good as that? What did the rest of the team think? Was it up to him to step aside? What would the coach decide?

Apparently Coach Maguire had decided to let Bill keep his old position, for he'd been there in the last two games. But what games! It wasn't that Bill hadn't tried. He'd worn himself to a frazzle, but the old spark was gone. He fumbled easy passes; he couldn't get up any speed; he missed sudden chances at breaks—the sort of breaks that had won him the nickname of "Lucky."

But now in this Eastbrook-Branson game Bill was determined to shake off this jinx. He'd pull the game out of the bag in these last three minutes of play. He would!

"Forty-two . . . thirteen . . . thirty-six . . . twelve!" the signals came. Bill tried to ease the tenseness in his arms and legs. He braced himself for the split-second timing that was necessary if their "miracle play" were to succeed.

The ball snapped back—staight into Bob Anderson's hands. Feeling as if this were all a bad dream in which his arms and legs had turned to wood, Bill Towson started running.

But this time it worked! Completely fooled by Anderson's movement toward the left halfback, the Branson team was drawn off in that direction and Bill had a perfect opening for a long run around right end. By the time they realized what had happened, he had the ball tucked securely under his arms and was sprinting down the field, with the goal line near.

"This is something like it!" Bill thought, plowing down the rain-soaked field. Five yards! Ten! Fifteen! Only a few more to go!

And then, for no apparent reason, Bill Towson fell head over heels. Not a man within reaching distance of him—not an obstacle in sight—the goal line only a few yards away—and Bill fell over his own feet!

Then Branson stands were in an uproar. The next play was a two-yard loss for Eastbrook, before the whistle signalled the end of the game—20 to 14, favor of Branson.

Two more games to decide the league's pennant winner! Bill Towson knew what was coming before he dragged himself out to practice the following Monday. Knowing that, it had taken a lot of dogged grit to make him report at all. But he was standing with the rest of the squad when Coach Maguire read the line-up for that day's practice game with the scrubs.

"Steve Pearson, Walt Donnelley, Bruce Richards," the coach began. And then, after just an imperceptible pause: "Towson, let's see what you can do with Reeves' position at guard. His sprained shoulder will keep him out for the rest of this season."

Not a word about the Branson game! Not one word of criticism! But there it was—what he had dreaded. Shoved out of his place in the backfield by his own rotten playing! Bill recognized the justice of it even as he writhed inwardly to hear the coach finishing the line-up: " . . . and Gordon Dunlap at right half."

The next two weeks were the most difficult that Bill Towson had ever lived through. He'd begun his football career playing guard, so it wasn't that the new position was difficult for him to play. But after having had most of Eastbrook's attack centered

around forward passes to him, laterals to him, record-breaking runs by him, it was a bitter pill to see it all go to Gordon Dunlap.

In the next-to-the-last game of the season Dunlap played like a whizz, and the final score was Eastbrook, 19—Monterey, 6. with Gordon Dunlap the star of the day.

All week Bill Towson had tried to choke down his resentment and disappointment. It hurt to be out of the limelight, to hear the school shouting his successor's praises!

Only one more game to go! He'd stick it out if it killed him! At least they'd never say he way a poor sport.

"I don't have to tell you fellows what tomorrow's game means," Coach Maguire said the afternoon before the final game with Rosecroft High. "The league pennant goes to tomorrow's winner. You all know that. So that should be enough of a pep talk for any of you."

On the way to the team room after practice that afternoon he threw his arm over Bill Towson's shoulder.

"I'm not much for gab, Towson," he said quietly. "But I do want you to know you've been doing a swell job at Reeves' spot for the last two weeks. Good work, boy!"

Bill tried to say something, but the words stuck in his throat. He managed a shaky grin.

When the opening whistle blew the next day Bill felt better than he had for weeks. But before five minutes were over, Eastbrook knew that they had a real job on their hands. Rosecroft was as determined as they and was nearly as strong. Both teams had come through a hard season. They were both well-drilled veterans.

The half ended a 6-6 tie. Then, in the third quarter, Eastbrook's team dug in and got a field goal for three points. 9-6! It wasn't a very safe lead, and in the next five minutes Rosecraft completed a long forward pass and ran another touchdown over. The conversion was blocked, but the score now stood 12-9. Eastbrook was jittery.

"Miracle play," Chris Hunter said tersely in the huddle.

Bill Towson's heart leaped momentarily, and then he remembered that this time Gordon Dunlap would be completing the play around right end—not he.

It was then Anderson was running with the ball, just the split second before he threw it to Dunlap, that it happened. A Rosecroft tackler suddenly hit Anderson like a ton of bricks. The ball bounced out of his arms—right into Bill Towson's eager hands!

Bill gave a lightning once-over to the field. A Rosecraft tackler heading for him from the left—a break in the Rosecroft line just ahead—Gordon Dunlap in the clear over to the right, waiting for the lateral pass! For just one brief instant Bill hesitated. One snaky run—and he might elude the Rosecroft tackler and make a sensational drive down the center. Of course, there was the chance that he might not be able to make it. But Bill had always been lucky with such chances. And if it worked, once more his name would be the one the Eastbrook stands would cheer.

But Gordon was a sure bet to gain them their touchdown. Gordon was waiting for the pass from Bill—now!

One second's hesitation, and Bill

Towson fired a pass like a rocket straight and sure into Dunlap's arms, and Dunlap streaked forty yards for a touchdown.

"Dunlap! Dunlap! Dunlap!" a frenzied crowd shrieked as the game ended 16 to 12, Eastbrook's favor.

Bill forgot all his bitterness in the enthusiasm of that moment. The coveted pennant was theirs! Eastbrook had the best team in the whole league, and Gordon Dunlap was the best right halfback that Eastbrook had ever had! Bill Towson admitted it to himself as the team ran through an excited crowd and into the shower rooms.

At the football banquet that night chairs scraped back as the fellows settled down in their places to hear Coach Maguire present the season's awards.

"First of all, let's give ourselves a good pat on the back for being the winners of the league pennant," the coach began with a twinkle in his eye.

"Three cheers for Eastbrook!" one lone voice interrupted in a foghorn bellow.

"You boys must know how proud of you I am," the coach continued seriously, after the laughter had quited down. "You've done a grand job this season—every one of you. We've had some setbacks, but we wouldn't have proved ourselves if it had all been smooth sailing. And you've come through like the good players I knew you were."

This was the big moment! There was a tense expectancy up and down the long banquet table.

"As for the season's award," Coach Maguire went on deliberately dragging out his speech as long as possible and enjoying the boys' suspense, "that hasn't been an easy order. . . . It's taken the judges a long time to decide this year. . . . But finally. . . they have made their decision . . . and now I want to give the cup for the season's most brilliant individual playing . . . to . . . Gordon Dunlap . . . Will he step over here and get his cup, please?"

The applause and cheering was spontaneous. At the far end of the center table, Bill Towson joined in—but with a lump in his throat. Gordon Dunlap—best player of the year!

But the coach was holding up his hand for silence.

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" he shouted above the din. "I have a surprise award tonight too, fellows. And this is by unanimous choice of the judges. It's an award for the boy who has done most for his team this season through personal sacrifice and good sportmanship. . . . Bill Towson, step up and get your medal!"

TO HELP ARMY PREPARE DRIVERS

(N. C. Highway Department News Release)

The Division of Instructional Service, the Division of Negro Education, the Highway Safety Division, and the North Carolina Board of Education, have cooperatively planned a series of teacher institutions in preinduction driver education. The center for Safety Education at New York University, the National Safety Council, the National Conservation Bureau, the Quartermaster Corps, and the Preinduction Training Branch of the Fourth Service Command, are furnishing experts to asist in the institutes which are to be held in the following places:

Bryson City. Asheville, Hickory, Boone, Winston-Salem, Rocky Mount, Raleigh, Greensboro, Charlotte, Fayetteville, Wilmington, New Bern, Elizabeth City.

Driver education in North Carolina is planned to better prepare civilian drivers and to help meet the needs of the Army for 2,000,000 trained drivers of military motor vehicles.

Experience has shown that one out of four enlisted men should be trained in driving. Our modern mechanized Army needs more drivers, not only for the transportation of essential war materials—ammunition and supplies—but also for moving infantry and artillery divisions, and for ambulances, repair shops, and hundreds of other types of vehicles. Several hundred thousand men have already received this training at the various Army camps, but many more thousand still need to be trained. Many of the men who will be called upon to drive vehicles have been coming from the high schools and colleges. Some of them have the advantage of the training courses that have been offered in these schools.

The Army—the Preinduction Division of the Armed Forces—wants to see more of the basic instruction in driver education given in the schools. For this reason they have developed an excellent manual, "Preinduction Driver Education in Schools and Colleges," 15,000 copies of which have been sent out to the schools of the country. The former driver training course in the high schools has been streamlined, with new units added to meet the war emergency covering such subjects as "Difficult Driving," "Convoys and Blackouts," "Emergency Repairs," and "Map Reading," with far more stress on preventive—maintenance inspection and repairs. The schools can provide the background of instruction in this area and thus decrease the time required by the Army to train its drivers.

Several of the states are rapidly moving to the front in this high-school driver-training program. For example, Illinois has well over 500 high schools giving instruction; Wisconsin, over 300; Iowa, more than 200; New Jersey, 150; while Michigan, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, and many others will be embarking on a more intensive driver-education program early in this school year. The North Carolina plan has already aroused interest in other states.

The basic instruction that can be given to students in high schools

followed by the intensive and practical instruction given by the Highway Safety Division, will not only provide the Army with hundreds of thousands of well informed and well-trained drivers, but will also furnish a vast reservoir of expert, disciplined drivers for our commercial, industrial, and private transportation after the war and for years to come.

———:———

GONE TO THE COLORS

The Kid has gone to the Colors,
And we don't know what to say;
The Kid we have loved and cuddled,
Stepped out for the Flag today.

We thought him a child, a baby,
With never a care at all,
But his country called him man-size,
And the Kid has answered the call.

He paused to watch the recruiting,
Where, fired by the fife and drum,
He bowed his head to Old Glory,
And thought that it whispered, "Come!"

The Kid, not being a slacker,
Stood forth with patriot-joy
To add his name to the roster—
And, God, we're proud of the boy!

The Kid has gone to the Colors;
It seems but a little while
Since he drillled a schoolboy army
In a truly martial style.

But now he's a man, a soldier,
And now we lend him a listening ear,
For his heart is a heart all loyal,
Unscourged by the curse of fear.

His dad, when we told him, shuddered;
His mother—God bless her! cried;
Yet, blessed with a mother-nature,
She wept with a mother-pride,

But he whose old shoulders straightened
Was Granddad—for memory ran
To years when he, too, a youngster
Was changed by the Flag to a man.

—"Syria Temple,' AAONMS, Pittsburgh, Pa.

INSTITUTION NOTES

After an extended period of dry weather, there was a nice little shower here last Thursday afternoon. This has greatly improved the appearance of our growing crops.

—:—

Johnnie Hill, of Cottage No. 9, had the misfortune to severely injure his eye while playing last Wednesday. He was immediately taken to the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital, Charlotte, for treatment.

—:—

"Wings For The Eagles" was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night. A comedy, "Cagey Canary," was shown at the same time. Both are Warner Brothers productions.

—:—

The boys on the outside forces have picked several thousand pounds of late string beans this week. These beans, so far as size and quality are concerned, are just about the finest ever raised at the School. After issuing as many as were needed at the cottages a large quantity of them were taken to the cannery, where they were put up for winter use.

—:—

The first turnips of the season were gathered a few days ago. They were of excellent quality, and made a valuable addition to the menus. Not caring to waste anything during this time of need, it was decided to can turnip greens for winter use, and large quantities of them were put up in gallon cans.

—:—

Walter Ruth, formerly of Cottage No. 3, called a at The Uplift office last Thursday. This young fellow, now twenty-four years old, entered the School, May 6, 1926 and was permitted to leave us, September 2, 1931. Returning to his home in Charlotte, he secured employment with the Carolina Steel Company, where he worked for about five years. He then obtained a position with the Dixie Awning Company, also of Charlotte, remaining with that firm about the same length of time.

On January 18, 1941, Walter enlisted in the United States Army Air Corps, and was first stationed at Camp Madry, Texas. He was transferred to Langley Field, Virginia, and remained there until going overseas, December 9, 1942.

Walter has earned the rating of technical sergeant and is a tail-gunner on one of our Flying Fortresses. He saw action in the invasion of Guadalcanal and New Guinea, receiving a slight shrapnel wound in the latter engagement. Stricken with one of the various types of tropical fever, he spent some time in a base hospital in the South Pacific, and a few weeks ago returned to the United States. He is now stationed at Langley Field. After having taken part in actual

combat, Walter told us that things were just a little too quiet for him around camp, and that he wanted to get back into action as soon as possible.

—:—

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of Joseph as found in the 39th chapter of Genesis, and in his message to the boys he pointed out some of the high spots in the career of this young man of Old Testment times.

The speaker began be saying that he had just read the story of a boy whom he considered to be the "best Boy Scout in the Old Testment," and that he firmly believed that if he were living today, he would attain the highest rank in Scouting—that of Eagle Scout. As a text for his remarks, he selected part of the fourth verse: "And all that he had he put into his hands."

The master of the house, there in Egypt, said Rev. Mr. Summers, put this slave boy, Joseph, in a place of trust because he recognized the very fine qualities he possessed. Joseph was very young, but he was a lad of fine character, and was therefore placed in a most responsible position. Boys of today have the same opportunities, continued the speaker, and we should be thankful that a person does not have to wait until he is fifty years old, but can have these qualities as a boy and may be trusted.

Joseph's mother was dead. His father loved him and favored him, but in spite of all that he was a lad of fine character. His brothers were jealous of him. They took off his fine clothes, stained them with blood, took them to their father and told him hat he had been killed. What they had really done was to sell him into slavery. Even though his brothers had treated him so shamefully, Joseph retained his fine qualities of character. Even in slavery he proved so trustworthy that the master of the house put him in charge of all that he possessed.

Rev. Mr. Summers then told the boys that when he attended a recent meeting of the Boy Scouts Court of Honor in Concord, he was made very happy by hearing a number of the boys of the Training School Troop cited for fine work in Scouting, and that he was proud of the record they were making here. He pointed out the true meaning of the Scout Law, as follows:

(1) Trustworthy. That was one of the first things that made Joseph such a good Scout. (2) Loyal. Joseph was loyal to his master, even though he was a slave. (3) Helpful. He never lost an opportunity to be helpful, even to those who wronged him. (4) Friendly. There are some people who seem to be unable to give us a friendly word, said the speaker, adding that it always pleased him to have the boys wave at him in such a friendly way when he passed the School. (5) Courteous. It's a small thing for a boy to learn to tip his hat to a lady or extend other courtesies to those whom he meets. (6) Kind. A little act of kindness will always help others, and we should cultivate the habit of being kind. (7) Obedient. A boy must be obedient, and obey the laws of our country and the laws of God. (8) Cheerful. We should always

do things in a cheerful manner. (9) Thrifty. This does not mean that we should hold on to every penny, but we should learn to spend our money wisely, at the same time laying up something for a "rainy day." (10) Brave. Bravery doesn't mean that a fellow must stand up in front of a gun and not flinch, as is the case with our boys now in the service. It also takes a brave boy to keep from swearing, listening to dirty stories or to be seen kneeling in prayer. One must also be brave to be able to tell the truth at all times, especially when it hurts. (11) Clean. This, of course, means that we should keep ourselves clean physically, but it also means mental and moral cleanliness. (12) Reverent. A boy must recognize, above all else, that Almighty God rules over his life, and must therefore respect the Bible and all things that are just, holy and right.

At the close of the service, Rev. Mr. Summers requested that the members of the School's Boy Scout Troop come forward and lead the entire assemblage in repeating the Boy Scout Oath. This was led by Arcemias Hefner, of Cottage No. 10.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending October 10, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Leonard McAdams
Weaver Ruff
Jerry Smith

COTTAGE NO. 1
Ralph Bailey
George Cox
Marion Cox
Donald Carland
Jack Harmon
Rufus Massingill
Harold McKinney
Jack Ray
Leonard Robinson
Willford Seegers
David Swink
James Shell
Peter Tuttle
Luther Vaughn
Roy Mumford

COTTAGE NO. 2
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3
Edward Britt
Hugh Cornwell
Donald Daniels
Joseph Dew
Arthur Ingle
Dewey Lanning
Roy Monoly
William Pegram
Samuel Pritchett
Milton Talley
William Guffey
Ray Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 4
Everett Benfield
William Davis
Bruce Harper
Charles Landford
James Moore
Malcom Seymour
Richard Shehan
Edgar Shell
Roy Swink
Walter Thomas
Carl Willis
Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 5
Earl Hoyle
Earl Harris
William Penninger
Jerry Ray
Everett Stamey
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 6
Eugene Bowers
Kenneth Caldwell
Charles Coats
Ralph Gibson
Jack Hensley
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean
James McMahan
Robert Peavy
J. W. Smith
Joseph Turner

COTTAGE NO. 7
Albert Allen
Max Brown
R. C. Combs
Wallace Foster
Donald Grimstead
John McLean
Leroy Pate

COTTAGE NO. 8
Cecil Bennett
Homer Johnson
Leroy Morris
Vernon Rinehardt
R. D. McCurdy
Eugene White

COTTAGE NO. 9
Cecil Caldwell
Leonard Church
Albert Newton

COTTAGE NO. 10
Paul Alphin
Jack Clifton

Fred Carswell
Forrest Davis
Robert Hamm
Joseph Kincaid
Alfred Lamb
Edward Loftin
Robert Moses
Carlton Morrison
Arcemias Hefner
E. C. Stamey
Eugene Stubbs
Charles Tate
A. B. Woodard

COTTAGE NO. 11
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 14
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 15
Thomas Baumgarner
James Cantrell
Burley Edmondson
William Griffin
James Knight
Harvey Leonard
Sam Linebarrier
Charles Ledford
William Myers
Roger Ried
Owen Wishon
Dewey Smith
Evans Watson
John Watts
William Whittington
Boyce Plyler

INDIAN COTTAGE
(No Honor Roll)

INFIRMARY
(No Honor Roll)

64

OCT 26 1943

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 23, 1943 No. 43

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

MY DESIRE

I want to do something to make a heart glad
  Each day that I live in this world.
I want to help brighten the paths that are sad,
  And clear where the serpents lie curled.
I want to keep smiling as long as I live,
  For smiles are the world's greatest need.
I'll not expect more than I'm willing to give;
  And "Helpfulness" I want for my creed.
I want to encourage, I want to commend
  While life tries me as a host.
I only want to be a good friend
  To those who need a friend most.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
U. S. ASKS DRIVE ON JUVENILE DELINQUENCY	(Christian Science Monitor)	8
MORE CHAPLAINS WANTED	(The Lutheran)	12
PATRIOTIC POTTERY	By Vincent Edwards	15
IN OLD WILMINGTON	By Harry Z. Tucker	17
EDUCATION ENDANGERED	(The Lutheran)	19
WHO SHALL REPRESENT YOU?	By Margaret A. J. Irvin	22
WINNING FREEDOM	(The Robesonian)	24
THE PURPLE HEART	By Voorheis Richeson	25
INSTITUTION NOTES		26
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE GREATEST BATTLE

The greatest battle that ever was fought—
  Shall I tell you where and when
On the maps of the world you will find it not:
  It was fought by the Mothers of Men.

Not with cannon or battle shot,
  With sword or nobler pen;
Not with eloquent word or thought
  From the wonderful minds of men.

But deep in a walled up woman's heart,
  A woman that would not yield;
But bravely and patiently bore her part;
  Lo! there is that battlefield

No marshalling troops, no bivouac song,
  No banner to gleam and wave;
But Oh these battles they last so long—
  From babyhood to the grave!

But faithful as a bridge of stars
  She fights in her walled up town;
Fights on, and on, in the endless wars;
  Then silent, unseen, goes down!

Ho! ye with banners and battle shot,
  With soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
  Are fought in these silent ways.

—Joaquin Miller.

OUR BOYS APPRECIATE THE BIBLE

For many years Mr. William H. Barnhardt, of Charlotte, has presented a handsomely bound Bible to each boy as he leaves the Train-

ing School, and we know of no gift that could be more helpful to a lad who really wants to make something of himself. This gesture on the part of our good friend, Bill (as he prefers to be called) is greatly appreciated by these boys, as may be seen from the following letters, recently received:

Pembroke, N. C.
October 12, 1943

Mr. W. H. Barnhardt,
Commercial Bank Building,
Charlotte, North Carolina.

My dear sir:

This letter is just to tell you how very much the nice Bible, which was presented to my little son, **Richard Stanley Hobbs,** by you on September 28th, at Jackson Training School, is appreciated. You should see him every Sunday morning with that Bible under his arm as he goes out to Sunday school. He is so proud of it. You couldn't possibly have selected a more treasured gift for any boy.

He was honorably discharged from the School, and I am so happy to have him home. He's doing very nicely in school. Let me thank you so much for what you have done for him. With kindest regards to you, I remain,

Yours very truly,

Mrs. Donald F. St. George.

Lexington. N. C.
September 29, 1943

Dear Mr. Barnhardt:

I have been home for quite a while. I left Jackson Training School on the second of this month. They gave me the Bible you sent there for me the day I left. It surely is a nice Bible, the print is so good. I carry it to church, too, and am going to try to remember to read it every day. It certainly is very nice of you to give the boys Bibles when they leave the School.

I have been going to Cecil School, here in Lexington, and like it very much. Let me say again that I appreciate the Bible.

Yours truly,

Harry Wilson.

THE AUTUMN GLORY

Once again the autumn is here. "Green forests are yellowing upward into gold" and the scarlet of the maple thrills us like the notes of bugles. There is something in October that sets the blood astir. The yellow and purple, the crimson and gold, the russet and brown are all striving to robe field and forest in a beauty that defies artists's brush or the pen of poet for these glories cannot be transferred to canvas or printed page—they are enthroned in "God's great out of doors." Yet Bliss Carmen has done right well in the lines that follow:

"Now when the time of fruit and grain is come,
When apples hang above the orchard wall,
And from a tangle by the roadside stream
A scent of wild grapes fills the racy air,
Comes autumn with her sun-burnt caravan,
Like a long gypsy train with trappings gay,
And tattered colors of the Orient,
Moving slow-footed through the dreamy hills.
The maples glow with their Pompeian red,
The hickories with burnt Etruscan gold;
And while the crickets fife along her march
Behind her banners burns the crimson sun."

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

* * * * * * * *

THE POINT SYSTEM

There is nothing else to do but make personal adjustments in order to meet the ever changing conditions of the times. Our free and easy ways of living, going where we wished, doing the things that pleased us, and buying to the limit of our credit, have been curtailed. If we do not submit to all of these changes gracefully, we are not loyal, law-abiding, patriotic citizens. Each day we see the importance of the point system. It teaches every human being to conserve rationed foods, making it possible for all to share alike. The master minds who worked out the point system have proven wizards in rationing. It is obvious that the entire schedule for distributing foods equitably has met the demands satisfactorily,

for there have been no reports of people suffering for necessary vitamins and minerals.

However, there is one thing about rationing that gives a jolt, especially so to those who are hospitably inclined and usually supply culinary needs without hesitation. For instance, a certain housewife, living alone, had a maid, a young girl rooming in the house. The girl was confined to her room on account of illness for ten days. Meals were served to her. The menu required an unusual amount of sugar. Besides, the housewife had neglected to collect sugar points from the maid. It is useless to elaborate on this picture as presented, for it is clear there were neither points nor sugar in this particular house. What to do was the question. The point is that the new rationing book could not be used until the lapse of fifteen more days. After all that has been said and done, we are creatures of habit. We have been used to buying and using without restriction, we have been taught that hospitality and kindness are virtues of gentle womanhood and strong manhood from the early days of the building of this nation, therefore, it is impossible to say to those who by chance take a meal in one's home, "bring along your book of points." No hardships will be brought upon anyone by living within the limitations of the point system. In fact, one valuable lesson has been taught, and that is, "our joy consists not in what we have, but how we use what we have."

* * * * * * * *

SOME GOOD IN ALL MEN

In every walk of life, including the rich and the poor, the highly cultured and the uncultured, the professional and the non-skilled, the plainly clothed citizen and the Beau Brummell type, we find the divine spark of love for suffering humanity. We have always thought there are good impulses to be found in the heart of every human being, regardless of past or present sins of omission or commission. The fellow guilty of the most heinous crime who sees the world through prison bars, frequently reacts kindly, showing not only a sympathy and love for those who suffer, but courage in the face of physical torture. We give here a brief story of a life-term prisoner, who gave his skin to be grafted in the case of a

child who had been severely burned, taken from the columns of one of our daily papers: "Evelyn Henderson, aged nine, was severely burned, and Daniel Donahue, life term convict in a Pennsylvania penitentiary, on two occasions gave skin for a skin-grafting operation. Evelyn was burned when her dress calght fire. Donahue is serving a life sentence for his part in the slaying of a Hamburg, Pa., police chief in 1929."

While visiting a Day Nursery, where the little ones were kept while their mothers were at work, the matron in charge tenderly took an emaciated baby in her arms and said, "This old world is simply dying for love." This sweet old soul had not enjoyed the finer things of life that money can buy, but she had a heart of love that made every one she touched happier. Therefore, we know there is good in the heart of everyone, and it takes suffering to make us show the divine spark — love for the underprivileged sufferer. Faith is inspired by the act of this man behind prison bars, and he simply longed for the opportunity to show that he was not devoid of the finer feelings of manhood. This was shown by his generous gift to the suffering little one.

U. S. ASKS ALL-OUT DRIVE ON JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

(The Christian Science Monitor)

The Federal Government recently made an appeal to state and community child welfare agencies throughout the country to join in combating a "serious and substantial" growth in juvenile delinquency.

The basis for this appeal came from an exhaustive survey completed by the Office of War Information, which, after consulting with 24 puplic and private organizations, warned that juvenile delinquency is increasing in many communities in wartime United States at an alarming rate.

Its report represents the fullest and frankest picture of the problem which has emanated from the Government in many years and focuses attention upon the urgent necessity for constructive action at every level of Federal and local authority.

The report emphasizes that despite the mounting incidence of delinquency, "the great majority of American children are measuring up well to the demands of the war emergency."

In an effort to determine the effect of the war on juvenile delinquency, the Children's Bureau recently made a study of the 1940 to 1942 reports from 83 courts, each serving an area of 100,000 or more population.

This study disclosed that the number of delinquency cases coming before the 83 courts rose from about 65,000 in 1940 to about 75,500 in 1942, an increase of about 16 per cent. In spite of this overall increase, the number of cases in 19 of the areas included in the survey dropped during the same period.

The survey further showed that the increase in girls' cases was proportionately greater than the increase in boys' cases. The increase in girls' cases in 1942 over 1940 was 38 per cent, while the increase in boys' cases for the same time was 11.3 per cent.

A breakdown of the 83 courts into two main divisions—41 courts serving areas which had increased in population—showed that while there was an increase in both groups from 1940 to 1942, it was relatively higher in areas of growing population.

Moreover, returns from the more than 400 other reporting courts indicate that the increase in juvenile delinquency is less in the country and in small towns than in cities.

Basing its conclusions on detailed analyses of 21 courts, the Children's Bureau makes the following generalizations on developments in juvenile delinquency problems since 1940:

1. The number of juvenile de linquents brought before the courts has increased in all age groups since 1940. The most important increase is in the group 14 years of age and over.

2. Negro children appear more frequently in relation to their number in the population than do white children. However, the percentage increase among white children from 1940 to 1942 was more than 2½ times as great as that among Negro children. Among white boys, it was three

times that among Negro boys, and among white girls twice that among Negro girls.

3. In past years, about six times as many boys as girls appeared in the courts. Because of the more rapid increase in girls' cases since 1940, the ratio now is closer to five to one.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation, United States Department of Justice, compiles crime statistics from all parts of the country.

J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the F. B. I., reporting February 18, 1943, on the number of arrests for 1942, announced that the arrests of girls under 21 had increased 55.7 per cent over 1941.

A statistic that stands out sharply in the F. B. I. report is that the age of young people most frequently arrested was 18 for 1942, and that this is a drop of one year from 1941. Characterizing this age drop as a "tragedy that cannot be overlooked," Mr. Hoover declares:

"As a nation, we have failed to realize the seriousness of the increase in youthful crime since the outbreak of the war. Here is a problem that is appraoching a national scandal."

The term "juvenile delinquency" is a variable. But trends of today's offenses form nation-wide patterns of behavior. The OWI cities these patterns under the following headings:

"Gangs—Boys have always belonged to gangs; but only rarely did a gang member become a gangster.

"While the statistics on 'gang crimes' are in no way sufficiently comprehensive to be conclusive, it is the opinion of many of the authorities interviewed that today gangs are getting into court more frequently than formerly and for more serious offenses. These offenses break down into several distinct categories, but the majority are "acts of aggression."

"Many of the authorities consulted believe that today's 'gang crimes' differ chiefly from those of yesterday in these two ways:

"1. They involve more boys per offense. Where an 'act of aggression' used to be performed by two or three boys, now it is frequently participated in by 15 or 20 boys.

"2. They involve more boys from the so-called 'privileged' classes.

"An informal survey of court records in a number of communities in different parts of the country indicates that many gang activities fall into the following general categories:

"1. Vandalism:

"Gangs operate in the auditoriums of movie theaters.

"The motion-picture industry's War Activities Committee has received so many complaints from exhibitors that it has asked the help of child-welfare agencies in working out a plan for directing adolescent energy into something as exciting but less destructive. The Committee has under consideration the formation of a chain of clubs across the country, with badges and buttons, a pledge and a program to which youthful patrons of the neighborhood theater might belong.

"A popular form of juvenile vandalism in theaters is setting fires. Boys flip cigaretts from the balcony to the lower floor and throw lighted matches into the paper-towel containers in the rest rooms. More serious is the practice of ripping open theater

seats, stuffing burning cigarettes into the slashed upholstery, and leaving them to smolder, flaring into flame after the theater has closed for the night.

"2. Commando gangs:

"The imitative 'Commando gang,' sometimes with blood on its youthful hands, is often the tragic result of misdirected war enthusiasm, the records testify.

"The younger brother envies and wants to emulate the daring of the elder brother in service overseas. He frequently confuses bravery with bravado. He joins up with other 'younger brothers' and a Commando gang' is born. These bands of 12-year-old boys may start off by merely aping the Commando training with wooden weapons.

"Presently they steal real guns to replace the wooden ones. The raids become real. They may milk parking meters and steal gas (as in many New England towns); invade night clubs and terrorize the patrons (Detroit); riot in restaurants and busses (Louisville, Ky.). In one Eastern city they beat an old man so badly that he later passed away.

"**Runaways** — Runaways are nothing new in juvenile delinquency. But war has put more of them, and especially more younger ones, into the picture. Many are girls.

"Not a day goes by," say officials of the F.B.I., that law enforcement officers don't pick up girls of 14, 15, and 16 and return them to their homes,' Similar stories come from units of the Travelers Aid societies in all parts of the country.

"Welfare agencies are finding it difficult to get the wandering girls back to their homes. They appear eager enough to return, accept the ticket and get on the train or bus, only to slip off before they arrive at their destination and start on their way again."

The National Education Association estimates that 2,000,000 children between the ages of 14 and 16 left school last year. Miss Katherine F. Lenroot, chief of the Children's Bureau, estimates that 3,000,000 boys and girls will be in the labor market this fall. She urges that communities keep tract of local labor conditions, check violations of local labor laws, and establish moral and physical safeguards for these working children.

"Many school children are working part time. In one junior-high school of 1,000 pupils, 472 were out working the day the Children's Bureau made a survey.

"The pay check serves as a declaration of independence. The 'double stanlard' of being treated as an adult at work and as a child at play puzzles the adolescent. One result is rebellion, leading to increased charges of juvenile delinquency."

Although the category of juvenile delinquency labeled 'theft' does not show any marked statistical increase, many cases repeat a factor that finally makes this pattern: More boys and girls from 'this' side of the tracks are stealing than ever before.

"Girls are reported stealing trinkets and cheap jewelry from 10-cent stories in greater numbers than formerly. When interviewed, the girls usually claim they didn't steal for the value of the trinkets—often they gave them away or even threw them away—but for excitement. Many

department stores have been obliged to discontinue the display of small articles on open counters.

In many places, truancy and unexcused absence from school are increasing at rapid rates.

"To take one example from many, the following was cited at a Congressional committee hearing last winter:

"Althoough there were 400 more students enrolled in the schools of Salt Lake City last March than there had been the previous March, there were 1,000 less in average daily attendance. The fact that the delinquency in the City was increasing, sometimes as much as 300 per cent in the lower-age groups, bore witness to a widely prevalent theory that truancy is often the first step in delinquency.

The full and frank survey of the nation's juvnile delinquency problem, recently released by the Office of War Information, explains as follows the causes of the alarming increase in such delinquency in many communities:

"Whenever the question of 'cause' for today's rise in juvenile delinquency comes up, it is likely to start an academic field day in which each specialist lists his reason as 'the' reason.

"Crowded homes and crowded schools are blamed by some; lack of religious or recreational facilities by others. The spell of the uniform or the lure of the pay check comes in for attention. So does the unfriendliness of the old town to 'trailertown.'

"The F. B. I. point out:

" 'The basic causes of juvenile delinquency can be found in unsatisfactory home conditions where divorce, poverty, ignorant parents, and similar factors militate against the children getting a firm start in life. ure of parents to exact self-discipline in their children and to imbue them with a sense of moral values.

" 'They can be found in the lack of proper supervision of young people who, seeking excitement, turn to places and persons morally degrading for lack of better alternatives.'

"Among the conditions today aggravating these basic causes are war, reduction in funds and personnel for children's preventive and protective services, and lack of community organization and co-operation.

"Crowded schools are also contributory factors in today's juvenile restlessness."

Miss Lenroot believes that war has not caused, but has accentuated, today's problems for a "small proportion" of our youth, for which the "strains are too great."

She sums up the situation as follows:

"War strains upon family life, such as withdrawal of the father for military service, employment of the mother outside the home, uprooting of families from the communities which have been home to them, over-crowded houses, night shifts of adult members, interfere with the ability of families to meet the needs of their children.

"Half-day sessions in schools, draining off of teachers for war production, undesirable forms of employment, depletion of resources for community recreation or failure to develop such resources in new communities mean a lessening of social resources just at the tme when they

should be greatly expanded to compensate for deficiencies in home life."

Some authorities maintain that the primary cause of today's rise in juvenile delinquency is what they term "shortsighted economy" in cutting budgets for preventive services for potentially delinquent children and corrective services for real delinquents.

It is estimated that of the approximately 100,000 social service positions in the United States there are 40,000 vacancies. Leonard Mayo, President of the Child Welfare League of America, has characterized some 12,000 of these vacancies as of an "urgent nature."

The program also will emphasize the value of effective police and juvenile-court work, child-welfare services, child-guidance clinics, adequate health services and 'decent' detention homes. In order to translate this general blueprint into a specific community plan, the commission recommends two "musts"—community co-operation and trained leadership.

In addition to action being taken by many individual states, the Council of State Governments, through its Committee on Crime Control, is giving special attention to the problem of juvenile delinquency. This Committee is reviewing the steps already taken by state agencies and will make recommendations for further administrative and legislative measures related to this and others aspects of crime control.

A study of national programs and a survey of state resources are fundamental but not final steps in a community's action. The third step is for the community to take informed action. Finally, the community is advised to measure the progress it is making.

———:———

MORE CHAPLAINS WANTED

(The Lutheran)

September 8 in New York City members of the Associated Church Press resident in and near New York gathered at the request of the Chief of Chaplains, Brigadier General William A. Arnold. The place of meeting was in the Federal Building, 90 Church Street. The atmosphere of wartime was observed as soon as one passed the threshold of the building. He was confronted with men in uniform, from whom passes must be secured to the room in which the conference was held.

The major communication was made by General Arnold from a manuscript. This he read, and then released to each one present. An additional half hour was spent in his answering questions that were addressed to him. Two of these came from the editor of The Lutheran, who first called the General's attention to the fact that so many clergymen have already taken service in the armed forces of the country as to create considerable difficulty in maintaining

an adequate ministry in the church's parishes and then asked:

"Does the General believe that the church is justified in giving more of its clergymen to the Chaplains' Corps?"

The answer was a prompt and categorical, "Yes." To this General Arnold added: "The men to whom the chaplains are sent are facing death. Their need for the ministry of religion cannot be paralleled by the needs of civilian parishes."

The second query was: "For how long a period of time are the chaplains expected to serve?" The answer was: "For the duration of the war."

The written release to which reference has been made is as follows:

As the tempo of the war increases the soldiers' interest in spiritual matters also increases. We are receiving evidence of this almost daily. Chaplains reporting to our office from the battle areas point out the increased interest which they have observed and the increased opportunities which have been afforded them. Because such conditions prevail, I believe you will agree that we dare not fail these men by not supplying them with the necessary chaplains.

To carry on a global program of this nature in providing religious ministrations for all who desire them requires several thousand chaplains. As the Army expands the number of chaplains required will continue to increase.

That we are behind in our procurement program is a known fact. Requisitions for chaplains are being received, which cannot be filled immediately. We need 859 additional chaplains today. Of these, approximately 350 are needed by the Air Force and 509 are needed by the Army Ground Forces and the Army Service Forces. It should be stated that these chaplains should be under 45 years of age for duty with combat trops. At present we have no vacancies for those over 50.

On a month by month basis, there are several denominations or church groups which have kept pace with the expansion of the Army and have supplied chaplains according to the procurement schedule which we have prepared. Two groups, the United Presbyterian Church and the Unitarian Church, however have gone beyond this schedule and have already filled their entire 1943 quotas. The efforts and example of these groups are, indeed, laudable. Others have fallen slightly short of the month by month procurement schedule. Among the denominations which on a month to month basis are either slightly ahead or are keeping pace with the procurement schedule are the following: Baptist (South), Presbyterian (U. S.), Reformed Church in America, Jewish. Among those which have almost maintained their schedule are: Lutheran (Mo. Syn.), Protestant Episcopal and Baptist (North).

Several church groups have been lagging in the matter of procurement. Some to a greater degree than others. In this category are the following: Methodist, Lutheran (NLC), Presbyterian (USA), African Methodist Episcopal, Colored Methodist Episcopal, African Methodist Episcopal Zion, and Roman Catholic.

The problem of procurement is increased, due to the losses the Corps sustains through deaths, resignations,

and reclassification for physical reasons. During the month of July, 35 chaplains were lost, due to various reasons and causes. Since Pearl Harbor 33 chaplains have given their lives in the service of the Army. All of these, of course, have to be replaced.

The War Department has been most generous in providing the chaplains with the necessary equipment to carry out their ministry. More than 1,200 cantonment type chapels have been built, fully equipped so that they may be used by Catholic, Protestant and Jew. Hymn books, books of Scripture, portable organs, typewriters, chaplain flags are among the items of equipment for the field.

That the American soldier is grateful for these provisions can be seen from the response which is accorded the chaplain ministry. A few facts from the August reports bear this out: A total of 121,764 services with a total attendance of 7,589,766. The sacraments were administered on 74,083 occasions with 816,551 participants, and 101,608 visits were made to hospitals and guardhouses. Chaplains reported 641,483 occasions of pastoral activity at their stations, including personal conferences, with a total of 7,425,965 military personnel contacted. To summarize: Of enough importance to be reduced to writing in an official document, 965,647 occasions of contact were reported touching 20,353,887 persons. Not included in the above figures were marriages, baptisms, and professions of religion (including adult baptisms). Shipment of Testaments and Bibles from the various Service Commands totaled several hundred thousand,

The chaplain, by the terms of the Geneva convention, is a non-combatant. He carries no weapons except spiritual weapons, but he marches side by side with those who are armed in order that he may always be available to serve his men.

The chaplain as the spiritual leader of the command to which he is assigned performs the manifold duties which are incumbent upon him as a clergyman. By Army Regulations he is assured that his duties will be closely analagous to those performed by a clergyman in civilian life, modified only by the peculiar conditions attaching to military life. Only when there exists an exigency of the service resulting in a deficiency in the number of officers present for duty at any station, may a chaplain be requested to perform duties other than those required of them by law, or pertaining to their profession as clergymen.

The War Department, as you know, has recently inaugurated a program honoring churches, schools, and religious organizations which have given their clergymen to serve as chaplains. Such churches are receiving, or will receive a certificate of award.

It was a source of gratification to note that the problem of chaplain procurement is receiving the increased consideration and support of the church leaders. A recent issue of a denominational magazine carried an excellent statement by a leading churchman of that denomination presenting the matter of procurement. The prominence given this statement will certainly prove to be helpful and will assist that church group in doing its part. I do not believe this to be an isolated case. Other church groups are also putting forth noble efforts in this direction.

PATRIOTIC POTTERY

By Vincent Edwards

There are plenty of old homes in this country which treasure among their heirlooms a few plates or cups which were handed down from the days when great-great-grandmother first started in house-keeping. A generation or two ago these precious souvenirs may have been gathering dust in the attic, but now they have been given the most honored place in the china cupboard or on the dining-room wall.

Some of these dishes have exciting stories to tell. Although the men and scenery on them are crudely drawn, they picture events that thrill present-day Americans. Many of these pieces show scenes that are closely tied up with our ancestors' efforts to build up a new nation.

At the beginning of the nineteeth century the original thirteen states were fast recovering from the effects of the War for Independence. The English potters of Staffordshire, with a busness enterprise that was not unworthy of the Yankee himself, thought up a plan to cater to the new nation's vanity and also to make a very good thing for themselves.

They sent over artists to get sketches of American scenery, the important buildings, and men most in the public eye. Then, from their English ovens there soon poured across the Atlantic a stream of pottery which met with wide popularity and enjoyed a huge sale, bringing in a snug fortune to the manufacturers.

Some of the copper plates on which the artists etched their views of early America are preserved in Staffordshire to this day. It is said that the artists traveled from pottery to pottery to make these plates, transferring their impressions from their original sketches on paper. These Englishmen must have ranged the entire length of our then inhabited country, for the views are of places from Niagara Falls to Charleston.

The Staffordshire potters showed their greatest genius in their choice of color. Rich dark bue was chosen. There is no doubt it is a lovely tone, and it made an instant appeal to the nation's pioneer housewives. How many different designs were made will never be known, as, even in these days, an uncatalogued piece will occasionally turn up from some attic chest or some ancient chimney corner.

Most prized of all are the dishes which carry portraits of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, General Lafayette, and Benjamin Franklin. Among the favorite scenes were pictures of Harvard and Yale Universities, Mount Vernon and the old Battery buildings of New York City. Popular also were the Erie Canal plaes, and those showing the Pittsfield Elm, Boston State House, landing of the Pilgrims, landing of Lafayette and various other historical happenings.

Those quaint, old-time worthies, as they were pictured on deep blue earthenware, were often astonishing to look upon. But several, like Benjamin Franklin, usually represented with a benign, open face and wearing a fur cap, seemed to fit in handily with

the potter's artistic efforts. The Franklin plates almost always carried one of "Poor Richard's" maxims: "Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee," "The used key is always bright," "Fear God; honour your parents."

The Marquis de Lafayette did not fall far short of Washington as a popular favorite on Staffordshire plate. Whole dinner sets were made of his landing at Castle Garden in 1824, and hundreds of families ate off this reminder of the last visit of the French hero to America. The scene was presented with no little spirit. In front are mounted horsemen, then a row of belching cannon, then a bridge leading to a fort over which flies the Stars and Stripes. The ships shown in the background are the type that crossed the Atlantic not long after Fulton designed the "Clermont;" all are small, with tall masts and side-wheels high up out of the water.

The Erie Canal plate was another commemorative piece. Even Americans had been skeptical as to whether that bold engineering project of Governor Clinton would ever be finished, but by the time it was done, the Staffordshire potters had something ready to mark the event. On the outer edge of the plate there are pictures of the canal locks and the boats, but in the center tribute is paid to the worthy champion of the famous "ditch:" "The grand Erie Canal, a splendid monument of the enterprise and resources of the State of New York, indebted for its early commencement and rapid completion to the active energies, pre-eminent talents, and enlightened policy of DeWitt Clinton, late Governor of the State."

The Pittsfield Elm plate was inspired by an interesting incident of the Revolution. In that Massachusetts town there lived a minister who was a red-hot patriot. One Sunday, when he got up to preach, his feelings got the best of him. He threw aside his long black coat, and his congregation discovered he was togged out in a Continental uniform. Calling the congregation outside under the old elm, he organized the men into a company. On the plate the elm is shown with the fence built around it to keep it from being used as a hitching-post; the church stands in the background.

It is scenes like this that make that century-old Staffordshire ware so much sought after by collectors. Historical societies likewise want pieces for their museums. Such commemorative dishes certainly help to keep alive the past's glowing memories. It has been pointed out that they are not merely useful in the dining room, but have become a library of American history.

The world is divided into people who do things and people who get the credit. Try, if you can, to belong to the first class. There's far less competition.—Dwight Morrow.

IN OLD WILMINGTON

By Harry Z. Tucker, in The State

The harbor at Wilmington, long the finest natural haven between Hampton Roads and Charleston, was probably discovered by explorers as early as 1660. But it was not until 1730 that a band of settlers sailed up the Cape Fear River, landed here, and set up a community which they called first New Livepool, then Newton. Nine years later, according to the old records, Newton was incorporated as a town. It was then called Wilmington.

From the beginning, it was found that the fresh-water harbor, thirty miles from the outer bar, proved of immense value to the little town and the surrounding country. It was not only the port of North Carolina, but it soon became the scene of several of America's important historical events, not the least of which was the famous Stamp Act Rebellion, when the citizens of the town successfully resisted the attempt of the British to land stamps in the colony.

The shipyards of Wilmington have long formed one of her liveliest industries, with concrete, steel, and wooden ships being constructed simultaneously in the town. For many years the only government shipyard in the South was located here. It is easy to perceive, therefore, that the port of Wilmington constituted the foundation, the backbone of North Carolina's water-commerce facilities; that through it flowed strongly the lifeblood of North Carolina shipping for two centuries.

Along with its commercial growth Wilmington's harbor has always played a significant part in the military affairs of the nation. Ships from here, laden with food and other supplies, were dispatched to the relief of Boston during the British siege of 1774. Privateers were sent out from here to harass the British in the War of 1812. And during the Civil War the part played by the Wilmington harbor, and by the seamen who lived close by, needs little mention. Manning every effort in defense of the city and the dying Confederacy, the people made Wilmington a center around which were fought some of the fiercest naval engagements of the war.

Today, where the early settlers founded New Liverpool, stands an utterly charming city, spreading its shaded streets and beautiful parks in enticing contentment. But the Wilmington that the visitor sees, and is interested in, is a modern city which has but recently forged to the front as a center of commercial and industrial activity. A place of history, too, is Wilmington, for it has succeeded in becoming one of the South's most solidly entrenched ports.

Few aspects of Wilmington's early civilization and her commercial and cultural structure are better preserved than in her colonial architecture. Still standing in Wilmington is ont of the notable historic houses of the state, a mansion-fortress erected about the time of the Revolutionary War. The name of the builder has long been lost, but more than a century had already mellowed the

walls of the old brick and stucco house, on Grace Street, when it was purchased for a residence some years after the Civil War by Captain John F. Devine, co-founder and first general superintendent of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad.

The house, a monument to the integrity of the early American artisans and joiners of colonial days, once stood alone in the block with its back to Grace Street, and facing Chestnut Street to which it led with an avenue of Carolina cherry trees. Approaching the house along this avenue, one always noted with pleasure the magnolia trees and the century-old crepe myrtles, which were interspersed with the lower-growing olive and fig trees. Roses clustered along the avenue, too.

Directly in front of the mansion a wrought iron fountain gently played in the warm sunshine of the semi-tropical setting. From here the house stood in full view, with wrought iron steps leading to a porch of black and white flagstones. Pillars of lacy iron grillwork supported a double piazza which was adorned with a handsome balustrade of the same material on the second floor. The doors and windows of the old mansion were well proportioned.

Entering the house through massive storm doors, the visitor finds himself in a vestibule from which handsome mahogany doors with glass panelsopen into the house proper. Here is found a spacious English hall, panelled to a chair-rail height, and adorned by a spiral mahogany stairway deftly executed and self-supporting.

On the left of the hall is the drawing room, which runs the entire length of the house. Ninety yards of carpet is required to cover the floor. This large and handsome room has for its central point a mantel of black walnut. An elaborate arabesque and a very interesting plaster cornice add beauty to this room, where five large windows are inset because of the great thickness of the walls. The space beneath the windows is panelled. These architectural features form a characteristic part of the entire first floor.

To the right, upon entering the old mansion, is a large bedroom and a living room, from which a stairway descends to the basement. Here, in the basement, is the dining room, the pantry, and the kitchen, each of which is spacious and well built. The walls of the first floor are more than three feet thick.

Long the only important port in North Carolina. Wilmington has seen a varied past, always building slowly, surely and contentedly. Today, there is little of the old contentment here, however; for the port is now an important haven, full of surging energy, kaleidoscopic views and constantly changing scenes.

Characteristic of the ports of America today, there is no knowing what Wilmington will be tomorrow. Never insignificant, Wilmington is still playing an mportant role in the pageant that is passing across the universe. Wilmington is helping fight for liberty, in typical American fashion, and the old town already has any number of arresting stories of fights fought, of enemies overcome, of triumphs achieved.

EDUCATION ENDANGERED

(The Lutheran)

The file of Lutheran Church Work and Observer for the month of September 1918, contains a contribution by the late Dr. Charles S. Bauslin, son of the dean of Hamma Divinity School, and prominent in his own right among educators.

The title for the article was "The Last Line of Defense." Dr. Bauslin began his discussion, which is quoted herewith, with a reference to a statement which had been issued by President Woodrow Wilson, himself a notable educator and ex-president of Princeton University. President Wilson's statement, which concerned the maintenance of educational institutions despite the burdens imposed upon them by the war of 1917-18, has assertions that bear a striking similarity to some that express similar anxieties among the educational leaders of the Lutheran Church in this country. It will be noted by readers of The Lutheran that Dr. Bauslin's major premise reads: "The foundation-stone of American democracy is education." He favors adding to the responsibilities of the school rather than diminishing them or substituting military for civic instruction.

Dr. Bauslin warned against confindence in short-cuts and swift panaceas for social reform. Said he, "We cannot make mankind over by science. That is one valuable lesson which Germany has taught us. Textbooks and universities and arrogant silence are no remedy for what is wrong with human life."

One even finds a near replica to the problem of attendance at our Liberal Arts colleges. Dr. Bauslin stated, "The church colleges staggered last year (1917) under a terrible burden, Through strict economy and shrewed administration they closed their year, not without debt, but in a condition surprising to all who were familiar with the facts. Now they open their doors again for another year more trying in all probability than the former. Are there any in the Church who think it is an impertinence that when war is on, these institutions should be calling for help?"

The Lutheran quotes the article in full as follows:

President Wilson has called the educational organization of the country, "The Last Line of Defense." To neglect this last line of defense would be the consummation of folly. The President in a recent letter addressed to the secretaries of the church boards of education has said: "I am pleased to note that despite the unusual burdens imposed upon your people by the war, they have maintained their schools and other agencies of education so nearly at their normal efficiency. That this should be continued throughout the war and that in so far as the draft law will permit there should be no falling off in attendance in the colleges is a matter of the very greatest importance, effecting both our strength in war and aur national

welfare and efficiency when the war is over. . . . I would, therefore, urge that the people continue to give generous support to their schools—that the nation may be strengthened as it can only be through the right education of its people."

The foundation-stone of American democracy is education. While we fight to make the world safe for democracy, we need to remember that unless democracy is founded on education it is not safe for the world. The Committee on Public Information, appointed by the President, its personnel being the Secretary of War, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Navy, and Mr. George Creel, has issued a national service handbook. The first section has to do with domestic welfare, and presents the first lines of defense. The third of these first lines mentioned is Education. Quoting the committee: "The conserving and constructive agencies of peace, whether in the form of legislation, education, or social work, instead of being abandoned during the period of the war, should be redoubled in their efforts and so far as condition will permit, broadened in their scope. If there is the slightest let up in our educational standards we shall find ourselves in a few years with a civilian army of incompetents." This committee again insists that the colleges must be kept open. This is their reason: "For the duration of the war and some time thereafter there will be an unprecedented need for men expertly trained." "Instead, therefore, of reducing the curriculum, every effort should be made to bring the educational machinery to a greater degree of efficiency." "For the problems of social reconstruction that the war will leave in its aftermath we shall more than ever need trained minds equipped to handle trying and complex situations." "It would be decidedly against the public interest for legislators to cut down appropriations for state universities or for individuals or foundations to curtail their contributions to the work of private educational institutions." "A shortsighted or niggardly war economy in education may handicap our industrial progress indefinitely."

In a new educational bill England provides for the extensive development of her schools at a time when she is bending every energy to meet the hudge expenditure of the war. Should we do any less? Let it be said that what the Committee on Public Information has to say has to do with education in general. Christians believe that a democracy which is not founded on Christian education is not safe for the world, and that only such education as is transfused by the light of heaven is after all the last line of defense. What else could have led the Church in the days of the fathers to have laid the foundations of a higher education in this country, and to have given to it her fostering care throughout the years? Christianity is not a failure, but if it is not to fail, and the Church, if it is to play any real part in the reconstruction of the world, will need to do some reconstruction within. About this there can be little doubt. Let judgment begin at the house of God. Then it inevitably follows that the Christian colleges and seminaries must be prepared to train an adequate and com-

petent leadership for the great task. We may be face to face with some very peculiar problems when this war is over. Some that will be the natural outgrowth of it all, and some not quite so natural. For instance, there may be some questions to settle that we have never faced before. Much of the popular current reading of the day is telling how war officers, some chaplains, and some so-called Christian teachers in the camps, aye, and even some pulpits, are telling their men that to die for humanity is the "last measure of devotion," and that regardless of their past life this supreme sacrifice will make certain their future with God.

"There are those who affirm that the whole program of the Church will have to be changed when the war is over because, forsooth, a chaplain sometimes umpires a Sunday ball game," so says one of our denominational papers.

Another current writer has this to say: "Everyone who thinks should con well the lesson of the passing days, Humanity cannot be legislated or revolutionized into a new order of altruism. All our short cuts and swift panaceas for social reform have been discredited. The German program of kultur is that the greatest good of Germans, and incidentally of all other peoples who should be subordinate to Germany, will be served by the domination of education, efficency and science. Others besides Germans have made a fetish of this root idea of Prussianism. Educated and liberal persons especially were convinced that mankind could be educated out of all its sins and shortcomings—lifted by their own bootstrapes as it were. Universities and scholars, to whom all the world used to bow down as to little gods, have proved to be an inspiration and bulwark of a conception of life which is so intolerable that civilization is giving millions of its fairest young lives to wipe it out utterly. Unless we are as dunderheaded as a Prussian officer we shall learn the lesson written on the ravaged soil of Belgium and France, repeated in Armenia and the Holy Land, and in half a dozen other little nations, and traced in blood on every sea, that mere education of the most thorough and scientific kind may co-exist with the very worst traits of human nature. We cannot make mankind over by science. That is one valuable lesson which Germany has taught us. Textbooks and universities and arrogant silence are no remedy for what is wrong with human life." Mere education will not bring the day of abiding peace, for an education of the mind that disregards the heart only whets the sword to a sharper edge and makes mankind ten-fold more skilful in the art of scientific murder.

All this serves to emphasize the importance of the character of the leadership of the future; and would it not be decidedly against Christian interests for individuals to curtail their contributions to Christian educational institutions? The church colleges staggered last year under a terrible burden. Through strict economy and shrewd administration they closed their year, not without debt, but in a condition surprising to all who were familiar with the facts. Now they open their doors

again for another year more trying in all probability than the former. Courageously they face this problem and seek to meet the issue just ahead.

Are there any in the Church who think it is an impertinence that when war is on these institutions should be calling for help? If there are, they have evidently not thought this thing through, and have not faced the situation fairly. It has been boasted that our nation could in four year's time raise and equip an army of 15,000,000 men and furnish a war budget of $100,000,000,000 without unduly disturbing the economic and industrial systems of our people. There is money enough in the Lutheran Church to do everything that needs to be done and that ought to be done for the Kingdom of God as we are responsible for it in the world of men, and one of the things that needs to be done most promptly and to the full of our ability is the support of our schools this coming year. The government says that there will be unprecedented need for men expertly trained. In complete accord with this statement, yet supplementing it from the standpoint of the Church, we must see that the Church recognizes the need also for expertly trained men in her particular field. We will give, as Lutherans, the full measure of devotion to both our country and our Church, and reckon it to be our Christian privilege and also our patriotic duty.

WHO SHALL REPRESENT YOU?

By Margaret A. J. Irvin

Many people have received a new kind of ballot. It is a list of fifty individuals from which we are asked to select five who "will be asked to sponsor this country's participation in a simultaneous move to establish an International Union to protect the social, economic, and political rights of free men in the post-war period."

It sounds like the millenium, doesn't it? Voting for people to represent us in an "International Union" gives us the same sort of thrill our forefathers may have known when they voted for the first members of the Continental Congress. No more intercolonial wars—could it be possible.

The ballot I'm talking about is not an official thing, of course. It is more of a Gallup poll to determine what sort of men and women the American people would want to represent them in planning a post-war world. The fifty names are a good cross section of the public. There are nine women to forty-one men, a reasonable proportion at this period of history. There are representatives of all three political parties, of many faiths and races.

To select five from such a list is difficult. The intelligence and integrity of most of them are unquestioned. The women alone might create and maintain a pretty satis-

factory sort of world. Who wouldn't like to see what Pearl Buck and Eleanor Roosevelt plus Mrs. Dwight Morrow and Anne O'Hare McCormick could do? On the other hand, who would want to dispense with the contributions of such men as Charles Evans Hughes, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Wendell Willkie, Norman Thomas, Paul Robeson, and a dozen others? It is far from easy to decide who shall represent YOU.

And it must represent you, officially or unofficially, or it falls flat. Democracy cannot succeed unless it gives body to the combined will of all the individuals who make up the democracy. It depends not upon the the will of the majority of individuals. When the individual is lost, democracy is lost.

That is what makes it so important for you to decide who shall represent YOU. For you are essential to the survival of democracy. Without you, it slides swiftly into socialism, fascism, dictatorship.

As a matter of fact, no one can fully represent you in this post-war period, or in any other period of your march through this vale of tears. You are there, and no one can rub you out. Your weight influences the scales whether you want to carry any weight or not. You are tipping the scales toward peace or toward bigger and better wars by the way you live from day to day.

Peace and brotherhood are the inevitable goal of mankind. God made it that way. Every act or word or thought of an individual or a nation pushes us on or holds us back.

Did I say no one could represent you? Please let me take it back. There are dozens, even hundreds of people who represent you. They are the people whom you influence for good or evil. They are your family, your friends, your Sunday school pupils, those you influence through the Children of the Church, or the Missionary Society. There are the Christians here and in other lands whom your gifts have helped. There are the generations yet to come whom your children or your pupils shall shape.

———:———

For years we have listened to some quack theorists and pseudo-psychologists who have preached that discipline and control were bad for children—that they should be left uninhibited to work out their own life patterns, their own self-discipline. But you don't acquire self-discipline if you never learn what discipline is. Neither can life's problems be worked out without experience, which can be secured only through hard knocks, or by guidance from the experience of others. Now we are reaping the harvest.—J. Edgar Hoover.

WINNING FREEDOM

(The Robesonian)

The Christian Advocate, official publication of the Methodist church, thinks that one of the major postwar problems will be the restoration of the American principal of free enterprise. "From the moment that actual hostilities cease," says the religious weekly, "the American people will face the immediate necessity of rebuilding their system of representative government."

The paper goes on to call attention to the fact that we are now living under a bureaucraccy which has perhaps been made necessary by the war, and that the most intimate details of our personal lives are being regulated, not by the legislative enactments of elected representative, but by orders from bureau heads who are responsible to nobody but the President. And it is of the opinion that they will be hard to dislodge, for each man thus engaged will consider himself essential to the nation's weifare.

And so it will be, for liberties surrendered are difficult to regain. Those who get a little power always hanker for more, and men are not slow to exercise power over their fellows, for it gives them a sense of importance out of all proportion to their wisdom or their goodness. That, we suspect, is why the offical organ of a great church is concerned, for as it wisely remarks, "It is not enough to preach about a heaven to come, much as that message is needed. We must also preach against the hells which are creeping upon the people from all sides."

True enough people want plenty to eat, good wages, hospitalization, comfortable clothing and a pretty house with a white fence around it. These are all desirable if acquired under a system of representative government. but the average real American also wants the privilege of tearing down the fence in front of his house, and maybe of breaking out a few window panes just to show that he owns the place and is lord of the manor. His spirit of independence rebels at having his personal affairs supervised and inspected by bureaus which tend strongly toward fascism and ultimate dictatorship.

Let us be honest with ourselves. If we want a bureaucratic government, then let us not attempt to disguise it as a republic. If we want a king, we should have him, but it were folly to call him by another name.

The American people cheerfully abide by whatever rules which may be essential to the winning of the war, but we should be thinking and planning now about winning our original freedom back when the war against totalitarianism and despotism abroad has been won. It will take courage and wisdom of a big order, but this must be done if the republic of the fathers is to survive.

———:———

Everything that is really great and inspiring is created by individuals who labor in freedom.—Albert Einstein.

THE PURPLE HEART

By Voorheis Richeson, in U. S. Army Recruiting News

The Purple Heart is a decoration of the United States Army bestowed upon soldiers who have been wounded by an enemy or have performed extraordinary meritorious service. It is the oldest decoration in the annals of this country. Only three men received the decoration in Revolutionary days, but some 78,000, who took a bullet or a shell fragment or a bad gassing in World War I. received it.

It was a motley gathering just after the fighting had stopped. The place was large and barnlike, crowded and noisy. The sound of voices and clattering of accounterment rebounded from the bare walls.

Suddenly the noise ceased as if by magic. And in the silence there was the thud of a closing door. A newcomer had just entered, and those who could see nudged one another. Others turned to see.

No, the man at the door was not the Commander General. It was a short, dowdy soldier fumbling with his cap. His blouse was a misfit, and his breeches bagged at the knees. Elite society would hardly have given him a tumble. Yet that stubby runt owned the room until his eye caught a vacant chair and he moved away.

For on his left breast, just above the pocket, was a small figure of a heart in purple, bearing a bust of George Washington edged with a narrow white lace. And when a soldier sees that spot, he gets a heart throb. He knows it is an emblem which speaks of bravery and sacrifice. The man fortunate enough to wear it is a living example of fidelity.

In 1782, General George Washington, desirous to cherish virtuous ambition in his soldiers, as well as to encourage every species of military merit, directed that whenever any singularly meritorious action was performed, the author should be permitted to wear the Purple Heart. "The road to glory in a patriotic army and a free country," said Washington in his published order, "is thus open to all."

Following the Revolutionary War, the decoration unaccountably disappeared, but it was revived by the War Department General Order No. 3, on February 22, 1932, on the 200th anniversary of Washington's birthday. The new order reads as follows: "By direction of the President of the United States, the Purple Heart, established by General George Washington at Newburgh on August 7, 1782, during the War of the Revolution, is hereby revived out of respect to his memory and military achievements." The revived order was signed by General Douglas MacArthur, then the Chief of Staff of the United States Army.

It's a good, safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness or speaking a true word.—John Ruskin.

INSTITUTION NOTES

"Jungle Book," an United Artists production, was the attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night.

—:—

Superintendent Hawfield went to Raleigh last Wednesday evening, for the purpose of attending the Welfare Conference, which opened the following day.

—:—

Last Friday morning our cannery force started canning butter beans and carrots. These vegetables were gathered while in excellent condition, and should be a valuable addition to our store of supplies for the winter.

—:—

Three warps were recently received from the Brown Manufacturing Company, Concord. They were placed in the weave room in our textile plant, where they will enable us to keep our looms running for some time.

—:—

Johnnie Hill, of Cottage No. 9, has returned from the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital, Charlotte, where he was taken last Friday for treatment of an eye injury, sustained while playing. At first it was thought that he might lose the sight of the eye, but we are glad to report that it responded to treatment nicely, and that the lad is O K again.

—:—

While strolling about the campus yesterday we noticed the poultry yard boys killing and dressing chickens. This means that our entire personnel will enjoy a good, old fashioned Southern chicken dinner next Sunday.

—:—

A real killing frost visited this section the first of the week, and put an end to the growth of some of our second crop of vegetables. Those in charge of our garden forces anticipated this change of weather, however, and gathered a large quantity of fine string beans on Friday and Saturday of last week, and had placed them indoors. They were later taken to the cannery and put up for winter use.

—:—

Mr. T. V. Talbert recently received a letter from James B. Montford, one of our former students, who is now in the United States Army, being stationed at Camp Pickett, Virginia.

James entered the School, October 2, 1933, coming from Wilmington, and was allowed to return to his home, July 10, 1936. During his stay

with us he was a member of the Cottage No. 11 group, and worked on the farm. He entered the first grade upon admission to the institution and was in the fourth when he left. He made a very good record while here.

—:—

Mr. W. W. Johnson received a card from James A. Cleaver a few days ago stating that he was in the United States Navy, and was taking his basic training at the U. S. Naval Training Station, Sampson, N. Y. Mr. Cleaver was a member of the School's staff of workers quite a number of years ago, having been employed as school teacher and cottage officer. We had not heard from him for several years until his recent card was brought to this office. However, we are glad to know that he is still on top of the sod, and tender our very best wishes as he assumes his duties as a sailor.

—:—

William Gentry, of Cottage No. 5, enlisted in the United States Navy, October 8th, going directly from the School campus to his place of training. Bill tried to get into regular Navy service, but upon examination, it was found that he was color-blind. However, he was accepted for service in the Seabees. He came to the School, November 2, 1940, and for the past three or four months had been employed on the carpenter force. At the time of leaving us he had been in the seventh grade about six months. Bill got along very well at the School, and we feel quite sure he will continue his good record in service for Uncle Sam.

—:—

It will be of interest to the people at Jackson Training School to know that Ramsey J. Glasgow, one of our old boys, who has been overseas more than a year, is getting along well. He has attained the rating of staff sergeant in a bombing squadron, and has aken part in several engagements. We obtained this information from his wife in a letter received a few days ago. She wrote that she had receivel two letters from Ramsey in the last month, and that he stated he had been in Egypt for two months since being overseas. His work at present is of such nature that nothing could be said about it in his letters, but he assured his wife that he was getting along all right.

Mrs. Glasgow informed us that two of Ramsey's cousins, Montford and Norwood Glasgow, were in the service, and had written her recently. These lads are brothers, and both are former Training School students. Montford is in the United States Army, a member of an M. P. unit and is stationed at a camp in Washington. Norwood is in the United States Navy, and is on duty "somewhere in the Pacific."

We were very glad to hear from these young fellows and to learn that they were getting along well in service for Uncle Sam.

—:—

Postell Clark, formerly of Cottage

No. 2, called on friends at the School a couple of weeks ago. This young man, now almost twenty-one years old, came to the School from Shelby, August 2, 1937 and was permitted to return to his home, March 4, 1939. He worked in Shelby for a while and then went to the shipyard at Wilmington, where he learned to be a welder. Postell then went to Baltimore, where he secured employment with the Fairfield Shipbuilding Company, staying there about one and one-half years. The next we heard from him was that he was in California doing the same kind of work. After staying in California about three months, he returned to Baltimore and secured employment in the same shipyard in which he formerly worked.

During his stay at the School, this lad was known as a pretty good worker, and seemed to get along well wherever he was placed. It will also be recalled by those working here at the time that he was just about the best football player we have ever had. We have in mind right at the moment how he almost single-handedly defeated the boys from Eastern Carolina Training School in their annual Thanksgiving Day battle in 1938.

We were glad to see Postell and to learn that he had been getting along so well since leaving us.

—:—

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Galatians 6:1-10, and as the text for his message to the boys he selected John 11:32—"And I know that thou hearest me always; but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me."

The speaker began by stating that Jesus, in his ministry, used miracles to prove his power to unbelieving Jews, and these miracles were also used to take care of the people's needs. Today the world is in a terrible turmoil. We of this country are trying to meet the needs of suffering humanity in all parts of the globe, and what a fine opportunity it is for Christians to carry on the work of the Master.

On may occasions, continued Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, Christ was dealing with people who did not believe that he was the son of God, and he prayed to his Father to show them that He had sent him to save mankind. So it is today. God is still dealing with His people and quite :frequently they are not conscious of it.

The words of the text, said the speaker, is a real call to the church today. Its members need this belief in God now more that at any time in the history of the world. There are many who are just "standing by," who need to be awakened as to their duties to God and man. It is important that we try to feed the souls of men. It will give us strength to meet the trials that are ahead of us. It is a challenge to the church that must be met. As we pick up our newspapers, we see sensational headlines, and we wonder how long men will have the courage to carry on. What we really need is more sense and less sensa-

tion. The writers of these things should realize they are feeding the minds of men, and that theirs is a great responsibility.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner pointed out that we find many things on the newsstands today with titles that appeal to young minds solely for the purpose of making large sales, the publishers caring nothing for the harm they are doing, poisoning the youthful minds with reading material of the very lowest type. We should not waste a moment of our time with such stuff, but should thank God for the great authors and poets of the past who have written worthwhile things that tend to uplift those who read their works. We should do everything in our power to guide the young people in choosing the right kind of literature.

The speaker then told the boys to guard their tongues, adding that while the tongue might be very small, it is capable of starting a great fire. Sometimes we use our tongues without any consideration for those to whom or of whom we are speaking. We often wish that we could recall the words that sometimes go from our mouths, but that is impossible.

Mr. Baumgarner pointed out that Christ himself was often surrounded by unblievers, and on one occasion he called upon God to let the people know that He had sent him. As he hung upon the cross, there were many people standing by. Some were his sorrowing friends; some were uninterested onlookers; others were his enemies who were pleased to see him hanging there in agony. Again the Master called upon God—a most beautiful prayer—"Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." No doubt that same prayer could be uttered for us today. That cross stands before us today, and shall we be numbered among the uninterested class, the enemies of Christ's, or his true friends?

There may be many things that are pleasing to us today, said the speaker, but they, in time, will pass away. The things God gives us are lasting and will meet the real needs of our lives. Let us be sure that we are going to select the things of life that are of real importance, for they are the things that will give us strength to withstand temptation, build strong characters, and enable us to carry on to a joyful end.

TIME

Since yesterday is gone beyond recalling,
And since for us tomorrow may not be,
The wise man bravely makes each fleeting moment
Of his today an opportunity.

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending October 17, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Ernest Bullard
William Burnett
Raymond Davis
Robert Finley
Donald Hobbs
Leonard McAdams
Charles Pearson
Weaver Ruff
Jerry Smith
James Stamper
Harry Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 1

Richard Billings
George Cox
Jack Gray
Rufus Massingill
Harold McKinney
Willford Richard Seegers
David Swink
James Shell
Peter Tuttle
Luther Vaughn

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Edward Britt
Robert Coleman
J. T. Jocobs
Roy Monoley
William Pegram
Milton Talley
William Guffey
Ray Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 4

Everett Benfield
William Davis
Bruce Harper
Charles Lanford
J. C. Lynn
Raiford Medlin
James Moore
Lewis Sawyer
Malcom Seymour
Richard Shehan
Edgar Shell
Roy Swink
Walter Thomas
William C. Willis
Martin Walters
Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 5

Fred Coats
Buck Corn
Earl Harris
Truby Ricks
Rodney Starnes
Everett Stamey
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Hayes Collins
James Eller
Earl Gilmore
Donald Griffin
Ralph Gibson
Everett Gallion
Marvin Lipscomb
Samuel Lynn
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean
James McMahan
Robert Peavy
J. W. Smith
James Sneed
Joseph Turner
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE NO. 7

Mack Brown
R. C. Combs
Wallace Foster
Donald Grimstead
Marion Todd

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Bennett
Homer Johnson
Troy Morris
Leroy Pate
Edward Renfro
Vernon Rinehardt
Eugene White

COTTAGE NO. 9

Cecil Caldwell
Leonard Church

John Hill
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

Paul Alphin
Floyd Barnes
Jack Clifton
C. W. Cline
Fred Carswell
Douglas Daniels
Joseph Kincaid
Edward Loftin
C. Morrison
C. McCullon
Robert Moses
E. C. Stamey
Eugene Stubbs
Charles Tate
A. B. Woodard

COTTAGE NO. 11

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 14

Ralph Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Olin Bland
Joseph Case
Jack Gentry
Robert Holbert
Joseph McKinney
Robert Moose
Hayes Powell
Charles Pittman
Theodore Young
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE NO. 15

Edgar Blanchard
Thomas Baumgarner
William Griffin
James Knight
David Lewis
Harvey Leonard
Charles Ledford
J. B. Ledford
Boyce Plyler
Hilton Reed
Clyde Shook
Dewey Smith
Alvin Stewart
Evans Watson
John Watts

INDIAN COTTAGE

Herbert Lochlear
William Lowery
Dillard Shelton

INFIRMARY

(No Honor Roll)

COMMONPLACES

"A commonplace life," we say, and we sigh;
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky,
Makes up the commonplace day;
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms, and the bird that sings;
But dark were the world and sad our lot
If the flowers failed and the birds sang not;
And God, who studies each separate soul
Of our commonplace lives makes His beautiful whole.

—Susan Coolidge.

3 64

NOV 1 1943

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 30, 1943 No. 44

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

U. N. C.
CAROLINA RO

SEALED ORDERS

We bear sealed orders o'er life's weltered sea,
  Our haven dim and far;
We can but man the helm right cheerily,
  Steer by the brightest star,
And hope that when at last the Great Com-
    mand
  Is read, we then may hear
Our anchor song, and see the longed-for land
  Lie, known and very near.

—Richard Burton.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
WHAT THE TRAINING SCHOOL OFFERS DELINQUENT CHILDREN	By S. G. Hawfield	8
THE FLAG THAT NEVER STRUCK	(Selected)	14
JOHN PHILIP SOUSA	(Selected)	17
A WRITER OF HYMNS	By E. S. Gerhard	21
NAVY DAY	(Charlotte Observer)	24
A HALLOWE'EN SURPRISE	By Lina E. Lindsley	26
INSTITUTION NOTES		27
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

The London Evening Standard tells an attractive story of how a London stonemason capitalized on calamity, and thereby is doing his bit for others. Sidney Bysouth, sixty-eight years old and for forty-eight years a stoneworker, conceived the idea of taking pieces of the rubble left by the blitzing of the House of Parliament (May 10 and 11, 1941) and carving the fragments of stone that housed makers of history through many years. With twelve other stonemasons he began the making of book ends, garden troughs, ash trays, tobacco jars, etc. These were designed by well-known artists who gave their time and skill willingly because the articles were to be sold for the benefit of the Red Cross. The project was so great a success that the Red Cross gained $6,000 in a few months. Something of the same kind of triumph over disaster was achieved independently when Sir Henry Morris-Jones, M. P. for Denbigh (according to the Children's Newspaper), gathered 26 fragments of the stained-glass windows of the same historic building and presented them to the Memorial Institute at Glyn Ceiriog, Wales. The fragments were suitably assembled, framed, and carried the inscription: "Fragments of stained glass from windows of the House of Commons, Westminster, bombed and shattered on the night of May 10, 1941. They are placed here as an enduring reminder of the determined efforts of the Germans to destroy 'the Mother of Parliaments'—the creation of the Welsh Queen Elizabeth."—The Lutheran.

———:———

MEETING OF THE NEW EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Recently, Governor J. Melville Broughton appointed the members of the New North Carolina Board of Correction and Training, charged with the responsibility of administering the affairs of the five correctional and training institutions of the state. The first meeting of this board was held in the city of Raleigh, on October 7th, at which time the board was duly organized. Mr. Clyde A. Dillon, of Raleigh, was chosen as chairman and Mr. Samuel E. Leonard, of the Eastern Carolina Training School, Rocky Mount, was elected general superintendent and general manager for these institutions.

At the organization meeting an executive committee was appointed for each of the institutions involved. The members appointed for the Stonewall Jackson Training School were: Messrs. John J. Barnhardt, Concord; B. V. Hedrick, Salisbury and Herman Cone, Greensboro.

On Wednesday, October 20th, this committee held its first meeting with Mr. Barnhardt and Mr. Hedrick being present. Mr. Cone found it impossible to attend due to a business engagement in New York City. Mr. Dillon and Mr. Leonard honored the School with their presence.

Mr. Barnhardt was selected as chairman of the local executive committee. His selection has been generally accepted as most appropriate, as he has for a number of years shown exceptional interest in the progress of this institution and the welfare of the boys committed to its care. He has made generous contributions to the School from time to time, particularly for the advancement of the Boy Scout program.

Mr. Hedrick and Mr. Cone also have shown geniune interest in the School. They both served as members of the former Board of Trustees, and are familiar with the local program and needs.

The time at the first meeting was devoted primarily to three objectives, as follows:

1. Getting properly organized; 2. Getting acquainted with each other and the local officials; 3. Getting a bird's-eye view of the local school plant and its facilities.

Plans were made for holding the next meeting here on the first Wednesday of December.

* * * * * * * * *

NAVY DAY

Our Constitutional Congress founded the America Navy in 1775, in the month of October, and since then this nation has built battleships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines and aircraft carriers to establish her force on the water. In 1922, the Navy League officially named October 27th as the day to pay tribute to the sea heroes of our land and to remind us of the great part the navy has played in making us a great country.

The date, October 27th, was chosen as Navy Day in honor of Theodore Roosevelt, who was born on that date. His intense interest in the Navy during his administration as President of the United States prompted Congress to thus honor him. The spirit of the sea apparently is in the Roosevelt blood. It is a well-known fact that when Josephus Daniels was Secretary of the Navy during World War I, he was ably assisted by our present Chief Executive, who has always been a great lover of the sea.

In the past few years the building program has grown by leaps and bounds, and today the United States Navy is the strongest sea power in the world. In recognition of the splendid work being done by our navy, we gladly pause on October 27th, to pay honor to "the men who go down to the sea in ships."

* * * * * * * *

THE FLAG THAT NEVER STRUCK

We found in an old paper a story that related one outstanding event, occurring at Hampton Roads, Virginia, during the American Revolution. The entire picture displays the spirit of America, and this spirit has been passed down to the present generation. Our valiant men and women, in every branch of service on fifty battlefronts, in all parts of the world, are fighting to preserve the symbolism of "Old Glory"—and they do not mean to let it be struck in defeat.

It is well to read and reflect upon the past achievements of the courageous men of our navy, who blazed the way for the freedom we are enjoying today. Elsewhere in this issue may be found an article captioned "The Flag That Never Struck," which we recommend to our readers.

* * * * * * * *

HALLOWE'EN

Hallowe'en is the evening preceding "All Saints' Day," November 1st, and in many countries is traditionally given over to merry-making, with playful ceremonies and charms that are supposed to reflect the future. The traditional customs in this country have been

prepetuated on Hallowe'en by programs of amusements for the young people. The costumes selected for the occasion are a combination of yellow, red and black, further emphasized by false faces and peculiar caps, similar to those worn by the witch who is usually pictured riding a broom stick.

This anniversary commemorates only a superstitious myth, perhaps first practiced by the ancient Druids, of Celtic origin, and the grotesque setting often gives an uncanny feeling, but nevertheless a joy as a whole.

The boys of this institution usually enjoy a nice treat, with all the wierd glamor of color, with fortune telling and other pastime—and a menu of hot rolls, frankfurters, pickles, stick candy, peanuts and popcorn. This annual event is anticipated and enjoyed to the fullest extent.

There have been times when the true interpretation of Hallowe'en has been misunderstood, and pranks have been played upon innocent victims by taking off gates, removing porch furniture or destroying other property. Such acts are foreign to the traditional customs intended by the spirits that walked the earth on Hallowe'en, and should be discouraged. There is no fun in vandalism, but it is possible for both young and old to enjoy this ancient anniversary in a decent way.

* * * * * * * *

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

November 6th marks the anniversary of the birth of John Philip Sousa, the most famous composer of band music America has ever produced. He was born in Washington, D. C., November 6, 1854.

His urge from early childhood was rhythm, and he became the conductor of an orchestra at the age of seventeen. From 1880 to 1892, he conducted the United States Marine Corps Band, which, under his leadership became famous throughout the world. He founded his own band in 1892, and there was none comparable to it in the whole nation. For many years Sousa's Band was heard in concert in all sections of the United States and Canada, also making four tours to Europe, and in 1910 and 1911 made a trip around the entire world.

In appearence Sousa was strikingly handsome; he was always well-groomed; and his personality was felt througout the audience as soon as he stepped upon the platform. He was ever a showman, and knew how to stir the pulses of those in the throngs which gathered to hear his wonderful band.

Shortly before his death, this grand old man showed his high respect and esteem for the Father of His Country—George Washington—by composing a march and dedicating it to his memory. This march was played by the Marine Band on the Capitol Grounds, at the opening of the ceremonies in 1932, commemorating the 200th anniversary of Washington's birth.

It will be of interest to many people of this community to recall that Jay G. Sims, a native of Cabarrus County, was for many years a member of this famous band, playing first trombone and acting as business manager. Mr. Sims has many relatives in this section of the state, and a host of friends who have known him from childhood.

WHAT THE TRAINING SCHOOL OFFERS PROBLEM CHILDREN

By S. G. Hawfield, Superintendent

I. Wholesome Environment

It would probably be impossible to measure fully and accurately the influence of environment upon the life of an individual. Most people fail or succeed very largely because of the environment under which they live and grow as a child. Yes, environment in the home, in the school and in the community is indeed a powerful weapon which determines and fashions the destinies of individuals and of nations. At the Jackson Training School it is our major purpose to provide the boys who come to us an uplifting, stimulating, elevating, wholesome environment in which to live and grow. This applies both to the tangible and the intangible things of life, to the abstract and to the concrete. We find from the records which come to us along with our boys that they have lived under the shadows—the shadows of poverty and want, of ignorance and prejudice, of evil and shame. They have most often faced overwhelmng obstacles in life, such as most of us could probably not have withstood in childhood. Although a good proportion of them are either below the teen-age, or are in their early teens, their anti-solial attitudes and patterns of conduct have generally been developing over a period of several years. Our purpose is to give these boys a new chance to begin life anew in an environment of purposeful activities, and wise and prudent supervision and direction, designed to safeguard them against the ravages of poverty and crime.

Of course, the principal cause of delinquency is in the home life of the child. If parents are irreligious, non-church going, indifferent to the moral training of their chlidren; if they are negligent of patient, loving discipline and control, children grow up like a noxious weed—ugly, hurtful, dangerous, and disobedient to civil laws. They become destructive to property, indifferent to the rights of others, profane, impudent, pert, immoral, vulgar, selfish, idle, thieving, and finally join gangs who commit depredations and robberies. This is the main source of delinquency.

The Training School seeks to offer a haven of refuge to the child who has fallen heir to these evil forces. Many times have I stood face to face with a fine, handsome lad and listened to his solemn story of what the Training School did for him. Many letters from students pass across my desk, almost one every day, telling how the boys themselves feel about the good influence of the School in their lives You would be thrilled by reading them, some of whom had their their first and only chance at the Jackson Training School.

II. School Department

It is my profound conviction that the school department is by far the most important activity at the Training School. I say this not because I think that every boy at the School can or should achieve a high standard of efficiency in handling the so called

tools of learning, such as reading, riting, and arithmetic. I am sure that some will never master these skills to any great extent.

However, there are some facts about our boys of which we are certain. In the first place we know from I.Q. tests that our boys rank in intelligence only about two points below the average public school pupils; second, we know that in many instances the public schools with their procedures in mass education, have themselves failed to meet the needs of the boys; third, that a good proportion of the boys have either attended school irregularly or little at all, and fourth, we know that a good proportion of the boys will re-enter the public schools.

In far too many instances school departments in institutions have largely ignored the public schools and they have seemed to feel that their boys drop out of existence for the time being as far as the public school is concerned. When they should remember that many of the boys will re-enter the day school either to live happily in the social group or to resume their wayward ways as misfits. Thus it is obvious that school work at our institution calls for careful preparation, for initiative, for alertness and for resourcefulness.

In order to vitalize and improve our school department we have in recent months been employing women teachers. It has been impossible to get desirable men teachers at salaries that we pay and we have been forced to use women teachers. At first this was somewhat of an experiment, but we used a man to circulate in the school to help with the discipline. I am glad to say that the results have been very pleasing. These teachers have only teaching responsibilities; they have time to do outside preparation for each day's work; they know how to make classrooms attractive and meaningful. The whole school has begun to take on the appearance of a real school. The advantages have been so great that some boys have requested to be permitted to attend school all day. We have bright boys in the second grades who are 12, 13, and 14 years of age, who under normal promotions should be in 5th, 6th and 7th grades. To them we have a grave responsibility.

Within the last twelve months we have purchased many new library books. For your information may I say that we have bought thirty-seven new sets of books of 20 each for classroom use. These purchases were made from the State' latest approved lists and are being used to replace old worn-out obsolete books. These new books have been selected in terms of interests and every day life experiences of our boys.

During the year we have developed one of the nicest elementary libraries to be found in the state. We bought approximately 1200 new library books suitable to the boys in our care. The guiding thought has been to relate the library as well as the school to the practical experiences of our boys.

The entire interior of the school building has been repainted in order to make it cheerful, attractive, and clean. A number of new pictures have been placed in the school.

At the present time we have a full complement of teachers. Most of them have had some professional training, but on the present basis the school staff could not meet standardization

requirements. We should be able to pay better salaries and be in position to get good teachers. No boy in the state should be taken out of a standard school and forced to attend an inferior school at a state institution.

Prior to April 22 the entire student body, including all work lines and the academic school, followed the practice of assembling in front of the administration building in the morning and after lunch. This procedure, while it served to bring all groups together twice each day, it involved the useless loss of considerable time, it caused needless confusion by having dissimilar groups intermingled, and most of all it almost made it impossible for school to have a period for assembly programs. Under the new plan the school boys go immediately to the school building and provision is made for chapel programs.

The women teachers have been accustomed to training children for assembly programs. Through these and similar experiences we believe that we are developing a self-reliance and self-pride, that we are also developing a feeling in the minds of many of the boys a sense of their own worth and value.

The school department has moved along rapidly, but there is still room for great mprovement. At a latter time it seems wise for the school department to become a part of the state school system and be placed on the list of accredited schools.

III. Work Experiences

One of the chief functions of the program at the Jaskson Training School is to provide training, or work experiences, for all of the boys in one or more of the practical trades. The daily schedule is arranged so that the boys go to the academic school during one-half of the day and work the other half of the day.

The school is equipped to offer work experiences in nineteen different activities. These work experiences have a three-fold purpose. First, they provide opportunities for the boys to engage in useful work that contributes to the maintenance of the institution; second, they offer training opportunities in one or more of the practical trades of every day living; and third, they tend to develop in the boys a wholesome attitude towards honorable work.

The general public should not assume that the training which the boys receive at the Training School equips them to be skilled workmen. It is important to remember also that for many boys the work experiences are to be regarded largely as exploratory in their purpose, as well as vocational. Obviously it is not possible for a good percentage of the boys to make the wisest choice of a vocation at the outset, and consequently they often need work experiences in more than one field.

The public, and county superintendents of welfare in particular, should remember that it is unfair both to the Training School and to boys who are sent here to say to them that they can come here and in a short period of a few weeks or at best a few months learn to do many different things. Naturally it requires a considerable length of time for anyone to become proficient in any trade. In this connection one should also be mindful of the fact that the boys sent to the institution in most instances have not advanced very far

in the public schools; they are, as a rule, in the lower elementary grades. While they may possess vast potentialities in hand work, it must be remembered that they often learn slowly. Their learning requires continuous and prolonged repetition.

One of the basic elements of the philosophy of the officials of the Training School is that every boy should learn to do some kind of honorable work, and that he should learn to do something with his hands. To teach a boy that he can get along in the world without work is a heresy of rankest and most dangerous nature. Idleness has always been recognized as a curse to individuals and nations.

The boys enter the Training School between the ages of 10 and 16 years, and the average age is 14 years. Not many of them remain in the institution after they pass their sixteenth birthday. Thus it is seen that from the standpoint of maturity and development, it is practically impossible to turn out highly skilled workmen, capable of competing immediately with adults. Our guidng thought is that the wise counselor helps the boys to find the thing which they can do most successfully and happily, and that the unwise or dogmatic person, taking the course of least resistance, forces the boys to continue where they are, regardless of interests or aptitudes. The one thinks of the potentialities of the boys, and the other thinks merely of authority and enforcing a rule, for after all when a boy exercises his volition in making a choice, within the limits of his opportunities and his best information, he has a much greater obligation and a better incentive for making good. His chances for succeeding are infinitely greater. We plan, as far as possible, to give due consideration to their preferences, having due regard for their interests, aptitudes and mental qualifications. We are convinced of the fact that in all instances work experiences for the boys should have definite relationship to the industries of the communities to which the boys will likely return when they are eventually released. Obviously it would be of little profit to a boy to spend time in learning a trade when there is little or no prospect of his entering that trade back in his home community. In other words the boy from a textile community is encouraged to take his training in the School's textile unit; likewise the boy from a rural community is encouraged to get his training on the School farm.

IV. Recreation

We seek to provide a reasonable amount of wholesome play and recreation. We believe that it is the part of wisdom to keep the boys busy at some wholesome activity.

(a) Throughout the summer months we had a baseball tournament in which teams from the various cottages competed with those from other cottages. We made no attempt to have a varsity baseball team operated for a few well-developed boys, but instead we had intra-mural sports entirely.

(b) All of the boys went swimming twice each week in the magnificent pool which was built from funds donated by the Cone family of Greensboro.

(c) Quite frequently cottage groups go hiking on Saturday afternoons or on Sundays. There are no work

activities on Saturday afternoons.

(d) Motion pictures are shown at the School on Thursday night of each week.

(e) In the cottages such games are played as checkers, carrom, dominoes, etc., and provision is made for reading, especially in the long winter nights.

(f) Most of the boys enjoy horse shoe pitching, or marbles, or tag football.

V. Health Protection

At the Jackson Training School we definitely assume that it is our responsibility to keep the robust boy well and healthy, and also to bring the boy who ranks low in physical vigor up to standard. We believe that our boys should be given a good chance to come into their highest physical efficiency through a balanced program of cleanliness, wholesome food, medical care, clinics and immunizations.

(a) We own and operate our own infirmary, which is in charge of a resident registered nurse. We have the services of a part-time physician each day.

(b) We have an annual dental clinic lasting at least six weeks.

(c) Each year provision is made for a tonsil clinic. Defective tonsils are removed before the boys are committed to the School. The nurse estimates that 75 per cent of those who enter without undergoing this operation ultimately need it.

(d) The vaccine for the prevention of typhoid is given annually to those who have not had it within the last three years.

(e) Our policy is to provide for the boys an abundance of wholesome food that has been well prepared. At least one quart of whole milk is supplied to each boy daily. The boys are given ice cream twice each week and milk is used in breads and other foods.

(f) Cleanliness is stressed at all times and everywhere.

VI. Religious Services

The Jackson Training School places special emphasis on the religious services at the School.

(a) All of the boys attend the Sunday School services on Sunday mornings at 10:00 o'clock. Each boy is given a Sunday School book from which to prepare his lesson on each Friday night.

(b) Preaching services are held each Sunday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock. Ministers for these services come from the churches of Concord and Charlotte. It is a wonderful experience to hear the boys sing at these services.

VII. Cottage Life

The cottage offers the nearest approach to the substitute for a real home. For each cottage there is an officer and a matron. Some, of course, are better than others. What is done for the boys depend very largely upon the interest and initiative of the cottage leaders.

Provsion is made for the playing of indoor games, reading books and magazines, and each cottage has a radio for the boys' exclusive use. The cottage basements are being strikingly improved, and we plan to have tables for indoor games in the winter months. They have been repainted bright, cheerful colors. Each cottage has a boy's sitting room on the second floor for simple games and reading.

VII. The School Band

At the Jackson Training School we have an excellent Band of thirty pieces. This has turned out to be a most successful adventure. The boys in the band have made grand progress and no doubt their lives have been enriched and made different by their experiences. The band has had several nice trips last summer to play for various events.

IX. Boy Scout Troop

The Boy Scout Troop at the Jackson Training School has been remarkably successful; it has been one of our most unique achievements. It has excelled all other troops in the county in its record of achievements. The Scouts have many privileges for outside contacts and they are exerting a very fine and wholesome influence upon the other boys at the School. We are proud indeed of our Boy Scout Troop which now has twenty-six members.

WHAT HAVE WE DONE TODAY?

We shall do so much in years to come,
But what have we done today?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give today?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear;
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear;
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
But what did we speak today?

We shall be so kind in the afterwhile,
But what have we been today?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought today?
Add to steadfast faith a deeper worth;
We shall give to truth a grander birth;
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
But whom have we fed today?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown today?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built today,
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask;
But here and now do we do our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask,
"What have we done today?"

—Nixon Waterman.

THE FLAG THAT NEVER STRUCK

(In "The Christian Sun," Suffolk, Virginia, issue of July 2, 1858, there appeared the following beautiful tribute to Captain John Cowper, both in prose and verse, that portrays him as a conspicuous and fine type of Revolutionary patriot who feared neither king nor governor.)

In the War of the Revolution, the young and feeble navy of the colonies performed feats unsurpassed by any deeds of heroism and bravery in ancient or modern times. The powerful ships of the English were frequently held at bay and forced to strike their colors to some small vessel, on board of which were men as brave as those who bled at Thermopylae or fell at Marathon. One achievement ought not to pass into oblivion. John Cowper, of Nansemond County, Virginia, as brave a man as ever breathed, sailed from the Nansemond River in a small barque, called the Dolphin, and engaged the enemies of his country near Cape Henry. The Dolphin was seen from the shore hotly engaged with two cruisers; the conflict was long, and night spread her curtain over the desperate scene. The Dolphin and her crew never returned to land. The fate of the cruisers is likewise unknown. The chief officers of the Dolphin, beside her gallant captain, were Lieutenants Philip Chamberlayne, James Cunningham and Frank Lennis, and the surgeon, Dr. Simeon Harris. The crew in all numbered seventy men. Captain Cowper before weighing anchor, deliberately nailed his flag to the masthead, and declared that he would never strike it to an enemy.

'Twas when the foes of Liberty,
Hung on Columbia's coast,
When our sires arose in arms to meet
The bold invading host;
There was one deed of bravery
Of which the South may boast.

It was not in the tented field,
Nor in beleaguered town,
Tho' there our sires did win
A world wide renown,—
It was upon the surging tide
That friend and foe went down.

The British vaunted of their power
And bravery on the sea—
They had been conquerors on the deep
In many a victory,
But met at last their conquerors—
The Sons of Liberty.

A feeble little barque was manned
By valiant hearts and true,
And named the Dolphin, by her brave
Commander, and his crew,
She left the winding Nansemond,
The plunderers to pursue.

A thick and sulphurous cloud of smoke
Has veiled the strife from view—
Where death is busy mustering
His bloody, mangled crew—
The Dolphin thins the foeman's ranks
The patriot aim is true.

The gallant Cowper trod her deck,
As she swept past knoll and fen,
And numbered his devoted crew—
They were three score and ten;
A little, but gallant band
Of lion-hearted men.

Beneath a gloomy moonless sky,
The midnight air hung damp,

A hazy fog lay like a pall
Above the Dismal Swamp—
Far off was seen the watch fire's gleam
Beside the spoilers' camp.

On swept the barque with steady keel,
'Round silent point and bay,
Her gallant crew with sword and brand
Stood ready for the fray—
To meet the vandal plunderers
"By dawning of the day."
The gallant Cowper cheered his crew
And thus to them did say:

"The crimson dawn has streaked the east
The tide runs swift and fast,
Uufurl our dear country's flag,
And nail it to the mast;
We'll meet the proud usurping foe,
Ere yon dim cape is past.

And by my bleeding native land,
I swear where'er we go,
Our noble flag shall ne'er be struck
To any dastard foe;
No! Rather let us sleep in death,
Yon swelling waves below."

Around him stands his fearless crew,
They deign no vain reply,
But noble-hearted courage gleams
In every patriot's eye.
A band of heroes who will win
The victory, or die.

The breeze bears on that little barque,
Across the guarded bay,
With flag nailed to her bending mast,
She hurries to the fray.
The proud ships of the spoiler loom
High in the twilight gray.

List to the cannon's thundering roar,
As foe and foe come on,
To battle wth the fragile barque
That braves them all alone;
And boldly answers their salutes
In a defiant tone.

Now, God protect the gallant hearts,
Great God! protect the Right,
For never has the world seen
A more unequal fight;
The foe surrounds the venturous sail,
To crush her in their might.

Surrounded by her ruthless foes,
The Dolphin siatters wide
Death's shafts, but oh, a faithless plank
Has started in her side.
She slowly sinks with flag unstruck
Beneath the treacherous tide.

Unquelled her gallant crew fights on,
Around her shivered mast,
And bravely on their craven decks
Their grappling-irons are cast—
The patriots cheer, the foemen wail,
For friend and foe sink fast.

With flag unstruck the Dolphin sunk
Beneath the foaming wave,
And friend and foe have fallen asleep—
The ocean is their grave;
There sleep the vanquished enemy
Beside the patriots brave.

The sun was rising in the East,
When pealed the cannon's roar,
The sun had sunk far in the West,
Ere the bloody fight was o'er;
While on the bosom of the deep
The Dolphin rode no more.

And long the maids of Nansemond,
Watched by the lonely strand,
To welcome back the noble crew,
That ne'er returned to land;
Their flag unstruck, floats o'er

their tomb
On ocean's yellow sand.

And shall Columbia's hallowed flag
Brook insult from the slaves,
Of feeble despots, as it floats
Above its own blue waves?
Great God, forbid, else we have fallen
Upon degenerate days.

—— —:——

BUILDING A LIFE

This life of mine I have to build
Requires work I can't escape;
No other one can perform this task,
The job is mine to plan and shape;
And I must choose some shapely norm
To guide my work and give it form.

The tools which Nature gave to me
May not be all I might desire;
The age in which I have to build
May offer less than I require;
With what I have I toil with zest,
Ever striving to do my best.

It may not be that I can rise
To heights sublime which some attain;
Nor win the praise of honored rank
Which birth or wealth helps others gain;
Yet it is mine to mar or make—
This humble life which seems my fate.

I shall decide what I shall do,
And form my habits clean and strong;
Give place to acts of love and truth,
Rejecting all that is mean and wrong;
Return to life more than it gave
Of sincere friendship all men crave.

So let me build my life today,
And build it in a Godly way;
Then years ahead, though come what may,
The voice of time will truly say:
"Behold! A temple built to stay,
Made from the deeds of yesterday."

—Selected.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

(Selected)

Military band music has always enjoyed in all countries of the world an especial popularity, and the chances are that it always will. The tingling sensation of excitement produced by the distant music of bands on parade, the lift and thrill of the blaring brass, the irresistible rhythm that insists upon your feet keeping time, will always exert its same old magical spell. What with the thousands upon thousands of high school bands, private club bands, fife and drum corps, etc., there is more band music being learned and played by the youngsters of our country today than ever before. There is today an ever increasing demand for the more popular band pieces, especially the ever favorite marches of the late "March King," John Philip Sousa.

John Philip Sousa was born in Washington, D. C., November 6, 1854. His father, Antonio, was a Portuguese exile, having come to the United States in 1840 as a very young man. Here, he met at the home of a neighbor friend in Brooklyn a young Bavarian woman who had only shortly before arrived from Germany, and they subsequently married. Sousa's parents were not considered particularly musical, although his father played the trombone in the Marine Band, and of the large family of eleven children, young John Philip was the only one to develop with musical inclinations. When he was about eight years old, the Civil War broke out and Washington became a veritable armed camp with military bands parading galore. Sousa says he fell in love with all of them and was so anxious to play an instrument so that he could get into one that his father finally allowed him to take lessons on the voilin from an old Spanish friend, John Esputa, an excellent musician who came to their home almost every evening. He also studied some of the band instruments with Esputa, but mostly the violin.

At eleven, Sousa appeared in public as a violin soloist; at thirteen, when he nearly ran away from home for a job with a traveling circus, he was enrolled as a member of the Marine Band by his father. Finishing at the academy of music the next year, he was awarded five medals for outstanding ability. At fifteen, he was teaching harmony. While playing in the Marine Band he had been studying music theory and composition with G. F. Benkert.

Sousa's penchant for leadership showed itself early, for he was already conducting an orchestra for a traveling theatrical company when he was only seventeen. A year later he was appointed cioductor of the orchestra of the Theatre Comique, later playing violin in the orchestra of Ford's Opera House, Washington. His flair for composition developed early, too, and before he was twenty-one, he had composed a small repertoire of pieces for the violin and piano. In Philadelphia, 1876, he was one of the first violins of the

orchestra conducted by the noted composer, Jules Offenbach, when he visited the United States. At this time he composed also the International Congress Fantasy, which was first played on July 4th, 1876.

Later, while conducting for the Church Choir Company, he wrote his first operetta: The Smugglers, and while with Mackery's Comedy Company, completed Our Flirtatations for them.

The turning point in young Sousa's dramatic career undoubtedly came with his appointment as conductor of the band of the U. S. Marine Corps. This was in 1880. Sousa served in this organization for twelve years under five Presidents: Hayei, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland and Harrison. He built the band into the finest military and concert band in the country and was in constant demand for engagements. As his commandant was opposed to trips of longer duration than twenty-four hours, Sousa found it impossible to take the band on any of the extended tours that he had been planning for some time. It was not until President Harrison's administration that he finally secured permission to take the band on tour, and their first one—of five weeks duration, touching many leading cities, was a financial as well as artistic success. Thereafter, the band took semi-annual cross country tours, always with great success.

It was during one of these tours, in the year 1892, that the band was playing in Chicago and the interrest of David Blakely, manager of Gilmore's Band and later of Sousa's, was aroused to such an extent that he promised to finance the venture if Sousa would form his own band. The idea appealed to Sousa immediately and he resigned his post on August 1st to organize his own band. From the first, the success of the new band was magical. It was a distinct creation, something so unlike anything known that no less an artist than Anton Rubinstein said: "They have Thomas Orchestras in other countries, but only America has Sousa, I never have imagined such an orchestra of brass instruments. It could serve as a model for many famous orchestras."

Every year, Sousa and his band toured the country winning greater and greater acclaim, the public never seeming to tire of him and his music. His extended engagement during the season of 1915-16, at New York Hippodrome, where he appeared with his band daily and to an average weekly attendance of 60,000 people is a most couclusive demonstration of his popularity, and the hold he had on the public.

Sousa's concerts were usually made up of standard and classic music; not a potpourri of popular tunes and his own captivating marches. Rarely ever did more than one of his march compositions grace the printed program: but before a concert had concluded, several of the most popular marches were played for the clamouring public. He was the first to play a Liszt Hungarian Rhapsody by a brass band. Sousa always carried both instrumental and vocal soloists with his band and fine artists were developed by him, including such well known stars as Arthur Pryor, a trombone

vrtuoso and later a famous composer and leader of his on band; Maude Powell, the famous violinist; and the singer and now famous teacher, Estelle Liebling.

As a composer, Sousa originated a march style that was unique, following up one successful march with another equally catchy and inspiring, until he was soon known around the world as "The March King." When the band-master died in 1932, he left behind more than a hundred marches, the majority of which were of exceptional quality. In addition to his marches which made him world famous, Sousa composed ten comic operas; including Desiree, El Capitan, The Charlatan, The Bride Elect; six suites for band (which were often represented on his programs); a symphonic poem; The Chariot Race; many songs and miscellaneous compositions. In addition to his musical composition Sousa devoted a considerable time to his literary sideline, contributing many articles to magazines, miscellaneous verses, and even two novels: The Fifth String and Pipetown Sandy, both of which were successful. Under the auspices of the Government, Sousa complied National, Patriotic and Typical Airs of All Countries. A book of quotations for his works appeared under the title Through The Years, and he wound up his literary career with his autobiographical, Marching Along.

During his glamorous career, Sousa made four European tours with his band and on one occasion (1910-11) took his organization on a fourteen month tour around the world —first time that such an undertaking had ever been accomplished. He appeared before King Edward and Queen Alexandra at both Sandringham and at Windsor in 1900, 1901, 1903, 1905; the King on the first occasion honoring him with the decoration of the Victorian Order. Other honors received were the Diploma of Honor of the Academy of Heinault, Belgium; the Palms of the Academy and appointment of officer of Public Instruction from the French Government. In Russia he was wildly acclaimed, as he was everywhere he went. At home, he twice received honorary degree of Doctor of Music, in 1920, from Pennsylvania Military College, and in 1923 from Marquette University. His official Naval title was Lieutenant-Commander, U.S.N.R.F.

No exposition of importance was complete without the participation of Sousa and his Band. Starting with the famous World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, 1893, the band took part in the Cotton State's Exposition, Atlanta, 1896 — Paris Exposition, 1900 —P an American Exposition, 1900-01—Scotch Exposition at Glasgow, 1901 — St. Louis World's Fair, 1904 — Panama Pacific Exposition, 1915, at San Francisco — and a host of smaller ones at home and abroad. It was during an engagement at Pittsburg Exposition that Sousa learned of the death of President McKinley, and immeliately arranged a suite of the President's favorite hymns and played the number as a memorial at every performance.

Sousa was not very careful about his financial matters in the early days of his success, and sold many of his best marches for a song. With one

publisher, he had a contract which called for the payment of $35.00 per march and of those which he sold for this paltry sum are the famous Semper Fidelis, Picador, The Crusader, Washington Post, High School Cadets and other marches.

The biography of John Philip Sousa is recommended for those who would like to read a complete and very interesting history of a great American.

TIME TELLS

When I was credulous, callow and trusting,
When—in a word—I was young,
Friendship, I thought, was a chain never-rusting,
One which would hold when I clung.

People, I thought—my illusions were many—
Mostly were decent and fair;
Enemies? Lordy, I didn't have any,
So I was wont to declare.

Now, marked with years and life's bumps and contusions,
I can smile back at the youth
Who once was I—for his eager illusions
Came pretty near to the truth.

When my encounters with humans are listed,
Most people treated me well,
Most of my enemies never existed,
Most of my friends have been swell!

—Berton Braley.

A WRITER OF HYMNS

By Elmer S. Gerhard

William Walsham How (1823-1897), the author of the noble hymn, "Oh, Jesus, Thou Art Standing," was born in Shrewsbury, England, and was graduated from Oxford in 1845. He was at one time Rector of Whittington, and later became Bishop of Bedford (East London). The Church of England may have had bishops of various types, but this one, it is thought, seemed different.

As the Bishop of East London, he became known as the "Poor Man's Bishop," and also as the "People's Bishop." He may have looked a little odd in his clerical garb; for it is said that at first he was rather a curous sight, rigged out in his episcopal dress, flat hat, apron and gaiters. Arrayed in this somewhat unusual outfit, he caused people on the street to inquire who he was. "That's a Bishop," they were told. But because of his kindly ministration among the needy of East London the former designation was now turned into, "That is our bishop." Probably, in the words of Goldsmith, those

> ". . . who came to scofff
> remained to pray."

Bishop How, though he was a writer of prose and wrote numerous treatises on pastoral theology and commentaries on the Gospels, yet poetry makes up the larger part of his literary output. His hymns are the best known of his writings and his greatest and finest legacy to the Church. He was one of the leading contributors to church hymnals of his day. Few hymn writers have made more substantial contributions than he.

It is estimated that he wrote some fifty or sixty hymns, two-thirds of which are still in common use. That so many of his hymns have sung themselves into the hearts of people may be due to the fact that he combines pure rhythm with great directness and simplicity, for he goes straight to the heart of his theme, and all without imagery and metrical niceties. He seems to arrest attention more through a comprehensive grasp of his subject and through the light thrown upon it and the warmth infused into facts and details, usually shunned by poets, than through glowing imagery and impassioned rhetoric.

It may have been because of these qualities, just mentioned, that he was asked to write the hymn to be sung throughout Britain on the sixteenth anniversary of the coronation of Queen Victoria. Bishop How was then only thirty-one years old. This distinction would indicate the esteem in which he was held. It seems rather strange that this public function did not devolve upon Lord Tennyson, the poet laureate. It was expected that the poet laureate would furnish an ode annually for the sovereign's birthday and to celebrate in verse great national events. Some of the functions of this office have, of course, during late years become obsolete. Bishop How's hymn begins "O King of Kings, whose reign of old," Sir Arthur Sullivan, noted English composer and conductor, com-

posed the tune. The hymn, for obvious reasons, is not found in hymnals. Another of his greatly favored hymns is

"For all the saints who from
their labors rest."

This hymn was sung at the funeral of Phillips Brooks, in Trinity Church, Boston, 1893. But noted and favored as many of his hymns are, they are in the main over-shadowed by his grand and noble hymn,

"O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door."

If Bishop How had written nothing else, this hymn alone would have made his name immortal.

The incipient idea of this hymn, like that of many another, was a matter of accident. It so happened that Jean Ingelow (1820-1897), an English novelist and poetess, in an English fishing village, Boston, Lincolonshire, England, wrote a sermon-poem entitled, "Brothers, And a Sermon." This poem chanced to fall into the hands of Bishop How. So forcibly was he impressed with its pathos that he scribbled on an old scrap of paper the first idea of the stanza beginning with the familiar lines. He then wrote out the whole hymn, never altered or revised since.

The passage in Jean Ingelow's poem which evidently arrested Bishop How's attention and aroused his thought and emotion is the significant passage, surely significant enough in this instance, in Rev. 3: 20, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him." In the "sermon" part of her poem Jean Ingelow repeats these words in toto four times. It was this apt quotation reinforced by repetition that fired Bishop How with holy zeal to write the hymn.

It is a most remarkable coincidence that shortly before this hymn was written, William Holman Hunt (1827-1910), an Enylish artist of note, should paint and exhibit in 1857 his finest work: "The Light of the World." He represents in picture form the very same idea, or theme, that Bishop How worked out in his hymn in 1867. But Holman Hunt—and there is good authority for this statement—based his theme on a passage in the Song of Solomon 5: 2—

". . . it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh,
saying, open to me, my sister, my beloved. . ."

There is no proof that the one work provoked the other; each artist developed his theme independently of the other and according to his own conception. Each man tried to "brighten the corner where he was."

Holman Hunt belonged to a school of artists who aimed at a closer study of nature so as to paint things as they probably did look and happen and not how they may have looked and happened gracefully and sublimely according to rule and dogma. To carry out these principles of art as he conceived them, he spent six years in Syria, Palestine and Jerusalem to study figures and landscape for his two great religious paintings: the one already mentioned and "Finding Christ In the Temple."

Hunt was a great exponent of Christianity, and devoted himself principally to religious subjects. His work is full of religious feeling and is characterized by absolute fidelity to nature. One can observe by study-

ing the pictures the beautiful detail in the leaves and vines and in the designs in the robe hanging over Christ's shoulder, and how He, with the thorns on His brow and with bowed head, knocks at the door, the latch of which is not on the outside. Vines have grown over the door, evidently it has not been opened for a long time. In His hand is a lantern, the rays of which fall upon some fruit which has dropped ungathered; and behind Him is the light of the rising moon.

What a sermon both the hymn and the picture preach. And how admirably the two artistic productions complement each other. Jean Ingelow and her poetry have long since been measurably forgotten. But it did its part by inspiring at least one saintly character to pour out his soul in a hymn which the Christian world will not willingly let die.

The hymn virtually consists of three double stanzas which follow in close logical order.

The Episcopalians prize it so highly that they devote three pages to it in their hymnal, and adapt it to three tunes, the finest of which is St. Edith, to which it is invariably sung. This hymn is virtually found in every worthy collecton.

Besides the few favorites already mentioned he wrote among others still in common use: "We Give Thee but Thine Own" (1858); "Lord Jesus, When We Stand Afar" (1854); "O Word of God Incarnate" (1867); "Jesus! Name of Wondrous Love!" (1854). The Common Service Book with Hymnal contains ten of Bishop How's hymns.

WHICH IS ME?

Within my earthly temple there's a crowd:
There's one of us that's humble, one that's proud,
There's one that's broken-hearted for his sins,
And one that unrepentant sits and grins,
There's one that loves his neighbor as himself,
And one that cares for naught but fame and pelf.
From much perplexing care I would be free
If I could once determne which is me!

—Author Unknown.

NAVY DAY

(The Charlotte Observer)

One hundred and sixty-eight years ago a committee of three men, John Adams, Silas Dean and John Langdon purchased the merchant ship Black Prince of Philadalphia. Renamed the Alfred, this vessel had the distinction of being the first ship in the United States Navy. These men were appointed by Congress, through the efforts of George Washington, as a Naval Committee responsible for the purchase of two vessels. An original appropriation of $100,000 was increased several days later, making possible the purchase of four ships in all — the latter three named the Columbus, Cabot and Andrew Doria.

The date October 27, on which Congress in 1775 acted to establish our Navy, is celebrated annually as Navy Day. The purpose of Navy Day is to pay a deserved tribute to the splendid service the men in the Navy have rendered in making and keeping us as a nation and to better inform the American people of what our Navy is and does for them. When originally chosen, October 27 marked not only one of the most important dates in U. S. Naval history, but also the birth date of Theodore Roosevelt whose life was devoted to furthering a sound naval policy for the United States.

In its early days, the history of our Navy was a turbulent one. During the Revolutionary period 73 vessels of all descriptions were used, but through sale, capture and destruction only one was left in 1785 and during that year Congress abolished the Navy, leaving the burden of the protection of our country in the hands of an army of only 80 men. In 1794 our Navy was revived by a Congressional Act authorizing the construction of several frigates to deal with the Algerine pirates and the first U. S. Navy Department was established four years later. One of these new frigates purchased as result of this act of 1794 was the Constitution — with the Constellation, United States, President, Congress and Chesapeake making up a Navy which, through successful encounters with French cruisers and privateers, established an enviable reputation for itself. In 1801 in a series of engagements with the Barbary states and the ensuing treaties rendered commerce in the Mediterranean safe from attack and ended the payment of tribute by Americans.

The outstanding performance of our Navy and privateers during the War of 1812 insured freedom of the seas for our commerce and further increased our national prestige abroad.

The effective work of the Navy during the World War I is still fresh in the minds of most of us. The astonishing fact that no American soldier escorted by the U. S. Navy lost his life in traveling across the Atlantic amazed even those in the higest positions of authority.

All American foreign relations, all American participation in the life of the community of nations must find its expression through

traffic on the seas. Ships, both commercial and naval, are the means of giving effective outlet to America's right to participation in international trade and politics.

———:———

MY PURPOSE

To be a little kindlier
With the passing of each day;
To leave but happy memories
As I go along my way;
To use possessions that are mine
In service full and free;
To sacrifice the trivial things
For larger good to be;
To give of love in lavish way
That friendship true may live;
To be less quick to criticize,
More ready to forgive;
To use such talents as I have
That happiness may grow;
To take the bitter with the sweet,
Assured 'tis better so;
To be quite free from self-intent
Whate'er the task I do;
To help the world's faith stronger grow,
In all that's good and true.
God grant to me the strength of heart,
Of motive and of will,
To do my part and falter not
His purpose to fulfill.

—Author Unknown.

A HALLOWE'EN SURPRISE

By Lina E. Lindsley, in Thrift

Bob and Dick had been trying to think of something new to do on Halloween night. Of course, it's easy to think of soaping people's windows, but that isn't a very good joke, and the boys figured out that it was putting somebody to too much work to clean it up.

"I wish we could think of something that would be a real suprise," Dick said.

"Let's surprise old lady Tanner," suggested Bob. "Remember that day she called us in?"

"Oh, yes," grinned Dick; "that was the time the toad got into her house, and she wanted us to take it away."

"She don't like toads," Bob said, laughing. "Couldn't we send her a toad for a Halloween surprise?"

"That's a good idea," agreed Dick. "Lets get one from the creek." And the two boys laughed when they thought how "surprised" old lady Tanner would be when she found a toad at her door. They went at once to the creek and caught a toad, then went home and placed it in a jar on the back porch too await the dark hour of great surprise for dear old Mrs. Tanner.

As soon as it was dark enough they took the jar and hurried down the street. A gleam of light behind the drawn shade indicated Mrs. Tanner was home.

"Have you got the card, Bob?" whispered.

"No, I forgot it," said Bob, "but I can write one." So he pulled out his notebook and wrote on a slip of paper as well as he could in the dark, "A Halloween Surprise." Then he placed the note on the jar. Dick rapped loudly on the door, and the two boys scampered away to hide in the bushes.

The door opened. The boys could see Mrs. Tanner pick up the jar. They could hardly keep from snickering aloud. The door closed again, and the boys waited to hear the old lady scream. But she did not scream, and the disappointed youngsters sneaked home.

The next morning a messenger boy came to their home with a package for "Bob and Dick."

"It's from Mrs. Tanner," said their mother. Cautiously the two boys opened the package, and there right before their eyes was a most delicious box of candy—the yellow, creamy kind both liked so well! "Candy!" both yelled. But they hesitated to eat any of it because their guilty conscience told them this might be a grand trick on the part of Mrs. Tanner to get even. On top of the candy was Bob's notebook and a mysterious note. It read: "Thank you, Bob and Dick. From one to whom you have been good."

"If you boys don't want the candy, I'll eat it," said their mother, and she took a luscious-looking piece. The boys watched anxiously. "What lovely candy!" mother exclaimed. Then Bob and Dick dug into the box.

"Queer, ain't it?" Dick said as soon as the two boys were alone. "Why should she give us candy when we—were mean to her!"

"And I had to drop my notebook—tough luck!" whined Bob, hardly

listening to what Dick was saying.

"It's the strangest thing, Bob! She said we were good to her. I don't see that giving her a toad to jump out and scare her to death is being good to her'"

At the noon meal the mother said, "If you boys had told me you were planning a nice surprise for Mrs. Tanner, I would have been glad to help." The boys did not answer.

When it was time for the desert, mother brought the jar of pickled fruit from the back porch and set it on the table. As she removed the cover, a big, ugly toad jumped out and hopped all over the table. Of course, mother screamed. Bob and Dick sat like chunks of ice. They could think of nothing but the wrong jar.

"Someone played a mean trick on us," mother exclaimed, "taking the jar of fruit and leaving a jar with a toad." And then she laughed. Even Dick and Bob laughed a little, but decided then and there that, after all, nice surprises are the most fun.

—:—

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Adams and his group of youthful barbers have been quite busy this week, giving all the boys a neat hair-trim.

—:—

Several members of the Training School Boy Scout Troop went to Concord one day lase week to distribute literature in connection with the War Fund Drive.

—:—

At the present writing we are happy to report that there are but two bed patients in our infirmary. These are sore throat cases, and we have been informed that both lads are getting along nicely.

—:—

The cannery force has been quite busy for the past few days, canning a combination of lima beans and carrots. This will be used as a sort of foundation for making vegetabls soup during the winter months.

—:—

Three of our boys were recently taken to Kannapolis for a tubercular test, at a clinic conducted by the Cabarrus County Health Department. Upon examination these boys were found to be free from any symptoms of tuberculosis.

—:—

We just received a card from Delma C. Gray, better known here as "Red," stating that he was in the United States Navy, receiving his basic training at Bainbridge, Maryland. Red is now eighteen years old. He came to the School from Albemarle, March 16, 1940 and was allowed to return to his home, March 25, 1942. For quite some time after going back to Albemarle, he worked in a cotton mill, but for several months prior to his enlistment in the Navy, he was employed as driver of a delivery truck for one of the grocery stores in that city. We received reports from time to time that he was getting along well.

During his stay at the School, this lad was a member of the Cottage No. 10 group and was employed in the printing department, making a very good record at both places.

Red says: "Having a very nice time in the Navy. It sure is a wonderful life. In some ways it reminds me of good old J. T. S. I did not get into the printing department, but am taking up electrical work. Expect to be home for Thanksgiving, and will be up to the School, so save me some turkey. Tell all the officers and boys that I said 'hello' and write soon."

—:—

Superintendent Hawfield recently received a letter from William R. Young, formerly of Cottage No. 10, who is now in the United States Army. Bill's letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: I guess you think I have forgotten you, but I haven't and never shall forget you and the good officers at the School. Am getting along fine and enjoying Army life very much. Have just finished a week of firing on the range, with the M-l rifle. That is one of the finest rifles I have ever seen. It didn't kick me a single time, but there were some who didn't hold it in the proper position, and there were some black eyes and bruised jaws among the boys. One fellow was teased about winking at his rifle—they said the rifle didn't like his wink,: so it kicked him. My rifle must have liked the way I winked at it, as it didn't kick me. Have qualified as sharpshooter, but haven't received my medal yet. It will be machine guns, mortars and pistols next, and I'm going to do my best on all of them.

We sure have to get up early here. We have to do this in order to make good soldiers to win the war, so I don't grumble about it. The Army is what you make of it; you may make it easy for yourself or very hard. A couple of the boys in our outfit are making it hard for themselves. They were given passes and didn't come back at the proper time, so they are now prisoners. One of them was treated so good, too, and then took advantage of what was done for him. The captain took him in his own car to find out something about his wife, and she came to see him that week-end, and he had gone away, and missed- seeing her. It seems like the more you do for some fellows the less they appreciate it. I will never do anything like that, for I think more of myself and of my country than that.

"Please remember me to all the boys and officers. Would like to be with them for a while—not that I don't like the Army—but certainly would like to see all of them.

"I know you are still doing a good job at the School, just as you were doing at the time I left. Keep it up. The boys will appreciate it, if not now, they will when they leave there. I certainly appreciate what you did for me. It will go with me wherever I go, and you all will get the credit for whatever I make of myself.

"Remember, I shall always be glad to hear from you all and to get a copy of The Uplift once in a while. I am making the best of everything, and will from now on. Your old friend, William R. Young."

—:—

Our old friend, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, visited the School last Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by Major Hilda Woodall, chief secretary of the Salvation Army Post, of that city, and Miss Cleo Privette, corps secretary of the Rocky Mount Post. Shortly after the singing of the opening hymn, Superintendent

Hawfield introduced Miss Woodall, who assumed charge of the regular service. These two lades sang a duet, and Miss Privette rendered a solo, with the boys all joining in the choruses.

Major Woodall, in bringing her message to the boys, stated that she was going to call their attention to the stories of three boys, prominent in the Bible. She first mentioned the Christ Child, who, at the age of twelve, was lost, and was found in the temple. Jesus had gone with his parents to attend the feast of the Passover in Jerusalem. Great throngs of people were there, The feast was over, and the crowd started home. Their modes of travel were slow as compared to modern means, and Mary and Joseph were three days on their journey when they missed the boy, Jesus. They first thought he was with some of their relatives, but failing to find him with any of the people in their crowd, went back to Jerusalem. There they found him in the temple, talking with the doctors and other learned men, answering and asking questions. When questoned by his mother, this twelve-year-old boy asked if she cared not that he must be about his Father's business. At the time, Mary did not understand the meanng of the lad's words, but she kept his sayings in her heart. That is the way it should be with us. We should keep Jesus in our hearts and think of him constantly.

The speaker next called attention to another boy in the Bible, who played a very prominent part in a great occurrence in the life of the Master—the miracle of the loaves and fishes. This lad, who joined the throng of more than five thousand, had taken with him five little barley loaves and two small fishes for his lunch. When the disciples called the Master's attention to the fact that the people were tired and hungry and must be fed, his boy offered his lunch to Jesus, who performed one of his greatest miracles—that of feeding the multitude and having much food left over. That small boy gave his gift and made good use of it. So it is with us today. We may not all be able to do great things, but if we give to Jesus all that we have, great blessings will come to us.

Major Woodall then told her listeners of another boy—a boy who heard God's voice and obeyed it. His mother prayed to the Lord that she might have a son, promising that if her request were granted, she would take that son to the temple as a gift to God. The lad was born and his mother kept her promise. As a lad at the temple, probably about twelve years old, he had small tasks to perform. While asleep, he heard a voice calling his name. He ran to the high priest, Eli, and said, "Here am I, what do you want me to do?" Eli replied that he had not called him. The same thing happened a second time. Eli told the lad, Samuel, that if he heard the voice again, he should answer, "Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth," explaining to him that it was indeed the voice of God calling to him.

The speaker then urged the boys to listen for the voice of God, and when they heard Him speak, to make the same reply as the one made by Samuel. She added that it was possible for God to speak to us at any time and it made no difference where we were. What we need is to come in

contact with the mighty power of God, and let Him guide our thoughts and actions.

In conclusion, Major Woodall told the boys that the greatest need in the world today is for people to learn to know God, and be better enabled to help spread His Kingdom to all corners of the earth after this great war is over.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending October 24, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Ernest Bullard
William Burnett
Robert Finley
Donald Hobbs
Leonard McAdams
Charles Pearson
James Stamper
Jerry Smith
Weaver Ruff
Harry Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 1
Ralph Bailey
Richard Billings
Roland Brooks
George Cox
Marion Cox
Douglas Dorsett
John Franks
Jack Gray
Roy Jones
Rufus Massingill
Roy Mumford
Jack Ray
Leonard Robinson
David Swink
Luther Vaughn

COTTAGE NO. 2
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3
Everett Bowden
Hugh Cornwell
Donald Daniels
Lawrence Littlejohn
Roy Monoley
Samuel Pritchett
Ray Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 4
William Davis
Charles Lanford
J. C. Lynn
Raiford Medlin
Lewis Sawyer
Malcom Seymour
Richard Shehan
Edgar Shell
Roy Swink
Walter Thomas
Edward VanHoy
Martin Walters
William C. Willis
Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 5
Buck Corn
William Dawn
Earl Harris
Earl Hoyle
Rodney Starnes
Everett Stamey
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 6
Eugene Bowers
Willis Caddell
Charlton Cox
James Eller
Earl Gilmore
Ralph Gibson
Everett Gallion

Marvin Lipscomb
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean
James McMahan
James Snead
Joseph Turner
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE NO. 7

Albert Allen
R. C. Combs
Wallace Foster
Donald Grimstead
John McLean
Lloyd Sain
Marion Todd
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 8

Homer Johnson
Troy Morris
Edward Renfro

COTTAGE NO. 9

Cecil Caldwell
Leonard Church
Fred Grimstead
Edward Guffey
Morris Johnson
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

Paul Alphin
Floyd Barnes
C. W. Cline
Fred Carswell
Jack Clifton
Joseph Kincaid
Edward Loftin
Alfred Lamb
E. C. Stamey
Charles Tate
A. B. Woodard

COTTAGE NO. 11
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

W. C. Boyd
Dexter Goard
Robert Hobbs

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Odeen Bland
Fred Bostian
Robert Caudle
Joseph Case
Charles Callahan
John Fargis
Jack Gentry
Willian Hardin
Robert Holbert
William Lane
James Linebarrier
Joseph McKinney
Robert Moose
James Norton
Hayes Powell
John Pritchard
Paul Stone
Walter Stansbury
Robert Travis
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE NO. 15

Edgar Blanchard
Thomas Baumgarner
Harold Coffey
James Cantrell
Burley Edmondson
William Griffin
David Lewis
Harvey Leonard
Charles Ledford
Roger Ried
Hugh Roberts
Clyde Shook
Evans Watson
John Watts
William Whittington
Leroy Willetts

364

THE UPLIFT

9 1943

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 6, 1943 NO. 45

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM
(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

MOUNTAIN AIR

Tell me of Progress if you will,
But give me sunshine on a hill—
The gray rocks spiring to the blue,
The scent of larches, pinks and dew,
And summer sighting in the trees,
And snowy breath on every breeze.
Take towns and all that you find there,
And leave me sun and mountain air.

—John Galsworthy.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
WITH OUR ARMED FORCES		8
JUVENILE DELINQUENCY IN N. C.	By A. W. Cline	13
FAMOUS N. C. EDUCATOR	By Ruth Crabtree	22
INSTITUTION NOTES		24
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollow of the grove, the withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentie race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain,
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill.
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side;
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

—William Cullen Bryant.

A WORD OF APPRECIATION

Dr. Hubert A. Royster, of Raleigh, a true friend and staunch supporter of the Stonewall Jackson Training School for many years, recently wrote Superintendent Hawfield, expressing his appreciation of our little weekly magazine. It has been said that a kindly pat on the back is enjoyed by everyone, and we are no exception to the rule. Our constant aim shall be to endeavor to keep our School publication on such a high plane as to always be deserving of such commendation as that which comes from Dr. Royster. His letter reads as follows:

Dear Mr. Hawfield:

I was so impressed on reading the editorial, "The Importance of Reverence" in The Uplift that I must needs write you to commend it. Apparently in the world of today reverence is becoming a lost virtue. The defiant attitude of some of our young people, and the careless, neglectful position of many of our contemporaries have all but made us a race of irreverent human beings. This applies not only to religious observances, as you have so graphically portrayed, but also to secular things. There is need of a decent reverence for God, for truth, for parents, for teachers, and for all those in authority. I know of some who have no reverence for God or man. Have our young folks become so democratic, so individualistic that they resent any attempt to acquaint them with the value of the higher things in life, or to instil into them the simple ways of ordinary politeness? To offset such tendencies we of the older generations must preserve our reverence for, and our faith in the attributes held in our youth. Many of us are not guiltless of 'jeers and sneers.' To revere means to regard with deepest respect, to hold in great honor or high esteem, and those of us who hope to have such a distinction or to command such acclaim, should seek to deserve it, both by precept and example. True reverence accompanies the recognition of superiority or worth in others.

"I value the complimentary copy of The Uplift which I receive and read carefully each week. I was a member of the original Board of Trustees of the Training School and its first secretary, and I recall with pleasure the visits to the School during my term of office. Now that I have retired from active

professional work, I look back over the years with pride to the great things accomplished. For your important part in carrying on, I send you my congratulations.

Sincerely,

Hubert A. Royster.

* * * * * * * *

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

William Cullen Bryant was born at Cummington, Mass., November 3, 1794. He was known as the "Father of American Poets" because he was the first one to rise to eminence. His poetry will be better understood if we emphasize two main facts in his early development. First, he was descended from John and Priscilla Alden of Mayflower stock, and was reared in the strictest Puritan fashion. His religious training determined the attitude of all his poetry toward nature. In the second place, he passed his youth in the fine scenery of western Massachusetts, which is in considerable measure the counterpart of the Lake Country which bred Wordsworth. The glory of the region reappears in his verse.

While it is true that Bryant has never been so popular and beloved as Longfellow, some of his poems, such as "Thanatopsis," "To a Waterfowl," "The Death of the Flowers" and "To a Fringed Gentian," are as well known as anything else in the nation's verse. They have given inspiration and pleasure to millions of people.

From early boyhood, Bryant devoted much of his time to study and reading. At the age of ten years, his first poem appeared in a country newspaper. When seventeen years old, he wrote "Thanatopsis," the first great poem produced in America. The appearance of this poem aroused much discussion, some European critics even going so far as to state they did not believe any American could have writtten it.

After one year's attendance at Williams College, Bryant gave it up, and began the study of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1815, and practiced this profession for ten years. He moved to New York in 1825, where, for three years he served as associate editor of the "Evening Post," then for more than half a century

was editor-in-chief of that paper, becoming a notable figure in municipal affairs.

Quite frequently those whose genius flowers as early as did Bryant's, show a decided decline in their later work, but he remained productive to the last. Above all, he was a poet of nature, in whose beauties he found inspiration. As editor of one of the great papers in the nation's largest city, he attained distinction, and lived to see many of the reforms which he advocated, firmly established.

This grand old man of American literature died in 1878, at the age of eighty-four, and was buried beside his wife at Roslyn, Long Island.

* * * * * * * *

INDIAN SUMMER AGAIN

Folks still find time to put forth the yearly argument and follow it with active debate as to when and if an Indian Summer! There are always sides, those who claim it has been in October, those who await it always in November, those who insist that it fell in September this year, and those who think it's a silly belief in the first place. But a non-believer must be told again the Indian story and of how the red man started the whole business in the first place. At least, Indian Summer bears his name and we look to him for the reason. The tale goes that the good, thrifty Indians took advantage of the fine days in early autumn and kept busy harvesting their crops for the long winter to come. But the lazy Indians who would rather go fishing, hunting and sleep, insisted that cold weather would wait for them. According to the folk legend, the Great Spirit decided to show these indolent fellows a thing or two, and had Jack Frost touch the earth to awaken them. How they bewailed and beseeched for another chance to gather their crops, and the generous Great Spirit sent them their opportunity in Indian Summer. But this is not what the Indian himself calls it, for he speaks of the days as "the lazy farmer's chance." Not only those Indians were putting off until the finer weather ahead. Even today you will find folks putting off the garnering of crops until the very last. They still depend upon Indian Summer to see them through. But the wise farmer, the one who studies weather and his fields, knows that you can't de-

pend upon this season to come at any certain time, if come it does. Killing frosts won't hold back for an Indian legend, you know.

—Mooresville Enterprise.

* * * * * * * *

TEACHING NECESSARY FUNDAMENTALS

It is pretty generally known that young people in the last quarter of a century have not had a thorough training in spelling, and we have also observed that they are not familiar with the divisions of the eastern and western continents, the capitals of the countries, the rivers, the mountains, and the chief cities of each. Take for instance the veteran scholars of fifty years ago, and they are good spellers and know geography. This class was taught from the Blue Back Speller and Maury's Primary, Intermediate Manual and Physical Geographies. Relative to becoming good spellers we recommend the old Blue Back Spellers for the school room, and the Friday afternoon spelling matches. In fact, in the by-gone days, if students did not know these fundamentals they did not have a high rating. We take the following from an exchange of high merit, hoping our readers will profit by the same:

> Are we entering upon an era of better spelling, more correct speech and more precise knowledge of the world in which we live? Is the Army about to succeed where the public schools have too often failed, That seems a justified inference from a report issued by the New York Public Library and from investgations in many quarters. The most popular book in Army libraries, it is said, is the unabridged dictionary. "It settles more arguments on the use and misuse, spelling and pronunciation of words, and helps to get more letters in the mail than Mr. Webster ever dreamed it would." (Wonder if any of the letters call radio announcers to task for their weird pronunciations?) Atlases are said to run the dictionaries a close second. The reason is obvious. The soldiers have been pitched headlong into a new world, and they instinctively try to adjust themselves to novel realities. Their home-folks will reap the first benefits, but in the process the world will inherit a generation of bettered speech and observation.

WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES

The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that four employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

Staff Members

Brausa, Ralph J. (Navy)
Carriker, John L. (Army)
Liner, James H. (Army)
Patterson, James L. (Army)
Query, James L. (Army)

Former Staff Members

Barrier, Major George L. (Army)
Cleaver, James A. (Navy)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G. (Navy)
Parker, Lt.-Col. Samuel I. (Army)
Wingate, Lt. W. J. (Army Air Corps)

Former Students

Adams, Clyde (Navy)
Adams, Felix (Army)
Alexander, J. Mack (Army)
Alexander, Robert (Army)
Almond, Odell H. (Navy)
Allen, Burl (Navy)
Allen, Julian Herschel (Navy)
Allen, Grady C. (Navy)
Allen, Wayne (Navy)
Allred, James R. (Army Air Corps)
Amos, Gerald (Navy)
Andrews, Julian (Marine Corps)
Ashley, Arthur (Army)
Atkins, Richard (Army)
Atkinson, Hiram (Navy)
Atwell, Robert (Navy)
Atwood, Earl (Army)

Bailiff, Wilson (Navy)
Ballew, Edward J. (Navy)
Barber, Winfred V. (Army)
Barker, Jewell (Army Air Corps)
Barkley, Joel (Army)
Barnes, Norton (Army)
Barrett, Allen (Army)
Barrier, Carl (Marine Corps)
Barrier, William T. (Navy)
Batson, Jack (Navy)

Branch, Glatley (Army)
Baynes, Howard (Army Air Corps)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
(‡) Beach, Ernest L. (Army)
Beaver, Albert (Army)
Beaver, Walter (Army)
Bell, James (Navy)
Bell, William Clarence (Navy)
Bell, William G. (Navy)
Beheler, Reid (Navy)
Benson, John (Navy)
Bordeaux, Junior (Army)
Bowman, Charles (Army)
Branch, Horace (Army)
Brantley, Elmond A. (Marine Corps)
Bray, Relons Odell (Army)
Briggs, Paul (Marine Corps)
Britt, Jennings (Navy)
Broadwell, William (Navy)
Brogden, Norman (Navy)
Broome, Jack (Army)
Broome, Paul (Marine Corps)
Broome, Shannon (Army Air Corps)
Brothers, William (Naval Air Corps)
Brown Aldene (Army)
Brown, Elbert M. (Navy)
Brown, Harold (Army)
Bunn, Dewey (Navy)
Bunn, Homer (Army)
Burke, Ensign William H. (Navy)
Burkhead, Dermont (Navy)
Burrow, John B. (Navy)
Butner, Roy (Marine Corps)

Capps, John T. (Army Air Corps)
Carter, Adrian L. (Navy)
Carter, Douglas (Army)
Carter, Fred (Army)
Carter, Oscar (Navy)
Carver, Gardner (Army)
Causey, Floyd (Army)
(‡) Causey, James D. (Army)
Chapman, Edward (Army)
Chattin, Ben (Army)
Cherry, Herman (Army)
Christine, Joseph (Navy)
Coats, Clinton (Army)
Cobb, Frank E. (Army)
Coffer, Robert (Army)
Collins, Glenn L. (Army)
Connell, Harry (Army)
Connell, James (Navy)
Cooke, George C. (Army)
Cooper, Lake (Army)
Cooper, Dewell J. (Navy)
Cooper, Walter (Army)
Cox, J. C. (Marine Corps)
Craft, Arthur (Army)
Crawford, Louis (Army)
Cunningham, David C. (Army)
Cunningham, Jesse S. (Navy)

Dalton, James (Army)
Daubenmyer, Nelson (Army)
Davis, Duke (Army)
Davis, Hubert (Navy)
Davis, James (Army)
Deal, Paul (Navy)
Dodd, Carroll (Army)
Donaldson, Harold (Marine Corps)
Dorsey, W. Wilson (Army)
Downes, George (Army)
Downes, William H. (Army)
Driver, Malcom (Army Air Corps)
Dyson, Fred (Navy)

Eaker, Arnold Max (Army)
Earnhardt, Donald P. (Navy)
Edmondson, Arthur (Army)
Edwards, Eugene (Navy)
Efird, N. A., Jr. (Army)
Elders, James R. (Marine Corps)
Elmore, A. C. (Marine Corps)
Ennis, James C. (Navy)
Ennis, Henry (Marine Corps)
Ennis, Noah (Navy)
Ennis, Samuel (Army)
Eury, James (Army Air Corps)
Evans, John H. (Army)
Evans, Mack (Army)
Everidge, Samuel (Navy)

Faggart, John (Marine Corps)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)
Farthing, Audie (Navy)
Faschnat, Mose (Navy)
Fausnet, Bernard L. (Army)
(‡) Ferris, Russell (Army)
Fisher, Edward (Army)
Fisher, John H. (Army)
Flannery, John (Army)
Freeman, Richard (Army)
French, Ian (Army)
Furches, William (Marine Corps)

Gaddy, William (Navy)
Gardner, Horace T. (Army)
Gatlin, Britt C. (Army)
Gentry, William (Navy)
Gibson, Merritt (Army)
Glasgow. Mumford (Army)
Glasgow, Norwood (Navy)
Glasgow, Ramsey (Army Air Corps)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)
Glover, Henry (Marine Corps)
Godfrey, Warren (Army)

Godwin, John T. (Navy)
Godwin, Paul D. (Army Air Corps)
Goodman, Albert (Army)
Goodman, George (Army)
Gray, Delma C. (Navy)
Greene, Giles E. (Army)
Gregory, Charles J. (Army)
Gregory, Roy (Army)
Griffin, Charles (Army)
Griffin, James H. (Marine Corps)
Grooms, J. B. (Army Air Corps)

Hall, Joseph (Army)
Hames, William R. (Army)
Hamilton, Leo (Navy)
Haney, Jack (Marine Corps)
Hardin, Wilbur (Navy)
Harris, Edgar (Army)
Hawkins, William T. (Navy)
Head, Elbert (Army)
Heath, Beamon (Navy)
Hefner, Charles (Army)
Hefner, Eugene (Navy)
Hensley, J. B. (Navy)
Hendren, Isaac (Navy)
Hendrix, John (Army)
Henry, Charlton (Navy)
Hicks, Garland (Army)
Hill, Doyce (Army)
Hill, William (Army)
Hodge, David (Army)
Hodge, Dallas (Army Air Corps)
Hogan, Gilbert (Army)
Hogsed, John R. (Army)
Holland, Burman (Army)
Holland, Donald (Army)
Hollars, Ralph (Army)
Holmes, John (Army)
Honeycutt, Nathaniel (Army)
Hulan, Norman (Navy)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)

Ingram, John E. (Navy)
Irwin, Raymond (Army Air Corps)

Jackson, Edgar (Marine Corps)
Jackson, William (Navy)
Johnson, Clawson (Army)
Johnson, Coley (Navy)
Johnson, Edward (Navy)
Johnson, Hugh (Navy)
Jolly, James D. (Navy)
Jones, Mark Twain (Navy)
Jones, S. E. (Marine Corps)
Jordan, James E. (Army)

Keen, Clinton (Army)
Keith, Monroe (Army)
Keith, Robert (Navy)
Kelly, Grady (Army Air Corps)
Kelly, Jesse (Army)
King, Cleo (Army Air Corps)
King, Frank L. (Army)
King, Jesse (Navy)
King, Thomas (Army Air Corps)
Kinley, Robert (Marine Corps)
Knight, Thomas (Army Air Corps)
Knight, Thurman (Army)
Koontz, J. Milton (Army)
Kye, George (Army)
Kye, James (Army)

(‡) Lamar, A. C., Jr. (Army)
Land, Reuben (Army)
Land, Wilfred (Marine Corps)
Landrum, Luther H. (Army)
Lane, Floyd C. (Marine Air Corps)
Langford, Olin (Army)
Langley, William (Army)
Laramore, Ray (Army)
Lawrence, Robert (Marine Corps)
Leagon, Harry (Army)
Ledford, Harvey L. (Army)
Ledford, James (Marine Corps)
Lemly, Jack (Army)
Lee, Valton (Army)
Lett, Frank (Army)
Lewallan, Paul R. (Army)
Link, Bruce (Navy)
Long, Loyce (Army)
Long, Stacey L. (Army)

Martin, Willie H. (Army Air Corps)
Mathis, D. B. (Jack) (Marine Corps)
(*) Matthews, Douglas (Army)
May, Fred (Navy)
May, George O. (Army)
Medlin, Clarence (Army)
Medlin, Ervin J. (Army)
Medlin, Wade (Navy)
(‡) Medlin, Wilson (Army)
Merritt, Edgar (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Merritt, Julian (Army)
Miller, Latha (Navy)
Montford, James B. (Army
Montgomery, Samuel (Navy)
Moose, Claude L. (Marine Corps)
Moose, Eugene (Navy)
Morris, Everett (Navy)
Morrow, Chas. W. (Army Air Corps)
Morrozoff, Ivan (Army Air Corps)
Morgan, William S. (Navy)
Murphy, Lemuel (Army)
Murray, Edward J. (Army)
Muse, Robert (Navy)

McBride, Irvin (Army Air Corps)
McCain, Edward G. (Navy)
McColl, Vollie O. (Navy)
McCoy, Hubert (Army)
McEntire, Forrest (Marine Corps)
McFee, Donald M. (Army Air Corps)
McGee, Norman (Army)
McHone, Arnold (Navy)
McIver, Jordan T. (Navy)
McKay, John C. (Marine Corps)
McKee, Thomas R. (Army)
(Enlisted 1937)
McNeely, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1933)
McPherson, Arthur (Navy)
McRorie, J. W. (Navy)

Nelson, Larry (Navy)
Newton, Willard M. (Army)

(‡) Odom, David (Army)
Owen, Fred, Jr. (Marine Corps)
Owens. Leroy (Army)
Oxendine, Earl (Navy)

Padrick, William (Navy)
Page, James (Army)
Pate, Hansel (Army)
Patterson, James (Navy)
Patterson, Joseph (Navy)
Patton, Richard (Navy)
Payne, Joy (Army)
Peake, Harry (Marine Corps)
Pearson, Flay (Army)
Pennington, Grady (Army)
Pickett, Claudius (Army)
Pittman, Hoyle (Navy)
Pittman, Ted (Army)
Plemmons, Hubert (Army)
Pope, H. C. (Army)
Presnell, Robert (Army)
Pyatt, Jack (Marine Corps)

Quick, James (Navy)
Quick, Simon (Navy)

Ramsey, Amos (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Reep, John (Navy)
Revels, Grover (Navy)
Riggs, Walter (Navy)
Rivenbark William W. (Army)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)
Rhodes, Paul (Army)
Roberts, Lonnie (Navy)
Robertson, John C. (Army)
Robinson, Perry (Army Air Corps)
Rochester, Nicholas (Navy)

Routh, Walter (Army Air Corps)
Russ, James P. (Army)

Sands, Thomas (Navy)
Scism, Arlee (Navy)
Seibert, Fred (Army)
Sexton, Walter (Army)
Scott, Archie (Army)
Shannon, William L. (Navy)
Shaver, George H. (Navy)
Sides, George D. (Navy)
Simmons, Horace K. (Navy)
Sloan, Lonnie (Army)
Small, Clyde E. (Army)
Smith, Julius D. (Navy)
Snider, Samuel (Navy)
Snuggs, Charles L. (Navy)
Springer, Jack (Army)
Stack, Porter (Army)
Stanley, Brown (Coast Artillery)
Stepp, James H. (Navy)
Strickland, Robert W. (Army)
Stubbs, Ben (Army)
Sullivan, Richard (Army)

(x) Taylor, Daniel (Army)
Tessneer, Calvin C. (Navy)
Thomas, Harold (Navy)
Thomas, Richard (Army)
Threatt, Sidi (Army Air Corps)
Tipton, Kenneth (Navy)
Tobar, William (Army)
Troy, Robert (Army)
Tucker, Joseph (Army)
Turner, Lee V. (Navy)
Tyson, William E. (Navy)

Waldrop, Ned (Army)
Walker, Glenn (Army)
Walker, Oakley (Army)
Walsh, Harold (Army)
Walters, Melvin (Army)
Ward, Eldridge (Army)
Ward, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1928)
Ware, Dewey (Army)
Watkins, Floyd A. (Army)
Watson, Lieut. Lemuel (Army)
Watts, Everett (Navy)
Watts, Boyce (Army)
Weaden, Clarence (Army)
Webb, Charles R. (Army)
Webster, John D. (Army)
Whitaker, John H. (Navy)
(*) Whitaker, William E. (Army)
White, Marshall (Coast Artillery)
Whitener, Richard M. (Army)
Whitlock, Winfred (Army)

Widener, Charles (Navy)
Wilhite, James (Army)
Williams, Everett L. (Army)
Williams, Samuel R. (Navy)
Williams, William R. (Navy)
Williamson, Everett (Navy)
Wiles, Fred (Army)
(Enlisted 1927. Now a Recruiting Officer)
Wilson, John C. (Army)
Wilson, Thomas (Navy)
Wilson, W. J. (Army)
Winn, J. Harvard (Navy)
Wood, James L. (Army)
Wood, William T. (Navy)
Wrenn, Lloyd (Army)
(‡) Wright, George (Army)

Yarborough, Preston (Army)
York, John R. (Army)
Young, Brooks (Army)
Young, R. L. (Marine Corps)
Young, William R. (Army)

Ziegler, Henry F. (Navy)

(‡) Prisoner of war.
(§) Missing in action.
(*) Killed in action.
(x) Died while being held prisoner.

STAR OF GLORY

In windows of America
The Star of Glory shines
To tell that fighters marched from here
Toward freedom's battle lines.

This all our nation pledges:
To plan, to work, to pray,
To help our sons in their noble fight—
Speed Victory's glorious day.

—Selected

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY IN N. C. AND RESOURCES TO COMBAT SAME

Address delivered by A. W. Cline, Chief Probation Officer of the Winston-Salem Juvenile Court, before the twenty-fourth annual Public Welfare Institute at Raleigh, N. C. on October 21, 1943.

This is quite a broad subject and would take much more time than allotted me to cover it thoroughly, however, thanks to more than ninety Superintendents of Public Welfare, I do have some facts which will probably interest each and everyone in this audience. May I talk to you as Chief Probation Officers, and not in the general capacity of Superintendents of Public Welfare. You know that the law very clearly places you in direct charge of all Juvenile Courts that may be established within the bounds of your counties. The way some superintendents replied to the questionnaire, it was quite apparent that they did not realize their responsibility to the Juvenile Court. In fact, there were a few who actually stated that they had no contact with the courts in their counties. However, I do not intend to criticize anybody now, because I realize the inadequacy of our staffs and the multiple duties that are placed upon us as Superintendents of Public Welfare. For this reason, many of us are not doing the work with the Juvenile Court we would like to see done.

I will attempt to cover briefly some of the consolidated answers to the questions contained in the blank which I mailed to you during the past few weeks, and which you so promptly filled out and returned. I do wish that I could have presented a one hundred per cent picture of the Juvenile Courts in North Carolina, but a few counties failed to answer a second questionnaire. Again, do not consider that I am critcizing those who failed to answer the questionnaire, because I know quite well what you are facing in the matter of office help.

The trends in Juvenile Delinquency in North Carolina have been most interesting during the past two years. While the figures from ninety-two counties, to be exact, show an increase of causes of all types handled by the Juvenile Court last year, over the preceeding year, this is nothing to be alarmed about. Here are the exact figures. Ninety-two counties heard from. For the year ending June 30, 1941, the Juvenile Courts handled 3,091 official cases, and the staffs also dealt with 4,134 unofficial cases. For the year ending June 30, 1943, official cases handled numbered 3,743, and those treated unofficially totaled 4,530. The total increase, both official and unofficial cases numbered 1,048. Many of the counties reporting showed a decrease over the previous year. The increase was confined largely to such counties as Forsyth, Mecklenburg, Durham, Wake, Buncombe, and the more congested war industry and war camp centers. It seems that the trend was away from the rural county toward the more industrialized sections. This bears out the contention that is being made by authorities in the field of Juvenile Delinquency that the general

increase in the state is not as large, as many news commentators and alarmists seem to think. Figures show that cases are merely being shifted from one county to another. I know for a fact that we have had in Forsyth quite a few cases of boys and girls from other counties, and I am also aware that Forsyth cases have drifted into many other counties in the State. Most of the young female sex cases handled by the Forsyth County Juvenile Court were from other counties, and were picked up while in the act of violatng the law in Winston-Salem. In most instances, they are arrested with adult offenders.

Another interesting trend in Juvenile Court procedure, that has shown up in the answer to my questionnaire, is that many more counties are realizing the importance of handling cases unofficially. A large number of the counties show a greater increase in the number of official cases handled during the past year than was shown the year before. Approximately eighty per cent of the counties reporting stated that larceny led the list of cases brought before their courts. Less than a dozen counties reported sex problems as being in the lead. Approximately half of the counties stated that the average age of the juvenile offenders had been lowered considerably during the past two years. The average age for all cases handled was 12.60 The two age groups which presented the largest number of cases were twelve and thirteen. Some counties reported that the average age was as low as ten while a few gave it as high as fifteen. In all but four counties boys led with a ratio of from two to one, and on up to ten to one. One county said the ratio was equal. A few counties reported that all of their cases were boys. So you see the girls are behaving nicely. Probably one reason for the small number of females handled is that we have not been as active with these cases particularly colored girls, as we would have been had we not been handicapped with limited facilities for institutionalizing them. We will all look forward with eagerness to the establishment of the school for the delinquent Negro girl in the State which was authorized by the General Assembly.

The ratio of white to Negro is largely governed by the population of the county reporting. These figures showed that in some counties whites led as many as twelve to one, while in others, Negroes ran as high as seventeen to three. A few counties reported sex problems were in the lead. Some counties reported that anywhere from one to twenty-five per cent of their cases were related to sex offenses. As stated before, most of these sex cases were transient picked up in connection with raids on hotels, rooming houses, and places where adults were found.

There is so much information of value to the Juvenile Courts of North Carolina in the questonnaires, which you returned to me, that I wish I had time to summarize and present it all at one time, but this is impossible. I hope to be able later on to make a more complete study and try to get to you in some form additional information which is contained in the summary of all the answers. About one-fourth of the counties reporting stated very emphatically that

there was a peculiar local problem that had been quite a contributing factor to an increase in delinquency in their counties during the past year or more. It is indicated that the lure of the army camp is the reason why many young girls leave home and are picked up as delinquents in areas where there are large numbers of soldiers. It is interesting to note the small number of counties that said sex problems were the chief cause of an increase in their Juvenile Court records. These counties placed the blame on Army Camps in their immediate vicinity. However, in defense of the soldier and the army camp, may I say that there are other reasons for an increase in delinquency than simply the establishment of an army camp and the bringing of some soldiers to the community.

A number of the superintendents were quite frank in stating that one of the chief causes for an increase in their court records was the lack of wholesome recreation, and nothing was being done about it. Some of the counties said the absence of the father from the home, he being away in war work, was the cause of many children being brought into court. All through the answers one could read very clearly that the real problem behind whatever increase in Juvenile Court we are showing is the failure of the home to function properly. Some were not specific in stating in what way the home had failed, but others did assign the reason for children being brought in the court as the lack of interest on the part of parents allowing their children to run about at will with no supervision day or night. The one outstanding reason given for an increase in Juvenile Court cases was both parents out of the home. This is a problem that we have all been faced with and I shall not attempt at this time to tell you how to solve it. We have all had our own ideas about this matter, and have tried to do something about it in a small way. Some of the communities have done a remarkable job with day nuseries, but there has been very little effort put forth to provide recreation, or some type of amusement, or employment, for the boy or girl under the age of sixteen, who are the feeders of the Juvenile Courts in North Carolina.

Some counties report that parents actually sent children out on the streets in order that they get some sleep before going to work on a late shift. Many mothers are not at home to prepare meals for children before they go to school, and consequently these shildren soon become truants. In some instances it is reported that adults are teaching children to steal and helping them dispose of goods for either individuals or small dealers. The failure of citizens who know about such conditions to report same to the proper authorities is giving us great concern and is another reason for an increase in cases coming before the Juvenile Courts.

In order to find out something about the Juvenile Court cases load in Forsyth County, our workers, cooperating with the local newspapers, recently pulled from the files twenty-three white cases, all taken at random, and reviewed them rather carefully. We found six girls and seventeen boys in the group, ranging in ages from nine to fifteen years. Of-

fenses included larceny, sex delinquencies, receiving stolen goods, and truancy. Larceny led the list, as I have shown already this to be the situation in the State at large. All twenty-three of the homes involved were in the lower income group. They lived in poor neighborhoods, in either furnished rooms or over-crowded small tenant houses. The children rarely had a room of their own and no place to entertain their friends. In fourteen of the twenty-three cases, both parents were out of the home all day. This included working parents, and cases where one parent was dead or had deserted. In one case, one parent worked out of the city and refused to give up her job and come home, when requested, to help her child who needed close supervision. Of the nine cases in which one parent was at home, only two were able to give any constructive help as to supervision. The mother of two children was a prostitute, another definitely contributed to her children's delinquency. In another case, the tension between parents made the child so unhappy that he left home, and in another the father's illness resulted in the mother giving all her time to him and very little to the child. In one of the cases there was a boy whose school record was quite bad, but when he was sent to a licensed boarding home in the country, he immediately pulled his grades up to a "B" average.

About fifty per cent of the children in the cases surveyed took part in some form of supervised group work. The majority of these attended the Y. M. C. A., or the Salvation Army Red Shield Club. They were directed to the program that seemed to best fit their needs. However, both agencies take these children at night. The Salvation Army calls for and delivers the boys. The Y. M. C. A. has no equipment to do this, thereupon, the boys wander the streens after the "Y" program and in some cases say they are going to the "Y" and never show up.

The story behind the Negro Juvenile Delinquent is much the same as that which concerns the white child. A study was made of twenty-seven Negro cases, picked at random from the files. Of this group, nineteen were boys and eight were girls. The age range was from nine to fifteen years. The offenses included, larceny, running away, assault with a deadly weapon, simple assualt, and such cases as reckless driving, housebreaking, truancy, and again larceny led by a wide margin.

Home conditions from which the Negro cases came, seemed even worse than among the white children. Of the cases studied, twenty-one out of twenty-seven were from houses where the parents were absent the entire day. Of the six remaining, three lived with foster parents, and one had been told by neighbors recently that her mother was in the penitentiary. Another child lived with relatives who showed absolutely no interest, and a third had a parent employed part-time. Most of the homes where the parents worked all day needed their income to support large families. The family group could not exist on the wages earned by the father. General home conditions were very poor. The children usually came from congested neighborhoods and lived in over-crowded unsanitary homes. Many of the par-

ents had families of ten and twelve all living in a three room house. There were nine cases of broken homes in which the mother or father, or both, had deserted, leaving the family to get along as best they could. School records of the children were poor in most cases and many of them had quit school at the age of fourteen. Eight of the boys in the cases studied are now in the State Training School. There was no training school operated for the Negro girl at the time these cases were being handled. I believe you will be able to understand from the cross-section of cases studied, something of the underlying causes of Juvenile Delinquency in North Carolina at the present time.

Now let us consider some of the work being done to combat this ever-increasing problem. The situation seems most hopeful at this time. Everywhere in the State people are being aroused to their responsibility concerning the delinquent boy or girl. Civic clubs, Churches, Parent-Teacher Associations, Law Enforcement offices, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Public Schools, and others are all interested, and they are trying to do something to solve this problem. I have learned of various instances where civic clubs have taken it upon themselves to start projects in the interests of the youth of their communities. In one county, the Civitan Club has planned to establish a workshop on the order of the Salvation Army Red Shield Club plan. Other clubs are conducting similar programs, and wherever such activities are being carried on, delinquency has either been checked or decreased. In one county the Civitan Club started a camp for Negro boys under the supervision of the Y. M. C. A., and in another the Red Shield Club has done a marvelous job in a Negro district. I implore you, that wherever it is possible, tie up with your Salvation Army, or Y. M. C. A., and see if it is not possible, to form such clubs. The Parent-Teacher Associations are wide awake and are really doing something about this great problem. The Churches and Sunday Schools are beginning to realize that they, too, have a part to play in this most important program.

More than half the counties reporting stated very definitely that some type of community activity was being carried on, while a great number made the statement that the only agency co-operaing with the Juvenile Court was their own Welfare Department. It seems to me that in such instances we should be able to do a little better job of interpreting to the community what the problem is, and what clubs, Churches, and other organizations can do to help us. We can all spend at least a part of our time as Chief Probation Officer of the Juvenile Court in interpreting to our communities such problems as we are facing in work with youth in these unsettled times. Carry your community along with you and your job will not be near so difficult. The only way to show your community that you have a job for them to do is to get out and talk it. Use every opportunity available to appear before Civic Clubs, Church groups, and others, and tell the world about the work you are trying to do. Plead for help and you will get it. People are aroused today as never before, and if we fail to take advantage of the interest now existing we have lost

a wonderful opportunity to get some valuable help in a time of need.

I am quite pleased to know that in many towns and cities in North Carolina, the questionnaire shows that the Police and Sheriffs are cooperating, not only from the standpoint of law enforcement, but from a socially minded motive. These offices are willing to help if you will help them to understand your program.

In a few instances Civic Clubs are acting as big brothers to boys placed on probation This is fine and I hope that more of us will contact the "Big Brothers" movement and get all the literature possible on the subject, and then go to some clubs and interest them in sponsoring a program for probationers.

I am also quite pleased with the attitude of the Boy Scouts towards the work of the Juvenile Court. In one county, a committee of the local Scout Council called upon the Chief Probation Officer and requested a list of all the boys that appeared in court for the past year. This list was furnished and at a meeting with the Probation Officers, certain cases were sifted out and contacted by the Scout leaders. As a result, some of these boys are now in Scout Troops. In one instance, a boy was referred to the Scout Troop by the Probation Officer and in less than a year he held a high rank as a Scout.

In a great many instances there is not close enough cooperation between the Welfare Department proper and the Juvenile Court. Since the job of the Superintendent of Public Welfare also makes him Chief Probation Officer of the Court, I see no reason why the two programs cannot be rather closely woven together. In my county, the Juvenile Court is held in a specially arranged court room in our welfare building, and our Probation Officers work in the same workroom with the other caseworkers. Our records pertaining to all types of cases are open to the Probation Officers for helpful information that may be contained on families they deal with. The regular casework staff is a valuable aid to the Probation Officer.

Many counties reported that the Juvenile Court was held in the office of the Clerk of Superior Court, and that at times no representative of the Welfare Department, or the Chief Probation Officer's staff was present. In fact, cases have been referred to me in time past by Judges of the Juvenile Court, and when the Superintendent of Public Welfare was contacted, he or she knew nothing about the case. I don't see how a judge can try a case successfully without help from the Probation Officer.

May I plead here for closer cooperation betwween counties in regard to the transfer of Juvenile Court cases for supervision. In some instances cases are tried in another county, and it seems best to have them go back home, or be placed in an adjoining county, or with relatives in some place in the State, but often when such plans are followed, the Superintendent of Public Welfare, or representatives of the Juvenile Court in the second county are never contacted. I am sure we are all glad to work with each other, and I feel that what I have just mentioned is an oversight on the part of those who might be guilty. Please remember that we must all contact the Su-

perintendent in the counties to which we desire to send children and let investigations be made before the transfer is made.

I was amazed to discover that twenty-eight counties are actually using the County Jail for detention purposes. Detention facilities in North Carolina, as a rule, are certainly not desirable. Entirely too many children are being placed in jail and kept there for an indeterminate period. One superintendent reports that he takes his children home with him, while another one says that he just hasn't any place to put them and sends them home, hoping that they will appear in court when notified. Quite a large majority of Superintendents in the State favor district detention or study homes. I shall not attempt to outline what I think would be a proper move along this line now, but I hope that the committee, which I head, will take the material which has been gathered together in the questionnaire, and study it carefully and have some recommendation to make to our State Association sometime in the near future. We did not have time to go over the material and make definite recommendations at this conference. I do think that something is needed along the line of study homes to which we may commit our institutional cases, or where cases may be held pending other disposition. We realize that State Institutions are not always in a position to accept all the cases we would like for them to take.

I also wish to state that one of the things the questionnaire brought out is the apparent lack of use of the Probation system. Too many children are being institutionalized without ever having had an opportunity to adjust on probation under supervision. This is probably due to the fact that most counties do not have adequate personnel and are not in a position to do the type of job that a real Probation Officer should be doing. Please arrange to take some of the time made available by a decrease in Public Assistance and General Relief and put it on the Juvenile Court. May I urge you to put a great deal of emphasis on your children's programs this year.

We have what I consider one of the finest Juvenile Court systems in the entire country, but much of it is yet on paper. It is utterly impossible for some counties in North Carolina to handle properly Juvenile Court work along with the other duties of the Welfare Department without a considerable increase in staff, and the establishment of resources for assisting in carrying out the program of rehabiliation. We are doing very little about it in many instances, and as Superintendents we are not altogether to blame. The time has come when we must wake up to our responsibilities to youth if we do not want to see Juvenile Court Records continue to increase. Of course, we now put it on the war, as we do a great many other things, but there are other reasons than the war for an increase in Juvenile Delinquency in North Carolina. As I have said several times, it is the job of the Superintendents of Public Welfare to get across to the people of this state their responsibility to unfortunate youth. No Superintendent can do what is required of him by law and at the same time carry on a successful

program of rehabilitation for the youth of his community without help from outside his organization, and I believe this help is available if we will all go about asking for it in the right manner.

I do not want to be critical, neither do I want to make any definite statements at this time as to record keeping in the Juvenile Courts, or regarding our relationship with the Judges, as well as other things which will develop from futher study of the questionnaire. However, I am led to believe from information at hand, that the system of record keeping is not as uniform as it might be, because of the way figures show up in certain counties. I do know that some superintendents were not able to give a complete record of institutional commitments because they either did not answer, or they contacted the institution to which their courts had committed children, for this information. Accurate records of Juvenile Courts are not always kept by Superintendents as required by law, which is sometimes partly due to inadequate clerical personnel. However, it is possible to keep the docket book prepared for this purpose. As I understand the law, records must be kept by the Superintendent, who is Chief Probation Officer of the Juvenile Court. May I state here that there is a docket book available, which can be purchased from a firm in Raleigh if you do not have one. This is easy to keep and should be kept by the Superintendent or his clerical assistant in his office. This will give you at least a record at all times of the cases handled officially. Of course, another system, perhaps a card file, must be set up for handling unofficial cases. And, don't forget case histories, as they are your most valuable tool in dealing with probationers.

I fully believe there should be more closer cooperation between Clerks of the Court, acting as Judges, and Superintendents, who are chief probation officers. Lack of understanding of the Juvenile Court program on the part of judges, police, sheriffs, and other law enforcement officers, is largely our own fault. I really believe this is due to the failure of the Superintendent to do a real good job of interpretation.

Another thing that has come to my attention in a good many instances is that the Juvenile Courts are not always respected as they should be by parents of the children, who appear in court. This may be due to our failure to emphasize, when necessary, the legal power of the Court. After all, the Court is the "strong arm" of any program that deals with the rehabilitation of delinquent youth. We may not always use the legal power available, as it may not be necessary. I am pleased to know that a great many of the courts staffs today are settling cases unofficially, according to reports received. This means that an understanding Probation Officer can go into the community and work out a problem without having to bring the child, the parents, and others into court, thus causing them to lose valuable time from work, and sometimes making an impression on a child that is not what we would like for it to be.

I have not attempted to identify any County with any of the facts given in this paper, I have prepared

a chart showing the distribution of some of the facts gathered together in the questionnaire. It may be possible later on to have this chart reproduced, our plans for this have not yet been worked out.

I believe you did the best you could in furnishing me with information, but in some instances, I have every reason to believe, the figures do not reflect the true condition in the community, due to the fact that records were inadequate. I hope that some day we will have a more adequate system of record keeping for the Juvenile Court. At least, we can have uniformity, and when a survey of this kind is made we will know that it actually tells a true story.

DEATH IN LIFE

He always said he would retire
When he had made a million clear.
And so he toiled into the dusk
From day to day, from year to year.

At last he put his ledgers up
And laid his stock reports aside—
But when he started out to live
He found he had already died.

—Selected.

A FAMOUS NORTH CAROLINA EDUCATOR

By Ruth Crabtree, N. C. Dept. Archives & History

In 1795 the University of North Carolina opened its doors to students. A year later Joseph Caldwell, of Princeton, came to Chapel Hill to serve as presiding professor and instructor in mathematics.

Caldwell was born in Lamington, New Jersey, April 21, 1773, the youngest son of Joseph and Rachel Caldwell. Several years later the family moved to Princeton where young Joseph entered grammar school. They again moved, going to Newark and later to Elizabethtown; but in 1787 Joseph returned to Princeton, finished grammar school, and in 1791 he graduated from the College of New Jersey. He served as an instructor at an Elizabethtown academy until he was invited to become a tutor of mathematics at his alma mater.

After a year at Princeton, Caldwell received an invitation to go to the University of North Carolina to fill the vacancy left by the resignation of presiding professor Charles Harris. He continued in this position until 1804 when he was appointed the first president of that institution. In his early years as president, Caldwell aided greatly in raising subscriptions for the expansion of the building program and particularly in the completion of South Hall. In 1812, however, he resigned to devote his time to the study and teaching of mathematics and astronomy. This time was spent in writing an experimental text on geometry, A New System of Geometry, which was successfully circulated among the students in manuscript form and was later printed. Five years after his resignation. Caldwell was persuaded to return to his former office as president.

In the summer of 1824 Caldwell toured Europe and returned with a valuable set of scientific instruments. These he placed in the library building until they could be transferred to a building he had erected for that purpose. Thus he was responsible for the first observatory established in the United States in connection with an educational institution. He was also largely responsible for the presence of the two eminent scientists Denison Olmstead and Elisha Mitchell, on the University faculty.

As an educator, Caldwell was outstanding not only in his work as the University's first president, but also in his far-seeing plans for popular education. His ideas are clearly defined in his Letters on Popular Education Addressed to the People of North Carolina. Briefly, the basis of his system was the establishment of a "Central School" to be controlled by a board of education appointed by the legislature. This school was to function as a training center for eligible candidates chosen from, and by, the counties which supported them. These candidates in turn were to go back to their counties and aid in the establishment of, and instruction in, primary schools. In order to overcome the financial barrier, Cald-

well proposed the investment of the already existing Literary Fund, and the use of the interest in establishing and maintaining the school.

Caldwell's widespread interests included partcipation in the movement for internal improvements, a movement closely connected with the educational program in the minds of the leaders of his day. His Numbers on Carleton, explaining his theories on this subject, ranks with his Letters on Popular Education as a part of the best scientific literature of that period. But most imporant of his contributions was his help in the organizations of the University of North Carolina, in the expansion of its curriculum, in the development of its scientific equipment, and in allying it with the progressve forces at work in the State.

Criticism was leveled at Caldwell for filling the faculty with Presbyterans, resulting in a tendency to make the University a denominational institution. If such accusations were just, however, it was merely the result of his own deep religious consciousness. In his early years of teaching he had spent his spare time studying for the Presbyterian ministry. In recognition of the sincerity of his religious convictions, the University in 1816 conferred upon him the degree of doctor of divinity.

After twenty years in North Carolina, Joseph Caldwell died on January 27, 1835. He had done much to lay the foundation for the State's later educational development.

HORIZONS

Who harbors hatred, sees a small
And closing cincture hold him thrall.
Who glooming envy entertains,
Has narrowing sky-lines for his pains.
Who makes perpetual friend of doubt,
Marks dwarfing vistas round about.
But he whose bosom love hath found,
Is by no cramped horizons bound.

—Clinton Scollard.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our farm forces are about to complete the sowing of small grain.

—:—

A boiler inspector visited the School last week. After checking over the boilers in operation at various points on the campus, he reported that they were all in first-class condition.

—:—

Messrs. R. H. Walker and Harry Hartsell, assisted by a group of boys, killed five large hogs last Wednesday. They made a considerable quantity of fine sausage, which has been issued to the cottages.

—:—

"Burma Convoy" was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium, last Thursday night. A comedy entitled "Mother Goose on the Loose," was shown at the same time. Both are Universal productions.

—:—

Upon taking a stroll over the farm the other day we noticed that our herd of beef cattle was still out in the pasture. These young Herefords are in excellent condition, having developed wonderfully since we first saw them last spring. So long as favorable weather continues these cattle will remain in the pasture, but with the coming of bad weather, they will be placed in our barns.

—:—

Willford Seegers, a former member of our printing class, who was permitted to return to his home in Charlotte about three weeks ago, recently wrote us. He stated that he had secured employment with the Standard Printing Company, of that city; that he was operating a linotype and doing job work. Willford said that he liked his work very much and was getting along fine.

—:—

We recently received a V-Mail letter from Bernard Fausnett, formerly of Cottage No. 10, now with the United States Army. He is a member of a parachute infantry unit, and is stationed in England. His note, dated October, 25th, reads as follows:

"Just a few lies to let you know that I am well. You will remember I told you a few months ago, that when I got overseas, I'd let you know. Have kept my promise, and now want to hear from you. Am in England now and like it O K, but it's not like home. Had a letter from Tom King not long ago. He was in Texas at the time he wrote. Tell Mr. Liske to write me. We sure like to get letters over here. When you write, please send me the addresses of Harry Peake and Aldine Brown. Give my regards to everybody at the School,

and write soon. Your friend, Bernard L. Fausnett."

—:—

The annual Hallowe'en party was held last Saturday afternoon, and was a most enjoyable event. Booths erected near the bakery, were decorated in keeping with the season. At four o'clock the cottage lines assembled, and in a few minutes thereafter the boys started filing past the booths, each one receiving most generous portions of "hot dogs," with all the trimmin's, cookies, one bottle each of Dr. Pepper and Coca-Cola, pop-corn and peanuts. To simply say the lads enjoyed this treat, would be most inadequate — they just went after those "eats" in genuine all-American boy style. We might note right here that the grown-ups present were not the least bashful when it came to stepping up for their share—for after all, men and women are just grown-up boys and girls—and they, too, enjoy such occasions.

While much of the work in preparation for this party was done by the boys and members of the staff, we are indebted to several friends on the outside for making this event possible. The pop-corn was furnished by the Ritz Variety Store, Concord; The Dr. Pepper Bottling Company, of Charlotte, donated 18 cases of their popular drink; and the Coca-Cola Bottling Company, of Concord, furnished a like amount of their product. To all these and any others who in any way contributed to the success of the Hallowe'en party, we tender herewith our most grateful appreciation.

There was much local interest in the United War Fund drive which was carried out all over the nation last week. The quota decided upon for Cabarrus County was $38,000.00, with the cities of Concord and Kannapolis assuming $16,000.00 each, and the remaining $6,000.00 to be raised in the county.

Here at the Training School, the leaders in this campaign went to work with a will, with the result that $202.25 was raised in this community, as follows: In the territory near the School the amount contributed was $75.00; members of the Training School's staff of workers gave $85.00; and the boys themselves contributed the sum of $42.25.

While all the workers and contributors in this campaign are to be commended for their efforts in this worthy cause, we feel that a special word of praise should go to the boys for the splendid spirit of cooperation shown by them. They voluntarily gave most generously from their scant supply of funds, and did it so willingly that we feel they are due a special word of thanks for the manner in which they responded to the call.

The campaign was a great success locally, and it is our opinion that when the final scores are tallied, it will be found that the people of Cabarrus County did their share—and more.

—:—

Superintendent Hawfield recently received a letter from Audie Farthing, formerly of Cottage No. 14. This lad is now in the United States Navy, and is receiving basic train-

ing at the Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Illinois.

Audie entered the School, February 15, 1938 and was conditionally released, August 18, 1942. Upon leaving the institution he was placed on a farm in Watauga County, where he made a very fine record, and on March 30, 1943, he was released from further parole supervision. His letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: I am well and am getting along fine. Am in the United States Navy and like it very much. Please remember me to all the boys in Cottage No. 14, and ask Mr. Sappenfield to write to me. At the present time I am in the hospital, and am going to have an operation soon, but won't mind that at all.

"Certainly would like to be back down there and see my old friends, also enjoy some of the picture shows with the boys. Here at the training station we get just about everything at half price and see three shows each week.

"Please tell Mr. W. H. Barnhardt the next time you see him that I wish to thank him for the nice Bible he gave me when I left the School, and that I have read it through once.

"Best of luck to you and all the folks at the School. Don't forget that I would like to hear from you. Your friend, Audie Farthing."

—:—

Charles M. Carter, formerly of Cottage No. 13, who left the School fifteen years ago, called at The Uplift office last Tuesday afternoon. Charlie entered the institution, October 28, 1924, and on September 1, 1928, was placed on a farm near Roseville, where he stayed about two years.

On June 24, 1930 he enlisted in the United States Marine Corps, spending about four years in that branch of service, two and one-half years of which were spent in Nicaragua, Central America. He stated that while on duty down there he met several other former Training School boys who were also in the service. He received an honorable discharge from the Marines in March, 1934.

For the next several years, Charlie was employed in various places. He carried a star mail route out of Wilson for about two years, and then went to Greensboro, where he was employed as city carrier for several months. His next place of employment was with the N. C. State Highway Department, most of which time was spent near Jacksonville. About four months ago he was appointed a deputy sheriff in Wilmington, where he is now getting along nicely. The purpose of his visit to the School the other day, was to bring a boy from that city for admission here.

Charlie told us that he had been married ten years, and has two children—a boy aged eight years and a seven-year-old daughter.

This young man, now thirty-one years old, seemed delighted to see old friends at the School, and they were equally pleased to see him and to learn that he had been getting along so well since leaving the institution.

—:—

William S. Morgan, our printing department's first representative in the nation's armed forces, continues to live up to his reputation as being about the most regular correspondent

among our old boys. Bill is now a radio man with a second-class petty officer's rating, in the United States Navy, and has been stationed at Kodiak, Alaska, for several months.

While at the School, Bill developed into a very good linotype operator, and that he is still interested in the School, especially the printing department, is evidenced by the fact that he has been a regular subscriber to The Uplift ever since leaving us. In his letters he always shows considerable interest in the shop, and in the latest one received from him, he enclosed a post office money order for five dollars, to be divided among the boys in the printing class. This was a very fine gesture on Bill's part, and in behalf of the lads in the shop, we take this opportunity to thank him for his kindly interest in them. His letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Just received your letter and sure was glad to hear from you again. Thanks for the addresses you sent. I'll use them right away. Was glad to hear that Bill Young was in the Army, and, since we were in the same cottage and were good friends, I'll write him at once.

"Was glad to hear you had a nice vacation, and that your mother was in good health. Also received your note of the 29th, but since you said you were on your vacation, thought I would wait until you got back to the School before answering. I received The Uplifts in a bunch recently, some of them having been forwarded from Bremerton, Washington.

"As for pictures for your 'little book,' I can get you quite a few, although not of the base here, of course, but of Kodiak and the surrounding islands. Will get you a few other things for souvenirs, too, just as soon as possible.

"Was glad to learn that the Boger boys were getting along so well in the Army. They sure were swell fellows. I know John the best, having worked with him on a painting job at his home for about a week. He is a fine guy, and I know he'll make an excellent Army officer.

"Am enclosing a money order for five dollars for the boys in the old print shop. McKnight and Seegers are the only ones who were in there with me. You can spend the money for them any way you wish or divide it up and put it to their accounts at the office. Hope they get some pleasure from using it.

"I'll always write you wherever I go, and think of you often. Hope the day will soon come when I can get back to the States and see you and the rest of the folks at the School again. Write as often as you can, as I always enjoy your letters. Best of luck. Sincerely, Bill."

—:—

Rev. James W. Fowler, pastor of the Kerr Street Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. A newcomer to Concord just a little more than a year ago, he has visited the School on several occasions, and has become a great favorite with both the boys and the members of the staff. His reputation as a good singer came to us far in advance of his first visit, and since that time, whenever he found it convenient to take charge of a service, he has been called

upon to render a solo, and in each case has most graciously complied with the request. Last Sunday afternoon was no exception to the rule, and he sang "Sweeter as the Years Go By" in a very pleasing manner. Mrs. Charles E. Thomas played the piano accompaniment.

Rev. Mr. Fowler stated at the beginning of his remarks that it had always been a great joy and a privilege for him to come out to the Training School, and that he hoped there were many more such visits in store for him.

For the Scripture Lesson, he read part of the fifth chapter of Acts, and in commenting on same, he told the boys that it was a wonderful privilege to be able to speak to those round about us, and to get them thinking along our line of thought. We hear much of the thing called propaganda these days, said the speaker, and in the verses just read we learn of some wonderful propaganda in the Bible. Here, the apostles had been teaching about Jesus Christ, after his death, resurrection and ascension. Peter and several others went to the temple to tell the people of the wonderful things Christ could do for them. In the name of the Master, they performed miracles, one of which was the healing of the crippled man by Peter. Said Peter to the sufferer: "Silver and gold, have I none, but such as I have, give I unto thee. In the name of the Lord Jesus, arise, pick up thy bed and walk."

This man was healed by the power and in the name of Jesus. The people were astounded at the miracle. The leaders of the temple became jealous. They had the apostles arrested and put into prison, but in the night, an angel of the Lord set them free. The next morning the jailers discovered that their prisoners were gone, and a great search for them began. They found them in the temple, preaching, and arrested them again, and told them never to preach about Jesus again. After severely whipping them, the leaders permitted them to leave, and the apostles went away rejoicing that they had been bruised in the Master's name, and we read in the 42nd verse of the lesson that they "daily preached without ceasing."

Rev. Mr. Fowler then told the boys that it was a wonderful thing to tell people of Jesus' love, and that there was not a single person in the world whom his love did not touch. He added that the apostles were propagandists, and that it was his fervent wish that each boy in the auditorium at the moment might some day become a propagandist for Jesus. If we spend time talking about Jesus, he said, we shall love him much better. The great trouble in the world today is that not enough people have the love of Christ in their hearts.

The speaker then told his listeners this story: It is a legend of Korea, in which a man died and went to heaven. He asked St. Peter, who told him he deserved admission, to let him look down into the regions below before entering. His request, was granted. Looking down into the place presided over by the devil, he noticed row after row of great long tables, laden with the best of everything to eat. Presently the people filed in, and he noticed that tied to each person's hands were great long forks and spoons, several feet in length. The people, in spite of all the fine food in sight, were very thin in appearance.

They were starving. Armed with the huge forks and spoons, they were unable to get close enough to the food to feed themselves, and had to do without.

Going back into heaven, so the story goes, the man looked into the great dining halls. As the people came in he noticed they were a well-fed, healthy-looking group of folks. They, too, had the huge forks and spoons tied to their hands and wrists. Approaching the heavily-laden tables, they sat down, and instead of just selfishly trying to feed themselves and getting nowhere, they fed each other, and all were satisfied.

That's what being a Christian means to us, said the speaker. Our love for Jesus makes us think of others, and by helping others, we also help ourselves, and the world is much better because of the fact that we have lived in it. What a great world this would be today if all men thought less of self and more of others.

Rev. Mr. Fowler told the boys the story of a girl in one of our large schools. She was very beautiful. She was kind to all whom she met, and was loved by all who knew her. The fact that some of the other boys and girls could not afford to dress as well as she, made no difference to her, and she was quick to take the same side of life as the under dog, always eager to help those in trouble. This young lady wore a little locket around her neck, and quite frequently the boys and girls would crowd around her, and ask to see what she had inside of it, but she always refused. The girl died very suddenly, and her many sorrowing friends went to her home. When gathering up some trinkets which had belonged to her, they found the locket, and, looking inside, saw a very small picture of Jesus.

That girl, said Rev. Mr. Fowler in conclusion, not only had Jesus' picture in her locket, but she had the Master's spirit in her heart, which was the secret of her happiness. He urged the boys to do the same, saying that if they would keep Jesus in their hearts, their way through life would be far happier and more successful.

———:———

WORDS

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds,
You can't do that when you're flying words.
Careful with fire is good advice, we know;
Careful with words is ten times doubly so.
Thoughts unexpressed sometimes fall back dead,
But God himself can't kill them once they're said.

—Author Unknown.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending October 31, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Weaver Ruff
Jerry Smith
James Stamper

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
George Cox
Marion Cox
Douglas Dorsett
Jack Gray
Rufus Massingill
Roy Mumford
Harold McKinney
Jack Ray
Leonard Robinson
David Swink
Luther Vaughn
John Rhodes

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Everett Bowden
Edward Britt
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
William Guffey
J. T. Jacobs
Lawrence Littlejohn
Roy Monoley
William Pegram
Fonzer Pittman
Milton Talley
Ray Taylor
Lester Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

Everett Benfield
William Davis
Bruce Harper
Charles Lanford
Raiford Medlin
James Moore
Malcom Seymour
Richard Shehan
Roy Swink
Walter Thomas
J. R. Truitt
Edward VanHoy
William C. Willis
Roy Womack
Martin Walters

COTTAGE NO. 5

Kenneth Atwood
William Dawn
Earl Hoyle
Sidney Knighting
Albert Stamey
Brady Tew

COTTAGE NO. 6

Eugene Bowers
Kenneth Caldwell
Ralph Gibson
Everett Gallion
Jack Hensley
Marvin Lipscomb
Samuel Lynn
Stanford McLean
Robert Peavy
J. W. Smith
James Snead
Joseph Turner
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE NO. 7

Donald Grimstead
W. C. Whitehurst

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Bennett
Homer Johnson
Troy Morris
Vernon Rinehardt
Edward Renfro

COTTAGE NO. 9

Cecil Caldwell
Leonard Church
Fred Grimstead
John Hill
Morris Johnson

COTTAGE NO. 10

Floyd Barnes
C. W. Cline
Fred Carswell
Jack Clifton
Forrest Davis
Clifford Lowman
Robert Moses

Eugene Stubbs
E. C. Stamey
Charles Tate
A. B. Woodard

COTTAGE NO. 11
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13
Ernest Davis
Melvin Fowler
Robert Hobbs
Paul Matthews
J. C. Michael
Banks McKnight
Jesse Peavy

COTTAGE NO. 14
Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Fred Bostian
Robert Caudle
Charles Callahan
John Fargis
Jack Gentry
William Harding
Robert Holbert
William Lane
James Linebarrier
Joseph McKinney
Robert Moose
James Martin
John Pritchard
Walter Stansbury
Paul Stone
Robert Travis
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE NO. 15
Thomas Baumgarner
David Lewis
Charles Ledford
Roger Reid
Dewey Smith
John Watts
William Whittington
Leroy Willetts
Jack Willis

INDIAN COTTAGE
James Chavis
Marshall Hunt
R. C. Hoyle
Dillard Shelton

INFIRMARY
(No Honor Roll)

———:———

GIVE ME A GENTLE HEART

Give me a gentle heart, that I may do
Naught but the gentle thing my whole life through.
Give me a heart as kind as hearts can be,
That I may give before 'tis asked of me.
Give me a watchful heart that shall divine
The need of those whose hearts are dear to mine.
Give me a heart where joy and sorrow wait
To know what joy and sorrow is at my gate.

—Percy Thomas.

364

NOV 18 1943

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 13, 1943 No. 46

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

DESERTS

A desert does not have to be
A sandy waste where springs are dry;
A life can shrink to barrenness
If love goes by.

A desert does not have to be
A place where buzzards wheel at dawn;
A heart can hold as dreadful things
When faith is gone.

—Anne Hamilton.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
LUTHER, FATHER OF HYMNODY	By Ellen E. Baker	8
TEN MEMORABLE PLACES	By R. C. Lawrence	12
MAHOGANY AT WAR	By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough	17
ARCHITECTS OF FATE	By Christine H. Gordon	20
INSTITUTION NOTES		25
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

"KEEP AMERICA FREE"

The years have gone by like grains of dry sand before a high wind,
Bringing a measure of space and comfort for all of the pain,
Covering over with time all the tears and things that have been,
Rushing headlong into chaos of war and sorrows again.
Out of the timeless space of eternity there is a voice
Still as the moonlight that walks in majesty over the earth,
Rising with forceful crescendo, speaking and bringing no choice
But the choice that has been since America first had her birth
The instinctive and primal desire of each daughter and son:
"Keep America Free!" And the words are a ringing command—
"Keep America Free!" And your purpose on earth will be done.
And your name may be lost, but you've lost it in love for your land.
And your words may be lost, in the whirling confusion and strife
Of the years that go by us like foam on a restless wild sea,
But they cannot forget you completely if during your life
You have worked, and your work here has helped keep America Free.

So it's Armistic Day and the speaker is telling again
Of the boys who went over and did not come back from the war.
And the boys who went over and came back are yonder brave men
Who are standing to hear him tell others what happened before.
There were some who went over and didn't come back, he has said,
But they looked after all of the people like you and like me—
And insured us a future by loss of the blood that they shed,
For they gave up their lives that America might remain free.
The years have gone by like clouds of white fog before a warm sun,
And the world is in turmoil and unrest and trouble again,
And America pauses today to remember her sons
Who so valiantly fought that such unrest and trouble might end.
By grace of the God Who has fathtred and kept us a nation,
We shall pick up the torch they so gallantly held to the sky.
And through all the years to the world we make this declaration:
We shall fulfil our trust: Free America never shall die!

—Virginia Stanton.

THE FIRST ARMISTICE DAY

Early on the morning of November 11, 1918, from the wireless station on the Eiffel Tower in Paris there had gone forth through the air to the wondering, half-credulous line that the Americans had an order from Marshall Foch to cease firing on the stroke of eleven.

All along the seventy-seven miles held by the Americans, the firing continued until the eleventh hour. Until one minute before eleven, when a million eyes were glued to the slow creeping minute hands of a million watches, the roar of the guns was a thing to make the old earth tremble.

Then followed a strange, unbelievable silence, as though the world had died. It lasted but for a moment, the space of a breath. Then came such a tumult of jubilance, tooting of horns, shrieking of whistles, bands and bells, shouting of voices, as has not been heard since. Darkness? There was none. Rockets in a ceaseless fountain made the lines a continuous streak of brilliance as though the sun sat high across the face of France.

Then a startling thing happened. Suddenly the skyline of the crest in front of the American lines revealed a long line of dancing soldiers, and down the slopes, all the way to barbed wire entanglements, came the German troops straight for the American soldiers. They came with outstreched hands, smiling and gesticulating, offering to exchange souvenirs for cigarettes.

Meanwhile, the roads were thick with moving troops, singing and shouting in joy, and their song was this:

It's home, boys, home,
It's home we ought to be—
Home, boys, home
In the land of liberty!

—**Sunshine Magazine.**

* * * * * * * * *

Following the Moscow conference there was a wave of optimism that boosted the spirits of those who "cross the bridge" before reaching it, or visualize trouble before trouble makes its appearance.

The officials representing four of the greatest nations in the world England Russia, the United States and China, made for themselves a definite place in history that will never be erased. The understanding reached at the Moscow conference gave a hopeful assurance of victory against the agressors and ultimate peace for the world. This assurance gave courage to the people of the occupied countries of Europe, therefore, they know better where to throw their power. Our own Secretary of State, Cordell Hull, was recognized as a power at the conference, proving his diplomacy as he has always done. This stateman expressed himself as being greatly pleased with the Moscow conference. The joint declaration of the four powers met with instant and almost universal approval in this country. In fact, most people seemed surprised that so many points of agreement had been reached by Russia, Great Britain, China and the United States.

* * * * * * * *

"LET'S GO HOME"

We know, regardless of class or creed, that deep in the heart of every man the word home touches a responsive note, especially so after a long period of separation from loved ones. After the Armistice of twenty-five years ago, Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniels, was expected to speak to a group of soldiers who were about to return to their native land. The grand old man said with much feeling, "Boys, I do not know what to talk about," or words to that effect. The response, "Let us go home" came instantly in a chorus from the soldiers. When peace follows this great global conflict, formality will be dispensed with, and their love for their homes firesides will be as expressed in the following article, taken from the columns of one of our exihanges, The North Carolina Christian Advorate:

> Shortly after the armistice was signed in the first world war, Hon. Josephus Daniels, then Secretary of the Navy, with other high officials visited the American army of occupation then stationed in Germany. After these officials had reviewed the army the general in command requested the Secretary of the Navy to offer words of greetings as the soldiers broke ranks and gathered about the reviewing stand.
>
> Secretary Daniels looked out over the assembled warriors

and began with the question, "Well, boys, what shall I say to you?" Immediately these American soldiers responded, "Say, let's go home; let's go home." The war was over and only one thing engrossed their thoughts and that was their return to America.

Twenty-five years later this other army, many of them the sons of soldiers twenty-five years ago, are now interested primarily in winning the war and then return home.

We have read letters from chaplains, from army pilots, and from soldiers in North Africa, in the Far East, from England and from army camps on American soil, and whenever they refer to the future they invariably, if not in so many words, say, "We want to finish the job and then go home."

American citizens are men who love peace and hate war. They have never been inclined to become professional soldiers. And this is a gratifying state of affairs, which encourages us to believe that these armed forces when they return to civil life—and the vast majority are expected to return—will be greater patriots and citizens than they have ever been.

May we who carry the burdens of civil life in these times of toil and stress prove ourselves worthy of these patriots who look for the glad day when they can return to their beloved America.

* * * * * * * * *

LUTHER, THE RESTORER

Martin Luther was born November 10, 1483 and died February 17, 1546. He neither founded nor sought to found a new church, but only purged the existing church of error. Consequently, he discarded nothing from the life of the church except those things that were cantrary to Scripture. He restored to the church the knowledge of the fact that man is saved only by the merits of Christ, without human works; that these justifying merits are gained only through faith, and that faith itself is a gift from God.

Luther placed Holy Scripture in its proper position as a means of grace and as the only divine authority in the church. He steadfastly refused to allow Scripture to be shorn of its authority by reason, tradition, or allegorical interpretation, but demanded its understanding according to its literal meaning; nothing added, nothing subtracted; nothing explained away.—Exchange.

Word that there is a shortage of Bibles, and that they will have to be rationed to the public by the commerical publishers, comes as a strange and sad anti-climax after the glowing tribute by General Eisenhower to the place and importance of the Bible among the soldiers. The shortage has been caused not only by the sharp decrease of wood pulp, and its use and that of rags for military purposes, but also for the happier reason of the unprecedented demand for Bibles—"three or four times as many as a few years ago," and the demand still rising. We are warned that the supply of newsprint and wrapping paper will be 52 per cent less in 1944 than during the present year. It is to be hoped that ways may be found to lighten, or even remove, the restrictions on paper for Bibles.

* * * * * * * *

A leader is a man who profits by good advice. This is illustrated in a recent book, "Glory Hunter," which tells the tragic story of General George Armstrong Custer, who with 255 of his men was massacred at Little Big Horn by the Sioux Indians.

Custer was a cocksure braggart who said his 7th Cavalry could whip all the Indians in the world. When he faced the Indians that tragic June morning, scouts and sentries warned him that there were more Indians than he should tackle blindly. But Custer would take no advice. He failed to make proper preparations for battle. The result was the most tragic defeat ever suffered by American soldiery. His entire command was slaughtered—a sacrifice to one man's ego and folly.—Sunshine Magazine.

MARTIN LUTHER FATHER OF HYMNODY

By Ellen Friel Baker

A discouraged choirmaster closed his organ at the end of the rehearsal. The choristers were hurriedly putting on hats and coats, eager to go their several ways. Suddenly a boy's clear voice rang out in joyous song in the streets outside Eisleben church.

"Bring that singer in that I may speak with him," the master said.

The cantor went in search of the singer, who came readily at his bidding and stood attentively before the man still seated on the organ bench.

"What is your name?" the choirmaster asked.

"Martin Luther, sir," was the reply.

"Who taught you to sing?"

"No one taught me, sir. I like to sing and often earn a few coins by singing in the streets."

"Would you like to sing in my choir?"

"I'd be very glad for the chance, sir," Martin answered gratefully.

"Then report for rehearsal Saturday afternoon."

And in this manner Martin Luther was introduced to the Eisleben church choir and to the world of song.

He was born of sturdy peasant stock in the village of Eisleben, Saxony, in the year 1483. His father practiced careful economy during his son's youth in order to give him a college education. Meantime Martin Luther sang not only in the choir of Eisleben, but also in the churches of Magdeburg, Mansfeld and Eisenach. He also learned to play on the flute and the lute.

He was entered in the University of Erfurt for the purpose of studying law; but in 1505 he left the university and became a monk in the Augustinian monastery of Erfurt.

He kept up his music and his playing on lute and flute gave cheer and comfort to his fellow monastics, and he always led the singing at devotions with his powerful, well-trained voice. He was called from the monastery to become an instructor in the newly established University of Whittenberg. There he was seized with a spirit of unrest and was advised to read the Bible for comfort. This reading led to the formation of a new and original conception of the meaning of the Scriptures, and this led to his break with the Catholic church.

It is not difficult from this point to determine Luther's firmly fixed claim to the title "Father of Hymnody." The oldest forms of church song were the psalms, the Ambrosian chant and the Gregorian chant. During the first thousand years of church history these songs were song by choirs, accompanied by stringed instruments. Returning Crusaders brought the rebec into Europe and it was introduced into church music. The same religious zeal which inspired the Crusaders to wrest the Holy Land from the Moslems began to dominate church worship, and one

of the innovations was the introduction of part-singing in the choirs. Two of the distinguishing features of thise arly attempt were discordance and inadequate words. The monk, Guido Arrezzo, was a zealous advocate of part-singing and for undue persistence in this line he was forced to resign his office as leader of the monastery of Pomposa at Ravena. Later, when part-singing improved sufficiently to become a popular part of worship, he was reinstated.

The oldest piece of canonical composition in txistence is an ancient Northumbrian round called "Sumer is Icumen In." For want of better music it was frequently used in worship. A manuscript copy of this round is still preserved in the British Museum. The manuscript was written by John Fornsette, a monk of Reading. The penmanship which is excellently preserved points to the period of about 1228. This old round is the only example of six-part singing prior to the fifteenth century.

This backward look at the music of early Christendom leads us to Martin Luther and his part in forming and firmly establishing church hymnody. With the ideals of the Protestant Reformation sweeping over the world he was quick to see that congregational singing must become an effective part of all worship. With the Lutheran Church firmly established, there arose a group who loudly protested that congregational singing was arresting the development of the fine arts and especially the art of music.

To this complaint Luther replied, "I am not aware that the teachings of the Gospels and congregational singing tends to check the advance of art, as some deluded clericals contend. It is my belief that all art and especially the art of music may be advantageously used in the worship of Him who created them." In further defense of his claims he wrote the following maxims: "Music gives peace and a joyful mind;" "Music approaches very near to theology;" "Music is a beautiful and beneficent gift of God."

In 1524 Luther's first hymnbook was published. It was printed on three sheets and contained the words and music of eight new and original congregational hymns. Later there appeared from a Wittenburg press, and published under Luther's direction, a book of sacred songs for three, four and five voices. This is the first example of polyphonic song that the Protestant Church possesses. With this as an incentive, part-singing later reached its highest plane of excellence under Johan Sebastian Bach.

Luther's musical influence is clearly traceable in the work of a number of composers who during his lifetime and later devoted their attention to sacred music. Lukas Lossius, rector of Luneburg, was quick to imitate him. In 1553 he published at Nuremburg a song book with the title, "Melodies for Church Worship." There can be little doubt that the soul-stirring religious movement started by Luther, with its popular chorale, gave inspiration to Bach, the greatest tone-poet of all time.

Some critics have claimed that Luther was not a great musican but no one can deny hymnody's debt to the great Reformer. It is equally true that he was a great music lover and an ardent composer. Music to him

was not only a divine revelation but an esthetic necessity.

Certainly the busy workings of his powerful brain, his energetic life, and his unfaltering religious zeal may have at times overshadowed his musical genius; but he was first, last and always a musician. Trained in childhood in choir music, he carried love for it and practice of it into his monastic life, then out again to become one of his most powerful aids in the onward march of Protestantism.

Luther wrote both words and music for his mighty chorale, "Ein feste Burg is unser Gott" (A Mighty Fortress is Our God), which is still found n nearly every Protestant hymnal. Luther died at Eisleben in 1546. His remains were taken to Wittenburg and buried in the Schloss-Kirche; during the burial services three great bands played "A Mighty Fortress is Our God" in unison.

Definite evidence of Martin Luther's intimate connection with tonal art in its many forms is found in a personal letter written to the musician, Ludwig Senfel. This Letter was published in "Syntagma Musicum," an early volume of musical history now out of print. It is quoted in full.

"Coburg, 4 October, 1530.

To the Musician Ludwig Senfel:

Grace and peace in Christ. Although my name has become such a byword of hatred that I am fearful that any letter I may send to you, my dear Ludwig, may not reach its destintion and may not therefore be read by you, yet my fears are overcome by the knowledge of music with which God has graced you. It is this which sustains me and leads me to hope that my letter will not endanger you. Who, even in Turkey, would censure a man for loving art and praising the artist?

Do I not respect and praise your Bavarian dukes above all others, notwithstanding their hostility to me, because they honor and encourage music? There is no doubt that in the heart that can be touched by music many germs of the purest virtues exist; and those on whom music has no effect, and who are left cold, seem to me like blocks and stones. It is to evil spirits that music is hateful and unbearable. I am strongly persuaded, and I say boldly, that after theology there is no art that can be placed on a level with music; for besides theology, music is the only art capable of affording peace and joy of the heart like that induced by the study of the science of divinity. A proof of this is that the devil, the originator of sorrowful anxieties and restless troubles, flees before the sound of music almost as much as he does before the word of God. This is why the prophets preferred music before all the other arts, rejecting geometry, arithmetic and astronomy in its favor, connecting music and theology in the closest manner and proclaiming the Word in Psalms and hymns. But why praise I music now? Why do I describe or rather disfigure so great a thing on such a scrap of paper? But my heart, which is full to overflowing, has often been solaced by music when sick and weary.

After this preamble, I come to the object of my epistle. That is, do you happen to have a copy of the song "In pace in idipsum?" If so, will you send it to me? The melody of this song is a joy to me and has been

from my youth up. That joy is now intensified since I am capable of understanding the full meaning of the text. I do not know whether there exists a part-setting of this antiphon. I will not burden you with request to compose the song, as I believe you have already done so.

Verily I think my life is drawing to a close. The world hates me and will not suffer me. It is nauseous to me and I despise it. Therefore I have begun oftimes to sing this antiphon, and would much like to have it arranged for several voices, but I am not sure if you have it by you.

I send it written down in notes. You can, if it should agree with your desire, compose it again after my death. Our Lord Jesus be with you forever. Amen. Pardon my free speech and discursivness. My respectful greetings to the whole of the choir."

---:---

THE WILL TO WIN.

The faint and frightened early quit the fray.
"Why longer fight?" they are the first to say.
"Why bear another blow and suffer pain?
Why try once more when everything is vain?
The cause is lost! 'Tis folly to press on.
Men cannot fight when hope and strength are gone."

No thought perhaps discouraged is the foe.
No thought he, too, may dread another blow.
No resolution firm to try once more!
No keeping on until the struggle's o'er.
Just giving up and stopping then and there,
Accepting failure still with strength to spare!

Defeat is of the spirit and the will.
When they give up, then vain are strength and skill.
When they desert all hope of victory's gone.
Only the stout of heart against the odds fight on.
Battered and bruised, fatigued and body sore,
Only the brave will venture one blow more.

—Edgar Guest.

TEN MEMORABLE PLACES

By R. C. Lawrence, in The State

Where an alien to our soil asks me to direct him to the ten most memorable places in North Carolina, I would be perplexed and embarrassed, for there are simply hundreds of places of great interest not only to our own citizens but also to the strangers within our gates. I do not indulge myself in the hope that even one of (I hope) my many readers will agree with me in the selections I have made, but to all who disagree with me I can but say; make a list of your own!

The Wright Memorial

Let us begin down on the coast, where Cape Hatteras is the most dreaded spot on the Atlantic seaboard. North of this vicinity occurred two events which are known throughout the civilized world. Of course one of these was the birth of Virginia Dare on Roanoke Island, first white child to be born on the American continent, whose fate remains a mystery to this day. The story of the colony of which she was a member, recently commemorated in Paul Green's pageant, "The Lost Colony," brought even President Roosevelt to the scene. But I do not select this as one of my places of interest as she has not affected the course or current of world history. I proceed to Kill Devil Hill where, in 1904, occurred what in my judgment was one of the greatest events in human history, for it was here that the Wright brothers first demonstrated the correctness of their theory that man could fly in a heavier-than-air machine. At that time this was considered as both an impossiblity and as an absurdity, and many who read the account of the first short flight laughed it to scorn. One paper went so far as to fire the reporter who sent in an account of the flight. The airplane has largely eliminated time and space, but I sometimes wonder whether, if Wilbur and Orville Wright could have looked down the vista of the years and have seen the "havoc of war and the battle's confusion" whether they would have made public their discovery—for it has proved a veritable Frankenstien; the genial Dr. Jekyll has been transformed into the monster Hyde! Wilbur and Orville Wright never envisioned the use of their epoch-making invention in the armed forces of the nations; they believed that Tennyson was merely fanciful when he rhapsodied:

"For I looked into the future, far
as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and
all the wonders that would be,
Saw the heavens filled with shouting and there rained a ghastly
dew,
From the nations' airy navies
grappling in the central blue."

Today an imposing monument, erected by the Federal Government, crowns Kill Devil Hill whose shifting sands have been anchored in place by the art of the engineer; today the instrument first fashioned there soars aloft over every land, in every clime, over every sea, to every corner of the earth; and the attention—even

the prayers—of the United Nations are focused upon it. For if we are to win this global war, it will be due to this mighty instrument — first fashioned and forged in the Old North State.

Orton Plantation

Let us now go to quite a different scene and proceed to the banks of the lower Cape Fear between Wilmington and Southport and pay a visit to famed Orton Plantation, best known of all Colonial plantations, for here lived in regal state "King" Roger Moore, richest man in the Commonwealth, owning two hundred and fifty slaves and dispensing a hospitality in keeping with his wealth and social position. Hard by was Russelboro, once the Colonial captial of the state, and the ruins of St. Phillips Church, within whose ancient walls are imbedded shells fired by British cannon during the Revolution and in its ancient churchyard rests Alfred Moore, associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; Benjamin Smith, Governor of the state and early patron of the University and other men famous in the life of the infant Commonwealth.

Here occurred the first armed resistance to Brithish authority in America—two years prior to the battle fought by the Regulators on Alamance Creek, and several months prior to the Boston Tea Party, when the Patriots of Cape Fear, under the leadership of Hugh Waddell, John Ashe and Cornelius Harnett marched upon the residence of the royal Governor Tryon (this was before his "palace" had been constructed at New Bern), forced the resignation of David Houston, British Collector of the hated stamp taxes, and compelled three British sloops-of-war to leave the river without unloading their cargoes of stamped paper—all this being done in daylight and without disguise, whereas the later Boston Patriots went about their work at night and in disguise.

The State Capitol

I think I would next go to the state capital at Raleigh, the city named in honor of the patron of the first expedition sent out from England to the new world, and there I would, with pardonable pride, point out to the stranger the state captiol, said by architects to be the most perfect specimen of Doric architecture in all America; a building which has attracted the attenton of architects and artists throughout the world. The imposing and stately edifice was constructed of native stone, quarried not two miles distant, and the first railroad in our state was constructed to haul this stone from the quarry to the site of the present building which was constructed to take the place of the former structure destroyed by fire in 1832. Southgate Jones will pay ten pounds, lawful Colonial Proclamation money to anyone, except Pete Murphy, who can give the correct legal name of the central square on which the building is located. As a clue I will say there is a Carolina county bearing the same name!

Tobacco Markets

Let us next visit one of the numerous large tobacco markets of the state when an auction sale is in full swing. Let us take Wilson, which is the largest market in North Carolina and visit one of its numerous great warehouses, all of which are crowded to the doors with growers, employees,

representatives of all the local and foreign buyers; and listen for a few minutes to the chant of the auctioneer You will not understand his language, you will not know who the purchaser is nor the price paid until the tally clerk drops the sales tag on the pile, a price which the grower is at liberty to accept or reject. On such floors is sold the most valuable of all the crops of Carolina, a crop which returns hundreds of millions to the growers, to the manufacturers and to the Federal Government—a crop which makes our state stand near the very top in the total amount of internal revenue taxes paid the Federal government.

While on the subject, and having glimpsed this crop in its raw condition, let us follow it to its destination which we will say is the great cigarette factories manufacturing Chesterfields and Lucky Strikes at Durham, Lucky Strikes at Reidsville, and Camels at Winston-Salem; brands that are known throughout the civilized (and uncivilized) world. The tobacco industry is the largest in the state; brings in the largest returns to grower, processor and government; and gives employment to tens of thousands of our people. The bright leaf was first grown by the Slade brothers in Caswell County, and some Duke or Reynolds or Penn should erect a monument to their memory!

Kannapolis

Let us now go to Kannapolis, pet child of the famous Cannon family, which holds two world's records! it is the largest unincorporated city in the world; and more towels are manufactured here than in any other place on the earth's surface; in addition to which they also manufacture sheets, spreads and a variety of other fabrics. This town contains more than 20,000 residents, most of whom work for the Cannon family directly or indirectly.

Pinehurst

We now go to Pinehurst, in the very heart of the sandhills, a health and sports resort known throughout the nation. Here the wealthy tourist from the North pauses on his annual migration to Florida and indulges for a season in golf, polo, tennis and other sports; and its great hotels are always taxed to capacity during its season from October through May. It possesses scenic beauty of a distinctive type, and is almost in the center of one of the largest peach-growing sections of the South; and no one who has ever seen a great orchard in full bloom will ever forget the sight. While its great hotels are expensive and cater to the wealthy classes, even the humblest tourist can find accommodations suitable to his purse. This resort is also owned by one family—the Tufts—and it also is unincorporated, but it cannot boast a population anywhere near as large as Kannapolis. The foundation of the Tufts fortune was the invention of the soda fountain by the elder Tufts.

Textile Mills

No visit to Carolina would be quite complete without a visit to one of its great textile mills, for our state leads the nation in the number of its spindles and its looms. Let us, therefore, go to Gaston County which contains more mills than any other county in the nation. New England once had a monopoly in cotton manufacture; but the first cotton mill south of the Potomac was built in Lincoln County about 1816, and the industry was

gradually shifted from New England to the South. Today every mill hums with activity, producing goods and munitions for our armed forces as well as for the needs of the civilian population. While the textile industry centers in the Piedmont, mills can be found as far east as Wilmington and as far west as Asheville, and there is no section of the state which does not feel the influence of the staple.

Duke University

We now visit Duke University, where the millions of James Buchanan Duke have been used to create not only a great educational institution, but an architectural poem in prose. Its great chapel is said to rival in its cold beauty, the famous Taj Mahal in India; and in the crypts of this imposing edifice are the tombs of the Dukes; while from its lofty tower there goes forth the sound of the largest carillon in the South—chanting its requiems. On the death of James Buchanan Duke he left a foundation of approximately a hundred million dollars for the establishment of this great University and to aid other educational institutions, orphanages, hospitals and other charities. He was the greatest Southern philanthropist, and exceeded on the field of the nation only by John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie. While the visitor is being shown the classic precincts of the University, he might as well drop in while a game is being played by the famous football eleven of the University, the "Blue Devils," one of the most truly great elevens in the land. Once the Rose Bowl game was played at Durham, the Blue Devils being one of the contending teams.

Lake Lure Country

For a purely scenic attraction I could take the stranger to any number of places—to lovely Lake Lure; to that queerest of all the freaks of nature, the mighty phenomenon known as Chimney Rock; or to Blowing Rock, where the wind blows constantly and where any slight object dropped by the visitor will be instantly brown back into his hand by the force of the winds. I could take him to Mount Mitchell, loftiest peak east of the Rockies; or to Mount Pisgah, from which is unfolded a rhapsody in beauty; but I have selected Clingman's Dome, for from its lofty heights can be seen many of the terrestrial beauties of Carolina and Tennessee; a vista like unto that of Beulah land, for as far as the eye can reach there is unfolded a scene of beauty unrivalled elsewhere.

"Earth hath not anything to show
more fair."

Our state leads the South in its hydro-electric power; and I think it but fitting that we visit one of the dozens of great dams which convert the current of our streams into the "white coal" of electricity. The state is served by five great companies—the Duke Power Company, the Carolina Power and Light Company, the Virgina Electric and Power Company, Nantahala Power Company, and the Tide Water Power Company, Let us visit one of these great dams, say that of the Carolina Power Company on the Pee Dee at Tillery. Here the great dam backs up the river for many miles and forms a lake of imposing beauty and great depth. Automatic gauges show the state of the water every moment; weather charts are maintained and

reports are received almost hourly from various points up the stream. When floods are expected, twelve great gates open and release an amount of water sufficient to take care of the expected deluges, and the engineers have grown so expert that they can predict to almost an inch the stage the river will reach; they can tell when the flood will reach its crest at any given point and how long it will take the waters to subside. Here giant dynamos hum with energy furnishing lght, heat and power to industries and homes hundreds of miles distant. They have been the means of inducing many industries which subsist on cheap power to migrate to our state. The law is a queer thing. Politeness prevents me from quoting Beadle Bumble on the subject. Suffice it to say that notwithstanding numerous lofty dams are in existence at different points along the river and, of course, not even a fish can travel far upstream, the Federal Power Commission has ruled that the river is a navigable stream!

This exhausts the limitation of ten imposed upon me by that genial gentleman who controls the State Magazine. I would this limitation were removed, for there are scores of other places which would absorb the interest of the stranger. Why even Eleanor Roosevelt, our first lady, stopped her special train at Fayetteville so that she might proceed up Hay Street to view the slave market which was an ancient building when the Revolutonary War was young.

THE SCULPTOR

I took a piece of plastic clay
And idly fashioned it one day,
And as my fingers pressed it, still
It moved and yielded to my will.

I came again, when days were passed,
That bit of clay was hard at last,
The form I gave it, still it bore,
And I could change that form no more.

Then I took a piece of living clay
And gently forced it, day by day,
And molded it with my power and art,
A young child's soft and yielding heart.

I came again when years were gone,
It was a man I looked upon;
He still that early impress bore,
And I could change it, nevermore.

—Author Unknown.

MAHOGANY AT WAR

By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough

Mahogany has gone to war.

This may seem somewhat surprising to those accustomed to think of mahogany only as beautiful wood used for furniture. There is nothing strange about it for not even mahogany could have maintained the favored poition it has held for generations on the merit of beauty alone. Other qualities are essential in a fine cabinet wood and these are the qualities that have sent mahogany to war. For more than two years it has been at war in daily expanding importance.

This does not mean that the armed forces are living in mahogany furnished quarters. There is, in fact, every reason to anticipate that the manufacture of mahogany furniture like that of many products for civilian use will be sharply curtailed for the duration.

Most of the mahogany imported into this country must come in ships and ships are scarce. With the demand for mahogany for war construction already exceeding supply, the amount that can be imported which is suitable for war use will not be available for furniture, civilian or otherwise. Instead it wll be used to make vital implements of war—aircraft, boats, models and patterns and delicate precision instruments.

Its largest war use to date is for aircraft. Wood was used in aircraft construction and mahogany especially was widely used for propellers during the First World War. After that war, although aviation underwent tremendous development in this country, almost the entire effort went into the all-metal plane. This was quite natural for no wood adhesives had then been developed which would resst rain, sun, sub-zero weather and organisms of decay.

Also until the present war America had abundant supplies of aluminum and alloy metals. At the outbreak of the war this country was far advanced in the use of metal and metal alloys but far behnd in a knowledge of the use of wood in aircraft building. As the war program expanded, a few farseeing people, fearful of a time when supplies of metal might fail, began to study the problem involved in the use of wood in airplanes. From the first mahogany was the wood chosen as the basis of experiment.

Quite naturally the question might be asked, "Why use a wood which can be obtained only thousands of miles away when transportation is such a problem?"

Scientific tests prove that in mahogany is combined all the qualities necessary for war work and no substitute wood will do the job even approximately as well.

To be suitable for aircraft construction a material must first of all combine lght weight with strength. Though only a medium weight wood, mahogany is exceptionally strong. The construction of small high-powered speed boats requires a material that resists the action of moisture and the attack of organisms of decay in tropical waters. Because of its unusual resistance to moisture and atmospheric change, mahogany is less

liable to warping, shrinking and swelling than other woods. It holds its. shape.

The mahogany tree grows to immense size, sometimes reaching one hundred and fifty feet in height, six to eight feet in diameter. Thus the mahogany log can yield unusually large clear pieces, a necessary quality of any material which is to be used in large-scale war production. To make satisfactory patterns for the casting of metal, wood must be easy to work into the required shape and afford a surface that can be given an extremely smooth finish. Mahogany responds as perhaps does no other wood to fine finishing.

These are the qualities which, in spite of the problem of transportation, have sent mahogany to war.

As air power is a controlling factor in this war, the contribution of mahogany to its expansion is a vital one. Specific details of that contribution must remain secret for the time being but certain facts about the general processes involved in wood aircraft construction can be told.

A great deal has been said about "plastic airplanes." Makers of this type of aircraft state the term is improperly used. So-called plastic airplanes are in realty wood airplanes, plywood airplanes, to be exact.

The development of modern plywood made possble the modern wood airplane. Plywood is a composite board made of several sheets or plies of wood veneer glued together with the grain of each sheet running at right angles or diagonally to the grain of the adjacent sheet.

This new method came into being with the discovery of synthetic resin glues. These glues are placed between the layers of wood and the whole then subjected to heat and pressure. Because these resins are also used for making plastics, the term "plastic aircraft was coined. According to experts on the subject, the correct name is resin-bonded plywood.

In many factories where formerly mahogany furniture was produced, workers cover glider wings with mahogany plywood. It is predicted that these gliders which figure so largely in this war, promise a new mode of civilian transportation in the future.

Transport and cargo planes are made possible through the use of plywood. The twin-motored cessna training plane is made of mahogany plywood, while the greatest contribution so far is the North American basic training ship. Through experience gained by actual use, resin-bonded plywood is expected to be found more efficient even than metal for many parts of combat and transport planes.

As in aircraft, magohany is the preferred wood for several types of small boats which are playing so valiant a part in this war. The tiny motor torpedo boats, commonly called "P T" boats, is the most familiar of these. They figured gallantly in the confused activities in the Philippines, also at Guadalcanal and in the African campaign. Their most spectacular use was in the evacuation of General McAruthur and President Queson. The story of these "wasps of the sea" is told in "They Were Expendable," by W. L. White.

The P T boats, unlike airplanes, are constructed of both mahogany lumber and plywood. Only seventy feet long and twenty wide, they

are equipped with three marine motors which send them "roaring over the top of the water as fast as a Packard car ever travelled a highway." The hull itself must take the terrific impact of power and the mahogany hull of a P T boat can do it.

The value of these boats lies in their speed and maneuverability. They are not built to withstand bullets, for there is no armored protection. It is a "little eggshell, designed to roar in, let fly a Sunday punch and then get the hell out, zigging to dodge the shells." The enemy quickly learned its power and took care to let it alone.

The Tokyo radio, after just one encounter with this new American weapon blared out, "It is a monster that flapped its wings and fired torpedoes in all directions."

Records show that from December 7, 1941, until the middle of February, Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron Three sank a hundred times its own tonnage in enemy warships and accounted for probably ten Japanese for every man in its combined crews. Not one boat of the six was the victim of the Japs, but deadly coral reefs took their toll. Others were destroyed by their crews to save them from capture by the enemy, while the rest, sadly crippled and at last even lacking torpedoes, finally had to acknowledge their work was done.

The work of these little aquatic wasps is, however, by no means done. Survivors of their crews are giving future P T boat officers the benefit of their experience and all mahogany available for that purpose is going into more of these tiny speed boats.

Because of the high degree of accuracy with which mahogany can be cut and its ability to hold its shape under variable moisture conditions, it has no equal as a pattern material. Before Pearl Harbor pine, mahogany and aluminum were used. With aluminum a critcal material and the demand on mahogany multiplied, pattern makers are using pine and facing it with mahogany only when they must. So here again behind the scenes, mahogany is doing its part in tipping the scales toward victory.

In a brochure published by the Mahogany Association for distribution to makers of furniture and dealers, it is said: "It now seems quite possible that out of the mahogany imported for war use there will be some part which will not meet war use specifications. This residue may furnish certain amounts of both lumber and veneer for civilian use. Naturally the buyer will find her choice comparatively limited, until the war takes a turn for the better. But once that turn has been made, mahogany furniture will definitely be on its way back again."

Ah, yet, ere I descend to the grave,
May I a small house and large garden have,
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too.

—Abraham Cowley.

ARCHITECTS OF FATE

By Christine H. Gordon, in Industrial School Journal, Lancaster, Ohio

For twenty-five years the educational world has been interested in National Book Week. Parents, libarians and teachers have worked together to promote the varied activities of this week in November which has been set aside to call attention to books and reading. At first the emphasis was on children's books. Now all types of books for all ages of readers are in the spotlight of national publicity. At the present time teachers and school librarians as well as public librarians interested in reading for children and young people, do much toward the celebration of this week.

Every year the Book Week Committee chooses an appropriate slogan. This time we have "Building the Future with Books." Those of you who have seen the poster bearing this slogan are amused by the picture of the ragged urchin in one of childhood's favorite reading postures absorbed in the pages of a book. When one member of our stndent library staff saw this poster he made the suggestion that we make a poster featuring Abraham Lincoln reading by the light of burning logs in his cabin home. We are busily engaged in making this original poster. If any one ever used books for building the future it was Lincoln.

"Building the future with books" brings to mind the poetic line written in the nineteeth century by Longfellow.

"All are architects of Fate
Building in these walls of Time."

Within certain limitations each one of us is his own architect of Fate. It is the business of teachers, youth counselors, parents and all who come into close personal contact with boys and girls to aid these young architects of fate.

All life experiences are potential sources for character and personality building materials. The record of many of these experiences is found in books. Therefore librarians are most zealous in urging the use of books and pictures in all educative processes and techniques. Books must be offered to the youthful readers in as wise and skillful manner as possible. To be sure there are many young readers who are always to be found haunting libraries, who read everything that comes within their ever-expanding reading abilities. For these the only problem is the presentation of enough reading matter. For others the varied problems and interests and needs of juvenile readers require many and varied solutions that tax the resourcefulness of the school librarian. Fortunately present day library materials are to be found in such rich and varied quantities that it is an absorbing occupation to collect and use them.

Most naturally this question arises "What are some of the ways by which we can build with books?" One of the first and most important answers is that in book land one meets great personalities from history and fiction. It is the birthright of every American to know our rich background of legend, folk lore and history. Every

boy should have an opportunity to become acquainted with the immortal boys who live in the pages if fiction. It is one of the aims of our library service that our boys shall have the opportunity to meet:

Nat and Dan from "Little Men

Tom Sawyer
Huckleberry Finn
The Prince and the Pauper
The Hoosier School Boy
Tom Brown
David Cooperfield
Oliver Twist
Jim Hawkins
Penrod and Sam

When one turns to the realm of biography the introductions to boys who became famous come thick and fast. In the throng some great personalities always stand out. Among these are Damon and Pythias, David and Jonathan, Francis of Assisi, Abraham Lincoln, and The Boy who at twelve years of age taught in the Temple at Jerusalem, and "who increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man."

In the class room books are some of the most necessary tools for learning. A well-equipped school library with efficient service is necessary to our modern systems of education. At the present time we have fifteen sets of encyclopedias, three at the East School library and twelve at Central. These books do not remain idle on the shelves. Due to the unusually good cooperation of our teachers these books are in almost cosstant use.

The Librarian takes great interest in the eager questions asked in the library. Naturally these range from those requiring a large amount of research to those that require only a single answer. Every reference librarian keeps some record of reference questions asked, and likes to compare notes with others. Here are a few of ours:

What do you find in a gazetteer?
How do you write 997 in Roman Numerals?
What was the Trojan Horse?
Where is Naples?
Where can I find pictures of poison snakes?
Where can I find something about West Point?
Which nation has the largest navy?
I want to find pictures of coins.
Where can I find books on aviation?
Do you have pictures of dogs?

Always there is the insistent demand for information about airplanes, world geography, biology, mechanics, electricity, trees and plants

A school librarian watches and attempts to aid these individual architects of fate striving to build the future with all the materials of experience which fall into their hands.

Outside of the school room and library is the social order of human beings bound together by many ties. Our present fields of discussion is too limited to attempt an adequate outline of the many ways in which the future may be built with books. Philosophers, newspaper men, scientists, sociologists, historians, statesmen, educators, the clergy, lawyers, doctors, and men of every occupation are attempting to use books to solve present day problems. In the solution of these problems lies the

great hope for the future. A recent magazine article describes the methods of a New York City Judge of the Juvenile Court in his attempts to solve some of the problems of Juvenile delinquency. In many cases he sends young offenders to the nearest branch library. There the librarians assist the reader to find and enoy the judge's prescribed reading list. More often than not, books help to solve the maladjusted youngster's problems.

Institutional officers and teachers are turning toward the help found in the well-chosen books of a good professional library. This summer Mr. Scheetz began to organize such a library. At the time this article was written more than twenty-five titles have been placed on the shelves of the "A. C." Professional Library. Mr. Scheetz plans to use these books in the study of institutional and social problems. He intends to make them the nucleus of an up-to-date library in the fields of sociology, institutional problems, social welfare, child guidance and psychology.

We have on the campus another professional library. This is kept in Mr. Stahly's office. Here the teachers find many books and magazines in the field of education. Each year Mr. Stahly adds to this collection the Ohio Teacher's Reading Circle books, and the recently published works of authorities in educational philosophy, psychology and methods.

In our library we build the future with magazines and pictures as well as books. We are proud of our rapidly growing picture collection. Our twenty-five bound volumes of the National Geographic Magazines contain great treasure stores of travel pictures. From many other sources we collect pictures of all kinds. In our modern-picture-minded age these are of great value as teaching aids. The cumulating set of richly illustrated pamphlets and books bearing the title "Building America" is very popular.

Among the most used magazines in the periodical collections are "Life," "Look," "Boy's Life," "Popular Science," "Popular Mechanics," "Colliers," "Saturday Evening Post," "Open Road for Boys," "Nature Magazine," and "Outdoor Life." In the class rooms the teachers use "Current Science," "Every Diy Reading," The Scholastic," "Our Times," "Current Events," "Every Week," and "My Weekly Reader."

In the opinion of the Librarian the most outstanding achievement of the school library service this year is the organization of elementary Library Science Classes. Since the beginning of the school year twenty eight boys have joined these classes. To them the Librarian gives intensive training in the use of books and libraries. Part of their time is given to the routine work of the library and the library and the preparation of books for circulation and library use. Each boy for chooses his own reference problems in addition to the general ones assigned by his teacher. A minimum of three book reports is required for each quarter's work in Library Science. With the aid of newspapers, magazines, and the World News maps the boys attempt to keep in close touch with current events. The making of posters and attractive library displays is another activity of the library classes. Again we wish to thank Miss Geuder and her art classes for their splendid

cooperation in picture and poster making. School librarians owe a debt of gratitude to art supervisors for their invaluable aid in library displays and artistic activities. Mr. Snow our school principal, is the man whose administrative ability and encouragement made these Library Science classes a reality. Without his splendid aid and counsel the librarian could never have realized her plan for this form of service. The twenty-eight boys who received this training master the use of library tools for study and recreation in adult life. They are also able to aid other students who come to use the readng room and its varied library materials. In spite of handicaps due to war conditions we are confident that our library service is making a real contribution to the lives of the boys who come to the school. We enter the third year of work under the present library plan and organization with a firm purpose to obtain better results and reach new goals. We hope that the weekly library reports in the Cadet will present a record of steady growth and achievement.

As school librarians and young people's librarians strive to build a better future for boys and girls they must have the aid of all patriotic citizens. All must work together to build a great new social order within our walls of time and space. While many tools are necessary for this great task, we believe that books are of supreme importance. Without them we can not build the future. Upon printed pages are recorded the thought and plans of those who strive for a better world. Therefore we go forward under this year's Book Week Slogan, "Build the Future With Books."

MAKE SOMEONE HAPPY

How little it costs, if we give it a thought,
To make happy some heart each day;
Just one kind word, or a tender smile,
As we go on our daily way.

Perchance a look will suffice to clear
The cloud from a neighbor's face,
And the press of a hand in sympathy,
A sorrowful tear efface.

It costs so little I wonder why
We give so little thought;
A smile, kind words, a place, a touch,
What magic with them is wrought.

—Selected.

THE FENCE OR THE AMBULANCE

'Twas a dangerous cliff, so they freely confessed,
Though to walk near its crest was so pleasant.
But over its terrible edge there had slipped
A duke and full many a peasant.
So the people said something would have to be done,
But their projects did not all tally;
Some said, "Put a fence 'round the edge of the cliff;"
Some, "An ambulance down in the valley."

But the cry for the ambulance carried the day,
And it spread through the neighboring city;
A fence may be useful or not, it is true,
But each heart was brim-full of pity
For those who slipped over that dangerous cliff;
And the dwellers in highway and valley
Gave pound or gave pence, not to put up a fence,
But an ambulance down in the valley.

"For the cliff is all right if you're careful," they said
"And if folks even slip or are dropping,
It isn't the slipping that hurts them so much
As the shock down below when they're stopping."
Then an old sage remarked, "It's a marvel to me
That people give far more attention
To repairing results than to stopping the cause,
When they'd much better aim at prevention.

Let us stop at its source all this mischief," cried he,
"Come neighbors and friends, let us rally,
If the cliff we will fence we might almost dispense
With the ambulance down in the valley."
"Oh, he's fantastic," the others rejoined.
"Dispense with the ambulance? Never!
He'd dispense with all charities, too, if he could;
But no! We'll protect them forever;
Aren't we picking up folks just as fast as they fall?
And shall this man dictate to us. Shall he?
Why should people of sense stop to put up a fence
While their ambulance works in the valley?"

But a sensible few who are practical, too,
Will not bear with such nonsense much longer,
They believe that prevention is better than cure
And their party will soon be the stronger.
Encourage them, then, with your purse, voice and pen,
And while other philanthropists dally,
They will scorn all pretense and put up a stout fence
On a cliff that hangs over a valley —Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

In a recent issue of The Concord Daily Tribune we read that Mr. Hugh B. Craig, rural chairman for the United War Fund drive, reported that $4,735.00 had been donated by rural communities through the schools. "We had a quota of $6,000," he said, "and we believe we will reach it, since reports from practically every school are still incomplete."

Mr. Craig said he and his committee were especially grateful for donations sent in from the Jackson Training School. "There," he said, "the boys raised $42.25 and we doubt if there has been a finer contribution made anywhere to this fund."

—:—

Elbert Brown, a former member of our printing class, who is now receiving basic training at the United States Naval Training Station, Bainbridge, Maryland, wrote us a few days ago, as follows:

"Just a few lines to let you know that I am getting along fine in the Navy. Sorry I haven't written before, but we have been busy. Want to thank you for copies of The Uplift. All the boys up here enjoyed reading them. Hope everything is going well at the School. We are really having some cold weather up here.

"We will graduate one week from today, and get our leave one week from Monday. Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Kiser and all the rest of the folks at the School. Will see them soon, as I expect to visit the School before returning to the base. Be sure to tell Mr. Johnson that I certainly appreciate all he did for me.

"Do you remember Bernice Hoke, who used to be in Cottage No. 2? He is up here now, and says he likes the Navy very much. Best of luck. Your old friend, Elbert Brown."

—:—

We recently received a letter from Robert Muse, formerly of Cottage No. 4, who is now in the United States Navy. Robert entered the School, March 3, 1942, and was permitted to return to his home in Elizabeth City, February 26, 1943. He is now stationed at Norfolk Virginia, and states that he is getting along very well. His letter reads in part, as follows:

"Am getting along fine and hope you and all the boys and officers are doing the same. I meant to write you long ago, and am very sorry that I did not do it. You know how it is —a fellow gets out to sea, and can't mail letters, and then when he gets back on land, there is so much to take up his time that he forgets to write. Certainly would like to hear from you and the boys, especially Lewis and Emerson Sawyer and Billie Deaton. See if you can fix it up so they can write to me.

"I'm on guard duty tonight and have lots of time to think. Boy, how I'd like to see the old school again, and talk with old friends down there. Please don't forget that I'd like to hear from you. Will be looking for

a letter soon, so don't disappoint me. Best wishes to all. Your friend, Robert Muse."

—:—

Carl Everett, twenty three years old, formerly of Cottage No. 9, called on us last Tuesday night. He is now in the United States Army, and was on his way back to Camp Hale, Colorado, after having spent several days with relatives in this state.

Carl entered the Training School, September 3, 1931 and was allowed to return to his home in High Point, July 16, 1935. At the time of coming to us he entered the second grade and had advanced to the seventh grade when he left.

Returning to his home, this lad entered the public school and completed his eight grade work in 1936. He was employed in Penders Store, in High Point, for about nine months; worked for a plumber for a few months; and drove a large transfer truck until the time of his enlistment, November 16, 1938.

Upon being inucted into the Army, Carl was assigned to a field artillery unit, and was first stationed at Fort Moultrie, South Carolina. He was then stationed in the Panama Canal Zone for three years, and later spent some time at Schofield Barracks, Honolulu and Costa Rica. In April, 1943, he was sent to Camp Livingston, Louisiana, and about three months ago was transferred to his present post of duty.

The fact that Carl has attained the rank of technical sergeant would indicate that he has been getting along well in the Army.

Carl is a fine-looking young man, standing six feet four inches in height, and makes a fine appearance in uniform. He has the same pleasing manner, so familiar to those of us who knew him as a little fellow, and the old friendly smile is as broad as ever. His many friends here were deighted to see him and to learn that he is getting along so well.

—:—

Robert Lawrence, a former linotype student in our printing department, who is now a member of the United States Marine Corps, recently wrote us from "somewhere in the Pacific." His letter, dated October 29th, which we received November 11th, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Not long ago I received a letter from you, written March 6th. It was addresed to me back at Camp Elliott, California, but finally caught up with me. Haven't received the Uplift in quite a while. I know you didn't know my address, so that must be why. I am getting along fine and hope all is well with you and the rest of the folks at the old school. I have heard from J. W. McRorie and he says he is getting along well. Glad to hear that.

"Will have some interesting pictures to show you when I get back to the States. Do you have trouble in getting films for your camera? I sent you a couple of post cards from one of the places I've been lately. Also took some pictures while there.

"Red Andrews is in the Marines. Don't know just where he is or exactly which outfit he is with, but think it is with a tank corps. So Bill

is in the Navy and Tiny in the Army Air Corps. There must be some old J. T. S. boys in all branches of the service. Please tell me who are in the Marines. Would like to know, for I might run acoss some of them out here in the Pacific. Never can tell. The next time you write James Brewer, please send him my address and ask him to write me. Hope he is getting along well. Must say goodbye now and hit the sack. Your friend, Bob Lawrence."

—:—

Ramsey J. Glasgow, a former member of our printing class, who left the School in 1928, recently wrote us from England. This lad served a four year's period of enlistment in the United States Marine Corps (1929-1933) and following his honorable discharge, found steady employment and was getting along well, but when the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor, he berame eager to get back into service for Uuncle Sam, and early in 1942 enlisted in the Army Air Corps. He is now a staff sergeant in a crew of one of our Flying Fortresses. His letter, dated October 28. 1943, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: How is this old world treating you these days? Why don't you get busy and come over here and help us get this thing over with? The program is out of time to suit me. This is my second winter in England, and I spent part of last summer in Africa. I think it should have been the other way around.

"I suppose the School is hearing from some of its old boys from all around the world these days. If you are putting any write-ups about them in The Uplift, I would appreciate occasional copies.

"Well, I suppose Christmas at home is beginning to give you something to think about, and will probably be as dull for you folks as it will for us over here. That's one time of the year when a fellow likes to be near his own fireside. Have already received my Christmas packages from my wife and other folks at home, so when December 24th comes around, don't believe I'll even hang up a sock.

"How about letting me have some news of the old School once in a while, and don't forget to send The Uplift. That's all for now. See you later. Yours truly, Ramsey."

—:—

A few days ago another letter came to us from Delma C. Gray, a former member of our printing class, who is now receiving basic training at the United States Naval Training Station, Bainbridge, Maryland. "Red" writes the following:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Received your letter and The Uplift and was very glad to get them. I wasn't expecting such a nice write-up, but appreciate it just the same. As I have told you before, there isn't much difference in Navy life and that at the School. All you have to do is obey orders and you'll get along O K. There are many Southern boys up here and we have lots of fun fighting the Civil War all over again. We have the Yankees outnumbered here at Bainbridge about 5 to 1, and certainly have some swell times. There is a fellow here from Flem-

ington, N. J., and I told him that I knew another Yankee from the same place who was a very nice fellow, in fact, he was my boss for two years. Wonder if you know who I mean?

"Please give by best regards to Mr. Fisher and all the rest of the folks down there. I'll send you a Bainbridge News soon. It's a pretty good little paper. Was glad you remembered Navy Day, and I enjoyed reaing the article in The Uplift about it. There is no life like Navy life and I am telling you the truth when I say that.

"You would be surprised to know that there are so many old J. T. S. boys up here. Will tell you about them when I see you. Please send me Bill Morgan's address. Don't forget to write me soon. Your very good friend, Delma C. Gray."

—:—

Rev. T. H. Steen, pastor of White Memorial Baptist Church, Kannapolis, conducted the regular afternoon service at the School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read Acts 26:9-16, and the subject of his message to the boys was "Where There Is No Vision, the People Perish."

At the beginning of his remarks, the speaker stated that out of the various homes of the world there come preachers, farmers, lawyers, doctors and men of other professions. In building toward the future much depends upon the training they have received in childhood. Early impressions will last throughout a lifetime.

Rev. Mr. Steen reminded the boys that they were in a period of youth, when they shouud get the proper vision or outlook on life. Frequently, said he, boys get their visions and set their goals because of the examples which they see in adults of their acquaintance. He advised them to select a worthy hero and follow his example. He especially urged them to get a vision of Jesus Christ, saying if they did so, they would set for themselves a very high goal, yet one which was possible of attainment.

The speaker told the boys to plan to do something definite in life as a profession, and to prepare themselves to study and work. He added that this goal should be something that would contribute to the happiness and welfare of others, and would involve sacrifice and unselfishness upon their parts. He also told them if they hoped to accomplish their purpose it would mean that they would have to put their very best efforts into life. Men who have failed in life, he added, and who sometimes find themselves behind prison bars, are those who have never had a true vision as to what their real obligations and opportunities were as they went through life.

Rev. Mr. Steen then said that a life without a vision is one that is constantly drifting with the current but to live a really worthwhile life, one is required to swim upstream against the current. He referred to Abraham Lincoln, Henry Ford and the Wright brothers, saying they were men who faced ridicule and disappointment, but because of their visions they overcame all obstacles and reached great heights in their respective professions.

Another point brought out by the speaker was that if there should be any doubt in our minds as to how we may obtain the proper vision, we need but to look to the teachings of God's Word and follow the rules laid down by the Master. If we follow the course found in this manner, there can never be any doubt as to our reaching the highest possible goal.

———:———

THE FLOWER OF HEAVEN

Whatever darkness other days are bringing,
However heavy be their weight of care,
An Easter morning, with its silver singing,
Is like a sunburst showering the air.

With all its radiant message and its power,
With all its meaning hearts have come to know,
It calls to instant memory One Flower
That blossomed in a garden long ago;

That blossomed from the darkness and is living
A fadeless heavenly bloom of purest white;
That still across the centuries is giving
A tired world its fragrance and its light.

"As a lily among thorns . . ." a voice is saying;
"A lily of the field" that will not die.
The lonely darkened tomb could not be staying
Its growth—its upward reaching to the sky.

Whatever other days may hold of weeping,
Of bitterness or heartache or of grief,
An Easter morning has within its keeping
One Flower, beautiful beyond belief.

—Grace Noll Crowell.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending November 7, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Ernest Bullard
William Burnette
Raymond Davis
Donald Hobbs
Leonard McAdams
Charles Pearson
Weaver Ruff
Thomas Ruff
Jerry Smith
James Stamper
Harry Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Charles Byrd
Marion Cox
John Franks
Jack Gray
Rufus Massingill
Harold McKinney
Floyd Puckett
Luther Vaughn

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Jack Bateman
Everett Bowden
Edward Britt
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
William Guffey
John Holder
J. T. Jacobs
Samuel Pritchett
Milton Talley
Ray Taylor
Lester Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

William Davis
Bruce Harper
Charles Lanford
Raiford Medlin
Malcom Seymour
Richard Shehan
Edgar Shell
Roy Swink
Walter Thomas
Martin Walters
William C. Willis
Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 5

William Dawn
Sidney Knighting
Brady Tew
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 6

Eugene Bowers
Kenneth Caldwell
Charlton Cox
Donald Griffin
Ralph Gibson
Everett Gallion
Marvin Lipscomb
Samuel Lynn
Stanford McLean
James McMahan
J. W. Smith
James Sneed
Joseph Turner
Clay Shue

COTTAGE NO. 7

Arthur Beal
Wallace Foster
Donald Grimstead
John McLean
W. C. Whitehurst

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Bennett
L. C. Gearing
Homer Johnson
Delmas Jarrell
Edward Renfro
Troy Morris

COTTAGE NO. 9

Herbert Branch
Cecil Caldwell
Leonard Church
Fred Grimstead
Edward Guffey
Winley Jones
Charles McClenney
Albert Newton
Lawrence Rice
Milford Ward

Glenn Wilcox
J. C. Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

Paul Alphin
Floyd Barnes
Fred Carswell
Forest Davis
Alfred Lamb
Edward Loftin
Robert Moses
G. McCollum
C. Morrison
E. C. Stamey
Charles Tate
A. B. Woodard

COTTAGE NO. 11

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Ervin Ewing
Woodrow Ewing
Robert Hobbs

COTTAGE NO. 14

Wilton Barfield
Robert Caudle
Joseph Case
Jack Gentry
Vernon Hardin
Robert Holbert
Joseph McKinney
Robert Moose
James Norton
Hayes Powell
John Pritchard
Paul Stone
Walter Stansberry
Robert Wilkins
Lawrence Walker

COTTAGE NO. 15

Edgar Blanchard
Thomas Baumgarner
James Cantrell
Burley Edmondson
David Lewis
Harvey Leonard
Sam Linebarrier
Charles Ledford
Boyce Plyler
Hilton Reed
Roger Ried
Hugh Roberts
Dewey Smith
Evans Watson
John Watts
William Whittington
Leroy Willetts

INDIAN COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

INFIRMARY

Durham Smith

TEAR DOWN THE WALLS

Tear down the walls. God made of one
All men who live upon the earth;
He is our Father, we his sons,
Whatever be our human birth.

Tear down the walls that separate
And breed estrangement, pride and hate;
The poor, the oppressed, the rich, the great
Are brothers in one human state.

—Edgar Cooper Mason.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 20, 1943 No. 47

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

MY DESIRE

Lord, let not my religion be
A thing of selfish ecstasy;
But something warm with tender care
And fellowship which I can share.
Let me not walk the other side
Of trouble's highway long and wide;
Make me a Good Samaritan,
And neighbor unto every man.

—Clarence M. Burholder.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
WHAT THE COMMUNITY EXPECTS OF A CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION	By Ellen Winston	8
THE LEAST AMONG THEM	By Alma H. Arnold	13
GIVE THANKS	By Dr. H. B. Blakely	16
STREAMLINED TURKEYS	By Walter E. Taylor	18
THE CHALLENGE OF A GREAT DAY	By William G. Everson	20
INSTITUTION NOTES		24
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

LITTLE THINGS

Thank you, God, for all the simple things
That each day brings—
From sunshine in the morning,
That pushes back the dark when day is dawning,
Till twilight falls.
All through the busy hours we trace Thy Hand,
Yet sometimes too dull to understand,
We think the gift too small.

Help us, God, to see Thy love that crowds each busy day,
And thank Thee for the simple things we find along the way—
For little children romping round,
For birdsong, gay and happy sound,
Through sun and rain.
Friends to greet you, loved ones near,
Songs to share—perchance a tear.
For strength to work, for gift to play,
For fireside at the close of day,
And candlelight again.
Thank you, God, for all the lovely, simple things
That each day brings.

—Eleanor Frey.

COMMISSIONER LEONARD VISITS SCHOOL

The visit of Mr. Samuel E. Leonard, the newly appointed Commissioner of Correction and Training for the State of North Carolina, visited the Jackson Training School last week. In addition to this institution he will have general supervision of Eastern Carolina Training School, the Samarcand School for Girls, the Morrison

Training School for Negro Boys, and the State Farm Colony for wayward women. His visit here was one of interest, and he expressed himself as being well-pleased with the set-up of institutional activities, and the personnel of the School also liked the frank and friendly interest of Commissioner Leonard.

Having had a long experience as head of the Eastern Carolina Training School, the newly appointed official knew just how to move about so as to familiarize himself with the departmental activities and get acquainted with members of the institutional staff. He really has that Eastern Carolina friendly way of making one feel, "I am your friend, and want to help you." The Commissioner made neither changes nor suggestions of changes, the purpose of this visit being just to get acquainted with the School as a whole.

Mr. Leonard met with all staff members one evening, and briefly outlined the program which he hopes to encourage in the work of the five institutions under his jurisdiction. He emphasized the fact that he wanted the workers to realize, above all else, that the institution was for the boys, and that all activities should be for the development and uplift of boys who heretofore have had little or no chance in life.

In the future Commissioner Leonard will make periodical visits to this institution, so as to keep in close touch with the work being carried on.

* * * * * * * *

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

This institution always welcomes interested visitors who come to see the manner in which our work is carried on. On Monday of last week, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Bost, of Raleigh, unepectedly arrived upon the campus and begun to mingle with both boys and officials. Mrs. Bost holds the high post of State Commissioner of Charity and Public Welfare, and for many years has been most efficient in every phase of the work.

Accompained by Superintendent Hawfield, Mrs. Bost visited practically all departments at the School, and had the satisfaction of seeing the boys working at their respective tasks. She also made a tour of the school rooms. After getting a better understanding

of existing conditions, she expressed herself as being well pleased with the work of the institution.

While the good wife was making the rounds, Mr. Bost came down to The Uplift office. He walked in, introduced himself, and said that he thought he would feel more at home in a place where he could smell printers' ink than elsewhere. Mr. Bost needed no introduction, for he is known throughout the entire state for his ability to wield a facile pen, being the editor of The Greensboro Daily News. Having a wide acquaintance from one end of the state to the other, he had a good time talking to the lads in the printing department, finding out from which counties they came, and speaking to them about different people he knew in their communities. His interview, like that of his wife, was one of friendly and sympathetic interest.

We were delighted to have Mr. and Mrs. Bost with us on this occasion, and would like to take this opportunity to assure them that whenever they happen to be in this vicinity, they will always find that at the Jackson Training School the latch-string hangs on the outside, and the least pull on same will gain instant admission.

* * * * * * * *

TROUBLE LEADS TO THANKFULNESS

The New England Pilgrims held a harvest feast in 1621, but contrary to the usual story, there is no record to show that this was an occasion set aside to give thanks. That did not come until more than a year later—and therein lies an interesting story.

That year was one of great hardship for the Pilgrims. Their larders were empty, and a terrible drouth ruined their crops. A day was set aside for prayer. Their supplications were followed by a long, refreshing rain, and, at the same time, a ship loaded with friends and supplies arrived. It was then that the colonists held their public thanksgiving.

The Pilgrims were very devout folks, but it took trouble and hardship to bring them to the frame of mind which established Thanksgiving Day as an institution. And we modern Americans are a good deal like our Pilgrim ansestors—we usually aren't very

grateful for our blessings until a long run of bad luck makes us realize how fortunate we usually are.—Sunshine Magazine.

* * * * * * * *

CONTINUE IN SCHOOL

Editor Beasley of The Mecklenburg Times has this to say concerning the value of an education for each boy and girl in the land:

"One of the most serious mistakes that a boy or girl can make now is to quit school before the completion of a high school course. Yet there seems to be some who are doing so this year in Mecklenburg County.

"There will be a highly competitive labor market after the war. The men and women who do not have a basic high school education will find themselves in a sad plight. Few employers will have places for them in their organizations, and those who do will not be in a position to pay very much for their services.

"With a high school education, a boy or girl is equipped educationally to take further training of almost any type, and that will mean a great deal when an employer looks over the applications for positions he wants to fill.

"Under the present army and navy training programs thousands of young men are receiving training which they would not have received had the war not come on. In the first place, they were not in a position financially to pay for such training, and, in the second place, the colleges were not in a position in peace time to offer such training.

"Most of these well-trained young men will return to civilian life, looking for jobs. Their training will make them desirable employees, and few of them should have any trouble lining up lucrative jobs.

"On the other hand, the boys and girls who quit school in the eighth and ninth grades to a take a job now which pays what they regard as good wages will find that they will lose these jobs as soon as the war is over, because there will be a surplus of labor, and employers will select only the best trained employees.

"Parents should insist that their sons and daughters remain in school until they complete high school educations. To do otherwise

is to sacrifice the life of the boy or girl on the altar of quick money, a poor recompense in a world like ours."

* * * * * * * *

From many sources comes the information that in different cities and towns in the state there have come reports of the presence of an unusually large number of rats. These rodents multiply rapidly unless an effort is made to stamp them out. They not only destroy millions of dollars worth of food, but spread a germ which incapacitates men for duty in work now so sorely needed. Typhus fever is a rat-borne disease caused by an organism carried by the rat flea. The disease is transmitted from rat to rat, and from rat to man by flea, but does not spread from man to man ordinarily unless it is carried by the body louse. The extermination of rats can only be brought about by the cooperation of the people of any community. Every refuse can should be kept tightly closed, and all dark corners that furnish hiding-places for rats should be wiped out. This also includes piles of debris, leaves or other refuse matter that make warm and comfortable places of hibernation for the rodents. In order to prevent the spread of typhus fever, it is best to keep the premises clean at all times and at all cost. We should remember that we are our brother's keeper, and do nothing that would cause illness in his family. Besides, by cleaning up around the home, not only is our health assured, but everything makes a pleasing appearance.

WHAT THE COMMUNITY EXPECTS OF A CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION

By Ellen Winston

To try and represent popular opinion on some topic is a role to be accepted with hesitation at any time, and particularly when one is a sociologist in an assemblage of social workers. In addition, to speak for the public on a topic, "What the Communtiy Thinks the Function of a Correctional Institution to Be," is particularly hazardous because we must recognize the fact that most people just do not think in this field. Correctional institutions are so far outside their experiences or everyday interests that they have no organized, positive reactions toward them. At the same time withdrawal reactions toward correctional institutions as a result of reluctance to think about so-called unpleasant topics are fairly common. In other words, a large part of the community is unintentionally not concerned with what a correctional institution should be and thinks of it, if at all, as an unfortunately necessary institution. Perhaps the chief thought is that the less it costs the community the better. Therefore, the first and immediate point is that only part of the community, that part which has some basic in experience or training for having attitudes toward correctional institutiins, is to be considered here.

Accepting this limitation, there are a variety of attitudes with regard to the functions of such institutions. These attitudes in turn reflect the variety of social backgrounds in our contemporary society.

One position, which we consider as representing an extreme attitude, and which happily has largely died out, is that the juvenile delinqhent suffers from innate meanness. He was born to be bad. Since he is anti-social by nature, he should be penned up in an institutions out of society's way.

We still find believers in the correctional institdtions as a place of punishment in which the chronically misbehaving child will get what is coming to him or as a place in which the incorrigible youngster can be locked up out of society's way with the emphasis upon the good of society rather than the gool of the child. The many are being protected from the few. The segment of the population which takes such a position quite naturally considers the primary functions of a correctional institutions to be custodial and punitive.

Another and undoubtedly larger segment of our population adheres to the old-fashioned belief that punishment is a deterrent to crime. They continue to assume, in spite of the wealth of evidence to the contrary, that would-be delinquents consider the possible consequences of their behavior if apprehended. Hence their ideals of the function of a correctional institution center around the supposedly good effort that the omnipresence of institutionl con-

finement for wrong-doers may have upon the potential youthful offenders.

With such a point of view the role of the correctional institution is visualized in terms of a rather grim and and forbidding, highly regimented existence for those so unfortunate as to be confined within its walls. If it is to serve as a deterrent to delinquent behavior, it must be a place of punishment and imprint upon children committed to it the stigma of society's active disapproval. Because such attitudes are widespread, the public is directly responsible for many of the unfavorable conditions still found in our institutions and for the difficulties administrators so commonly face in trying to reorganize institutional services in terms of the most enlightened, present-day procedures.

Closely allied to the approach which stems from belief in the deterrent effect of punishment is the emphasis upon the function of institutions in reforming as contrasted with rehabilitating young persons. Here the emphasis is upon the delinquent as a wayward youth who has strayed from the paths of acceptable behavior as defined by his community. We have to be considered fairly undesirable characters to be definitely anti-social, before some one tries seriously to reform us, and again the process of reformation is a grim business.

Still another attitude found in the community is that the correctional institution exists as a last resort, the place to send boys and girls when all other measures to make them law-abiding, well-adjusted persons fail. The ideal here is that the community thinks it has tried everything else and so there is nothing to be done but to get rid of a given delinquent by committing him to a correctional institution, In this case the function of the institution is to assume the custody of those children who have not responded satisfactorily to other efforts on the part of the community.

And, then, in practice we have the frequent resorts to the correctional institution as a catch-all, in which it is expected to provide a place for problem children other than delinquents. Children who are definitely feeble minded or who are dependent or neglected or who can be readily adjusted through probation have no place in correctional institutions. Yet the current reports of at least two North Carolina institutions comment on this immediate problem.

To expect institutions to provide for a heterogeneous population needing many types of specialized programs, makes difficult the adequate care of any group.

Enough has been said perhaps to indicate the variety of laymen's approaches to the question of the function of correctional institutions. We must admit that a considerable segment of the general public has not advanced very far in its grasp of the possibilities of modern, individualized institutional treatment. Without any Gallup poll, we can be reasonably sure that the majority of those persons in the average community who give even passing attention on special occasions to the function of a correctional institution will adhere to one or more of the attitudes indicated.

Actually, however, I am assuming that the topic under discussion was

selected with the idea of emphasizing not the above mentioned attitules but what we should like to have the community consider the function of a correctional institution. This means the opinions of the better trained and more socially minded in the average community. We can summarize this approach in terms of the rehabilitation of the individual or of helping him arrive at an acceptable social adjustment. The concept is broad in its implications and involves many aspects if individual develoment. There are various approaches to the overcoming of anti-social behavior. These approaches in combination the real functions of the modern correctional institution.

Certainly the community, at least that part with which we are concerned at this point, believes that one function of the correctional institution involves physical rehabilitation. Major physical and dental defects should be taken care of in a comprechensive remedial program. Yet repair work all too often represents the full scope of the institution's services along this line. Closely allied with this aspect of the rehabilitative process is concern for the general health of the youthful offender, involving such items as nutritious diet, sanitary living quarters, and adequate medical care for temporary illnesses. We are aware that a well baby is usually a good baby. Unfortunately this relationship does not necessarily hold as individuals grow older, but nonetheless we know that the country needs healthy boys and girls and that no youth should experience the handicaps of poor health arising from disadvantageous living conditions during a period of institutional care or from lack of attention by the institution to the results of inadequate health care before admission.

Another health aspect of the rehabilitation process concerns mental well-being. That part of the community intelligently concerned with the treatment of delinquents certainly views with misgivings any correctional institution set-up which lacks mental hygiene facilities. We are too well aware of the relationship between personality difficulties and behavior problems to believe that an institution for delinquents can function adequately without benefit of psychiatric service. Moreover, one of the most hopeful signs of progress in the institutional treatment of delinquent children today is the increasing amount of attention given to personality difficulties and to helping children become emotionally adqusted through individualized programs.

Closely allied to such services in everyday thinking are psychological services. I refer, of course, not only to routine mental testing, a necessity in planning the individual boy's or girl's program, but also to the determination of special skills and aptitudes. We increasingly recognize that we need to have this information about weel-adjusted boys and girls as a basis for educational and vocational counseling. It is perhaps even more important for the group that has proved its lack of adjustment within the current social order.

In considering the rehabilitative function of the correctional institution, Many laymen would certainly place the part played by education

first, education in its many ramifications—general, vocational, civic. We live in a culture in which functional literacy is essential and in which not a grade school education but a high school education is rapidly becoming the standard for average educational attainment. Our correctional institutions have lagged in making provision for those boys and girls who should have high school opportunities either within the institutions or in the adjacent communities. Our institutions fail in their functions to the extent that boys and girls capable of high school training are deprived or the opportunity for it. Another aspect of the educational situation is the fact that children sent to correctional institutions have frequently been maladjusted in the school room of their home communities and hence need more skillful motivation and more individual instruction than the average child. These can be better obtained through progressive educational techniques than through the traditional methods of the three R's.

Another type of education involves learning the use of the ordinary conveniences and everyday health education. Many of the boys and girls are so underprivileged that they need a planned program for elementary instruction in everyday living. This is an essential element in the adjustment process.

One of the marks of progress in the layman's concern with delinquency is the emphasis upon the need for vocational training. While the ability to make a living is hardly a panacea for all anti-social behavior, it represents a major step in the rehabilitation of boys and girls. Primarily because of expense rather than lack of vision, we have not offered as adequate training of a vocational nature in the past as we must make available in the future with attention to the needs of girls equal to that given to the needs of boys. Moverover, the acquisition of vocational skills must be accompanied by the development of work habits, by actual experience in the requirements of a regular job. The public school are making rapid progress in the development of supervised work experience and the correctional institutions may well emulate their example.

Yet, an institution may give a boy or girl both an elementary or high school education and a vocational skill and not perform its basic function, namely the changing of the attitudes that led to the delinquent behavior and the preparing of the youth for satisfactory social adjustment outside the institution. The methods which show the best results are generally recognized if not widely practiced, such as group recreational activities, community contacts to the extent that they can be integrated with institutional life, a sound social service program based on helping individuals work out their own solutions, and release, best under non-conspicuous supervision, when the individual is ready for a largely self-directed existence. Perhaps the method least emphasized today and with some of the greatest potentialities for development is the utilization of community resources. The correctionl institution cannot function adequately as an independent entity at best, and the youthful offender needs every help in bridging

the gap between institutional life and the community experience which preceded and are to follow it. If he can have wholesome community experiences while in the institution, he will adjust the more readily upon his release.

The function of the rehabilitation of delinquents has been defined in broad terms. Most of us find it useful to think it terms of how nearly a specific institution approaches that objective. Almost inevitably we are faced with a choice between quality of services rendered and number of chiludren who can be cared for. Some of us have been directly concerned with this problem in terms of the new training school for delinquent Negro girls. The concensus seems to be that with the limited funds available it is wiser to make small beginnings emphasizing the quality of the results. Rehabilitative functions can be effectively carried out only on an individual basis. By and large society gains when a few delinquents are helped to become socially well-adjusted individuals in constrast to custodial, regimented care for much larger numbers.

Even so, the problems of adequate ly financing and staffing correctional institutions remain. We recognize that the community's ideas concerning the functions of such institutions largely determine the actual functions through the financial support provided. Therefore, instead of accepting the community's appriasal is not our primary concern the educating of the community with regard to the potentialities of the up-to-date correctiontl institution?

In the development of social work philosphy there is or should be emphasis upon educating the community with regard to goals definitely believed to be socially advantageous. We should not wait for the community to grow up to our ideas. If the community needs social education, then by all means provide it. This, translated into action, means careful, concrete planning for showing the public why legal punishment of "bad" children accomplishes little or nothing constructive, whereas scientific, understanding care for delinquent children has tremendous potentialities.

In our plans and programs we cannot over-stress practicality. It is so easy to talk in theoretical terms and glibly recite the accepted philosophies. It is so much more difficult but also so much more necessary to develop concrete programs which produce objective results in terms of rehabilitated individuals. These are the measures which convince the community.

Certainly a group of this sort should be challenged to meet positively the problem of developing adequate community attitudes toward a necessary link in the chain of dealing with socially maladjusted children, namely, toward correctional institutions.

———:———

When one door closes, another opens, but we often look so long and regretfully upon the closed door that we do not see the one which has just opened for us. Defeat is nothing but education. It is the first step toward something better.—Selected.

THE LEAST AMONG THEM

By Alma Hantel Arnold

The aged minister softly opened the door of the little white country church and stood on the threshold. His eyes glanced tenderly all around and dwelt lovingly on each familiar object. How he loved this dear spot! It was home to him. In this house of God, and others, he had spent well nigh fifty years. He would feel out of place in any other sphere.

He was old in years but not in looks or in spirit. The allotted three score years and ten were past and another ten was added to them; but he was still faithful to his trust and always eager to perform his duty. He was tall and erect and walked with a soldierly step, carring his head high. His dark eyes held a sparkle and fire that many a younger man could envy. His voice was still strong and resonant with feeling.

How he loved this country congregation! And they in turn loved this house of God and their beloved pastor. Most of the members were hard-working farmers, but they almost felt a religious duty to see to it that church and parsonage were kept in first-class condition. First things were put first.

It was late afternoon and a number of his faithful members had just left for home. They had spent the day cleaning and decorating this much-loved sanctuary. Windows had been polished until they sparkled, and the soft rays of the setting sun came clearly through the plain glass. Floors, walls, seats, all that could be cleaned was cleaned. An old-fashioned heater had been polished until it shone like satin.

All this was done in preparation for the Harvest Festival or Thangsgiving Service to be held there the following Sunday. It meant service in the morning, then home or to near-by friends or relatives for dinner, and again service in the afternoon with visiting pastors taking part. It was a great day; one to be remembered for a long time and one looked forward to for months.

Pastor Klien walked slowly down the aisle and stopped again in front of the chancel. How lovely it looked! It was spotless. And the men had arranged the decorations so well. One side was entirely filled with great, tall, brown cornstalks with large ears of golden corn peeping out. Piled at the base were orange-colored pumpkins, red apples, purple grapes, red and white heads of cabbage, in fact some of almost every kind of vegetable and fruit raised. How proudly these simple and pure-minded folk brought their best gifts to the Lord's house! How thankful they were for the harvest of wheat and corn, and how willing to share their best with others.

Great bunches of scarlet and red and golden leaves were tucked into corners, until you almost thought you were out-of doors.

Again Pastor Klien slowly ascended the few steps to the altar and reverently kneeled in front of it. With his saintly face lifted toward his Father, he poured out his heart in thankfulness for all that this past

year had meant to him and to his beloved congregation. He thanked the Lord for the great peace they all had enjoyed.

Suddenly he senser that he was not alone. He opened his eyes and looked down. There, kneeling beside him, was a ten year-old girl, tears streaming down her face; and hugged tightly to her breast was a very small yellow pumpkin.

Without any show of astonishment the kindly old man softly placed his hand on the little girl's head and quietly said, "Dear Angeline, what brings you here so late in the day?"

"Oh, dear pastor, I heard they were decorating the church for the Harvest Festival so I wanted to bring my share, but—"

"But what, dear? Go on," kindly urged the old man.

"But I see all is done and you do not need my gift," and the tears started again.

"Come with me, child." And taking her by the hand Pastor Klien led her to the front pew and sat down.

"Now tell me your story, for I know you have one."

"Well," bravely began little Angeline, all the while tightly clutching the pumpkin, "you know mother has been sick for a long time."

"Yes, dear, I know she has, and I have been praying for her recovery," answered her pastor.

"I wanted to come this afternoon and take mother's place here and help clean, but—" and here again tears halted her speech.

"But father wouldn't let me," she continued. "He says this is all foolishness and he wouldn't give me anything to bring as a gift to the Lord." After a few minutes of silence she grasped the old pastor's hand and sobbingly asked, "Do you think father will ever love the Lord and be kind to us?"

Pastor Klein had fifty years of Christian service behind him. Many a time he had questions similar to this asked him. To all he had the same answer, "We will take it to the Lord in prayer for He is our Friend."

So to little Angeline he made the same reply. Taking the pumpkin from her arms he asked in his kindly way, "How did you get this?"

"When father started out to do the chores I went to the garden and picked out the smallest one so he wouldn't miss it and then I ran the whole way here, but—now—I see you have plenty. You don't need mine."

"Indeed we do, and the Lord sees it and thinks it is beautiful. We will give it a place of honor." So saying he moved a large head of snowy white cabbage to one side and placed the little yellow pumpkin proudly in front. This brought a radiant smile of happiness to Angeline's face.

Taking her again by the hand he led her to the altar, where both knelt, and in simple, plain words the saintly old pastor asked the Father to heal the mother of this child and bring the father into the fold. Rising he walked with her to the door and said, "Now run home, child, it is getting dusk. Come back Sunday to the festival. Good-by."

"Good-by," Angeline answered happily as her small form sped down the road and was soon lost to view.

Standing at the door of his precious country church with his face turned toward the western skies,

aglow now from the setting sun, and with peace and quitness all around him, the saintly old pastor softly spoke aloud, "Father, I thank Thee. I thank Thee for answered prayer, for I feel that all will be well in the home of this dear child."

And quietly he made his way down the steps and serenely passed along the little path toward the parsonage.

"YOU-ALL"

Come all of you from other parts,
Both city folks and rural,
And listen while I tell you this:
The word "you-all" is plural.

When we say "you-all" must come down,
Or "we-all" shall be lonely,
We mean a dozen folks, perhaps,
And not one person only.

If I should say to Hiram Jones,
For instance, "You-all's lazy,"
Or "Will you-all lend me your knife?"
He'd think that I was crazy.

Now if you'd be more sociable
And with us often mingle,
You'd find that on the native tongue
"You-all" is never single.

Don't think I mean to criticize,
Or act as if I knew it all;
But, when we speak of one alone,
We-all say "you" like you-all.

—Selected.

GIVE THANKS

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

Amid the shattering of our world we give thanks to God. Perhaps this Thanksgiving will be the sincerest Thanksgiving in all American history. We have been jolted out of our complacency so that instead of taking things for granted, we face reality. Therefore, instead of pining over disaster, let us lift hymns of praise and thanksgiving unto Almighty God for all of His wonderful goodness unto us. If we will sit down quietly and think over all the blessings which have come into our personal lives and into the life of our nation throughout this year, we will have every cause to give thanks.

The thoughtful soul will be most thankful unto God for God Himself.

I am thankful that God is no novelty. God belongs not to the changing panorama, for before the mountains were brought forth or the universe was formed, from everlasting to everlasting, God is. The sweep of history reveals the tumbling of empires, the momentary rise above their fellows of a few men, who, like a lighted candle, sputter for a moment and soon pass out; but God above the scene remains the Eternal.

I am thankful that God has so revealed His Power that I can be confident of His Almightiness. The sweep of the heavens with 1500 million stars, the flash of the lightning evidencing incalculable power, the glimpse at the atom revealing the mysterious forces packed into the infinitesimally small, all tell us of a great God. He is not likely to be dethroned by a puppet upstart standing on a tiny speck of stardust. If fear or dismay grips my heart, I may step out and look at the star-studded sky, and regaining confidence cry. "Hallelujah: for the Lord our God, the Almighty, reigneth."

I am thankful that God is the God of history. He is no fat Buddha sitting complacently with extended belly and folded hands in quiet contemplation above a broken world. He is the God of history moving among the affairs of men to work out His Eternal purposes. The pages of history reveal His working. When men run up against the moral order of God, they have not struck anything soft and flabby; they have encountered solid granite, the Rock of Ages.

I am thankful for the God of Mercy. In depressed moments, I wonder how God could ever put up with the world of men such as ourselves. But His mercy has come across the ages, healing, forgiving, strengthening, guiding, and leading onward to a better future. Beyond all the lowering clouds of wrath, faith discerns the mercy of God's heart.

I am thankful for the God of Justice. Wrong hasn't a ghost of a chance in the ultimate reckoning as long as God lives. All the moral forces of the world are combined against evil. Wrong must go down in everlasting defeat. Goodness has on its side what Emerson called "the centuries against the hours." When we stake our faith in the God of justice and co-operate with Him, we are working not with a

God of the afternoon, but with the God of the Eternal Ages.

I am thankful for the God of Love. The Gospel story tells of how God came down to earth in Jesus Christ. He walked our weary roads, He felt our hunger and our pain, He entered into our heartache and our disappointment, He suffered on a cross and died for our sin—and He knows and cares. In magnificent imagery Isaiah in the Old Testament put two thoughts together:

"Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance."

"He will feed his flock like a shepherd, he will gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom, and will gently lead those that have their young."

I am thankful for the God who created man in His own likeness. With capacities such as were granted to nothing else in all creation, God has given men divine dignity, a spiritual personality capable of decision and of love. Even among the husks in some far-off country he remains a child of the living God; he never becomes one of the swine. Amid the contemporary denials of individual, human worth, the individual, because of God, looks up with dignity knowing that he is of infinite worth because God created him and Christ died for him.

I am thankful that God is the God of mystery. He always will remain beyond my largest knowledge. My intellect will never be able to comprehend His Greatness. We can but see the footprints of His Glory.

Unless this world is a madhouse, I can always be thankful and be confident of God. All things are revealing of Him. Suppose one should take a box holding hundreds of letters of the alphabet and pitch them up and they should fall in meaningless confusion. There should be no surprise. But if the letters should be thrown into the air and you came back and found them set into an exquisite poem, you would be certain that some Shakespeare had handled them. Unless Shakespeare's poetry, Raphael's art, Chopin's music, and the beauty of the oceans and mountains, the glory of sunset and the majesty of the stars, a child's laughter and a mother's love, the Cross of Christ and our self-sacrifice are merely products of chance, then behind it all is God, in Whose being are wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth.

During this Thanksgiving week, may the thought of God be ever with us. May it lead us to repentance for sins, both personal and national. May God guide us through faith to look to Him, both nationally and personally, for our hope and our confidence.

I built a chimney for a comrade old,
I did the service not for hope of hire—
And then I traveled on in winter's cold
Yet all the way I glowed before the fire.

—Edwin Markham.

STREAMLINED TURKEYS

By Walter E. Taylor

The modern turkey grower looks at the weather report and says. "I think we'd better put the turkeys' mittens on." Yes, the turkey is the most pampered of all domestic fowls, and during cold or damp weather many turkey farmers provide their young birds with snug mittens or bootees. If young turkeys get their feet wet they catch cold and die.

Science and the turkey growers are working hand in hand to produce better birds for our Thanksgiving feast. Better, but not bigger birds is the watchword. When grandmother went to market to get her Thanksgiving turkey she usually looked for a bird that weighed between twenty and thirty pounds, but the modern housewife wants a fowl much smaller than that. Merchants report that the demand for large turkeys is decreasing each year. What the housewife wants today is turkey of about ten pounds or less, but with lots of tender breast meat. But the turkey is naturally a large bird and so science has taken it in hand in an effort to produce a "streamlined" bird that will meet all the demands of the modern shopper.

The problem of producing smaller turkeys has led to some interesting experiments by government poultry experts. It is believed that a cross between the chicken and the turkey might result in just the right sized bird for modern families, but to date experiments with such crossbreeding have not been successful. Farmers would reqoice if such an experiment could be made successful, for the creation of a chicken-turkey would have many benefits. The turkey is a very delicate fowl, difficult to raise, while the chicken is hardy, matures rapidly, and is not subject to the many diseases that plague turkeys. A cross between the two would result in a smaller, hardier fowl.

One experimental laboratory has actually succeeded in hatching one turkey-chicken. The bird died before it reached maturity, but experimental work goes on.

Crossbreeding with chickens is only one of the methods science has in mind for improving the turkey. Disease resistant turkeys have been produced by picking from the flock those birds which never get sick. These hardier birds are saved for breeding purposes and so the disease-resisting qualities of the flock are improved from generation to generation.

Feeding the turkey is also a concern of science. Modern growers feed their flocks large quantities of animal and vegetable proteins during the period of growth. The proteins make for rapid increase in weight and also decrease the number of pinfeathers the housewife must extract from the bird as she prepares it for the oven. Too little protein in the turkey's diet does not allow for proper feather development and myriad pinfeathers are the result.

When the sun does not shine the turkey grower turns on ultra violet lamps in his coop and gives his birds irradiated food. Some growers vaccinate their flocks against chicken

pox, colds, and half a dozen other diseases. Every year science gives the turkey producers of the country new information for the improvement of flocks, and each year the turkey which takes the spotlight for our Thanksgiving celebration is just a little different from the bird that occupied the same place the year before.

———:———

LIFE OWES ME NOTHING

Life owes me nothing. Let the years
Bring clouds or azure, joy or tears,
Already a full cup I've quaffed;
Already wept and loved and laughed,
And seen, in ever endless ways,
New beauties overwhelm the days.

Life owes me naught. No pain that waits
Can steal the wealth from memory's gates;
No aftermath of anguish slow.
Can quench the soul-fire's early glow.
I breathe, exulting, each new breath,
Embracing Life, ignoring Death.

Life owes me nothing. One clear morn
Is boon enough for being born;
And be it ninety years or ten,
No need for me to question when.
While Life is mine, I'll find it good,
And greet each hour with gratitude.

—Author Unknown.

THE CHALLENGE OF A GREAT DAY

By William G. Everson

All the ethical standards of the world are distinctly challenged by present world conditions. Ruthless bombs over beautiful and historic cities, and over helpless men, women and little children; poisonous hatreds, starvation and destruction send out darkening shadows throughout the world. No sections are detached and isolated, but all are interdependent and bound together by our mechanized, high powered and fast moving civilization.

The situation may be terrible, but it is not hopeless because of God.

The late President Wilson said in his last message to the world, "Our civilization cannot survive materially unless it be redeemed spiritually. It can be saved only be being permeated with the spirit of Christ, and by being made free and happy by the practice which springs out of that spirit."

Many things are wrong with this world, but we must not undervalue the things that are right, constructive, and eternal. Emphasis must be placed on material things as we face the new thirteen billion dollar War Bond campaign, as we mobilize more than ten million men to fight for freedom, as we accelerate construction of ships, planes, tanks and every other instrument that will hasten that day of complete victory—that day of lasting world peace. The United States must furnish material, grow foods and provide leadership for the forces of our associated nations—and for the entire world after victory comes. Europe is in ruins; the Orient is facing starvation; our enemies are burning up human life in a maddening defeat that is too terrible for evaluation today.

Blazened across the sky, one day, the only hope of tolerance, understanding, brotherhood—the cross in which alone we conquer. Brave men have always sacrificed and died that Christ's cross and sepulcher be snatched from the cruel and heartless pagan. We give of material things that the war be won—and please God that it be won in the least possible of time and that the maximum of our men and women speedily return home. The conflict will come to close one of these days—ah, there's the rub. Will that day be dominated by materialistic, selfish, pagan ideals, or will we salvage out of this terrible conflict life, liberty, happiness—not for ourselves, but for the world.

Christ prays again in the Garden, listens to the injustice of human judgment, climbs the rough path to Calvary's blood-washed cross, and then the tomb But listen, the clouds are torn asunder; the resurrection angels sing, and divine truth still lives. Out of the world's Gethsemane there must come answered prayer—out of Calvary of far flung battle lines must come the break of day, and out of the tomb of pagan fiendishness must come Christ's ideals for human relations. Truth, freedom, righteousness, life must have a rebirth—and we must be God's men to rescue these glorious things from the shadows,

of happiness as it seeks to enslave little children, break the hearts of virtuous women, and crush that great heart of the living God.

So play the game that others will thank God that your shadow fell on them.

Right here let me suggest a program of challenge—ten suggestions toward building a better world:

1. A new idea of the supreme value of human personality.

2. A determined fight against everything that degrades or weakens individual responsibility.

3. Standards of society must be such that greatness is dependent upon service and spiritual values.

4. Love must be the supreme motive in society rather than self interest—a vital application of "The Golden Rule."

5. The rights of the many are more important than the priviledges of the few—and these rights must be safeguarded.

6. A strong sense of the interdeptndence of all classes in every community and of all nations throughout the world.

7. Human relationship must be raised above the scheming of selfish individuals and orzanizations.

8. Better laws for both individuals and organizations—local, national, international—must be made vital by the power of public sentiment that is dominated by a self-denying love.

9. We must appreciate the sinfulness of sin in all lives, and demand justice and righteousness in business, government and subsequent international relations.

10. Place a new emphasis on the fundamental moral distinction in the light of Christian revelation and the dynamic of Christian impulses.

We fight a gigantic war that the "Four Freedoms" may be preserved —freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of worship, freedom from fear. The price is impossible of measurement—institutions that are destroyed, billions of wealth that have been blown to bits, more priceless than these—I think of miles and miles of boys. We build new institutions, develop new wealth, but long casualty lists can never be measured by human slide rules. Each has his place in the strategy of war and each must serve to the limit of human endurance. Wars are won—not by the width where uniformed armies meet, but by the depth. That is why all military forces are organized in depth—first line, second line, reserves, and on back to include every man and woman, every boy and girl. We sacrifice together; we fight together; we rejoice together in victory. The cross leads the way and the stars make the background. He who knows the cross need fear no darkness and, too, we know Him who made the stars.

The world challenge becomes more real as modern communication and transportation bring closer together the family of nations. Transactions in the United States are reflected on the stock markets of London, even as the political impacts of China, Africa and even Berlin must be considered in the problems of all nations. Our dream of service has been local—perhaps national, but the war has forced upon us world thinking. That

makes this the most glorious day this world has ever known .

Two opportunities that I prize very highly have been mine: one to travel in eighteen different countries and to climax more than two hundred miles by plane with intimate visits in Cuba, San Domingo, Haiti and Porto Rico; the other, an opportunity to study under most favorable conditions the political, economic, educational and religious life of the world. Out of these experiences I crystalize three strategic opportunities—real challenge in a war-torn world:

1. We must recognize and solve the world's greatest problem—and this centers in human relationships—just learning how to get along with each other. There has been too much of selfishness in this old world, and that remains today as the great obstacle to human understanding, religious advancement, world wide brotherhood. The application of the Golden Rule is still an unrealized dream and the need becomes more pronounced as civilization becomes more complex. Never greater opportunities than now for men who can think clearly, act courageously, live generously. Resolutions are useless unless they are translated into healing missions, uplifting programs and dynamics that motivate and enrich life. Too often we take advantage of psychological moments while the world waits for men who can make psychological moments. The mass of mankind is doomed by the lash of tradition, the fear of criticism, the contagion of the crowd, while the world cries out for great unselfish men who are born to lead. We shall eventually win this war, but unless we solve this probem of selfishness, we leave scattered the roots of another conflict.

2. The ideals of the Christian religion must be consistently lived and aggresively proclaimed.

Would you see God? Yes, study rocks and search the heavens; theorize about the life of flowers, of animals, of man; master Plato and Spencer, Shakespeare and Browning, Moses, Isaiah, Paul, but correct and perfect all by the life and message of Him who in the beginning was with God and who is God.

He is the all in all, and if we ever bring this world back to God, it will be by living and proclaiming the ideals of Christ—He is the hope of the world. We need to look at His life, weep at His cross, stand by His tomb, and then recognize Him living forever at the right hand of God the eternal Father. We need to be awakened by the thrill of His presence and to experience the glory of His Companionship.

3. Investments for God have eternal values. Even the giving of a cup of cold water is not overlooked. We see the cross blazened against the sky—we crusade with the promise of lasting achievement. I salute all Christian crusaders as God's men for a time like this.

There are those who come from battle zones broken in body—some from the economic fronts where burdens rested heavily—children who cried and women who streched out tired hands—Jesus stands by and says, "Inasmuch as you have done it unto these, you have done it unto Me." These are values that will endure forever. Jesus put it like this—"Lay up for yourselves treasures in

heaven where thieves do not break through and steal." Life is altogether too brief and we must invest wisely and in the light of eternity.

There must be some solution to this problem of human selfishness. The teachings of Jesus constitute the world's great hope. In that glorious service there are rewards unspeakable and eternal.

A READING MOTHER

I had a mother who read to me
Sagas of pirates who scoured the sea,
Cutlasses clutched in their yellow teeth,
"Blackbirds" stowed in the hold beneath.

I had a mother who read me lays
Of ancient and gallant and golden days;
Stories of Marmion and Ivanhoe,
Which every boy has a right to know.

I had a mother who read me things
That wholesome life to the boy heart brings—
Stories that stir with an upward touch;
Oh, that each mother of boys were such.

You may have tangible wealth untold:
Caskets of jewels and coffers of gold.
Richer than I you can never be—
I had a mother who read to me.

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

"Whistling In Dixe," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, was the attraction at the motion picture show in our auditorium last Thursday night.

—:—

Some of the boys on the outside forces have been busy for the past few days, unloading two car-loads of coal at the railroad siding on the School grounds.

—:—

Three volley ball courts have been prepared near the school building during the past week. Posts have been placed in position, nets have been put up, and now a much larger number of boys will be able to enjoy this pastime during their lesiure hours.

—:—

Nathaniel A Efrid, formerly of Cottage No. 2, called at The Uplift office last Saturday morning. He enlisted in the United States Army, January 20, 1942, and was granted an honorable medical discharge, February 9, 1942. In April, 1943, he secured employment as a deckhand for merchant marine service with the Sternberg Dredging Company, St. Louis, and since that time has been aboard a Texaco tanker, with headquarters at Houston, Texas. He stated that since being in this branch of service, he had made trips to South America and to Iceland.

—:—

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Liske, officer and matron in charge of Cottage No. 10, have just informed us that William R. Young, formerly of that cottage group, sent the boys a nice little gift from Camp Blanding, Florida, last week. Bill's gift consisted of a five-cent bar of candy and a pack of chewing gum for each youngster in the cottage. This is the second time that he has sent a package of gum to each boy in that group, since he enlisted in the Army a few months ago. Such gifts are greatly appreciated by the boys these days, for candy and chewing gum are hard to find, and we think it was a very nice gesture on Bill's part in thus remembering his young friends at the School.

—:—

Superintendent Hawfield recently received another letter from Auddie Farthing, formerly of Cottage No. 14, who is now in the United States Navy. While his letter was brief, it expressed a fine sentiment regarding his stay at the institution. It reads as follows: " I will never regret having been at the Training School, for you and the officers down there did things for me that I shall never forget. When I get my leave and make a trip down home, I'm going to do my best to come and see all the folks at the school. I hope you and your fellow officers are keeping up the good work with the boys. This is a very fine place here at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, and I don't know whether I'll want to leave it or not when my training is finished. Will write more next time. Your friend, always. Auddie Farthing."

—:—

The Charlotte News, issue of No-

vember 15, 1943, carried a picture of Garrett W. Bishop, of Charlotte, who is now a sergeant in the Army Air Corps. He has completed training in the aviation mechanics school in that branch of service, and after having spent a nine-day furlough at his home, returned to Sheppard Field, Texas, to wait further assignment.

Garrett entered the Training School September 2, 1936, remaining here until July 6, 1938, when he was conditionally released to go to live with his brother in New York City. While here, Garrett was a member of the Cottage No. 4 group and worked on the barn force. He was in the seventh grade at the time of leaving. We heard from this lad several times after he went to New York; he was employed in a machine shop, and always reported that he was getting along well. In view of the very good record he was making, he was given an honorable discharge from further parole supervision in April, 1940.

—:—

Kenneth Chambers, of Statesville, formerly of Cottage No. 10, called on old friends at the School the other day. Kenneth entered the School, August 15, 1933 and was permitted to return to his home, August 14, 1934. He went to work for his father in a coal and wood yard, where he was employed as truck driver and occasionally operated a floor sanding machine. According to progress reports received from time to time, this lad made a very fine record at home, and on November 17, 1937, was granted an honorable discharge from further parole supervision. Several years ago, Kenneth left the coal and lumber yard, and became engaged in the automobile tire business. He is now in business for himself, operating a shop for re-treading automobile tires, and is getting along nicely.

On this recent visit to the School, this young man, now twenty-six years old, asked that he might be permitted to do something for the boys in his former cottage home. The request was granted, and Kenneth left the sum of twenty-six dollars, or one dollar for each boy in the cottage. This was a fine thing for Kenneth to do, and we wish to take this opportunity to thank him, in behalf of the boys in Cottage 10, for his kindly interest in them.

—:—

Two footballs leagues were organized at the School two weeks ago, and six games will be played each Saturday afternoon. There are six teams in each league, arranged as follows: League Number One—Receiving Cottage, Cottages Nos. 1, 3, 4 5 and 8. League Number Two—Indian Cottage, Cottages Nos. 9, 10, 13, 14 and 15.

The scores of the games played on Saturday, November 6th, were as follows:

League Number One—Receiving 14 Fifth Cottage 0; First Cottage 7 Fourth Cottage 6; Eighth Cottage 21 Third Cottage 0.

League Number Two—Tenth Cottage 22 Thirteenth Cottage 0; Ninth Cottage 12 Indian Cottage 0; Fourteenth Cottage 0 Fifteenth Cottage 0.

Following are the scores of the games played on Saturday, November 13th:

League Number One—Receiving 0 Eighth Cottage 0; First Cottage 14

Third Cottage 0; Fourth Cottage 12 Fifth Cottage 0.

League Number Two—Tenth Cottage 27 Ninth Cottage 0; Fifteenth Cottage 18 Thirteenth Cottage 0; Fourteenth Cottage 12 Indian Cottage0.

—:—

William R. Young, formerly of Cottage No. 10, who has been in the United States Army for several months, recently wrote Superintendent Hawfield from Camp Blanding, Florida. He writes as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: Sorry I haven't written you sooner, but I've been pretty busy, and I think you will understand how it is. Today is Saturday, and we got off at noon, and I have been writing letters all afternoon, trying to get caught up. I had a nice long letter from Mr. and Mrs. Liske, and certainly enjoyed it.

"Mr. Liner is out on a pass for the week-end. I'm not going to get a pass unitl a little later, when I can take enough time to come up to see you all at the school. I know you must have had a fine time at the Hallowe'en party. Wish I could have been there, for those were always good times.

"I started this letter on Saturday night, but got too sleepy to finish it. It is now Sunday now, and I'll try it again. Just came back from the hospital. We over to see Mr. Carriker and some of the other boys I know. They were lonesome and were glad to see me. Mr. Carriker said to give all the folks at the school his regards. It looks as if I might never get this letter finished. Just came back from chow, and we sure had a nice dinner—chicken, potatoes, corn, gravy, coffee, good milk and butter, and chocolate ice cream for dessert.

"Tell all the boys that I am getting along fine with the training down here, and hope they are doing well. Please write soon, as I shall always be glad to hear from you. Your old friend, William R. Young."

—:—

We received a letter from Ivan A. (Tiny) Morrozoff the other day. He has been in the Army Air Corps for more than a year, and has been around the country quite a bit. His letter came from an air field in California, and reads in part, as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Just received another copy of The Uplift today, and thought I had better get on the ball and let you know that I appreciate them very much. As you probably have noticed, I have moved again. Bet you have had a good time keeping up with my various addresses in the last year. Well, sunny California is the same as when I left it about eight months ago. This time I am right on the edge of the Mojave Desert, and will be sweating it out for three months in maneuvers, which isn't going to be any pushover. One thing for sure, there is plenty of land out here, for it took us about five days to cross it on a train. Am hoping I don't get lost away out here.

"How does the war look to you at present? I have just about given up having a chance to get over there into it. Every now and then we think we are going, and then the trip is cancelled before anything happens. Well, one thing is certain—wherever they put little Tiny, he is going to give them the best he has.

"It looks like old J. T. S. is really getting up-to-date—Boy Scouts, band and other new things going on. It seems that people don't enjoy things until after they have passed and gone. When I was there at the School, as a little fellow with not much experience out in the world, I used to think the place was not so good, but now I find that the time spent there included some of the very best years of my life.

"It is now about time for me to get out for a little rifle practice, so will say adios amigo. Don't forget that your letters are greatly appreciated. Lots of luck. Your friend, Tiny."

—:—

We recently received a letter from Robert E. Teeter, one of our former students who is now in the United States Army, and is stationed in Brazil, South America. Robert entered the School, May 1, 1934 and was permitted to return to his home in High Point, September 2, 1935; he re-entered the institution, April 30, 1936 and was conditionally released, July 9, 1937. During his stay at the School, he was in Cottage No. 15 and worked on the dairy force. He made a very good record while here. Upon returning to home, 1937, he secured employment in a meat market, remaining there until he enlisted in the Army about nine months ago. He is married and has two children. His letter reads as follows:

Dear Mr. Godown: Will try to write you a few lines to let you know how I am getting along. Should have written you sooner, but have never taken time to do so. Well, here I am, in the Army. Have been in for nine months, and must say that I've been having a swell time. Took my basic training at Miami Brach, Florida, staying there about three months, and was then transferred to Camp Lee, Virginia, where I attended a cooking school. Am now a regular cook. I stayed at Camp Lee during June, July and August. Then I had a short stay at home with my wife and two children before coming to South America.

"I sure would like to see you and some of the other officers at the school. Please tell Mr. Kiser and Mr. Hobby that I send them my best regards. I was at the school from 1934 to 1937, and had a very good time down there. I have been married just six years. When I left the school, I went back to High Point and got a job in a butcher shop and stayed there until enlisting in the Army.

"Must say that Army life is swell and that I like it very much, and am very fond of the country here in Brazil. Since joining the Army I have met a number of boys who were at the Training School when II was there, and we had some good times together. Will you please send me a copy of The Uplift? Want to see what's going on at the old school. Best wishes to all. Yours truly, Robert E. Teeter."

—:—

Rev. R. C. Whisenhunt, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Romans 12:1-2 and Galatians 2:20.

In his message to the boys the speaker told them that he wanted them to think with him about the blessings that come to people when Jesus comes into their lives. The

Christ-centered life, said he, does bring blessings. While Christ does not give us all we want—nor should we expect it—he does make is possible for us to have what we need. Quite frequently men ask for things which would be more harmful than beneficial, although they may not realize it at the time of asking. Christ knows what we need, and we can trust him to provide for us the things that are best for us to have.

The speaker then told the boys that the place Christ should occupy in our lives is similar to that of a hub in a wheel. The hub is in the center and holds one end of the spokes in place, and they extend from there out to the rim. Should the hub be knocked out, the wheel would collapse. So it should be with our lives. At the center we should have Jesus Christ. If, like the wheel, the center or hub falls out, that life is weakened and finally rendered worthless.

Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt then told of a huge suspension bridge in Scotland. Although seemingly one of the strongest bridges in the world, it suddenly collapsed. Upon investigation it was learned that its fall was caused by the absence of a large bolt in the center. In such a manner, Christ holds men's lives together, and, when neglected at that point, those lives are failures.

The speaker then told his listeners that we hear much during these days of warfare of the "V" or Victory sign. Of course, we all want our armies to be victorious over the forces of evil, against whom we are fighting, but there is also another victory we should want to win. Christ puts a victory sign over our hearts, arming us for battles we have to fight against tempation and all evils of the world. If we want to win over these things, we must have Christ on our side. He only can lead us to victory.

Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt called to the boy's attention the difference between a thermometer and a thermostat. The thermometer, said he, registers the temperature, and is an instrument controlled by outside circumstances. A thermostat is an instrument that controls the temperature from within. Our lives are somewhat similar to those instruments. The non-Christian is a person whose life is controlled from without, the things of the world, but if we would be true Christians our lives must be controlled from within by the spirit of Christ. If we do not have Jesus in our lives, they become obedient to the evil things of the world, and we shall fail to reap the reward promised to those who follow Christ.

With Jesus as the center of our lives, said Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt, we receive encouragement to go on to better achievements. He illustrated the value of encouragement by referring to Roy Riegels, the football player who became confused, recovered the ball and ran the wrong way in a Rose Bowl game several years ago. Of course, he was humiliated over his blunder, and fully expected to be taken out of the game. The coach talked to his boys between the halves, and could not help noticing how badly Riegels felt. Said the coach: "The same team that played the first half, will be the same team that will play the second half." That coach gave Roy Riegels encouragement, and he went back into the

game and played better than ever before in his entire career.

We, too, go the wrong way many times, said the speaker, and sometimes feel hopelessly lost. It is then that Jesus tells us to go back and do our very best in the right way. No matter how far we may have gone in the wrong direction, the Master stands ready at all times to give us another chance.

n conclusion, Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt stated that Jesus left a throne above to come down to earth to save men from their sins. No matter to what depths we have fallen, he still sees something good in us, and will give us the power to live victorious lives.

———:———

PERFECTION

I swept my house of life and garnished it,
I looked it through with care,
For fear my thought might miss some imp of sin
Crouched low and hiding there.

But all was clean and clear, and empty as
A hollow tube of glass.
I smiled, and turned me to my windows wide
Watching the weary pass.

But never once did I desire to shield,
From sun or wind or rain,
One soul. Or ask one in to rest, and wash
All free from travel-strain.

Time passed. Again I searched my house with care,
Feeling secure from sin.
Of spirits worse than all I'd known before,
Lo! Eight had entered in!

—Ruth Fargo.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending November 14, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Ernest Bullard
William Burnett
Raymond Davis
Robert Finley
Donald Hobbs
Leonard McAdams
Charles Pearson
Weaver Ruff
Thomas Ruff
Harry Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Charles Byrd
Douglas Dorsett
Jack Gray
Jack Harmon
Roy Jones
Rufus Massingill
Roy Mumford
Harold McKinney
Banks McKnight
William Poteat
Floyd Puckett
Leonard Robinson
David Swink
James Shell
Luther Vaughn
John C. Rhodes

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 4

William Davis
Charles Lanford
William Lewis
Malcom Seymour
Richard Shehan
Roy Swink
Walter Thomas
J. R. Truitt
Edward VanHoy
Martin Walters
Carl Willis
Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 5

James Corn
William Dawn
Brady Tew
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 6

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 7

Max Brown
Wallace Foster
Donald Grimstead
Marion Todd
John Tolley
W. C. Whitehurst

COTTAGE NO. 8

James Hill
Troy Morris

COTTAGE NO. 9

Robert Brady
Cecil Caldwell
Leonard Church
Morris Johnson
Milford Ward
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

Paul Alphin
George Bass
Floyd Barnes
Fred Carswell
Jack Clifton
Forrest Davis
Alfred Lamb
Clifford Lowman
Edward Loftin
Robert Moses
Carlton Morrison
E. C. Stamey
Eugene Stubbs
Charles Tate

COTTAGE NO. 11

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13
(No Honor Roll)
COTTAGE NO. 14
Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Jack Gentry
Robert Holbert
Robert Moose
Hayes Powell
John Pritchard
Theodore Young
Paul Stone
Ezzel Stansberry
Robert Wilkins
Lawrence Walker

COTTAGE NO. 15
Thomas Baumgarner

INDIAN COTTAGE
Peter Chavis
James Chavis
R. C. Hoyle
Marshall Hunt
W. C. McManus
Dillard Shelton

INFIRMARY
Durham Smith
Alvis Watkins
The End Banks McKnight

———:———

TODAY AND TOMORROW

Withhold all eulogies when I am dead,
All noisy sorrow;
Give me a tender word today instead
Of tears tomorrow.

Come not with flowers to strew above by breast,
And sigh for me there.
The hawk or crow may haunt the piney crest;
I shall not be there.

Speak not my name, when I have passed from earth,
In tones of sadness;
At thought of me repress no note of mirth,
No burst of gladness.

Delay not, thou whom I have wounded sore,
Till thou outlive me
To grant the pardon that I here implore;
But now forgive me.

—Edward N. Pomeroy.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 27, 1943 No. 48

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

BE TRUE

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach!
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

—Horatio Bonar.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
JUDGE GEORGE ROUNTREE	By R. C. Lawrence	8
TRUE GREATNESS	By Rev. Dr. Paul Little	12
WEALTH FROM OUR MINERALS	(The Charlotte Observer)	14
THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM	By W. P. Matheney	16
BEAUTIFUL DREAM	By Margaret A. J. Irvin	18
ARCHIBALD DEBOW MURPHEY	By Beth Crabtree	20
OPENING MEMORY'S DOORS	Western Recorder	22
THE HOPE OF THE WORLD	By George L. Fish	23
POST-WAR PLANS FOR NORTH CAROLINA	(Uuiversity News-Letter)	24
INSTITUTION NOTES		26
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

WHAT GRANDMOTHERS HAD

Grandmother used to go and see
Folks who were sick and make them tea
Of boneset strong and camomile,
And fuss around the bed and smile,
And not go till some neighbor came
Who, she was sure, would do the same.

Unless they met her at the door
And put up an emphatic roar
About it's being smallpox or
Some ailment to be watchful for,
She never even stopped to ask
If, while about her loving task,
Herself might be endangered. No,
She hadn't read her Bible so.

She'd only found the texts that said,
"Sick have ye tended," "hungry fed,"
And such old-fashioned foolishness
Ere modern vision came to bless.

Now, when we hear a neighbor's ill,
We close our door and wash the sill
With antiseptics so we'll not
Get the disease the friend has got.
Sometimes I think 'twere not so bad
If I should catch what Grandma had!

—Strickland Gillilan.

EUGENE HUBERT BALLEW

On Wednesday morning, November 17, 1943, Eugene Hubert Ballew met with a fatal, but unavoidable accident, that meant death to this bright and promising youth. After the assembling of the lines in front of the Cannon Memorial Building, the boys were sent out to the different fields of activities with their respective officers. Eugene, a lad of fourteen years, was that morning with many other boys sent to the field to help harvest the fall crops. The boys were taken to the fields in trucks, and were cautioned by an officer to neither stand up nor wrestle while the truck was in motion. The spirit of youth seldom fails to suppress the fear of danger, and this was true in this instance, because this lad, in the spirit that belongs to youth, did stand up, unbeknown to the driver, and as a consequence, fell from the truck to the frozen ground, and died instantly from the impact.

Eugene had been in the School for five years, and from all reports had made marked improvement. He would have been placed long ago with his mother, but on account of illness she was unable to provide a home for him. His father died many years ago, therefore, he was a victim of circumstances.

Following the fatal accident, the Superintendent of Public Welfare of Jackson County was informed of Eugene's death, and plans were made to take his body to his native home for burial.

This casualty marks the thirteenth death that has occured among the 5,517 boys who have gone through this institution during the thirty-five years of its existence.

Unless one is closely connected with the Stonewall Jackson Training School it is difficult to understand the tie between the boys and the personnel of the institution. When the announcement was made that young Eugene was killed, it cast a gloom throughout the School. The superintendent, the officers and the boys walked about in silence, not knowing what to say or do, for they felt keenly the sudden tragedy that had come in their midst. Superintendent Hawfield did not fail to see that the body of one of his boys was

tenderly cared for and prepared for a Christian burial. This fatal accident makes us all realize that "in the midst of life, we are in death."

RECREATION PROGRAM

The recreation program as outlined in a recent issue of "Popular Government," shows a decided interest in North Carolina in the development of youth—physically, mentally and morally. The child who is fortunate enough to participate in games on a properly supervised playground, learns the spirit of give and take. Not only do such activities teach the right spirit of success, but it also teaches one how to gracefully accept defeat. Another thought of interest is this—the youth here learns also how to take care of all equipment, therefore, becomes thoroughly familiar with what the word order means.

The growing realization on the part of law enforcement agencies, parents, teachers, and industrialists of the importance of recreation has aroused interest in organized recreation throughout the state and the nation. In North Carolina Governor Broughton, after calling in Roy McMillan, State Director of OCD, and Stewart Woodward of F. S. A. for study and discussion of recreational problems, has appointed a State Recreation Committee. At its second meeting held at the Institute of Government in Chapel Hill on August 3, this committee, under the chairmanship of Russell Grumman, Head of the Extension Division of the University of North Carolina, developed through committee reports and discussions a program to meet the recreation needs of the people of North Carolina—children, youth, adults, and elders; folk of all races and creeds; of every economic level and social status. The Committee's program includes games, but its scope is more than a sports program and includes hunting, fishing, camping, hiking, gardening, music, dramatics, fine arts and crafts, reading, story telling, movies, and the radio. Such a program through creative work develops a variety of skills, as well as increases appreciation and enjoyment of the work of others; offers opportunities for developing ease in working with others and making adjustments; gives a chance for quiet reflection and

contemplation; and insures enjoyable experiences—a proper chain behind the truck.

* * * * * * * *

EIGHTY-FIVE TO FIVE

Twenty-five years ago Woodrow Wilson did his very best to get the Treaty of Versailles adopted but failed and died of a broken heart. If he were alive today he would see his peace plan adopted by a Senate vote of 85 to 5. Wilson lived twenty-five years ahead of his fellows. We have now seen what he saw then. The passage of the Connally resolution shows how far we have come in the past quarter century. We of the United States are not alone in this change. England and France demanded the pound of flesh. They thoroughly believed in the doctrine of "to the victor belong the spoils." There was no spirit of live and let live with either Great Britain or France. All now have learned that no man liveth to himself. In order for one to live others must also live. We have also learned that the world is in reality a global one, and that a global war must be followed by a global peace. We do not know but that the nations of the world are just as selfish now as then, but they have learned that they must cooperate for common safety and common protection. Isolationism is not a good policy and does not make good sense. There is no Robinson Crusoe Island, never was and never will be except in pleasant fiction. This is no do-as-you-please world. That is the meaning of the almost unanimous Senate vote. That vote means that the United States is a bit of one world and that she proposes to continue to be a part and that she will cooperate to preserve the blessings of victory and to preserve a lasting peace. We lost the last peace partly because of isolationism. May we now, after winning it again, maintain it. That 85 to 5 vote shows a determination to do that very thing.

—Charity & Children.

* * * * * * * *

"BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE"

Who said the grass was greener in the other fellow's State? It wasn't the Brooklyn soldier stationed in Florida. Nor the Georgian

based in Boston. A Wave from Chicago wouldn't be bribed to admit that Fifth Avenue had anything on Michigan Boulevard's shopping promenade.

The more servicemen and women travel about the country, the more intense becomes their loyalty to the home town. The place where they were stationed before always benefits by comparison with the later one.

Take a pool on any train. What the Southerner on furlough whistles as he crosses the Mason & Dixon Line. Home again! "God's Country," he says. Going in the other direction is the Northerner with the same sentiment thumping under his shirt. "God's Country," he breathes as the train races down the rails between tall buildings and into tightly packed cities.

Americans are seeing more of America today than they ever did in peacetime, but they are seeing it under conditions that are far from normal. Even so, many are making the most of their opportunities. Home town loyalties remain unshaken, however, and "Home Sweet Home" is the theme song of every man and woman in the service.—Christian Science Monitor.

* * * * * * * *

From the editorial columns of the North Carolina Christian Advocate we learn that General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the United States Army, expresses his opinion of the army chaplain, as follows: "I am deeply concerned as to the type of chaplains we get into the Army, for I look upon the spiritual life of the soldier as being even more important that his physical equipment. A good chaplain does not require a church; a poor one would empty a cathedral."

JUDGE GEORGE ROUNTREE

By R. C. Lawrence, in The State

Our State has produced many famous lawyers and jurists, and during my forty years at the bar it was my high privilege to know intimately and to practice before the two most unique jurists who have graced our nisi prius bench—Charles M. Cooke and George Rountree, who are in a class by themselves. Innumerable stories have been related of Judge Cooke, but not so many concerning his colleagues, as his service upon the bench was of much shorter duration than that of the veteran Cooke.

My subject was a native of Kinston, but his life and fame are associated entirely with New Hanover, the bar of which he was the outstanding head for so many years and of which, at the time of his death, he was the venerable and beloved dean. During his life, when the bar of Wilmington was mentioned, you thought of Rountree just as instinctively as you now think of President Roosevelt when the national capital is referred to.

Wilmington has been the residence of many lawyers who have risen to eminence in their profession, but none left a deeper impress on the life of their generation than did George Rountree.

He had such a scholarly mind and studious disposition that he had one of the largest law libraries in the state, and he was almost alone in possessing a full set of the Reports of the higher English courts. He was a profound admirer of the English jurists, and he had something of contempt for a decision which did not cite among its precedents some decision from the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords; or some decision of the court of the Exchequer Chamber or the Queen's Bench; and I never read one of his many excellent briefs which did not contain citations of the English authorities. Of the Carolina Chief Justices, he most admired Thomas Ruffin, not only because he was by far the ablest of those who have graced his high office, but because Ruffin held the distintion of being the only Carolina jurist whose opinions had been quoted by the English courts at Westminster Hall. When on the bench, if a young lawyer wished to win his case, let him cite some apposite English authority! For the Judge believed, with Blackstone: "The common law of England is the perfection of reason."

After taking his academic and legal degrees he settled at Wilmington, and such was the calibre of his legal equipment; so splendid were his gifts of leadership; such was his character and high ideals that he was soon called into the service of the state, where the turn of the century found him a member of the House of Representatives. Here he immediately assumed a position of leadership, and when the Democratic majority determind upon the presentation of articles of impeachment against two members of the Supreme Court, he was named as chairman of the Board of Managers to formulate the articles and present them at the bar of the Senate; and all through the administration of the brilliant and beloved Aycock, he was one of those who stood closest to the

executive and was most frequently consulted by him.

It was while serving in the legislature that he met the young "Gentleman from Dulpin," James O. Carr, and he was so impressed by his attainments that he tendered him a partnership. For forty years, off and on, this continued, and the firm of Rountree and Carr became as well known in legal Carolina as Sullivan and Cromwell or Samuel Untermeyer in New York City. This firm had an extensive practice throughout Cape Fear, usually appearing on what Judge Cooke always called the "South side of the docket," i.e., for the defendant. For, as the outstanding firm of Wilmington, it usually represented the railroads, banks, insurance companies, exporting companies, lumber companies and other large corporations; and so extensive became its practice that there was scarce a case of any importance in eastern Carolina with which their name was not associated.

His distinction as a lawyer caused his appointment to the bench of the Superior Court, on which he served with distinction and on which he would have been continued by the suffrage of the people had he cared to remain upon the bench. I do not think he was happy in his judicial position. His mind was so richly stored and so splendidly furnished that he had but little patience with mediocrity; and he morerover possessed a tart disposition and somewhat explosive temperanment, which at times unloosed itself in the presence of crass ignorance. A profound lawyer himself, he assumed that others should possess the same knowledge, and while he became known as a Solomon for learning he was not distinguished for the patience of Job! He was so accustomed to the outspoken expression of his opinions that it was with great difficulty that he complied with the rule which prevents the presiding Judge from expressing any opinion on the facts in the presence of the jury—a right which is possessed by Federal Judges, although not often exercised. A pompous lawyer from another state undertook to consume much time in the argument of an elementary motion. The Judge heard him but with marked inpatience, and when he finally concluded Rountree said: "You will find my decision in the Bible, book, chapter and verse so-and-so." Hastily procuring a copy of the Scriptures from the Clerk the lawyer looked up the reference and found: "I WILL NOT BE MOVED." But in the privacy of his hotel the Judge would tell any young practitioner what course to take in any given matter not on trial before him, and would hearten and encourge him in his legal aspirations.

He was better satisfied at the bar than upon the bench, and he resigned to again become associated with his former partner and to resume his large and lucrative practice. His somewhat irascible temper was well known to and understood by his brethren, for beneath a somewhat brusk exterior he was one of the kindliest and most lovable of men, a man who would go out of his way to render a service to a friend, or assist one of his brethren in distress. He fought fiercely while the combat lasted, but always fairly; he never struck below the belt; he never carried the animosities engendered in the courtroom into private life; he was not only a fair

but generous opponent, for he scorned to take advantage of a mere technicality to gain an advantage; he never asked for a judgment by default because his opponent was a day late in filing an answer or the statement of a case on appeal.

He was sui generis, and at a term in Onslow the court was presided over by a young and green jurist from the West, who was not acquainted with the Judge and not familiar with his ways. Rountree had a habit of whispering to those around him while court was in session, and soon began doing so at the Onslow court. The presiding Judge called for silence in the bar. Within half an hour Rountree was again indulging in his custom when the Judge spoke up and said: "Judge Rountree you have been upon the bench and you should know better than to be whispering while the court was in session." Rountree apologized, but within the hour he again forgot himself, whereupon the Judge (who had no sense of humor) directed the Sheriff to arrest whoever was whispering and bring him at the bar for contempt. The Sheriff, who had not the least intention of arresting Rountree, blandly replied that he had heard nothing! Whereupon both his Honor and Rountree subsided, and all was quite along the Potomac once more!

This same jurist soon came to understand Rountree's splendid qualities and to know what a fine gentleman he was. When he first held court in Wilmington, he was entertained at Wrightsville by the local bar and oysters in every style were served. When those on the half shell came around, the Judge who was sitting between Judge Rountree and Herbert McClammy, remarked: "Gentlemen, how is it that I see some small oysters in large shells, and some large oysters in small shell?" Gravely the humorous McClammy told the verdant mountain jurist: "Well, Judge, it's this way. when the tide is low, the oysters go visiting, but if it begins to thunder and they think it is going to rain, they scoot for the first shelter they can find, and so it happens that sometimes a small oyster gets into a large shell or a large one into a small shell." His Honor swallowed this hook, line and sinker, and I thought both Rountree and McClammy would explode with laughter. For he loved a good joke and did not consider it beneath his dignity now and then to put one over on one of his brethren.

While an able and effective trial lawyer, he was at his very best before a Federal Judge in Equity, or before an appellate tribunal; for here his arguments were lurid and logical; his reasoniong clear, cogent and convincing; and his briefs showed that he was never one who "darkened council without knowledge," for he had the wisdom to abandon all exceptions save those which possessed some real merit, but these he pressed upon the court with quite as much brilliance as was possessed by Samuel Fox Mordecai, who had the reputation of being the ablest of appellate lawyers.

The only time I have ever known the members of that court to indulge in laughter while on the bench was on one occasion while Rountree was arguing a case. Justice George W. Connor, son of that distinguished state and Federal jurist, Henry Groves Connor, interrupted the argument to propound a question: Testily Rountree pulled off his glasses; looked at

the Justic and tartly said, "Son, you will never have half the sense your father had," whereupon he undertook to resume his argument without answering the question. The members of the court could not restrain their laughter, in which both Justice Connor and Judge Rountree joined! The percentage of cases won by him attest his effectiveness both as a trial lawyer, and also upon appeal.

His brethren delighted to do him honor, and conferred the accolate upon him by electing him President of the State Bar Association, at the meetings of which he was a constant attendant, and its sessions were frequently enlivened by exchanges of wit and repartee betwetn Rountree and some other member. In whatever hotel lobby he chanced to be he was sure to be the center of a group who delighted to hear him reminisce of the olden days of bench and bar. How I wish he had, as did his colleague Bellamy, preserved his memoirs for posterity and for the information and pleasure of generation of lawyers yet to come.

When Rountree passed away, legal Carolina bowed its head and lawyers said to one another: "Know yet not that a prince and a great man has fallen this day in Israel?"

When Mordecai died, Chief Justice Stacy said: "None like him lived before him; there was none like him while he lived; none like him will come after him." Much the same statement might be made concerning George Rountree, for no man who knew him will forget him; and his memory will remain enshrined in the heart of the Carolina Bar.

SEVEN MISTAKES

"There are seven mistakes of life that many of us make," said a famous writer, and then he gave the following list:

1. The delusion that individual advancement is made by crushing others down.
2. The tendency to worry about things that cannot be changed or corrected.
3. Insisting that a thing is impossible because we ourselves cannot accomplish it.
4. Refusing to set trivial preferences aside, in order that important things may be accomplished.
5. Neglecting development and refinement of the mind and not acquiring the habit of reading and study.
6. Attempting to compel other persons to believe and live as we do.
7. The failure to establish the habit of saving money.

—Selected.

TRUE GREATNESS

By Rev. Dr. Paul Little, Rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Los Angeles, California

Soon after the first world war thousands of children of grammar school age from thirty countries participated in a voting contest to choose the twelve greatest characters in history. We looked up the birthplaces of these great personalities. Being invited to be the speaker at a service club banquet, we passed around a list containing the twelve villages, towns and cities, requesting them to write the names of those great characters. Not one in that large group guessed more than fifty per cent right. Here is the list; see how many you could have gussed:

Athens, Greece,	Socrates
Genoa, Italy,	Columbus
Florence, Italy,	Florence Nightingale
Dole, France,	Pasteur
Doremy, France,	Joan of Arc
Mainz, Germany,	Gutenberg
Wylam, England,	Stephenson
Blantyre, Scotland,	Livingstone
Bridges Creek, Virginia,	Washington
Staunton, Virginia,	Wilson
Hodgenville, Kentucky,	Lincoln
Boston, Massachusetts,	Franklin

Possibly many of our readers never heard of some of the above birthplaces. Indeed, what does it matter where one is born! It is not the place that makes one renowned but rather great personalities make the place. The only true measure of any locality is the quality of the manhood which it produces. It is the men of charater, the servants of mankind, the true lovers of humanity which justify the existence of a town or community.

Today the world is wise not merely because it has possessed among its citizens great men, but because these great men made use of their brilliant faculities. Likewise a man becomes great not through the possession of money or even knowledge, but through their proper use. The quality of a man's greatness depends upon the quality of the service he renders to humanity.

Before this world-wide cataclysm the Germans were not wrong in looking for a superman. Their mistake was in thinking that the superman was a man who with brutal physical force could override justice, equality, and liberty and establish so-called peace upon broken oaths and wrong foundations. The Germans have been trying to make stylish a type of man a little above the beast, but the Master of mankind, greatest of the great, has and is trying to popularize a type of man that is a little lower than the angels. They of the Teutonic race are striving to lift up and place upon the throne a man of the earth, earthy, but the Master is lifting up men of the spirit. He has been placed at the head of all great men because His services to the world were the greatest. He had no money. He was not an inventor, and we do not know

anything about His education, but He gave all that He had. He sacrificed most, He loved the best.

How truly the Master said: "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your servant."

———:———

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH

There are three lessons I would write,
  Three words, as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
  Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ round,
  And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put off the shadow from thy brow;
  No night but has it morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—
  The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
  The inhabitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one,
  But man, as man, thy brother call;
And scatter, like a circling sun,
  Thy charities on all.

—Friedrich von Schiller.

WEALTH FROM OUR MINERALS

(The Charlotte Observer)

In the conceivable riches from minerals that have been buried for aeons in the depths of its earth, North Carolina may develop a source of wealth in the future that will parallel its agricultural prowess and industrial production.

Things are, at any rate, moving rapirly in the direction of cashing in on such possibilities.

In addition to the minerals known to have been among the State's soil deposits, nem discoveries are being made as the demands of the war for such materials are becoming increasingly pressing and acute.

The Blue Ridge mountains, for example, have been found to contain vast storehouses of olivines which are a source of magnesium, described by one authority as "the magic lightweight metal that promises strong competition after the war with aluminum, plastics, plywood and stainless steel."

There also, as well as in other areas of tht state, have been found spodumene (source of lithium used in aluminum welding), mica (necessary to radios), quartz (used in communications equipment), kaolin (a variety of clay), coal and iron ore.

Still another mineral vital not only in the war effort but with big peace times uses, has recently been discovered in the State. That is tungsten which, when alloyed with steel, goes into such tough items as drills; it's used as filament in electric light bulb,

The Wall Street Journal has thought so much of the possibilities in minerals which abound in North Carolina that it recently printed an exhaustive story written by Irving Cheek, managing editor of The Raleigh Times, in the first column of its first page.

Among the many intriguing phases of this new development, which is now only in its infancy, Mr. Cheek reports that Roger W. Redwine, industrial engineer of the North Carolina Department of Conservation, telling of the new discovery of deposits of tungsten, expressed the conviction that these may prove to be the largest in the western hemisphere.

Much of the inspiration which is being taken in the mineral possibilities of the State spring from a survey which Governor Broughton had the firm of the H. A. Bassert Company, mining engineers, to make at an expense of $25,000 and that analysis was so suggestive of the potentials of the case that the Federal government has now made an appropriation of $340,000 for more extensive and exhaustive surveys of these possibilities.

Among other things this report of the New York firm had this to say in regard to the magnesium deposits:

"The vast deposits of the State's high content magnesium olivines are of such uniform quality and so well located with reference to cheap power (available to Tennessee Valley Authority electricity) as to justify every effort toward their commerical exploitation in the manufacture of magnesium." He added, however, that the chief task which remains is the

development of a commercial process to convert this raw material into the magnesium metal. But the report, on this point, concluded that "it is technically possible to develop an economic process for the manufacture of magnesium from North Carolina olivine."

The Brassert report disclosed the probable presence of more than 46 million tons of coal in the Deep River area of Chatham county, covering an area which includes 1,200 acres owned by the State. It also found 20 or more olivine deposits in the Blue Ridge mountains, containing 230 million tons of ore of more than 45 per cent magnesia and 940 million tons of more than 49 per cent magnesia. Large quantities of sponge iron ore exist in scattered localities, according to the report.

---:---

LOYALTIES

Let us keep splendid loyalties,
For we are falling prey to lesser things.
What use are breath and strength if we no longer feel
The thrill of battle for some holy cause
Or hear high morning bugles calling us away?
Let brave hearts dare to break the truce with things
Ere we have lost our ancient heritage.
Are we to gain a world to lose our souls,
Souls which can keep faith until death
And die, triumphant, in some crimson dawn?

Nay, we must keep faith with the unnumbered brave
Who pushed aside horizons, that we might reach
The better things: We cannot rest until
We have put courage once more on her throne;
For Honor clamors for her heritage,
And Right still claims a kindgom of its own.

—Walter A. Cutter.

THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

By W. P. Matheney

Freedom for every individual, as complete as possible, is the goal of democracy. From the dawn of civilization the champions of freedom and liberty have had courageously to fight despots, motivated by selfishness, greed and brutality. The struggle has been long and hard. Through the centuries the advocates of individual liberty have been beaten down and it is only in modern times that democracy has seemed to gain the ascendancy over autocracy.

To control the mind and conscience of men has always been the aim of the despot. His theory of life is "Might makes right," and his policy in executing that theory has ever been the exercise of force. Time and again through the ages men have, here and there, dared to express their faith in the rights of intellectual and religious freedom. It is hard for one of our day to realize that many men have suffered death on the rack and have been burned at the stake rather than deny the faith and convictions they had expressed to the world, but their death became the seed of freedom that produced the harvest of democracy.

In the course of events there came a time in European history when the light of freedom began to grow brighter. Men became bolder in their speech and action. The shackles that had bound them began to creak and break under the pressure of the cause of freedom. Despots began to fear for the safety of their thrones. Some of them were wise enough to see the tidal wave of liberty rising and tactfully yielded some privileges to their subjects. To be sure, they did not admit that such a course of action was forced upon them, but tried to impress their subjects with the idea that their kindly acts were purely voluntary, growing out of a love for their subjects. It was a love similar to the love of a father for his children. This theory of government came to be known as paternalism, and the monarchs who adopted it were called enlightened, or benevolent despots. This situation was not entirely satisfactory to the masses, however, though it was a long stride toward the goal of democracy.

Even before the rise of this so-called paternal system, men from England had set their sails westward, bound for a new world, where they might eventually build a state on the principles of democracy. In those earliest colonial days there were brave souls who advocated, in some cases to the point of exile and excommunication, separation of church and state, freedom of speech, religious toleration and the abolition of slavery. Loyal subjects they were, in the main, but as time went on one difference arose between the mother country and her colonies that could not be amicable settled, "taxation without representation." A long and bloody struggle ensued. America became free—free to build a great state and nation according to the wish and will of her people. This her people did, and America became the model

democratic government of the world.

Even before the Union was established one colony had a great bell cast in "London Town" that has become the symbol of freedom to one hundred and thirty million people. Upon that bell, that was cast more than once in order to get the desired clear silver tone, was inscribed a heartfelt expression of an ancient people who had known the bonds of slavery and servitude: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." If that Old Liberty Bell could ring again today, it would proclaim in no uncertain tones the "Four Freedoms" unto all the inhabitants throughout the land: "Freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom from want, and freedom from fear." Those freedoms are challenged today as they have never been in history. Let free men everywhere fight to death for their preservation

———:———

ROADS

There are no king's highways to health,
To happiness, to fame, to wealth.
Man has to feel his way about,
And lose himself along the route,
With tangled skeins of roads perplexed,
He knows not which to follow next.
Some roads wind on through bog and fen,
Where he may not come out again;
Some scale great mountains. An abyss
Yawns ever at some precipice.
Some lead through deserts—arid hells—
Where scattered bones his doom foretells.
He nevers knows till he has gone
Which road it is he travels on.
Enough to sometimes take his ease
At gabled inns beneath tall trees.
Who trudges on will somehow find
A sweet contentment of the mind;
No matter what the end may be,
The journey brings great joys to me.

—Eliot Kays Stone.

BEAUTIFUL DREAM

By Margaret A. J. Irvin

WE are all dreaming of that beautiful world that shall be ours, "when the lights go on again all over the world". We finger our war bonds lovingly. We joke about the inconveniences we have to put up with "for the duration" and we do our personal post-war planning.

A new house or the old one remodeled. A game in the cellar? A glass kitchen? An improved form of automatic heat? Or perhaps your problem is transportation. Will you have one of the new ultra-ultra model cars or a private plane, complete with rooftop landing field?

There's a lot of that sort of planning. Much of it is wishful thinking, and we know it is. Americans aren't much good at putting up with discomforts unless they can persuade themselves that there's a rosy future around the corner. The men who conquered the forests and the plains had visions of fertile farms and thriving cities to goad their weary muscles and keep their eyes and ears alert. Women who scoured rough board tables and vied with one another to find new recipes for cornmeal and pork, saw a differnt sort of life for their daughters. Their daughters should have beds with sheets and plates with flowers.

"Better Things Ahead," is a sort of national slogan. If there is an easier or better way to do a thing, an American will look for it. If there is a better gadget to be had, an American will work for it. There is in our make-up none of the willingness to put up with things because that is the way they have always been. An innate discontent keeps us constantly on the lookout for ways to improve our lot in life.

So while we half-sole shoes we would like to throw away, count our meat stamps with an eagle eye, set pails of ice in automatic refrigerators that have gone bad, squeeze onto crowded buses, and do other things we have to do in wartime, we keep our eyes fixed on the future. "After the war," we say, and proceed to paint pictures of a world that is a great improvement on this one.

"Tomorrow" is a very important word in our vocabulary. Sometimes it is a bit like the bundle of hay held before the donkey's nose to urge him forward. He keeps right on plodding, but he never reaches it. The same thing is true of our rising standard of living. Our ancestors wanted a roof over their heads, then an indoor fireplace, then a cook stove, then central heating, soon a glass-sided house which utilizes the heat of the sun. We have had a momentary setback, but we refuse to take it seriously. Soon the war will be over. Industry will be reconverted to peacetime pursuits and on we go.

Do you ever give the matter any serious thought? Just what sort of world do YOU want tomorrow? Are you honestly expecting a new era of mechanized living as soon as the guns stop? Walter Dorwin Teague, industrial designer, writing in the New York Times would agree with you. On the other hand, Raymond Leowy,

another industrial designer, writing in the same issue, points out that there may be a long time between the laboratory production of new things and consumer consumption of the same.

It's an interesting avenue for speculation, but most of the people reading The Lutheran are not likely to be much concerned about it. We may do our wishful thinking now and then; but in our hearts we know it's like the little boy's dream of becoming a man—a chance to stay up all night and eat all the ice cream and cake he wants. By the time he is able to achieve his dream, he has outgrown it.

Perhaps by the time peace comes, we may have a more mature ideal of what we are going to do with the returns on our bonds. Rebuilding cities and homes and lives, or building brotherhood and an equal chance to grow into our human heritage, may seem more interesting than a glass kitchen and worthier of our efforts.

IF WE BUT KNEW

Do we approve, applaud, with understanding,
  The sweetness in the lives of those we know
We criticize, and blame, and keep demanding,
  But seldom let appreciation show.

So often we've been helped by words of kindness—
  A friendly smile that cheered us through the day,
Yet constantly we forfeit, in our blindness,
  The chance to help another on his way.

If we are seeing all that's right in others,
  The wrong no longer can obstruct our view;
So let's enrich our own lives and our brother's
  By magnifying all that's good and true.

—Gretta Hiatt.

ARCHIBALD DEBOW MURPHEY

By Beth Crabtree

A few miles from Milton, Caswell County, in the valley of the Dan River, Archibald DeBow Murphey was born in 1777 (exact date unknown). He was the son of Colonel Archibald Murphey, a Revolutionary soldier and the founder of the first classical academy in Caswell County, and his wife Jane De Bow Murphey. Like many other prominent Carolinians, Archibald obtained his early instruction under Dr. David Caldwell of Guilford County. He entered the University of North Carolina in 1796 and upon graduation, three years later, was appointed "tutor of all work," followed by an appointment as professor of languages. Soon after, however, he resigned to study law and was admitted to the bar in 1802.

As the State senator from Orange County (1812-1818), Murphey was a member of the Committee on Education. His plan for an educational system for the State is embodied in two reports, one presented in 1816 and the other the following year. Briefly, his plan was based on a gradation of schools, closely related, from primary school to academy and from academy to University. The primary and secondary schools were to be under the supervision of a Board of Public Instruction. This board was to consist of six members selected by the General Assembly from all sections of the State, with the governor as ex-officio chairman. Its duties were to be the management of the public school funds, appointment of teachers and determination of salaries, appointment of trustees for schools and academies, superintendance of the plan of instruction and formulation of general rules of government for the school system. In the State-wide organization there were to be one or more primary schools in each township, with two or more townships in each county. The State was also to be divided into ten academy districts, each district containing one or more counties. At the apex was to be the University —a greatly expanded university, with a larger faculty, a library, scientfic equipment, and additional buildings. The methods of instruction were to be based on the Lancastrian Plan and Pestalozzi's theory of arousing child interest, both of which were being successfully employed in Europe at that time.

Murphey's social philosophy is clearly illustrated in his reports. He persistently believed in State support and instruction of the poor from the primary school through the University. His ideal was government based on public virtue with an educational system that taught obedience to law, providing a bulwark of enlightened people. Further evidence of humanitarism is displayed in the provision for an asylum for the deaf and dumb, one which used the newly discovered techniques of teaching the sciences and languages. The failure of Murphey's plan to pass the legislature was due in general to the fact that he was ahead of his time and in partticuar to his insistenle of free education for the poor.

Other projects of equal importance

aroused Murphey's interest. In 1815 he had presented to the legislature a plan of internal improvements comparable to that of DeWitt Clinton in New York. He also advocated a reform of the penal system, abolition of unjust practices, improvement in conditions of prisons, and establishment of a State penitentiary. As a further development in his goal of awakening the people to a sense of pride in their native State, he began the compilation of materials for a history of North Carolina. This history, beginning with a European background, was outlined on a broad basis, approaching the subject from every angle. A memorial to the legislature, asking funds for publication of the history only gained Murphey permission to raise $15,000 by means of a lottery. This permission, in turn, was revoked, and the only help the General Assembly rendered was an appropiation for the acquisition of an index to records relative to North Carolina in the State Paper Office in London.

After suffering several years with chronic rheumatism, Murphey died on February 3, 1832, and was buried in the Presbyterian cemetery in Hillsboro. He had lived a full life as an eminent lawyer, judge, and teacher, and as a citizen particularly sensitive to the needs of his State. His great handicap lay in being in advance of his generation. Seven years after his death the Literary Board, seeking a plan for the establishment of a public school system in North Carolina, turned back to Murphey's report of 1817 for a model and the report formed the basis of the first North Carolina public school law, passed in 1839.

———:———

THREE THINGS COME NOT BACK

Remember three things come not back:
The arrow sent upon its track—
It will not swerve, it will not stay
Its speed; it flies to wound, or slay.
The spoken word so soon forgot
By thee; but it has perished not;
In other hearts 'tis living still
And doing work for good or ill.
And the lost opportunity
That cometh back no more to thee,
In vain thou weepest, in vain dost yearn,
Those three will nevermore return.

—From The Arabic.

OPENING MEMORY'S DOORS

Western Recorder

In the storehouse of memory are multitudes of moving pictures, awaiting only the touch of some impulse to start them rolling across the screen before the Ego. Walking down Main street in Louisville the other day. I saw some rubbish inside a store building that had been gutted by fire. Immediately the "projector" was started humming and for several moments there ran off a picture not before thought of in many long years. That picture, a marvelous sound production, was of a great fire a quarter century ago in that same block when four or five store buildings were turned into a flaming inferno, when Main street was packed for blocks with curious people, when the old-fashioned fire engines belched two and three stories high their streams of fiery cinders and clouds of black smoke, when frantic firemen tugged at ladders and hose, when a scream of terror went up from the throng as a brick wall began to topple toward some firefighters on a nearby roof! It came back in all its fullness, hissing water, roaring, crackling flames, crashing timbers, billows of smoke made goreous by myriads of sparks, the stentorian orders of the fire chief and the busy policemen who sought to keep the crowds out of the way—and a country boy watching with open-eyed wonder!

The suddenness with which the picture unrolled and the interest it created brought a new appreciation for the wonderful power of the soul called memory. The first reaction was to try once again to discover something about that mystery, but why waste time on that which can not be known? Instead the heart turned with gratitude to God for being able, out of the store of memory, to bring so many things to life, to be able to see so many movies which furnish pleasure without alloy. But at the same time, there came bitter sadness, for alongside the reels which one can enjoy are others put there in idle moments, in hours when sin was in control—pictures of angry moments when ugly words were said that hurt some friend, of escapades indulged in as a boy when rebellion against parental control mastered the growing lad, of indulgence of the carnal man, of neglect of vital opportunties for preparation and service—these and others of the kind are stored there and it takes only some object, some word, some trivial incident to start them moving across the screen, there to plague the soul that would give a great deal never again to recall them.

If young people could ever be brought to realize how much of their mature years will be spent in seeing the things which memory preserves for them, they would be less prone to do and say the things which will bring bitter regret in later years. He who is wise will guard with all diligence the space in memory's storehouse so that, as the life span lengthens and there comes less of the present to command attention, he will have stored up a mighty collection of

mental movies the seeing of which will delight his soul, and the description of which will bless every one whom he may be permitted to entertain.

———:———

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD

By George L. Fish, in Watchman-Examiner

An unusual picture with an unusual and arresting title is the picture which is entitled Hope. The picture shows a woman in a long flowing robe seated upon a globe of the world. Across her eyes is a cloth which blindfolds her. Her head hangs low as if in despair. In her left arm is an old harp with just one string left intact. With her other hand she is attempting to extract music from the instrument.

What a picture of hopelessness it seems to be! But that is not the thought which the artist had in mind. It portrays hope. In discouraging circumstances the woman is doing what she can with what she has.

An outstanding example of the thought of the artist is found in the experience of Great Britain after Dunkirk, for there in unparalleled circumstances of discouragement, disappointment and hopelessness, she clung to hope.

When there is life there is hope. No matter how dark the night or how low the ebb of life, there can still be the hope of a better day. We may have just one string left, but as long as that string is still intact, a dismal atmosphere of a discouraging experience may be changed to the music of victory.

The message of Christianity is a message of hope. No matter how dark our experiences may be, there is light in Jesus, who is the light of the world. No matter how full our cup of sorrow, there is still a song in his comfort. No matter how for away from home one has wandered, there is always a loving Father to welcome the prodigal home. Our hope is in Christ, who came to give distressed, helpless, sinful folks the hope of a better day and a better life in him.

Christ lifted up the fallen. He healed the sick. He mended broken bodies and broken hearts. He transformed character. He raised from failure and crowned with success. He opened the gates of heaven so that man might see God. He provided a way of redemption on the cross. He forgave sins and pointed the way to the Father. Christ was and is and always shall be the hope of the world , for he alone can lift us out of our sins and place our feet upon the solid rock where we cannot be broken by the storms of life. Christ, and Christ alone, is our hope.

POST-WAR PLANS FOR NORTH CAROLINA

(University News-Letter)

North Carolina isn't dreaming of its life after the rebirth of peace. It is awake to its opportunities, its resources, and its people. North Carolina is confident.

A state predominantly agricultural but still ranking high industrially, it even now is functioning under a long-range program that envisions a better life for its ruralists, industrial workers, whitecollar men and just plain everyday folk.

Nor has North Carolina forgotten its men who have gone into the armed forces or into war work; nor has it forgotten the rapid and economic conversions that of necessity must follow every war.

Today finds the state with an unprecedented general fund surplus, with money ready to start a big highway and farm-to-market road expansion and improvement program. It has put aside a tidy sum for a financial rainy day, plans to boost its savings. Its cities and counties, under a recent legislative act, are building surpluses and socking them away.

North Carolina is ready to expand its agricultural enterprises, to build dehydrating plants for its truck crops. It is importing pure-bred livestock and building up its milk output.

The days immediately following the end of the war will not find many North Carolinians out of work, if present plans are executed. North Carolina has not imported much labor for its war shops.

Industrial leaders and labor are working hand-in-glove. Relations are generally cordial. Strikes are few.

North Carolina—and it is Governor Broughton who speaks of all these plans—has hopes and promises of an increasing number of ways to process the products of its soil. The manufacture of plastics and plywood, vital to the future airplane, already has begun on a small scale. New mining companies are chartered within its boundaries with regularity, and an internationally known engineer and his staff have just completed a survey of the state's mineral resources, particularly in coal, iron and olivine.

North Carolina is growing weary of shipping its products to other states and thus losing possible plants and jobs for those at hime.

There are plans—and money—for greater expansion of educational facilities. Salary differentials for white and negro public school teachers and principals are about eliminated and the future should see more educational opportunities for negro, particularly the rural children.

The state plans to use abandoned army and navy hospitals for hospitals, to guarantee proper medical care for children whose parents are unable to pay for it.

In short, North Carolina, like a smart businessman, is looking to the future, to the days of peace, when the road of progress lies straight ahead for the one who chooses to travel it.

THE WEARY TRAVELER

Long years I've traveled this rugged road,
  With a firm and steady stride;
Never failing to carry my allotted load,
  Or tried to thumb a ride.

I've passed the house by the side of the road,
  Where lives the friend of man;
I give to others the kindness he showed,
  To all when e'er I can.

To those I've met along the way,
  I've given a nod and a smile;
Helped carry their load without any pay,
  And cheered them up—the while.

I scan each face as the folks pass by,
  And think of their troubles and care;
To lighten their load I wonder if I
  Have shirked my rightful share.

But I'm growing old my hair has turned grey,
  My step has begun to falter;
I'm nearing the end of the trail they say,
  And my fate I cannot alter.

I'm nearing the place of my last abode,
  Not many more miles at best.
I'm seeking a place by the side of the road,
  Where I can sit down and rest.

Where I can rest and think of friends,
  Who shared my joys and tears;
Whose neighborly acts and kindness extends,
  Throughout these many years.

But I must keep plodding on my way,
  Toward my journey's end;
Which may be far, and yet it may,
  Be just around the bend.

And when at last my weary feet,
  Shall plod this earth no more;
I hope that I again can greet,
  Old friends on yonder shore.

—W. F. Bayles

INSTITUTION NOTES

Three calves were slaughtered last week, and we all enjoyed some fine veal for dinner last Sunday.

—:—

Mr. Wyatt and his machine shop boys hove been making some repairs to the plumbing in the basement at Cottage No. 9.

—:—

Robert Bass and James Carl Lochlear were taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, last Tuesday afternoon for observation. The doctors reported that the lads were in good physiral iondition.

—:—

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have finished ceiling the basement in Cottage No. 9. The material used fir this purpose is sheet rock, and will make a decided improvement, both in making the basement lighter and much warmer.

—:—

As these notes are being written we hear of preparations for celebrating Thanksgiving Day at the School. There will be the usual service at ten o'clock in the morning; then will follow the chicken dinner with all the trimmin's; and at two-thirty in the afternoon there will be an all-star football game, between teams selected from League Number One and League Number Two. A full account of the day's activities will appear in these columns next week.

—:—

Mr. Austin G. Ledwith, who hails from near Boston, Mass., has been secured as band director at the School, succeeding Mr. Ralph J. Brausa, who is now in the United States Navy. Mr Ledwith also holds the position as director of music in the Concord City Schools. Since the band room is directly overhead, and we hear the daily rehearsals, we are of the opinion that the newly-appointed director is getting along fine with the boys in our band.

—:—

We have just learned that Robert Walker, one of our old boys, has been in the United States Army for about three years. This lad came to the School, February 2, 1932 and when conditionally released, January 2, 1935, returned to his home in Durham. During his stay with us, Robert was in Cottage No. 9 and worked in the laundry, making a very good record in both places. Upon entering the institution, he was placed in the second grade and was in the sixth grade at the time of leaving. We had had no reports on this boy since about ten days after he went back to his home, until a visiting probation officer from Durham told us a few days ago that he was in the Army and was getting along well.

Some clean, hard-fought football games were played in the two local leagues last Saturday afternoon. The boys are rapidly becoming familiar with the rules of tag football, and are entering into the sport in a most enthusiastic manner. The scores were as follows:

League Number One—Receiving Cottage 14 First Cottage 6; Fourth Cottage 21 Third Cottage 0; Eighth Cottage 7 Fifth Cottage 0.

League Number Two—Tenth Cottage 20 Fifteenth Cottage 0; Ninth Cottage 6 Fourteenth Cottage 6; Indian Cottage 0 Thirteenth Cottage 0.

—:—

Mr. W. W. Johnson, our school principal, received a letter a few days ago from Robert Coleman, formerly of Cottage No. 1. This young man, now twenty-three years old, entered the School, March 16, 1936 and was conditionally released, August 15, 1939. His letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Johnson: I sure was surprised to see your signature on a school report of Monk Barnes. Went over to his house the other day, and his brother showed it to me. It brought back to my mind the years that I spent up there with you. I am working with the Clifton Bakery, here in Lumberton, and have a very good job. You will probably remember George Newman, who used to be in Fourth Cottage. He is also working here and is getting along fine. If you ever fine time to write, please do so, for I shall be glad to hear from you. Very truly yours, Robert Coleman."

—:—

Our old friend Clyde A. Bristow, formerly a member of the printing class, continues to write us at frequent intervals. His letter, coming from Winston-Salem, was received a few days ago, and we were delighted to hear from him. He has been driving a huge transfer truck for the Roadway Express Company for several years, and has been doing well. We were also glad to receive some very good snap-shots of Clyde, his wife and two children. The young son, Clyde, Jr., was two years old on January 26, 1943 and the daughter, Sylvia Jane, will be one year old on January 18, 1944. Clyde's letter reads:

"Dear Mr. Godown: With the frost on the ground each morning like a young snow and the corn all properly shocked, we are certain that Thanksgiving Day is not far off. Speaking of this national holiday and its usual menus, my brother, Fred, who is in the Army, writes that they are expecting turkey with all the accounterments on that day. Lucky guys, eh?

"At home, here, I am on the same non-exciting schedule, running from Winston to Atlanta and back. The members of the family are in the best of health and getting along fine. We celebrated our fifth anniversary last Sunday, and made some pictures—three copies are enclosed. George and his family still reside in the second house from us, and are all well. He is still in the trucking business.

"I missed your usual resume of your vacation trip this year, but am sure you had a great time and saw many new and interesting sights. Hope you found the home folks all in Class 1-A.

"Now Mr. G., the wife is busy making up some home-made mincemeat for pies, and I have to get down to Atlanta and back by Wednesday evening—so must say so long. Please give our best regards to all and extend best wishes for a happy Thanksgiving. Sincerely, Bristy."

—:—

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture

Lesson he read II Timothy 2:1-4, and the subject of his most helpful and interesting message to the boys was "A Christian Soldier."

The speaker began by telling this story: If we had lived in the Alps about 1094, we would have seen a man, small in stature, but one with a personality we would all remember. This man had once been a soldier, and had probably killed many people in battle. He began worrying about having lived that kind of a life, and went to live in a monastery, forsaking all worldly things, trying to make amends for what he had done.

He had a little mule upon which he rode around the mountain paths. As the people saw him riding about, dressed in a monk's cloak and carrying a crucifix. which he grasped so tightly that it bruised his hand, they noticed that he looked very serious —always seeming to be in a deep study about something. Those Alpine mountaineers learned to love this man, and they would stop at the monastery to tell him of the happenings in and about that section of the country. They would also seek his advice concerning their various problems.

This man was known as Peter the Hermit. As the people who stopped at the monastery told him how the infidels were treating the Christians, he became convinced that it was his duty to inspire men to regain the possession of the Holy Land. He went out and told the people that he was going to make war against the infidels who were killing the Christians, and about 1096, he started out with 30,000 followers, mostly from the poorer classes, on the First Crusade to the Holy Land.

Peter the Hermit was really a great man, said the speaker. He loved the Lord and he loved people. His followers were called Christian Knights.

Rev. Mr. Summers then stated that it is a wonderful thing to be a soldier of one's country today, when the nation so sorely needs the help of all good men and women, but that it is far better to be a Christian soldier. He pointed out that the Christian flag was the only one permitted to fly above the flag of the United States, and that no soldier could attain a higher rank than that of a true Christian soldier.

The speaker then said that the fact that one is a Christian soldier does not hinder him from being a good soldier for Uncle Sam. For example, he mentioned General Douglas MacArthur, who is probably our greatest soldier in the present war. Athough this great man has gone down in history for his defense of the Philippines, and his wonderful strategic ability, he is also known to be a great Christian.

Rev. Mr. Summers then pointed out some of the things required if we are to be good Christian soldiers, as follows: (1) Truth. There is nothing so contemptible as a liar. By continually lying, we soon reach the point when we can't even be true to ourselves. A Christian soldier must be true to himself, his loved ones. his country and to his God. Such a fellow can be counted on to be a man under all conditions. (2) Purity. A Christian soldier must have purity of thought, of mind, and of body. The Army and Navy have to turn down those whose bodies are diseased by impure living. A good soldier must

be morally and physically sound. It is possible for a boy to live a clean life, and not only be a good soldier of the United States, but a fine soldier of Jesus Christ. (3) Courtesy. We should always be nice to people with whom we come in contact. Politeness is something that costs nothing, yet it is one of man's greatest posessions. All great men of history have been known for their courteousness. (4) Patience. Boys in school are sometimes impatient to get out of school. There is nothing more important in the lives of young people than school work. Our government frequently defers boys of draft age in order that they may be able to finish their education. We must all learn to have patience as we go about our daily tasks. We often see an old man standing very erect, and upon investigation we learn that he was once a soldier. It has been said that one of the commands hardest for a soldier to obey when in battle is to "stand still under fire." That requires patience, and if we would be good Christian soldiers, we should always be patient with those about us. (5) Courage. This is one of the requirements of a good soldier, and at present our boys are showing great bravery on all battle fronts. A Christian soldier must also be courageous. He must forever undertake to do something that is hard to accomplish.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Summers told the boys that in life many things are assigned to us that we think we cannot do. As Christian soldiers we need courage in the defense of truth; we need courage to attack the forces of evil; we need courage to defend the weak. If we will only strive to do these things, we shall be true followers of the Master, and will deserve to be classed with the Christian Knights of old.

———:———

CHILDHOOD ENCHANTED THEM

"The old lane, the old gate, the old house by the tree,
The wild wood, the wild brook, they will not let me be.
In boyhood I knew them, and still they call to me."

The lane, the gate, the house, the wild wood, the brook, have no special beauty that we should desire them above all others. But the dreams of childhood have enchanted them, and the memories of the halcyon days of youth have both glorified and beautified them. About them cling the aroma of childhood and in that place stands the foot of the ladder upon which we have climbed to success. And the fine loyalities of life bring a man with glad steps to the associations of his youthful years.

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending November 21, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Ernest Bullard
William Burnett
Raymond Davis
Robert Finley
Leonard McAdams
Thomas Ruff
Weaver Ruff
Jerry Smith
Harry Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Charles Byrd
George Cox
Marion Cox
Douglas Dorsett
John Franks
Jack Harmon
Roy Jones
Rufus Massingill
Roy Mumford
Harold McKinney
William Poteat
Leonard Robinson
David Swink
Peter Tuttle
Banks McKnight

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Jack Bateman
Hugh Cornwell
Donald Daniels
William Ferguson
William Guffey
J. T. Jacobs
Fonzer Pittman
Elbert Russ
Lester Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

Bruce Harper
Raiford Medlin
Malcom Seymour
Richard Shehan
Edgar Shell
Roy Swink
Newman Tate
J. R. Truitt
Martin Walters
William C. Willis

COTTAGE NO. 5

William Dawn
Earl Hoyle
Sidney Knighting
Brady Tew

COTTAGE NO. 6

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 7

David Brooks
R. C. Combs
Wallace Foster
Donald Grimstead
John McLean
Marion Todd
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 8

James Hill
Troy Morris

COTTAGE NO. 9

Raymond Bowman
Cecil Caldwell
Leonard Church
Riley Denny
Fred Grimstead
Edward Guffey
Thomas Ingram
Winley Jones
James Lowman
Isaac Mahaffey
Albert Newton
Lawrence Rice
Glenn Wilcox
J. B. Wilson
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 10

Paul Alphin
Jack Clifton
Edward Loftin
E. C. Stamey

COTTAGE NO. 11

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Woodrow Ewing
Robert Hobbs

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Fred Bostian
Charles Callahan
John Fargis
Jack Gentry
Robert Hensley
Robert Holbert
Robert Moose
Hayes Powell
John Pritchard
Ezzell Stansbury

COTTAGE NO. 15

Edgar Blanchard
Thomas Baumgarner
Burley Edmondson
John Watts

INDIAN COTTAGE

Peter Chavis
Allen J. Hammonds
Dillard Shelton

INFIRMARY

Durham Smith
Alvis Watkins

———:———

KEEP CHEERFUL

Whatever the task that life may ask,
  It can't be done by shirking;
If it's yours to do, you won't get through
  By any way but working.
It may look tough. Don't let that bluff
  Discourage you or scare you,
But just begin, then wade right in,
  And don't let worry snare you.
The biggest task that life may ask,
  You'll find is not so fearful,
If you just grin, and wade right in,
  And keep on being cheerful.

—Alfred I. Tooks.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI | CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 4, 1943 | No. 49

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE REAL GUIDE

You may bring to your office and put in a frame
A motto as fine as its paint.
But if you're a crook when playing the game,
That motto won't make you a saint.

If the motto says "Smile" and you carry a frown,
"Do it Now," and you linger and wait;
If the motto says "Help" and you trample men down.
If the motto says "Love" and you hate;

You won't get away with the motto you stall
For truth will come forth with a bounce,—
It isn't the motto that hangs on the wall,
But the motto you live which counts.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
WITH THE U. S. ARMED FORCES		8
OLD-TIME CLIPPER SHIPS	By Louis T. Moore	13
FRANK BUCK, CAPTOR OF KINGS	By Arthur Coleman	17
WATAUGA SOLDIER TELLS OF INDIA	(The Watauga Democrat)	20
ARTIST OF THE SEAL	(Sanatorium Sun)	23
SOMETHING NEW	By Margaret I. J. Irvin	24
INSTITUTION NOTES		25
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

DESIRE OF SERVICE

Could I but know, beyond all questioning,
That what I am, or, rather, what I strive
To be, means help to you, and keeps alive
At times, the strength or cheer or other thing
You gently crave, the thought would staightway bring
Large days for me. Old gladness would revive
And with a scourge of cords arise and drive
Alien distrust forth from my temple, fling
The coinage of life's maket-language out,
And sound of note of triumph. Could I know
That something I have done, or some chance word
Of mine has come to you, in hours of doubt
And lighted up the path where you must go,
I could forget how often I have erred.

—Stephen Tracy Livingston.

A WORD OF APPRECIATION

In looking over "The State," that fine weekly magazine so ably edited by Mr. Carl Goerch, we found on Mr. John G. Bragaw's page, under the heading, "Random Shots," a fine tribute to our little magazine. It pleases us to have a columnist of Mr. Bragaw's calibre speak so highly of our efforts to give the public our standard of ideals. His comment was as follows:

> An excellent little publication is The Uplift, produced at the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School, Concord, N. C., and published by the class in printing at that fine institution. Learning by doing is a good way to learn, and apparently the boys get a large part of their training that way.

The magazine is a credit to its staff and its force, and the contents are distinctly constructive.

The editors have a pleasant habit of putting on the outside cover each week some selection of prose or poetry which shows discrimination on the part of those who choose the matter. I was especially struck by the selection on the cover of the October 2 issue, taken from some writing of the distinguished Dr. Charles E. Jefferson. Most of us engage in the pastime of finding fault, and often fail to realize how the habit takes hold of us until we cannot shake it off. Dr. Jefferson never preached a sermon more packed with truth than that short paragraph.

* * * * * * * *

TUBERCULOSIS IN WARTIME

In time of war—beware of tuberculosis. Beware of tuberculosis at all times, but particularly so in wartimes. For war and tuberculosis go together. And if we are able to profit by past experiences, then we must redouble our guard.

In the last World War tuberculosis gained headway among all the peoples involved. The death rate, which up to 1914 had been steadily declining, began to rise shortly after hostilities broke out and continued to do so as the war years added up.

In this war it is not unlikely that tuberculosis will agin make headway. Up to the present the tuberculosis record in the United States is in the main reassuring. But in England the early war years showed an increase of ten per cent in deaths from tuberculosis. The figures for most of the other warring nations are either unvailable or unreliable.

But even in our own country, despite, a continued descline in the general death rate from tuberculosis, there are some disturbing figures for the younger age groups. During the past year (1942) there was a noteworthy rise in tuberculosis deaths among young white men 15 to 24 years of age, and among young girls 10 to 14 years of age. These figures are a challenge which we must meet promptly and effectively.

In these days of intensive war effort, every man, woman and child counts. We need all the health and vitality we can muster. We cannot afford to gamble with or to waste any of our manpower.

It is our individual responsibility to see that none of it is wasted. Learn how best to care for your own health and that of your family and how to protect yourself against the menace of tuberculosis.

Your local tuberculosis association is ready and eager to help you. You will find there literature, posters, information and advice. It is yours for the asking. Your support of the annual Christmas Seal Sale has made these services possible. Make them your weapons for health and victory.—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

It has been reported from Washington that there is a shortage of paper in this country. If this condition continues to exist it is belived that practically all newspaper publishers will have to make a reduction in the size of their papers. Due to lack of man-power in the cutting of pulpwood, many paper articles will fall far short of the amount required. This will include, in addition to newsprint, such items as paper bags, blotting paper, wrapping paper, paper cups, ect. At the present time much paper is being wasted that could be used if some wide awake organization would sponsor the collection of same from house to house. Housewives would be glad to place discarded papers and magazines for convenient collection, but they are too busily engaged with their home duties to take time to deliver them to some collection agency. One reason why housewives do not have time to do this is that there are few homes today having maids attending to the housework. The same holds true in the collection of tin and other materials so sorely needed in the manufacture of war equipment.

* * * * * * * *

THERE'S ANOTHER DAY COMING

We would like to call our readers' attention to an editorial in a recent issue of "The State," that fine magazine so ably edited by Mr. Carl Goerch. His comments were as follows:

> We were talking to a colored employee at the S & W Cafeteria in Raleigh. He told us about a brother of his who was holding down some kind of a job in a munitions factory and was making $60.00 a week.

"How come you don't get yourself a job of that nature?" we inquired.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "I've been working here more than ten years. It's true that I ain't making any $60.00 a week. Nowhere near that much. But here's the way I figure things out:

"Bill, he done left a job that was paying him $22.00 a week. As long as the war lasts, he's going to make big money. But when the war is over, he's going to get fired. Then, when he comes back to Raleigh and looks around for his $22.00 job, he's going to find somebody else holding it down. What he's going to do then, I don't know. Sure thing, he won't be able to find any thing that will pay him $60.00 a week.

"So far as I'm concerned, I like my work. I can get along very nicely on what I'm making. I know that as long as I do my work properly, I'll always have a job here. So I figure that in the long run, I'll be a lot better off."

There's considerable sound common sense to that. The appeal of high wages is naturally a strong one. Everybody wants to make as much money as he can. But if the increased pay is only temporary and if it means losing a job that had been satisfactory beforehand, is it worth while to make a change?

That's a question which every individual will have to answer for himself. However, it would not be amiss to remember that there's another day coming when there'll be a tremendous scramble for jobs when those persons who have "stayed put" or who are now members of the armed forces, will have a big advantage.

* * * * * * * * *

BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

According to a custom of many years' standing, beginning with this issue of The Uplift, we shall carry the names of those contributing to the Boys' Christmas Fund, and the amount given. Let us not forget there are nearly four hundred lads enrolled in this institution at this time. There are many who have neither homes nor relatives to provide Christmas cheer for them.

The boys of Stonewall Jackson Training School have many friends throughout the state who have never failed at this happy season to remember them by making splendid donations, and we feel sure that our boys will not be forgotten this coming Yuletide. Our

lads are normal youngsters who enjoy the good, toothsome "eats" that make a strong appeal to boyhood.

The value of this institution can only be estimated by the many fine citizens, found in all walks of life, who once received training here. It is pertinent to emphasize here that hundreds of former students are today fighting for freedom by serving in every department of activity on all battlefronts. Letters are received here daily from old boys who are now in foreign lands.

While we point with pride to the records of old boys who are now valuable citizens, we must not forget to do as much for those who are now under our supervision. We feel sure that our friends will not forget to help make this a joyous Christmas for the boys now at the School.

Contributions to the Boys' Christmas Fund to date, are as follows:

"7-8-8," Concord,	$ 25.00
Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Odell, Concord	10.00
New Hanover County,	
J. R. Hollis, Supt. Public Welfare, Wilmington,	30.00
Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Cheer Fund,	218.73
Durham County Welfare Dept., W. E. Stanley, Supt.,	10.00
W. B. Ward & Co., Concord, fruits, candies and nuts.	

WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES

The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that four employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

Staff Members

Brausa, Ralph J. (Navy)
Liner, James H. (Army)
Patterson, James L. (Army)
Query, James L. (Army)

Former Staff Members

Barrier, Major George L. (Army)
Cleaver, James A. (Navy)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G. (Navy)
Parker, Lt.-Col. Samuel I. (Army)
Wingate, Lt. W. J. (Army Air Corps)

Former Students

Adams, Clyde (Navy)
Adams, Felix (Army)
Alexander, J. Mack (Army)
Alexander, Robert (Army)
Almond, Odell H. (Navy)
Allen, Burl (Navy)
Allen, Julian Herschel (Navy)
Allen, Grady C. (Navy)
Allen, Wayne (Navy)
Allred, James R. (Army Air Corps)
Amos, Gerald (Navy)
Andrews, Julian (Marine Corps)
Ashley, Arthur (Army)
Atkins, Richard (Army)
Atkinson, Hiram (Navy)
Atwell, Robert (Navy)
Atwood, Earl (Army)
Bailiff, Wilson (Navy)
Ballew, Edward J. (Navy)
Barber, Winfred V. (Army)
Barker, Jewell (Army Air Corps)
Barkley, Joel (Army)
Barnes, Norton (Army)
Barrett, Allen (Army)
Barrier, Carl (Marine Corps)
Barrier, William T. (Navy)
Batson, Jack (Navy)
Bishop, Garrett W. (Army Air Corps)
Branch, Glatley (Army)
Baynes, Howard (Army Air Corps)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
(‡) Beach, Ernest L. (Army)
Beaver, Albert (Army)

Beaver, Walter (Army)
Bell, James (Navy)
Bell, William Clarence (Navy)
Bell, William G. (Navy)
Beheler, Reid (Navy)
Benson, John (Navy)
Bordeaux, Junior (Army)
Bowman, Charles (Army)
Branch, Horace (Army)
Brantley, Elmond A. (Marine Corps)
Bray, Relons Odell (Army)
Briggs, Paul (Marine Corps)
Britt, Jennings (Navy)
Broadwell, William (Navy)
Brogden, Norman (Navy)
Broome, Jack (Army)
Broome, Paul (Marine Corps)
Broome, Shannon (Army Air Corps)
Brothers, William (Naval Air Corps)
Brown Aldene (Army)
Brown, Elbert M. (Navy)
Brown, Harold (Army)
Bunn, Dewey (Navy)
Bunn, Homer (Army)
Burke, Ensign William H. (Navy)
Burkhead, Dermont (Navy)
Burrow, John B. (Navy)
Butner, Roy (Marine Corps)

Capps, John T. (Army Air Corps)
Carter, Adrian L. (Navy)
Carter, Douglas (Army)
Carter, Fred (Army)
Carter, Oscar (Navy)
Carver, Gardner (Army)
Causey, Floyd (Army)
(‡) Causey, James D. (Army)
Chapman, Edward (Army)
Chattin, Ben (Army)
Cherry, Herman (Army)
Cherry, William (Navy)
Christine, Joseph (Navy)
Coats, Clinton (Army)
Cobb, Frank E. (Army)
Coffer, Robert (Army)
Collins, Glenn L. (Army)
Connell, Harry (Army)
Connell, James (Navy)
Cook, William (Navy)
Cooke, George C. (Army)
Cooper, Lake (Army)
Cooper, Dewell J. (Navy)
Cooper, Walter (Army)
Cox, J. C. (Marine Corps)
Craft, Arthur (Army)
Crawford, Jack (Navy)
Crawford, Louis (Army)
Cunningham, David C. (Army)
Cunningham, Jesse S. (Navy)

Dalton, James (Army)
Daubenmyer, Nelson (Army)
Davis, Duke (Army)
Davis, Hubert (Navy)
Davis, James (Army)
Deal, Paul (Navy)
Deese, Horace R. (Navy)
Dodd, Carroll (Army)
Donaldson, Harold (Marine Corps)
Dorsey, W. Wilson (Army)
Downes, George (Army)
Downes, William H. (Army)
Driver, Malcom (Army Air Corps)
Dyson, Fred (Navy)

Eaker, Arnold Max (Army)
Earnhardt, Donald P. (Navy)
Edmondson, Arthur (Army)
Edwards, Eugene (Navy)
Efird, N. A., Jr. (Army)
Elders, James R. (Marine Corps)
Elmore, A. C. (Marine Corps)
Ennis, James C. (Navy)
Ennis, Henry (Marine Corps)
Ennis, Noah (Navy)
Ennis, Samuel (Army)
Eury, James (Army Air Corps)
Evans, John H. (Army)
Evans, Mack (Army)
Everett, Carl (Army)
Everidge, Samuel (Navy)

Faggart, John (Marine Corps)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)
Farthing, Audie (Navy)
Faschnat, Mose (Navy)
Fausnet, Bernard L. (Army)
(‡) Ferris, Russell (Army)
Fisher, Edward (Army)
Fisher, John H. (Army)
Flannery, John (Army)
Freeman, Richard (Army)
French, Ian (Army)
Furches, William (Marine Corps)

Gaddy, William (Navy)
Gardner, Horace T. (Army)
Gatlin, Britt C. (Army)
Gentry, William (Navy)
Gibson, Merritt (Army)
Glasgow. Mumford (Army)
Glasgow, Norwood (Navy)
Glasgow, Ramsey (Army Air Corps)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)

Glover, Henry (Marine Corps)
Godfrey, Warren (Army)
Godwin, John T. (Navy)
Godwin, Paul D. (Army Air Corps)
Goodman, Albert (Army)
Goodman, George (Army)
Gray, Delma C. (Navy)
Greene, Giles E. (Army)
Gregory, Charles J. (Army)
Gregory, Roy (Army)
Griffin, Charles (Army)
Griffin, James H. (Marine Corps)
Grooms, J. B. (Army Air Corps)

Hall, Joseph (Army)
Hames, William R. (Army)
Hamilton, Leo (Navy)
Hampton, Roy (Navy)
Haney, Jack (Marine Corps)
Hardin, Wilbur (Navy)
Harris, Edgar (Army)
Hawkins, William T. (Navy)
Head, Elbert (Army)
Heath, Beamon (Navy)
Hefner, Charles (Army)
Hefner, Eugene (Navy)
Hensley, J. B. (Navy)
Hendren, Isaac (Navy)
Hendrix, John (Army)
Henry, Charlton (Navy)
Hicks, Garland (Army)
Hill, Doyce (Army)
Hill, William (Army)
Hodge, David (Army)
Hodge, Dallas (Army Air Corps)
Hogan, Gilbert (Army)
Hogsed, John R. (Army)
Hoke, Bernice (Navy)
Holland, Burman (Army)
Holland, Donald (Army)
Hollars, Ralph (Army)
Holmes, John (Army)
Honeycutt, Nathaniel (Army)
Hulan, Norman (Navy)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)

Ingram, John E. (Navy)
Irwin, Raymond (Army Air Corps)

Jackson, Edgar (Marine Corps)
Jackson, William (Navy)
Johnson, Clawson (Army)
Johnson, Coley (Navy)
Johnson, Edward (Navy)
Johnson, Hugh (Navy)
Jolly, James D. (Navy)
Jones, Mark Twain (Navy)
Jones, S. E. (Marine Corps)
Jordan, James E. (Army)

Keen, Clinton (Army)
Keith, Monroe (Army)
Keith, Robert (Navy)
Kelly, Grady (Army Air Corps)
Kelly, Jesse (Army)
King, Cleo (Army Air Corps)
King, Frank L. (Army)
King, Jesse (Navy)
King, Thomas (Army Air Corps)
Kinley, Robert (Marine Corps)
Knight, Thomas (Army Air Corps)
Knight, Thurman (Army)
Koontz, J. Milton (Army)
Kye, George (Army)
Kye, James (Army)

(‡) Lamar, A. C., Jr. (Army)
Land, Reuben (Army)
Land, Wilfred (Marine Corps)
Landrum, Luther H. (Army)
Lane, Floyd C. (Marine Air Corps)
Langford, Olin (Army)
Langley, William (Army)
Laramore, Ray (Army)
Lawrence, Robert (Marine Corps)
Leagon, Harry (Army)
Ledford, Harvey L. (Army)
Ledford, James (Marine Corps)
Lemly, Jack (Army)
Lee, Valton (Army)
Lett, Frank (Army)
Lewallan, Paul R. (Army)
Link, Bruce (Navy)
Long, Loyce (Army)
Long, Stacey L. (Army)

Martin, Willie H. (Army Air Corps)
Mathis, D. B. (Jack) (Marine Corps)
(*) Matthews, Douglas (Army)
May, Fred (Navy)
May, George O. (Army)
Medlin, Clarence (Army)
Medlin, Ervin J. (Army)
Medlin, Wade (Navy)
(‡) Medlin, Wilson (Army)
Merritt, Edgar (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Merritt, Julian (Army)
Miller, Latha (Navy)
Montford, James B. (Army
Montgomery, Samuel (Navy)
Moose, Claude L. (Marine Corps)
Moose, Eugene (Navy)
Morris, Everett (Navy)

Morrow, Chas. W. (Army Air Corps)
Morrozoff, Ivan (Army Air Corps)
Morgan, William S. (Navy)
Murphy, Lemuel (Army)
Murray, Edward J. (Army)
Muse, Robert (Navy)

McBride, Irvin (Army Air Corps)
McCain, Edward G. (Navy)
McColl, Vollie O. (Navy)
McCoy, Hubert (Army)
McEntire, Forrest (Marine Corps)
McFee, Donald M. (Army Air Corps)
McGee, Norman (Army)
McHone, Arnold (Navy)
McKay, John C. (Marine Corps)
McKee, Thomas R. (Army)
(Enlisted 1937)
McNeely, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1933)
McPherson, Arthur (Navy)
McRorie, J. W. (Navy)

Nelson, Larry (Navy)
Newton, Willard M. (Army)

(‡) Odom, David (Army)
Owen, Fred, Jr. (Marine Corps)
Owens. Leroy (Army)
Oxendine, Earl (Navy)

Padrick, William (Navy)
Page, James (Army)
Pate, Hansel (Army)
Patterson, James (Navy)
Patterson, Joseph (Navy)
Patton, Richard (Navy)
Payne, Joy (Army)
Peake, Harry (Marine Corps)
Pearson, Flay (Army)
Pennington, Grady (Army)
Pickett, Claudius (Army)
Pittman, Hoyle (Navy)
Pittman, Ted (Army)
Plemmons, Hubert (Army)
Pope, H. C. (Army)
Presnell, Robert (Army)
Pyatt, Jack (Marine Corps)

Quick, James (Navy)
Quick, Simon (Navy)

Ramsey, Amos (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Reep, John (Navy)
Revels, Grover (Navy)
Riggs, Walter (Navy)
Rivenbark William W. (Army)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)

Rhodes, Paul (Army)
Roberts, Lonnie (Navy)
Robertson, John C. (Army)
Robinson, Perry (Army Air Corps)
Rochester, Nicholas (Navy)
Routh, Walter (Army Air Corps)
Russ, James P. (Army)

Sands, Thomas (Navy)
Scism, Arlee (Navy)
Seibert, Fred (Army)
Sexton, Walter (Army)
Scott, Archie (Army)
Shannon, William L. (Navy)
Shaver, George H. (Navy)
Sides, George D. (Navy)
Simmons, Horace K. (Navy)
Sloan, Lonnie (Army)
Small, Clyde E. (Army)
Smith, Julius D. (Navy)
Snider, Samuel (Navy)
Snuggs, Charles L. (Navy)
Springer, Jack (Army)
Stack, Porter (Army)
Stanley, Brown (Coast Artillery)
Stepp, James H. (Navy)
Strickland, Robert W. (Army)
Stubbs, Ben (Army)
Sullivan, Richard (Army)

(x) Taylor, Daniel (Army)
Tessneer, Calvin C. (Navy)
Teeter, Robert E. (Army)
Thomas, Harold (Navy)
Thomas, Richard (Army)
Threatt, Sidi (Army Air Corps)
Tipton, Kenneth (Navy)
Tobar, William (Army)
Troy, Robert (Army)
Tucker, Joseph (Army)
Turner, Lee V. (Navy)
Tyson, William E. (Navy)

Waldrop, Ned (Army)
Walker, Glenn (Army)
Walker, Oakley (Army)
Walker, Robert (Army)
Walsh, Harold (Army)
Walters, Melvin (Army)
Ward, Eldridge (Army)
Ward, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1928)
Ware, Dewey (Army)
Watkins, Floyd A. (Army)
Watson, Lieut. Lemuel (Army)
Watts, Everett (Navy)
Watts, Boyce (Army)
Weaden, Clarence (Army)

Webb, Charles R. (Army)
Webster, John D. (Army)
Whitaker, John H. (Navy)
(*) Whitaker, William E. (Army)
White, Marshall (Coast Artillery)
Whitener, Richard M. (Army)
Whitlock, Winfred (Army)
Widener, Charles (Navy)
Wilhite, James (Army)
Williams, Everett L. (Army)
Williams, Samuel R. (Navy)
Williams, William R. (Navy)
Williamson, Everett (Navy)
Wiles, Fred (Army)
(Enlisted 1927. Now a Recruiting Officer)
Wilson, John C. (Army)
Wilson, Thomas (Navy)
Wilson, W. J. (Army)
Winn, J. Harvard (Navy)
Wood, James L. (Army)
Wood, William T. (Navy)
Wrenn, Lloyd (Army)
(‡) Wright, George (Army)

Yarborough, Preston (Army)
York, John R. (Army)
Young, Brooks (Army)
Young, R. L. (Marine Corps)
Young, William R. (Army)

Ziegler, Henry F. (Navy)

(‡) Prisoner of war.
(§) Missing in action.
(*) Killed in action.
(x) Died while being held prisoner.

DUTY OUR LADDER

Be thy duty high as angels flight,
Fulfill it, and a higher will arise
Even from its ashes. Duty is infinite,
Receding as the skies.
Were it not wisdom, them, to close our eyes
On duties crowding only to appall?
No: Duty is our ladder to the skies;
And, climbing not, we fall.

—Robert Leighton.

OLD-TIME CLIPPER SHIPS

By Louis T. Moore, in The State

With the recent launching of the Storm King, first of the C2 type of larger and speeder ships to be delivered by the North Carolina Shipbuilding Company at Wilmington, it is interesting to note that from now on the names which will be used to designate these sturdy vessels will be largely those which once graced the sleek sides of American clipper ships.

These vessels, as you undoubtedly know, graced the seas of the world during the halcyonic days of the roaring 'fifties in the days of the last century. They represented possibly the most glamorous and romantic period in the life of the sailing vessels of this nation. They brought to the United States unusual acclaim in the field of shipbuilding.And the approval which was accorded them is being given once more to the vessels which are now being turned out in Wilmington.

Many of the unusual and attractive names of the old-time clippers are to be perpetuated in the ships yet to be launched from this yard. Here are some of them:

Flying Scud, Golden Light, Quickstep, Hotspur, Trade Wind, Witch of the Waves, Raven, Mandarin, Hurricane, Flying, Cloud Flying Fish, Wild Pigeon, Sweepstakes, Lighting, Champion of the Seas, Chrysolite, Great Republic, Red Jacket, Empress of the Seas, Chariot of Flame, Mermaid, invincible, Sea witch, Shooting Star, Ino and Surprise.

Just reading those names brings up visions of the great clipper ships, heeling over in a strong wind, every sail and line taut, a bone in her teeth, and a shimmering wake astern.

But these namesakes of the clippers which are being built in Wilmington by the North Carolina Shipbuilding Company today are an entirely different type of vessel. Staunch cargo ships, they will be used in transporting cargoes overseas, aiding our own fighting forces and those of our Allies, helping to bring about a final victory and peace to a troubled world.

During the period from 1840 to 1860, the port of Wilmington had calls from scores of clipper ships.

With this introduction, thousands of readers may like to know something of the clipper type of sailing vessels. This class for two decades, from 1840 to 1860, truly and veritably ruled the seas. Whence came the name? Some say that the phrase "going at a clip," was applied to these speedy vessels. This soon resulted in the designation of "clipper" ships. Others affirm that the name is traced to the imaginative works of the poets Shelly and Burns. In any event the designation was logically applied. It was truly won by these speedy, trim, graceful craft. They sped hither and yon as they carried forward a vast volume of business for thier owners.

For a long period ending about 1860, American clipper ships roamed up and down the seas of the world

They seized the rich fruits of trade and commerce. They gave the United States a brilliant period of maritime supremacy. Speed meant profits. By the early 1840's, sleek and speedy little ships sailed —some of them 300 to 400 miles—in a 24-hour day. Many builders dreamed of a vessel that could and would put 400 miles per day behind it. On occasions, this figure was reached and surpassed. Portly British masters loudly snorted "Arrogant Yankee nerve!" as they sensed the type of sailing competition which their ships were unable to meet.

It was in March 1853 that the Yankee dreams came true. Hearers gasped and found it difficult to believe. Astonishment reigned when Donald MacKay's Sovereign of the seas approached Cape Horn. Like a frightened antelope, the ship reeled off the astounding distance of 421 nautical miles in 24 hours. Four years later, MacKay's Lightning logged 430 miles. Sense then very, very few wind-driven ships have exceeded the 400 miles per day mark. A generation is said to have passed before a steamer could sustain such speed. In the entire history of the world, only 13 ships made runs better than 400 miles per day under sail. Twelve of these were launched from the yards of the master builder MacKay.

In fact it was largely as a last means of warding off the incoming fast steamship competition, that the "Clipper" was created. The prime quality of the clipper type was speed. In cargo carrying it is said the clipper was not as fully serviceable as other classes of ships.

The progenitor of the clipper was built at Baltimore in 1832. The first real clipper—the Rainbow—was designed in 1843 at New York. In the same year the Antelope was built at East Boston. The Gamecock was built at the same place. It made a remarkable run from Honolulu to Hong Kong in 19 days. The Dreadnaught, otherwise called the Flying Dutchman, was built at Newburyport, Mass. It was one of the largest and fastest clippers. It made, on one occasion, the long and exhausting run from Sandy Hook to Queenstown in 13 days, 9 hours.

From the yards at Bath, Maine, Portsmouth, N. H., Baltimore, New York and Boston, there cama a number of famous clippers. The Great Republic built at East Boston in 1853, was considered such a marvel and wonder that 30,000 people crowded to see her launching. The Titan built at New York in 1855 was another noted clipper.

Following the discovery of gold in California, and Australia, there was an acccompanying rush of passengers and freight. This brought on a keen demand for the clippers, the fast service of which was valued. A single voyage often would bring more earnings than the ship originally cost. The price of cargos in California was then determined by the speed with which they were delivered. It is a matter of record that one ship on its first voyage returned to the surprised, delighted owners not only the entire cost of the vessel and expenses for the voyage, but $30,000 profits, in addition.

The China tea trade was a very rich producer of revenue for the clippers. Tea loses its flavor after a cer-

tain period. During the days of the glamorous clippers, wealthy traders in London offered annual prizes for early delivery of the first crop of tea from China. It was estimated that from two to four hundred dollars daily, could be saved on the value of a cargo of tea, dependent upon the speed with which the clipper brought it from production fields to the market centers in England. The clipper lived up to its name by making three trips to China while the slow English rivals made two. Swift passages meant larger profits, not only in voyages, but in the enhanced value of the perishable cargoes.

The, extreme clipper was a trim slender, graceful vessel. There was a sharp elongated bow. The three masts slanted backward. They carried square sails . Some ships had a canvas spread of as much as 10,000 yards. With their hulls painted with white and black bands, dummy port holes black, and with the great number of sails and keen extended prow, the clipper of the 19th century has been designated as "the ideal of applied art and sheer delight of the eye." The quarters for the sailors were usually placed above deck. There were elaborately decorated cabins for officers and passengers.

The California gold rush in 1849 gave so much trade impetus that 160 clippers were built in 4 years. During the first year of this period, 90,000 passengers were carried. Practically all of these were possessed with a desire to get to the gold fields with as little delay as possible. The Australian gold discoveries caused 400,000 people to flock there in a comparativly short time. Nearly everyone booked passage on fast clippers. Cargoes of golddust valued at from a million to five million dollars were often brought back from the fields embraced in the two areas.

The Great Republic represented the last word in clipper construction. She was a MacKay product. Launched in 1853 she measured 4,555 tons and was 325 feet in length. This was nearly one-third as long as the fastest and largest passenger liner of our day and time. The mere problem of holding so much timber together was colossal. Old salts mumbled that the first sea would break her in two. The ship had four masts, each over a yard in diameter. Toe rings were 200 feet above the deck. The ship spread enough canvas to cover a four lane motor highway for a half mile. The cost was in excess of $300.000. It was a tragic epic of the sea when the Great Republic was towed to New York to pick up a cargo of grain. On the night of December 26, 1853, a fire broke out on Front Street near the vessel's dock. The wind blew sparks into the rigging and the handsome ship was burned to the water's edge.

The golden age of the clipper ships reached its peak in the middle '50's, then fell off. Steamships were improving. California began to grow its own food. Financial panics swooped down on the exchanges of 1857. With freights rates tumbling, MacKay, the principal builder, evolved medium clippers. These were less speedy but with increased storage space. Long before MacKay died in 1880, the clipper ship had passed from the scene.

Practically overnight, owners stop-

ped naming their vessels Eliza, Jane, or Mary. They began to call them by romantic and glamorous titles. It was said at the time that merchants and owners who could abandon such prosaic names for those of more high sounding nature, had poetry as well as commerce in their souls.

Elaborate, ornamental and attractively carved figure-heads were often placed at the bows of the clipper ships, evidencing the spirit of the name of the particular vessels. Among several of these types might be mentioned—"An angel holding a trumpet to mouth"; "a carved female figure clothed in flowing feminine drapery;" "A chinese dragon with open mouth and coiled tail ending in a dart;" "A woman's figure, clothed in white and with waist encircled with a girdle of stars," and a "finely carved eagle with wings outspread'"

LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE

Did you ever watch the camp fire
  When the wood had fallen low,
And the ashes start to whiten
  Round the embers' crimson glow,
When the night sounds all around you
  Making silence doubly sweet,
And a full moon high above you
  That the spell may be complete?
Tell me, were you ever nearer
  To the land of heart's desire,
Than when you sat there thinking
  With your face turned toward the fire?

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

FRANK BUCK, CAPTOR OF KINGS

By Arthur Coleman

Right this way ladies and gent-'mun, to see the Greatest display of Wild and Ferocious animuls ever gathered together under one tent! See the savage squirrel, the crawling repitle, from the jungles of Turtle Creek!" bawled the stocky youth, pacing up and down before the door to his father's barn, reaping efficiently the admissions of peach seeds from those who came to view this astounding aggregation of amazing animals. "What!" he yelled at one who timidly proffered two peach seeds. "The admission to this show is three peach seeds . . . Nope, can't do it. Go get another one!"

Thus the young Frank Buck, in his early 'teens, already capitalizing on his success at catching wild creatures; already developing that business ability and showmanship which later was to put him in the spotlight of public attention as a sole and unique figure. It mattered not that the animals and birds were nothing more vicious than rabbits and squirrels and 'possums, garter snakes, redbirds, snowbirds, and the like. They were hard to catch; none of the other boys around Dallas ever caught them; consequently they were, at close range, a curiosity; and Frank Buck made 'em pay for it!

Today. it's the big boys and girls who gladly pay to see the animals and birds and reptiles Frank Buck brings back from the jungles of Malaya, and to read and see how he does the trick. Except that now the squirrels of Dallas have given way to the black leopards of Sumatra, the harmless grass and garter snakes to long, powerful pythons, the 'possums to coughing, spitting tigers, and the redbirds and snowbirds to rare and lovely avians from the green hells of Borneo.

But there is, of course, little need to tell who and what Frank Buck is. He has related his work more ably than we can in his books Bring 'Em Back Alive and Wild Cargo; and in the motion picture named for the first book, millions have now seen and are seeing the graphic delineation of the jungle life that has come to be part and parcel of Frank Buck's being.

It is the story of Frank Buck himself—the man—that is far more interesting even than his enthralling work. The story of the forces that, working within him, drove him on and on, along restless and apparently illogical paths of efforts; that kept him from settling into the rountine of a commonplace job, and becoming one of the great army nonentities.

To begin with, Frank Buck's father, H. D. Buck, was of the virile, rugged, dominant stuff of which pioneers are made. At the age of 83, he drives his own automobile everywhere, preferably to some good fishing stream. Back in the days when there were no towns along Red River, he settled with his family near where now is Gainesville, Texas; and there, for a time, he found good hunting. But soon the game thinned out too much to suit him; and the intrepid Buck pere began regular and dangerous trips across Red River,

into the then Indian Territory, for game!

And Frank's mother's brother took a fist-hand part in the famous run at the opening of the Indian Territory —and staked out a nice chunk of land but a quarter section removed from the main part of Oklahoma City . . . in town, now, of course, and built up with comfortable homes.

From such stock did Frank Buck come; and so it is little wonder that the inoffensive rabbits and birds of Turtle Creek could not long hold his surging interest. The blood of adventurers was singing doubly hot and strong within him, and its strange, unrestful music tormented him, lured him, twisted him, drove him. He had to go; it was his destiny.

He went. He was fifteen, then, and his first port of call—destined to be his home port for some time—was Chicago. Why he chose Chicago, no one knows; and he himself does not remember now, save that it was "a good town." And in this good town, the first job he landed was as bell captain at the Virginia Hotel.

This began that portion of Frank Buck's career which was so erratic as to make his animal adventures seem planned. The bell-hopping job didn't last long; and probably because of this, and an otherwise acquired realization of his educational deficiencies, young Buck hired him a private tutor, and went to work at studying.

But the broad shoulders of Frank Buck fitted no better above books than they did in a bell hop's uniform—and the showman instinct was beginning to grow stronger and stronger within him. So it was not surprising that he should go with Klaw & Erlanger, that grand old combination of the theatrical world, as manager of an amusement park. This soon palled. He bought an interest in a song-publishing business. This went broke. He went to San Francisco; got a movie concession for the duration of the World's Fair there —which, of course, was not long. Then he became attached to a Japanese steamship company, as general publicity man whose job was to produce alluring literature to pull the tourists aboard the Nipponese ships.

Here, at last, was something like it! Here was a job that provided travel, and plenty of it, and to far, strange corners of the globe. Here was a vent for the unsettling urge within him that had unsettled Frank Buck from so many stationary jobs, to send him on and on in quest of something he could not define. And it seemed doubly good because Frank Buck was passing his thirty-year mark; time to be getting a steady job, if he was ever going to.

Then, one day, this job suddenly shrank to secondary importance. One day in Singapore. The night before, a hunting party had brought in, from the fastnesses of the Malay Peninsula, animals so rare that Buck had to inquire their names. Queer, exotic creatures of the mountain and plain and jungle. Looking at them, knowing that they could be bought, Buck's eyes fired suddenly, and he dashed away to the telegraph office. There he proceeded to write out a cable to William Hornaday, director of the New York Zoo, asking whether or not Hornaday, would be inteested in Buck's bringing back several rare specimens from Singapore.

His answer was not long in com-

ing. Hornaday would be most distinctly interested.

And so occured Buck's first experience at "bringing 'em back alive." Since that time, he has brought back literally thousands of even rarer animals and birds and other creatures, but never has any subsequent cargo had lavished on it the sleepless care and tenderness that first test cargo received. Nor was there a prouder man in America than Frank Buck when he delivered his charges safe to Hornaday's zoo.

Hornaday was enthusiastic; more, he was down-right jubilant. "Frank," he said, "why don't you go in for this business? There ought to be good money in it. We need animals; circuses always needs them; and there are plenty of other zoos."

To the man whom his brother once put on the train for Chicago, and next heard from in Buenos Aires, few things could have sounded more welcome than this encouragement. And so there came into being the Frank Buck of which the world has lately been discovering so much: The solitary adventurer who slips away from civilization, into the green hot depths of the Malay Peninsula, of Sumatra and Java and Borneo, there with his native boys to set his traps and dig his pits, wherewith to rob the jungle of its commoners and its kings alike. The lone figure who later slips back into civilization with his captives, secured at untold cost of heartbreaking effort, and brought safe across the seas only by exercise of the most diligent and skillful and ceaseless vigilance and care. The man to whom the whole of savage Malaya is as his back yard; the man who has walked from one end of the Island of Borneo to the other!

For twenty years now, the six-foot frame of Frank Buck has been familiar to the natives of Malaya; for it is in this peninsula and these islands that he has concentrated his efforts. He will tell you this is because he can find here more different varieties of animals and birds for the area and effort than anywhere else; but the underlying reason is probably because here in Singapore, the chief city of Malaya, he found his first animals. And he has been faithful to her; for he has never taken a creature out of Africa—or, with the exception of one early shipment of birds from South America, out of any other region on earth.

And perhaps that is why, in turn, Malaya has been good to Frank Buck: because he has turned to her again and again, through the score of years, for his specimens; because, through this singularity of action and arena, it has become well known throughout Malaya, Indo-China, Siam, and Burma that Sa'ab Buck seeks the strange animal, the rare lovely bird, the difficult reptile—and so Sa'ab Buck receives word of many creatures no other living man would ever learn of.

And, too, Buck is the man for his job and his chosen field of operations: tall, as I have sad; lithe, active, moving on occasion with the amazing swiftness of the wild things he hunts; broad-shouldered and powerful (you have seen him, in his picture, holding a baby elephant); possessed of piercing brown eyes. Dominance is written in every line of his features, in every movement of his body, in

the very tones of his voice. Dominance over men and over animals, brooking no let or hindrance; Knowing what he wants and how to get it, and allowing nothing to interfere with his plans and movements.

Buck has been three years out of the jungle now, save for the filming of his picture, and he is nearing his half-century mark. So there are those (there always are!) who wonder if, now that he has passed financial need for further work, he will retire and leave the game to a younger man.

To them he replies nothing; but to anyone who knows the 190 pounds of double-distilled, triple-tough dynamite that is Frank Buck, the question is humorous, not to say ridiculous. For until that blaze of adventure, that ardor for conquest, which was born in Frank Buck's heart is quenched, he will go back again and again to his beloved Malaya, to wrest from her jungles their royalty and their proletariat, but chiefly royalty. For that is Frank Buck: Captor of Kings.

———:———

Ambition is the germ from which all growth of nobleness proceeds.— T. D. English.

———:———

WATAUGA SOLDIER TELLS OF INDIA

(The Watauga Democrat)

Lieut. Stanley A. Harris, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley A. Harris of Sherwood, N. C., now in India, writes as follows to his parents concerning that country:

"This is a fascinating country in a great many ways and many of the things I have seen I woud never beieve if I hadn't actually seen them with my own eyes. Of course I have only been ashore once for about 6 or 7 hours so these are mostly first impressions. We received a partial payment of $100 and then I had about $50 in my pocket, about half of which I had converted into Indian money. The basic unit of money in the country, as you may know, is the rupee. It is worth about 30 cents of American money and is composed of 16 annas so that we got some 330 rupees for our part payment alone. These, however, were in the form of 100 rupee notes so that it was not too bulky. When you go to breaking, them down, however, they become burdensome. The annas are about the size of a quarter and are about the only small change we have so you soon get a pocketful of them. The value of money is also quite different than in America. For example, 2 annas (about 4 cents) is considered entirely adequate as a tip

and the average income of all Indians is said to be 27 rupees (about $9 per month They use local labor for unloading the boat and I suppose they pay them a rupee or so a day. They do, however, consider Americans pretty much suckers and will take us in if we don't watch. This is particularly true of peddlers on the streets, who usually start their prices at about 6 or 8 times what they expect to get for the stuff. We had quite a time with the cab drivers when we were out yesterday. They had certain legal rates which they will far exceed if you don't watch them and we had violent arguments over the rates which, however, were very low in general. They also use for transportation the gharry, which is a horsedrawn affair much like the jibs that have sprung up in Central Park in New York City, since rationing, except that the one I rode in felt as if it might fall apart at any moment.

The dress is quite picturesque and it seems as if almost anything goes among the natives. In general, however, I think a man could take a sheet and an old pair of pajama tops and be one of the better dressed citizens of the country. They never tuck their shirttails in their sheets or whatever they are wearing and the date of their last wash is probably well before my time. Everything is filthy dirty except a few fairly clean hotels and restaurants and of course they are the only ones in which army personel are allowed to eat. Getting back to clothes, of course we do occasionally see some of the better class women who are dressed in flaming colored shawls or sheets which are very pretty. The turbans are also varied and some are very pretty. I believe the color and the method of wrapping the turban is indicative of the caste to which they belong. We got to one hotel where we had dinner and spent most of our time. I should imagine it would be about the equivalent of the Waldorf in comparison with the other hotels around here. Dinner was about 7 rupees and it is said that one will not usually go wrong if the rupee is regarded in the monetary system about as we value a dollar in America. They had for dinner roast beef barley soup, a fish course, which was very good, some beets and potato salad covered with a very highly flavored and delicious sauce, a sort of custard with chocolate and nut sauce for dessert and coffee. The bread and cake are very soggy and the bread tastes very much like gluten bread to me, which is to say that it is not too good. One dosen't dare drink milk for fear of catching typhiod or TB or something else so guess I will live off of canned milk for the duration. I don't think I will drink much of it but I find that it is not bad on cereal if diluted with a little water. The water of this town is considered safe and may be drunk in the restaurants but of course we wouldn't drink out of public fountains. We were in the European section of the town where English is generally spoken so the language didn't give us too much trouble except the time that we got in a cab to go to a restaurant and wound up at the hospital.

We hope that we may be able to go out to visit the place where they put their dead. It seems that

they merely throw them in a hole and let the buzards and dogs pull them out and eat them and then once in a while they burn the whole business. The number of birds, incidentally, is amazing. Most of them look something like a cross between a buzzard, a hawk, and possibly a sea gull. I guess they regard them as sacred for they are allowed almost everywhere. I walked into a sort of a station waiting room and they had big lamps with large hollow shades open at the top. The shades were covered with roosting birds and some of them had nests in them. Would be a very good way of keeping the eggs warm at that, I guess.

I didn't see any particular signs of the sacred cows of which one always hears in connection with India. We did see a few people working oxen but I understand that in the number of sections the cows wander about the streets much as dogs do in the U. S. and of course they never kill one, that is the natives.

The number and persistence of little half naked boys wanting to shine your shoes or your belt buckle is unbelievable. They practically attach themselves to you for a couple of blocks or so jabering constantly in a mixture of English and Hindustani which I am sure could not be understood by either. The trouble is you can't give them anything or else you will be more than ever hounded by the rest. One fellow said that a woman followed him for awhile wanting cigarettes. He finally gave her a few, upon which she gave him the baby she was carrying and walked away. Someone of the natives standing by finally caught her and made her take the baby back. So I suppose you should not be surprised if I come back with a complete Indian family.

I guess that is about all for now. Will write more when I have seen more to write about, which probably won't be long now."

Forty years ago two traveling men, strangers to each other, were obliged to share a room in a crowded hotel in Boscobel, Wisconsin, for a night. One asked the other if he objected to keeping the light on a little while longer, while he read his Bible. The other said he would be glad if his roommate would read aloud.

Out of this meeting between J. H. Nicholson and S. F. Hill came the idea from which grew the society of Gideons. The organization has placed one and a half million copies of the Bible in hotel rooms, on school desks, beside hospital cots, and in prison cells all over the world. Last year eighty-one thousand Bibles were distributed.—Sunshine Magazine.

ARTIST OF THE SEAL

(Sanatorium Sun)

Andre Dugo, an internationally known artist and illustrator, designed the 1943 Christmas Seal, which goes on sale here at the Sanatorium and throughout the nation late in November. By means of this Seal Sale funds will be raised to further the cause sponsored by tuberculosis association.

The Seal pictures a small girl looking out a window and seeing Santa Claus driving across the sky. Mr. Dugo, in telling how the design came to him, says:

"I wanted to show the spirit of Christmas and to represent at the same time the wonderful and important work of the tuberculosis associations.

"So I decided to paint a happy, healthy child in a world where it is possible for children to believe in goodness and the spirit of Christmas, in Santa Claus, in miracles and in fairies—in short, an ideal which, to me, is one way of representing the aim of the tuberculosis associtions to rid this country of one dread enemy, of health, happiness and security.

"Since I believe so deeply in Christmas and in the ideal of Santa Claus, a little girl who looks out of a window and actually sees Santa Claus in the sky is a reality to me, a reality which I strictly refuse to give up. This was the origin of this year's Seal."

Mr. Dugo was born in Szolnok, Hungary, and was drawing by the time he was five. His one ambition was to be an artist, but his father steadily opposed his taking up art as a profession. So he finally entered the College of Technology in Budapest to study architecture, an excellent groundwork, he now admits, for his later career as an artist, for it gave him background and training in draftsmanship no art school could provide. He made no use, however, of his architectural training. He soon began to paint in earnest, studying by himself the works of the masters.

He had his first one-man show in Budapest in 1924. He spent the next sixteen years in Paris, and his work has appeared in every important magazine in Europe and in the American periodicals, Vanity Fair, Harper's Bazaar, and Town and Country.

Mr. Dugo is an American citizen, is married to an American woman whom he met in Paris, and his son is now ensign in the U. S. Navy. The Dugos' home is in Suffern, New York.

———:———

It is a sad thing to begin life with low conceptions of it. It may not be possible for a young man to measure life; but it is possible to say, "I am resolved to put life to its noblest and best use."—T. T. Munger.

SOMETHING NEW

By Margaret A. J. Irvin

Most of us have given up the idea of expecting new gadgets and conveniences to appear on the market in these war days. We are satisfied if we can get the things we have become accustomed to using. Often we can't get them and we try to count our blessings and not grumble too loudly when the grocer cannot provide us with cleaning fluid or soap flakes.

We don't expect anything new, so when something does appear we seize it eagerly. Like this new stuff for stopping floors from squeaking, you know. War or no war, it's likely to revolutionize the living of many people. You simply pour a clear liquid into the cracks or squeaky floors or stairs, remove the excess with a clean cloth and presto! the noise is gone.

Think what a change that is bound to make in the lives of many. How many mothers who feel they should be awake when their older children come in have been in the habit of snatching forty winks and counting on that squeaky fifth step to serve as alarm clock. Daughter comes in, fifth stair creaks softly. Mother sits up and whispers, "Did you have a good time, dear?" Daughter steals in for good-night confidences. Put silencer in that step and mother snores on or props her eyelids open until daughter arrives. And daughters, also sons, need not resort to deceptions relative to returns home.

There's another side to the picture, however. It may be that Junior has been teething. In spite of good advice, or because of it, his father has been rocking him back to sleep when he wakens at night. Junior isn't really sick, just fretful. Human companionship and the gentle motion soothe him. He is soon asleep again. Father glides toward the crib. He steps on a board that sounds like a gunshot in the silence. "Yaah!" wails Junior. They sit through a second performance, perhaps a second or third, till father learns to do a nimble hop over the offending board.

Or perhaps father has been working night shifts. Mother gets the children ready for school. "Quiet dears." And they are quiet. It is that board in front of the bathroom door that spoils their best efforts. Silencer would be a blessing there.

But how about a silencer for the people who are always full of woe, who interject a discordant note into every meeting, who have one theme and harp upon it endlessly? When someone finds a way to silence them, he'll deserve a vote of thanks. There will be no doubt about the popularity of the product.

No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich according to what he is, not what he has.—Henry Ward Beecher.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Thanksgiving Day at the School

Thanksgiving Day was fittingly observed at Jackson Training School on Thursday of last week. All regular activities, except attending to the necessary chores, were suspended, and both the boys and the officials entered into the spirit of the occasion, resulting in a very happy day for all.

At ten o'clock in the morning we assembled in the auditorium, and enjoyed a very fine Thanksgiving Day program.

Following the singing of the Doxology, the entire assemblage joined in singing that fine old Thanksgiving Day hymn, "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come" and "God Bless America."

Next on the program was a number of recitations appropriate to the day, by several boys, as follows:

"The Pilgrims' Thanksgiving," John Pitchard; "Tommie's Thanksgiving," Gerald Johnson; "Over the River and Through the Woods, Donald Daniels; "Thanksgiving Day," Douglas Daniels; "A Good Thanksgiving," Earl Hoyle; "Giant Thanksgiving," Charles Edwards. This was followed by a Thanksgiving song by three boys, Jesse Parker. Ervin Ewings and Jack Hensley.

Our band boys then took their places on the stage, and under the supervision of Mr. Austin G. Ledwith, Homer Bass, of Cottage No. 8, directed them in several well-rendered numbers. Mr Hawfield then announced that Mr. Ledwith would play a selection on the piano if the boys so desired, and they immediately demanded that it be done, and he graciously complied with their request.

The entire audience then sang "In My Heart There Rings a Melody," a song that has become a favorite among the boys. The smaller lads of Cottages Nos. 6 and 7 were asked to sing one chorus by themselves, which they did most enthusiastically, their young voices ringing as clearly as bells. Superintendent Hawfield then asked that the members of the staff sing the chorus. They were seated in the rear of the auditorium, far removed from the piano and the song leader, and they responded as well as possible under the circumstances, but we must say that the honors went to the youngsters for their rendition of this song.

Superintendent Hawfield then presented Rev. Leroy Sott, pastor of Rocky Ridge Methodist Church, who brought a splendid Thanksgiving message to the boys. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of the Pharisee and the publican, as found in the 18th chapter of Luke

Rev. Mr. Scott began by stating that on Thanksgiving Day we always think of givings thanks to God for the many blessings He has bestowed upon us. It is right that we should be glad on this day, he added, and we have a right to think that God is pleased when His people are truly thankful.

The speaker then told the boys that in reading the story of the Pharisee and the publican, he wanted them to think of one man's declaration of thanksgiving that did not please God. The Pharisee, dressed in his

best robes, stood up in the courts of the temple and said, "Lord, I thank thee that I am better than other men," and we feel sure that such an expression of thanks was not pleasing to God. On the other hand, the poor publican, who would not so much as lift up his eyes, said in humble tone, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." This manner of expression pleased God.

There are many cases, said the speaker, when it is not in order for us to give thanks. If we steal or cheat, it is not right for us to thank God for such ill-gotten gains. When we have plenty and do not share it with others we have no right to give thanks to our Heavenly Father. We may have many personal belongings, but if we do not let anyone else share them, we present a pretty sorry picture when we express our thanks to God.

We ought to thank God for our healthy bodies, said Rev. Mr. Scott, but not if we are using our strength in the wrong way. It is only when we use our strength as God desires that we should be thankful. We should be thankful for our country. But we have no right to thank God for America if we are not willing for America to show the true spirit of thankfulness to the world.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Scott urged the boys to remember when giving thanks for many blessings received, that they were given for a definite purpose—God wants us to always use them in a way that will be pleasing to Him.

The next thing on the day's program were the dinners served to the boys at their respective cottages. The menu consisted of baked chicken, noodles, giblet gravy, cake, ice cream, and other accessories.

At two-thirty an all-star football game, between teams from the local leagues, was played. The team made up of picked players from League Number One was coached by Mr. T. R. Adams and that of League Number Two was piloted by Mr. J. D. Corliss. After a hard battle, sparked by many brilliant plays, the game ended in a scoreless tie. It was a hard-fought contest, with considerable enthusiasm worked up among the players of both teams, but clean playing and the spirit of good sportsmanship prevailed during the entire game. Officials in charge of the game were: Messrs. A. D. Konnegay, referee; S. G. Hawfield, Jr., umpire; Superintendent Hawfield, timekeeper; Leon Godown, linesman.

Following the football game the boys engaged in football practice, shooting marbles, and other outdoor pastime until the super hour, and then assembled in the auditorium for the regular weekly motion picture show. "Flying Tigers," a Republic production, was the attraction, and the boys thoroughly enjoyed it.

—:—

Some of the boys on the outside forces have been busy for the past several days hauling coal from the School's railroad siding to the various buildings on the campus.

—:—

"Moonlight in Hawaii" was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night. A comedy, "The Ham That Couldn't Be Cured," was shown at the same time. Both are Universal productions.

Mr. Walker and his group of boys slaughtered six fine fat "porkers" yesterday. Most of this meat is being made into sausage, and according to reports coming from various cottages, the boys are enjoying this addition to the menus.

—:—

Several of the young boxwood plants along the walk leading to the Swink Trades Building failed to survive the long period of extreme dry weather, and were recently replaced. A number of pansy plants were also placed in beds along this walk. This greatly improves the appearance of this section of the campus.

—:—

We have just received a card from the War Department stating that van A. Morrozoff, who has been in the United State Army Air Corps for more than a year, had arrived safely overseas. This young fellow, better known here as "Tiny," was once a member of our printing class, and worked as linotype operator after leaving us until he enlisted in the Army.

—:—

Mr. William. H. Barnhardt, of Charlotte, who for many years has presented a Bible to each boy upon leaving the School, recently received the following letter from Jerry Ray, who was allowed to return to his home in Newton a short time ago:

"My kind friend:

"Am writing you a few lines to say that I am at home with my father and mother. Am going to school every day. I'm in the seventh grade, just a little behind, but I'm going to catch up. I truly thank you for the Bible you gave me when I left the School, and I enjoy reading it at night. Am trying hard to be a better boy than before. Hope you continue to have a very successful life, and shall appreciate any advice you may be able to give me. Again thanking you, I am as ever, your young friend, Jerry Ray."

—:—

Miss Mary Frances Redwine, of Charlotte, formerly secretary to the superintendent, recently sent us a newspaper clipping stating that Horace Roland Deese, one of our old boys was now receiving basic training in the United States Navy.

Horace was admitted to the School, August 1, 1941, coming from Union County, and was conditionally released to return to his home, August 13, 1942. During his stay with us he was a member of the Cottage No. 15 group and worked on the dairy force. He was in the seventh grade at the time of leaving the institution. According to the last progress report coming to us concerning this lad, he had entered high school back home and was in the tenth grade. We had heard nothing further from him until receiving the news that he had enlisted in the Navy.

—:—

Superintendent Hawfield recently received a letter from Donald Hobbs, which reads as follows: "Dear Mr. Hawfield: Just wanted to let you know that I am well and hope you are the same. We arrived safely and like our new home very much. There is plenty of work but I don't mind that a bit. Robert is going to school and likes it just fine. We went to church this morning and liked it very much, and are going to try to go every Sunday. I'm sure you all had a fine Thanks-

giving down there. We also had a fine time. How did the football games come out Thursday and Saturday. I really hope the Receiving Cottage comes out on top and am pulling for them. They can do it if they work hard and pull together and not let one person try to play the whole game. It takes eleven men to do that. Will close for this time, and hope to hear from you soon. Always your friend, Donald Hobbs."

—:—

A recent progress report concerning William Cherry stated that he was in the United States Navy. William visited the School last February, at which time he was employed at the post erchange at Camp Butner, and he then stated that he was getting along fine, but thought he would get into some branch of service before long.

William entered the School, March 2, 1938 and remained here until July 12, 1941, when he was conditionally released to return to his home in Durham. He entered the third grade in school here and at the time of leaving had been in the sixth grade about four months. While at the School he was employed as house boy in Cottage No. 6, worked as sweeper at the Administration Building, was on the laundry force about ten months and in the store room two months, making a very good record in each of these departments.

—:—

Our old friend, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, visited the School last Sunday afternoon. He usually brings us a speaker on the fourth Sunday of each month, in fact, he has been doing that for more than twenty years. On this occasion, however, several speakers who had promised to come, failed him at the last minute, and it was necessary for him to bring the message to the boys.

Following the singing of several of the boys' favorite hymns, Mr. Sheldon, acting as "pinch-hitter" brought the youngsters a very helpful and interesting message.

He began by saying that for a long time he had wanted to interview a cross-section of Training School boys, and ask them this question: "Why are you here?" and said that he was satisfied that there would be many answers, and that most of them would be incorrect. He then said that he thought the nearest thing to a correct answer would be, "I did not stop to think."

There is not a boy in this group who does not know the difference between right and wrong, said the speaker, but his chief trouble was that he did things he should not have done without thinking.

Mr. Sheldon then said that he wanted to ask this question: "What are you going to do about it, now that you are here?" He told them that he had been making regular visits to the School for more than twenty years, and it had been his observation that former Superintendent Boger and Superintendent Hawfield, together with the other members of the staff, have had and continue to have the welfare of the boys at heart. They are doing all they can to prepare the lads entrusted to their care to take their places in life and become good citizens, but they can do nothing unless the boys themselves make up their minds to do something about it.

The speaker then told the boys that he wanted to give them this bit

of advice—to think, saying if they would form the habit of thinking, they would experience less difficulty in making the decisions of life.

The next important step in a boy's life, continued Mr. Sheldon, is to make up his mind to follow some profession. Boys, said he, are not always capable of making this decision, and that is the time for them to consult some older person to help them make the right choice.

When that choice is made, said the speaker, there are five things to remember, as follows: (1) Honesty. There is no problem so great among boys as to teach them the importance of honesty. To learn this lesson is the the first step toward success. (2) Courtesy. This is one of the most essential factors in a boy's chances of attaining success. (3) Accuracy. One must try to do his work without making mistakes. (4) Abide by the Rules. Every organization has to have rules in order to exist. A boy must remember that the people who are responsible for those rules know what is best for them. (5) Leave Liquor Absolutely Alone. No business man wants a person working for him who touches liquor. The one who uses it is not only unable to do his own work well, but he may be responsible for an accident that will injure others.

In conclusion, Mr. Sheldon told his listeners that if anything he had said might cause one boy to make up his mind to think carefully before doing anything, he would feel amply repaid for having talked to them. He added that if they would acquire this habit, nothing conld ever stop them from going out and making good, thereby bringing credit to themselves and to the School which had given them the opportunity to get a good start in life.

———:———

OVERTONES

I heard a bird at break of day
  Sing from the autumn trees
A song so mystical and calm,
  So full of certainties.
No man, I think, could listen long
  Except upon his knees.
Yet this was but a simple bird,
  Alone among dead trees.

—William Alexander Percy.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending November 28, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Raymond Davis
Robert Finley
Weaver Ruff
Thomas Ruff
James Stamper

COTTAGE NO. 1

Charles Byrd
John Franks
Jack Harmon
Rufus Massingill
Roy Mumford
Harold McKinney
Leonard Robinson
David Swink
Luther Vaughn

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Everett Bowden
Edward Britt
Robert Coleman
Hugh Cornwell
Donald Daniels
Joseph Dew
William Ferguson
William Guffey
John Holder
Dewey Lanning
Lawrence Littlejohn
Samuel Pritchett
Elbert Russ
Lester Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

Bruce Harper
Malcom Seymour
Richard Shehan
Edgar Shell
Roy Swink
Newman Tate
Edward VanHoy
Martin Walters
Roy Womack
Leroy Childers

COTTAGE NO. 5

James Corn
William Dawn
Earl Hoyle
Sidney Knighting
William Penninger
Brady Tew
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Charlton Cox
James Eller
Earl Gilmore
Ralph Gibson
Everett Gallion
Jack Hensley
Marvin Lipscomb
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean
James McMahan
J. W. Smith
James Sneed
Joseph Turner
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE NO. 7

Arthur Beal
David Brooks
Max Brown
R. C. Combs
Charles Edwards
Donald Grimstead
John McLean
John Tolley
Thomas Ware

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Bennett
Homer Johnson
Troy Morris
R. D. McCurdy
Edward Renfro
Eugene White

COTTAGE NO. 9

Raymond Bowman
Robert Brady
Cecil Caldwell
Fred Grimstead
Milford Ward
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

George Bass
Floyd Barnes
Fred Carswell
Jack Clifton
Douglas Daniels

Peter Hamn
Alfred Lamb
William Lane
Edward Loftin
Robert Moses
E. C. Stamey
David E. Stubbs
Charles Tate
A. B. Woodard
Jack Williams

COTTAGE NO. 11
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
Ervin Ewing
James Southern
Alphonzo Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 14
Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Odell Bland
Fred Boston
Robert Caudle
Joseph Case
John Fargis
Robert Holbert
Joseph McKinney
Robert Moose
James Norton
Hayes Powell
John Pritchard
Theodore Young
Paul Stone
Ezell Stansberry
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE NO. 15
Thomas Baumgarner
Burley Edmonson
David Lewis
Roger Reid
John Watts
William Whittington

INDIAN COTTAGE
(No Honor Roll)

INFIRMARY
James Parker
Clyde Rhodes
Leon Rose
Lloyd Sain
Durham Smith

BUILDERS

When we build, let us think that we build forever. Let it not be for present delight nor for present use alone. Let it be such work that our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labor and wrought substance of them, "See! This our fathers did for us."

—John Ruskin.

DEC 17 1943

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD N. C., DECEMBER 11, 1943 No. 50

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

TODAY

Today is all sufficient for
The burdens we must bear,
Today is ours, to live, to love,
Our brothers' sorrow share.

Tomorrow never comes to us,
And yesterday is gone,
Therefore today is all of time
We have to build upon.

Tomorrow is as far away
As yesterday it seemed,
So put your shoulder to the wheel
And do the things you've dreamed.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
A LITTLE INDUSTRY WITH A BIG FUTURE	By F. C. Mosher	8
SANTA CLAUS' IDEA	(Sunshine Magazine)	10
CHRISTMAS AT LONESOME FARM	By George M. Hill	11
JUDGE F. W. WINSTON	By Howard Rambeau	17
THE D. E. CLUB	By Vern Godkin	21
MARINES RECRUITED IN NEW BERN IN 1777	(The State)	23
FAMOUS BOOKS WRITTEN IN JAIL	By R. C. W.	24
PAGING HITLER	By Margaret A. J. Irvin	26
INSTITUTION NOTES		27
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

PUBLICTY

The first command of Deity should be the eternal demand of democracy: "LET THERE BE LIGHT!"

Close the doors, pull down the shades, whisper, scheme, plot, make secret pacts, hide political movements, and self-government of a free people is impossible.

All dictatorships are born in the dark. They survive for a time in the shadows They invariably die in the light.

The one thing tyranny cannot stand is publicity. It must gag the press, stop free expression, silence the pulpit, censor the radio, control the movies, propagandize the public with half-truths—which is the shadiest way of lying there is.

Voting and representative government are not valid guarantees against absolutism. Shrewd schemers, corrupt politicians, loud-mouthed demagogues can manipulate the masses, make puppets of legislators, anl in one way or another assassinate the liberties of the people.

Not infrequently in the United States have there existed conditions under which citizens and aliens alike have been inexcusably exploited by combinations of criminal wealth and crafty office-holders operating in the dark.

The real bulwark of democracy is not the ballot box but the honest newspaper Its best defender is not the soldier, it is the reporter who sees all, hears all, tells all.

One fearless, vigorous, watchdog newspaper can prevent what not all the prosecuting attorneys and courts can remedy; just as one electric street light is more effective than half a dozen policemen.

There are some obvious annoyances accompanying publicity, and sometimes injustice is wrought, but these are far outweighed by the benefits. For every good man hurt by vicious prying or slander, a hundred scoundrels are held in leash by the ubiquitous newshawk.

Even the vicious yellow journal's jaundiced reports are corrected and their influence nullified when they are properly exposed to the light. Their blessing becomes a bane; their curse a compliment.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, no doubt. But the power that enables us to pay that price is publicity.—Henry Hitt Crane.

THE BOY OF TODAY—THE MAN OF TOMORROW

The home is the first unit ever established for the training of childhood If each home is presided over by parents, and these parents have Christian ideals combined with an ambition of mental and physical culture, the child then is apt to receive the right training. When the home fails in developing young men and women, making them valuable assets to any community, the child's training then depends upon church or state institutions. Realizing the need of a place wherein the child can be saved, the orphanages, reform schools, and other substitutes for the home have been established. In these places of refuge plans have been made for cottages presided over by workers inbued with ideals that make a Christian home.

We recall with great pleasure and satisfaction that when the Stonewall Jackson Training School was established, it was definitely decided that there were to be no walls or iron bars, because they suggest only a prison, and not a home. Also each delinquent committed to the care of this institution was, whenever possible, to receive treatment similar to that expressed by parents to their own children.

To make any project a success there must be heart service and love. There are many fine specimens of boyhood here, and there are no two alike, therefore, each requires different treatment. Whenever a child is not properly placed there is unrest, and much trouble will arise until the correct adaptability is found.

The work of all institutions for the training of the helpless or forgotten child is one that requires unbounded patience, but one that gives great satisfaction if youngsters are reclaimed. We must look upon the work of correction and training in such institutions, not simply as a job, but as an opportunity to render a service that cannot be measured by material things. All of us know this institution is for the boy, and the only thing that can be transformed into a worthwhile man, is a boy.

• • • • • • • •

ON YOUR TOES

It doesn't occur as commonly in towns the size of Mooresville as

in large cities, where parents don't know what their children's teacher looks like. This does not mean that a brunetts might be better equipped to instruct a class in algebra than would a blonde, or that blue eyes conduct English lessons more ably than brown eyes. But not to know what a teacher looks like indicates that many parents do not know what their children are learning and how they are receiving it. This lack of interest, and that is what it must be, is not an incentive for teachers to give their best, although they continue to do so each day, hoping that cooperation is not lacking in the home even though the parents haven't given any outward manifestation of it. There is a difference between interference with the process of education and in a display of interest in it. Parents and teachers have pulled together through the years and lately through formal organization. But still there are some families neglecting to take part in the rearing of their youngsters in the classroom. Nothing molds for democracy like this institution. Ideas are taught to direct the youth in principles and in character. Do we care what they are? Do we know what equipment is offered them? Do we check on their behavior, cooperation and progress? Let us be a part of it all and perhaps learn something ourselves in the passing.—Mooresville Enterprise.

• • • • • • • •

P. O. BOX 1720

He was just twenty-three when a Gloucester lad saw this advertisement in a Boston newspaper: "Wanted, young man as an understudy to a financial statistician. P. O. Box 1720."

He answered the advertisement, but received no reply. He wrote again—no reply. A third time—no reply. Then he went to the Boston post office and asked the name of the holder of Box 1720. The clerk refused to give it. He saw the postmaster. He too, refused the information. It was against the rules.

Early one morning an idea came to the young man. He rose early, hurriedly prepared his own breakfast, took the first train to Boston, went to the post office, and stood sentinel at Box 1720.

After a long interval, a man called, opened Box 1720, and took out the mail The young man trailed him to his destination. It

led to the office of a stock brokerage firm. The young man entered and asked for the manager.

He told how he had applied for the position of understudy to a statistician—that he had written three times without receiving any response, and had been refused the name of the box holder at the post office.

"But," said the manager, "how did you find out that I was the advertiser?"

"I stood in the lobby of the post office several hours, watching Box 1720," answered the young man. "When a man came and took the mail from the box, I followed him here."

The manager said, "Young man, you are just the kind of persistent fellow I want. You are employed."

Thus began the remarkable career of Roger W. Babson, national authority on business and finance.

Babson has been a staunch advocate of sound Christian principles as the basis of business success. "Personal integrity," he says, "is the corner-stone of worthwhile achievement. Diligence is indispensable. Intelligence is the hand-servant of progress. Concentration is essential to the best results. Interest in one's work and sympathetic understanding of other men are necessary to the structure of success.—Grenville Kleiser.

* * * * * * * *

BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

According to a custom of many years' standing, beginning with this issue of The Uplift, we shall carry the names of those contributing to the Boys' Christmas Fund, and the amount given. Let us not forget there are nearly four hundred lads enrolled in this institution at this time. There are many who have neither homes nor relatives to provide Christmas cheer for them.

The boys of Stonewall Jackson Training School have many friends throughout the state who have never failed at this happy season to remember them by making splendid donations, and we feel sure that our boys will not be forgotten this coming Yuletide. Our lads are normal youngsters who enjoy the good, toothsome "eats" that make a strong appeal to boyhood.

The value of this institution can only be estimated by the many fine citizens, found in all walks of life, who once received training here. It is pertinent to emphasize here that hundreds of former students are today fighting for freedom by serving in every department of activity on all battlefronts. Letters are received here daily from old boys who are now in foreign lands.

While we point with pride to the records of old boys who are now valuable citizens, we must not forget to do as much for those who are now under our supervision. We feel sure that our friends will not forget to help make this a joyous Christmas for the boys now at the School.

Contributions to the Boys' Christmas Fund to date, are as follows:

"7-8-8," Concord,	$ 25.00
Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Odell, Concord	10.00
New Hanover County, J. R. Hollis, Supt. Public Welfare, Wilmington,	30.00
Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Cheer Fund,	218.73
Durham County Welfare Dept., W. E. Stanley, Supt.,	10.00
W. B. Ward & Co., Concord, fruits, candies and nuts.	
Mrs, Walter H. Davidson, Charlotte,	5.00
Outdoor Study Club, Charlotte,	5.00
L. D. Coltrane, Concord,	10.00
J. W. Propst, Jr., Concord, (for special games)	100.00
Forsyth County, A. W. Cline, Supt. Public Welfare, Winston-Salem	10.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro,	25.00

The gifts we send at Christmas time
Are small within themselves;
Most anyone could pick the things
From off the merchants' shelves.
But when it's chosen by a friend
And seasoned with good will,
We find in it a treasure rare
That never fails to thrill.

—Alice Whitson.

A LITTLE INDUSTRY WITH A BIG FUTURE

By Fred D. Mosher, in Forbes Magazine

Over forty years ago a U. S. Consul General stationed at Hankow, China, sent back to the States a wild tree that was growing luxuriantly in the upper Yangtze Valley. From the tree grew an American industry.

Actually, the interest in the tung tree stimulated government officials in Washington to import a number of seeds, and from the seeds nursery trees were grown, and from the nursery stock came our tung oil industry.

Our tung oil industry has always been important, that is, since it was started. But the fact that the tree grew wild in China without aid of cultivation, and the various hazards of the domestic industry including those of a financial nature, made the Orient our chief source of this important drying oil until the Japanese started to overrun China. Our final trickle of Chinese tung was shut off when the Japs swarmed over the Burma Road.

We can use 200,000,000 pounds of tung oil annually. We can produce only about 10,000,000 pounds at the present time. All of which suggests that the possibilities for tung development are good. They are.

Tung oil is the number-one drying oil used in the manufacture of high grade varnishes, lacquers, paints and enamels. Added to this are actually hundreds of other uses in the manufacture of electrical apparatus, shipbuilding and the production of war equipment. It cannot be successfully substituted. There are a number of substances "almost as good," but none of them does the job quite as well as tung.

If tung oil is so valuable, why is it that more of it is not produced in the United States? There are various reasons given. First, tung growing was originally a hazardous enterprise. Promoters also got in the field and exploited the unwary, so that it became difficult for legitimate operators to obtain captial. Researchers had to feel their way slowly in the development of a tree which would produce profitably and, at the same time, possess, the inherent hardiness necessary.

The promoters have disappeared from the scene and an extremely rugged tree has been developed. Chemistry and agricultural science, together, have found ways of making tung growing a profitable business.

Our improved methods of extraction have made our domestic tung oil far superior to the Chinese product, and our high standards of handling have made the U. S. product far more reliable than the Oriental, which was often found to be adulterated. Tung grows wild in China, but the transportation costs have made it so high in cost to American users that the domestic growers can compete successfully with the imported product.

What is the status of the U. S. tung oil industry? At the end of 1942 approximately 200,000 acres were growing tung trees. The largest

investment in the industry has been made by active business men, manufacturers of paint and lumber who own considerable tung-growing acreage, retired business men and large-scale operators. Although farmers are active in the industry, their contribution has been small. There is $20,000,000 invested in the industry; the 1942 crop of tung has been estimated at $4,000,000.

The "tung belt" in this country is a strip of land along the Gulf Coast, extending inland as much as 100 miles. The belt takes in Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas and a small section of Georgia. The principal tung-producing State is Mississippi. Tung growing is confined to this area because of climatic conditions, which are essential to success. Tung trees must be cultivated in regions where the rainfall reaches 30 to 40 inches annually; frost must be light, since young trees can't endure severe cold.

On the credit side is the fact that tung lands are cheap. Much of the acreage now used formerly produced profitable lumber cuts. The lands used for tung growing will also produce other crops, which may be planted between tree rows.

Experience has shown that tung growing requires three essentials for success: Money, management and machinery, assuming, of course, that the operations are carried on in the right location. Tung lands vary in price depending on location, but in general they are low-priced, running from $3 to $12 an acre. To bring a typical tung grove into production requires the investment of from $150 to $250 per acre, and a time period of five years from the start of operations until the trees bear fruit. Once production starts, groves must be managed scientifically. The rewards may be high. Returns of $100 to $300 an acre are possible.

The future for tung operations should be good. Conservative estimates indicate that more than 1,000,000 additional acres of tung lands can be developed in the tung belt, while some experts in the industry claim 2,000,000 acres as being available. Further improvements in the industry which should bring initial costs and production costs down are additional research in soil chemistry, a complete survey of the lands available, planning in the industry to improve distribution between the grower and user and developments in labor-saving machinery.

———:———

WHAT IS GENIUS?

Men give me credit for some genius. All the genius I have lies in this: When I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I have made is what people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought.—Alexander Hamilton.

SANTA CLAUS' IDEA

(Sunshine Magazine)

In old Denmark there was once a postmaster by the name of Einar Holbell. He was worrying sorrowfully over the misery the Great White Plague was wreaking in his country. One day, during the Christmas season. he observed that numerous insignificant gifts, supposedly through the generosity of Santa Claus, were gladdening the hearts of both young and old. It gave him and idea—a little penny Christmas stamp, so small in value that many could buy them, might be the means of raising sufficient funds for a hospital, where children who were afflicted with tuberculosis could be cared for.

Through the influence of Postmaster Holbell, the penny stamp idea was tried during the Christmas season of 1904, and to the surprise of everyone more than four million stamps were sold—two for every inhabitant.

The Christmas mail that year brought to Jacob Riis, the Danish-American philanthropist, a letter from his home town with eight of the Danish Christmas stamps on the envelope. As the great humanitarian bent over the envelope in his little home in Richmond Hill, New York, he read clearly the message of Santa Claus in the eight cheerful little stamps that streched across the envelope. For Santa Claus lives in the hearts of the Danish folk the year round, and they believe in him, young and old.

There came to Riis the memory of the single-handed fight he had made in the old home at Ribe, Denmark, years before. Six of his brothers had succumbed to the dread disease. He determined to start the fight all over again. He went back to Denmark, and there he found his only sister occupying a little room under the eaves of the old home, the plaster almost dripping from the dampness of the North Sea climate. It was the same room his lamented brothers had occupied, one after another. It was an ideal breeding place for tuberculosis.

Jacob Riis promptly proceeded to correct the unhealthful condition of the old home, and ofter that there were no more cases of tuberculosis there.

He returned to America, and wrote a story about "The Christmas Stamp," in which he urged that we borrow a leaf from Santa Claus' Danish yearbook, and have a Christmas Stamp of our own. The idea was grasped by the National Tuberculosis Association, which had been formed in the United States to combat the Great White Plague.

And now for almost thirty years each Yuletide has found the mails brightened with the Christmas seal, our reminder that we can help the thousands of sufferers with the biggest gift of Christmas!

The Danish people say Santa Claus planted the idea first in the heart of the kindly Danish postmaster, and then in the heart of Jacob Riis, who gave his whole life to the service of the poor and the suffering.

This year's Christmas Seal is on its way to the far corners of the world, even where American boys

are fighting for the things for which America stands—for love and sympathy, and aid to the sick and the poor; for the things that glow so warm and bright in our hearts at Christmas time.

———:———

Knowing what all experience serves to show, no mud can soil us but the mud we throw.—Lowell.

———:———

CHRISTMAS AT LONESOME FARM

By George M. Hill

Hal Capron, conductor or X-844, sat in the cupola of the caboose as the long drag rolled through the night over the wintry landscape.

It was nearing the holiday season, but for some reason Hal was not as enthusiastic as he might have been. He could not explain just why it was, but it seemed as if the holidays did not mean as much to him as they did to so many others. He had no troubles, was making good money, but he was somewhat discontent just the same.

Jack McGregor, his flagman, on the other side of the cupola, was already making plans for Christmas for he had a wife and family. Hal had no one; not a relative that he knew of in the world. And he had no home—not a real home, he had roomed, and as he expressed it, "picked up his living like a crow," for years.

So he had no one to take an interest in him, and there was no one that he had any particular interest in at this time. He undoubtedly had an unconscious longing to mix in more at the holiday season and do something for someone, but did not know how to bring it about.

The train was nearing a certain landmark away out in the country; an ancient farm house with dilapidated out building, which the railroad boys had named "Lonesome Farm." It was located several hundred yards from the track across some rather rough meadow land, a lane running directly from the yard to the railroad, crossing it and continuing into the timber on the other side.

Its location was as attractive as old farms in general; the boys had termed it "lonesome" more on account of the dilapidated buildings than otherwise.

There had been something of a mystery connected with Lonesome Farm. In the daytime, at a certain window—always the same one, the various crews often noted a cloth waving. At night, frequently long after midnight, they would see a faint light moving at the same window. They would wave back by day, and at night signal with their lanterns, but they had not the slightest idea what it meant.

Hal was thinking of this as the train neared the vicinity. and he

also recalled that some years ago when he was a brakeman, there had been a very pretty young girl at the farm. She was probably about fourteen years old when he last saw her.

She would frequently be in the fields near the track, and some times she would be riding a shaggy pony down the lane; often crossing the track and passing down the trail into the timber.

The trainmen used to wave to her as they passed and she always returned their friendly greetings. And many of them wondered what became of her when they saw her no more. They thought it probable that the family had moved from the farm and soon forgot about her; possibly now and then someone recalled her as Hal had tonight.

It was late—around eleven o'clock, as the train neared Lonesome Farm, but looking off across the meadow he saw the faintly flickering light in the window; the rest of the house was dark.

Suddenly the train slackened speed and came to a stop. The engineer blew out a flag, so Hal knew something had gone wrong and immediateiy started forward to ascertain the cause. It was cold and there was a good layer of snow, and Hal wondered what had happened to draw him out of the warm caboose.

He met Ed Hogan the head brakeman, coming back.

"Blow-off valve gone!" he shouted to Hal, "Sam's losing all his steam and they'll have to dump the fire. Have to get another mill; what a place for a job like that," he growled.

It's five miles back to Brookfield" remarked Hal, but I reckon I can make it as quick as anyone." Then he paused and looked across the fields to the farm. Wonder if they've got a phone at Lonesome Farm." "They might have at that," he reflected. "Reckon I'll try it, beats tramping to Brookfield, if they have. Tell Sam I've gone to phone for an engine, if there's a phone there."

The snow was quite deep along the lane but Hal tramped rapidly through it. If they had a phone it would save a lot of time and it was evident that someone was awake at the farm, for the light shown from the window.

As he was passing through the orwonder if he had made a wise move. Many of the farmers had dogs and most of these canines did not exactly approve of people, especially strangers, prowling around the place at night.

As hewas passing through the orchard he noticed the dim light again; evidently a candle, and it was movng as if waving him to come to the window, so he turned in that direction.

As he neared the window he heard it raised slightly, and a clear sweet voice said:"Yes there is a phone here, but you will have to excuse me for not coming to the door. It is not fastened and you can come in."

Hal was somewhat surprised and asked: "How did you happen to know that I was looking for a phone?"

Oh! that's simple enough," replied the voice; a feminine voice and evidently a young person, "I knew that something happened to the train, otherwise it would not have stopped here. I saw your lantern coming this

way and was reasonably certain that you were looking for a phone. I hope no one was injured."

"No just the engine disabled," said Hal. "I'll be glad to come and use the phone."

But at that moment he heard a low, but very menacing growl, evidently emitted by a dog of generous proportions, so he said: "Don't believe I'll come in, I'll tell you who to call and let you do it; that dog don't sound a bit good natured to me.

There came a clear musical laugh from the window as she replied: "I'd gladly phone for you, but I am unable to get up alone, for I am a cripple. The dog will not hurt you unless I tell him to, and I know I shall not have to do that."

Hal went around to the door and as he opened it he heard again that menacing growl. "Down Nero! and be still!" said the voice sharply.

The dog was quiet and Hal entered the room, a large farm kitchen of the usual type.

"The phone is in the sitting room," called the girl—he was now certain it was a girl, "and you had better light the lamp. It will give rather more light than your lantern."

Hal found the phone without trouble and quickly got his number, reported the accident and was informed another engine would be dispatched as soon as possible.

Hal thanked the girl for the use of the phone and was about to depart when the strangeness of the situation got the better of him. His curiosity was aroused, for it seemed that the girl who claimed to be a cripple, was in that old house alone except for the dog which was lying on a rug before her door, for she was in a room that opened from the sitting room, and he was some dog as Hal had observed when he entered the room.

He was a breed seldom seen in that part of the world; evidently of the wolf eype. a monster at that, and evidently intelligent to the highest degree. He did not make a sound after the girl spoke to him, but his eyes were fastened on Hal, who had no trouble in discerning that the expression was most unfriendly.

"Pardon me," said Hal, "but may I ask if you are here alone and unable to leave your bed?"

"I am alone tonight, but this is an exception. As a rule I am not alone for any great length of time. Father and mother went in to town this afternoon and expected to be back by evening. I expect that dad has had trouble with the old car; it is not entirely reliable, and I have no idea when they will be back. They would have phoned me, but the extension to my room is out of order just at present. That was why I could not phone for you."

"Isn't there something that I can do. aren't you hungry?" he asked, for it seemed to him so strange for a girl to be alone and not able to get up.

"Dinner has not been served yet," she replied with a laugh, "but I do not mind that. The folks will be here after a while and mother will attend to me."

"It will be sometime before the engine gets down here," said Hal.

"So I'm going to rustle a bite for you. I used to take care of mother at times, and fortunatly I can do a little in the culinary line; I'm going

to the kitchen and forage." And in spite of her protests, he did so.

He quickly had a fire kindled in the range and a pot of coffee on. A can of chicken broth was soon steaming in a kettle, and toast browning. Eggs were next in order, poached and on the toast. He was handy at a quick lunch, there was no disputing the fact.

"Sorry to invade a lady's sleeping room, but guess I'll have to in order to serve the feast," he called to her. "And if you can prevail upon the dog with the Roman Emperor's name to pass me in, I'll bring it to you."

"He will be all right, he's beginning to see that you are a friend. Please bring in the lamp,—and if you do not mind shaking hands with me, it will help a lot; that is a guarantee of friendship and good-faith with him."

He seemed reluctant, but at the girl's command, he allowed Hal to enter. Hal placed the lamp on the table and took the hand extended to him, and the attitude of Nero changed instantly. He came to Hal with every expression of friendliness and gravely extended his right paw in greeting.

Hal had wondered what sort of person he woul d find in the room, but the girl he saw was far different from anything he had pictured. She was really beautiful, pale of course, from long confinement in the room, but her features radiated nothing but cheerfulness. Her large, dark eyes shone brightly in pleased astonishment as Hal brought in the food he had prepared.

"What a jolly experlence!" she exclaimed. "Here I was all alone and dinnerless, when your engine obligingly gives out and you come here and get dinner for me, and I can readily see that you possess great qualifications as a chef.

"Sir Knight of the rail, get a cup for coffee, and join me in the mystic banquet." and she laughed cheerfully.

As Hal looked at the girl he was strangely reminded of someone, and for a moment he was puzzled. Then he remembered.

"Is it possible" he began, "that you are the ———". As he hesitated, she finished for him. "Yes, I am the little girl that you used to see in the meadow, and all the boys used to wave to me."

"You used to ride a shaggy pony sometimes," he said, "may I ask what happened?"

"The shaggy pony was badly scared one day in the timber and bolted into a fall and I was thrown over his head and struck on my back across a fallen tree trunk. I have not walked since; and that was six years ago."

"Six years! Have you been shut up in here for six years?"

"Ihave been a cripple for six years. It has been rather hard, and at first it fretted me. Then I found that being cheerful and resigned made it easier to bear. I have a wonderful mother; she has comforted me and taught me, for she is a woman of education.

"A part of my recreation has been waving to the trainmen as they passed back and forth. They seemed like friends to me, and exchanging signals with them was a remote touch with the world outside. I can not always sleep at night, so I watch for the

trains and signal with my candle."

During the short period of their strange repast Hal learned that her case had been pronounced hopeless by the local medical talent, and inferred that the income from the farm did not warrant consulting specialists, she said they intended doing so as soon as it could be arranged.

"I'll have to go now," he said, "and I have a medical friend that I'd like to bring out here to see you. He's a wonder. He's the examiner for the several brotherhoods and is also a member of my Masonic lodge so I know him very well. He is a regular physician and surgeon, but he believes in what he calls "adjustments" although he ls not a chiro or osteopath. He goes after results and gets them if there's the least chance."

"It's nice of you to take so much interest ," she replied "but high talent is generally high priced, and I am afraid the expense would be difficult to meet."

"Don't worry about that. Doc Mahew never charges more than one can pay; may I bring him out?"

"You may, Mr.——." "Capron is my name, Hal Capron."

"And mine is Barbara Randall. And I shall always remember your wonderful kindness to me. I have little to break the awful monotony, and this has been a regular lark."

She gave him her hand as he said "Good night!" and giving friend Nero a gentle pat on the head, he took his departure.

As he hurried along the lane his mind was filled with strange emotions, and he wondered how he had been able to carry things through as he had, for he had always been shy, really bashful, where the ladies were concerned. But tonight he had entirely forgotten it in the presence of the crippled girl with the beautiful face and great dark eyes. Her wonderful cheerfulness and charming personality had put him completely at ease.

He had almost reached his train when he heard a whistle in the distance and knew that his engine was coming. At the same time he heard a wheezy auto coming along the road, and saw it turn into the yard at Lonesome Farm, Evidently Barbara's parents had arrived, and he was glad, for he disliked to think of her there alone, although he was forced to admit that she had a mighty good protector in the dog, Nero.

The train was soon on its way again, and Hal from his seat in the cupola gazed out into the darkness. But before his eyes was a vision of a pale, patient, crippled girl, with wonderful dark eyes.

The crew joshed him a little about his rather long tarry at the farm. He said little as to his experiences, did not mention the girl, his culinary efforts, and the rather unconventional midnight lunch.

But in the next day or two practically all of the boys on the W. & P. Division, knew about the crippled girl, so patient and cheerful, and how for six weary years she had waved to them, because they had waved to her when she was a child and before her injury, and she had always considered the railroad men her friends.

An then the plotting began, profound and deep.

Christmas morn dawned o'er the

earth not many days later, and at Lonesome Farm it bid fair to be as eventful as it had been in former years. But long before noon there came a startling change.

An auto came along the road and swung through the gate into the yard. There were two men in the car, one being Hal Capron. Right behind the car came an auto truck manned by a boisterous delegation of railroad men. And they had brought gifts, as did the Wise Men, when they hurried over the Judean desert centuries ago.

There were many fine presents; things calculated to cheer the heart of the unfortunate girl, and conspicious among them was a wheelchair with all the late improvements.

Barbara was in the chair and wheeled into the sitting room where she received all of her friends and exchanged greetings.

Her parents were surprised beyond expression at the host of friends, heretofore unkown, that called upon Barbara on this day.

Nero was not sure that he approved of that bunch of callers, and kept a watchful eye on them until he saw them shake hands with his young mistress, then he was certain that all was on the square.

The party with Hal was his friend, Dr. Mahew, who after a brief examination and asking a few questions, said that he hoped that she would not have to depend upon the wheel chair so very long.

He stated that immediate arrangements would be made for her at a certain hospital in the city where he could attend her properly.

Thus did joy and gladness and hopes for the future, come to Lonesome Farm on this Christmas day.

Now let's pass quickly over twelve months, when another Christmas dawned on Lonesome Farm. Much had happened in the year just passed Dr. Mahew had been successful in correcting the trouble, and Barbara had fully recovered the use of her limbs. The last vestage of Hal Capron's bashfulness had disappeared and he had been a regular caller at the farm.

He had been promoted to the passenger service, and on this Christmas the friendship formed under such strange circumstances, on a winter's night over a year ago, culminated in the most happy manner. There was a quiet ceremony at Lonesome Farm, and the charming Barbara became his life companion. PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.

———:———

The worth of life is not in the number and bulk of its possessions, but in the number, the pleasantness, and the varieties of experiences made conscious to the mind. A man may have a richer life experience out of a tent on a vacant lot than another has out of a hundred-thousand-dollar mansion in the midst of a magnificent estate. Invariably it is those who seek the values of life rather than wealth who have the most satisfying and most stimulating experience.—Sunshine Magazine.

JUDGE R. W. WINSTON

By Howard Rambeau, in The State

In his sanctuary at Chapel Hill's Carolina Inn Judge Robert W. Winston, at the age of eighty-three, is still wielding a pen which has seen little rest during the past twenty years. He is writing his journal which he intends to present to the University of North Carolina. It already numbers ten thousand pages. The seal is not to be broken until five years after the close of the war.

"The ideal and the spiritual must come into their own again," says Judge Winston. "Materialism has brought the world to the sad plight in which it finds itself today. Where the spirit of the Lord is, there also is liberty."

"It has become common to justify the bad and belittle the good," Judge Winston goes on to say. "This tendency I deplore. I agree with Lissen that history is God educating the human race. Someone has said that loneliness makes a writer, and he was correct; or as St. Bernard puts it, 'O solitudo, solo beatitudo!' (Oh, solitude, the only comfort.) John Buchan once said that no great cause is ever lost or won. Pestalozzi, the greatest of all educators, coined the phrase, 'Education for the inner calm'."

"On the whole I conclude that civilization is a slow, orderly, upward process—a thought not understood in our day. The Kingdom of Heaven cannot be taken by violence. It took God fifty million years to make a man; Utopia is in the far-distant future. The reformer who reforms too quickly is as harmful as the pseudo-reformer who disbelieves in reform. While it is true that to be small one has only to remain what he is; it is also true that trial-and-error is not the panacea for evil. Orderliness and certitude are nature's attributes. I am convinced that every good citizen should attempt to live as did Wordsworth when he declared, 'My aim is that I might leave some monument behind me which pure hearts should reverence'."

Judge Winston was born in Windsor, N. C., in Bertie County. He was an infant at his mother's breast when Fort Sumter was fired upon at the outbreak of the Civil War. Through the old line of Whigs he is a direct descendant of Virginia's spirited Revolutionary patriot, Patrick Henry. Judge Winston says his early life was shaped by the outcome of the Civil War; he realized the necessity of being cautious, introspective, and objective. At fourteen he was in the first class to register at the University upon its re-opening after the War. Here he maintained an average well in the nineties, graduating at eighteen and holding the distinguished Wiley P. Mangum medal for oratory.

In 1884 Judge Winston entered public life with his election to the State Senate from the Granville district. He ardently canvassed the vote for Grover Cleveland, certifying the election of the first Democratic President after the Civil War. After five years he was nominated judge of the Fourth Judicial District.

"My aim in life," says Judge Win-

ston, "is to be of service rather than to shine. In the Senate, I cooperated in every way possible to pass useful legislation and can almost claim to be the father of the No-fence Law and of the Mecklenburg Road Law. These things I want on my tombstone. I was cut out for judge; my temperament is judicial. I was told by Froude, the great historian, that when the agrarians and the plebeians were fighting at Rome, a man arose who could see both sides. Both sides said, put him to death."

"In politics," went on Judge Winston, "I was a Democrat until that party ceased to exist, having sold out to the New Dealers. I could not be a Republian—a boss-ridden, trust-infested party. I am therefore a political orphan — a man without a party. I have begun to think that times are out of joint. Our leaders do not think; they experiment. The term commonsense is obsolete; it cannot be found except in the dictionary! In these sad conditions I act as did Cato of old. I retire to my Sabine farm and pray for Rome. Yet I am not at all cast down. God is in his Heaven and all is well. I agree with Liebnitz that this is the very best possible world. I cherish no animosities; I have no grouches; life has treated me well—very well."

"I am a great-grandfather, four times over!" Judge Winston declared. "Children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren are devoted to me and I to them. If I had my life to go over again, I don't see how I could possibly improve it, considering my limited natural ability. As a lawyer, I accumulated a good estate; as a judge, I did my best to administer even-handed justice; as a Senator, I sought the public good."

Judge Winston spent most of his active life in Raleigh and Durham. He was president of the chamber of commerce, organized the Durham public Library, helped found the Bank of Chapel Hill, and has been the director of various state banks.

Much of his time he has devoted to the improvement of city, county, and state. During the first World War Judge Winston was chairman of the Raleigh Red Cross, canvassing the state for the sale of victory and liberty bonds.

Judge Winston has known intimately every governor of North Carolina sence Holden in 1868. He was a strong supporter of Grover Cleveland; and (in his Durham home) he entertained William Jennings Bryan when he was running for President.

"I discover admirable traits in both Jefferson and Hamilton and in both Walter Clark and George H. Brown." confesses the judge. "The ability to do this is both strength and weakness. Human beings are war-like and ferocious. They love a fighter; they have no use for a thinker. Our greatest spirits are crucified or otherwise liquidated. I am not so much of a thinker as to be thus honored. I have friends by the hundreds. The kind things said of me make me ashamed of myself. I know I do not deserve them. When Paul Green introduced me to an audience in the Bullshead Bookshop as the interpreter of Horace Williams and commended my efforts to preserve with my pen the best things in life, acclaiming me far beyone my deserts and expectations, I was simply flabbergasted."

Twenty years ago Judge Winston retired from active practice and settled in Washington. After watching the political wheels go 'round for some time he re-entered the University of North Carolina as a freashman and studied with might and main the art of creative writing. Since that time he has written and had published five full-length biographies. The public votes best his "Andrew Johnson, Plebeian and Patriot," in whlch he justifies a widely misunderstood statesman. His best-seller has proven to be "The Life of Robert E. Lee."

"The book of mine," says the judge, "which will undoubtedly accomplish the most good and which will restore the distracted people—worshippers of experiment—to the pursuit of the esthetical and the spiritual is 'The Gadfly of Chapel Hill,' a biography of the philosopher and teacher, Horace H. Williams. Since I have donated my royalties on this book to the University, I believe that it is not improper for me to say that this attempt to make life purposeful and to make people thoughtful should be read by every person seeking real success."

Judge Winston has had many honors bestowed upon him. After his retirement from the bench, he was invited by W. W. Fuller, great financial lawyer and understudy of Buck Duke, to enter a partnership with him. In 1909 he was invited to become the partner of Ex- governor Charles B. Aycock, who remarked, "Judge Winston has learned to speak the last word." In his early thirties he was chosen arbitrator at Tarboro in the famous case of Senator Mat Ransom vs. Judge George Howard. At one time George Davis, Attorney General to Jefferson Davis, practiced law in Judge Winston's court.

Moving toward his eighty-fourth year Judge Winston is almost as alert physically as he is mentally. His winters are quietly spent at the Carolina Inn and his summers in Boone. He is a wizard at the game of chess and passes much of his time playing with Dr. Frank Graham, Dean Robert B. House Dr. Archibald Henderson, and other University officials.

---:---

BE NOBLE

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majestly to meet thine own;
Then thou wilt see it gleam in many eyes,
Then will pure light around thy path be shed,
And thou wilt nevermore be sad and lone.

—James Russell Lowell.

THE D. E. CLUB

By Vern Godkin, in Good Businss

What is this—a kidnapping?" Ray Phillips, a newspaper reporter, was visibly provoked. Hal Hubbell had insistently picked him up, and was driving him to an unannounced destination. All Ray knew was that he was being taken to a "Thanksgiving dinner"—three days before Thanksgiving!

Hal was turning the car onto a street that led out into the country. "Where are we going?" Ray demanded.

"Northville."

"Northville! Kriminy—that's just a village!"

"Correct. And my home town," Hal informed him.

"Your home town?"

"Yes. Lived there until I went to college. Several other men that you know lived there, too."

"Who?"

"Wait and see. They'll be at dinner tonight."

Ray's curiosity was thoroughly aroused, but he kept his silence.

"Listen, Ray," Hal ventured, "I've never given you a bum steer, have I?"

The reporter looked into his friend's earnest face, and his mind flashed back over the years since they had graduated from college together—years in which Hal had risen to the top with a successful concern, while he had become a star reporter. "No-o," he answered.

"Okey, then. And you'll thank me for this one."

Northville lay directly ahead. When Hal brought his car to a stop, it was directly in front of a typical village store. He turned to his friend. "We're going in here to see Uncle Billy—Billy Morgan. It's a surprise. He doesn't know what's up tonight—except that I've invited him to have dinner with me at the hotel, and that I'm bringing along a friend. That's what you are supposed to be, old man, so please act like one; and for the love of Mike keep your shirt on and don't spoil things."

Ray hesitated, then nodded. "Okey, Hal. Lead on, and I'll play the game."

At the hotel dining room nine men were waiting, and they swarmed around the little round-faced man whom Hal and Ray were escorting, alternately hugging him and slapping him on the back, like a bunch of schoolboys. Ray was dumbfounded at the personnel. There was the state Governor, his arms around Uncle Billy's neck; a very famous physician was holding his hand; the mayor of a large western city was whispering something in his ear; a famous scientist and the head of an eastern university were simultaneously trying to get his attention; the president of a large national bank and a cabinet member from Washington were grinning at Uncle Billy.

While the group was having a talkfest, Ray grabbed Hal's arm and pulled him aside. "For heaven's sake, man, what's this all about—this bunch of celebrities you have here?"

Hal laughed. "It's about Uncle Billy."

"Yes, I understand the dinner is in his honor, but what I want to

know is, why? How did they all get to know him? What has he done? Why are they here?"

A faraway look came into Hal's eyes. "Quite simple," he said. "You see, we were all kids together here in Northville; rather wild ones, too, for a while. Our gang got into all sorts of mix-ups. One night we broke into Uncle Billy"s store, and he caught us. We were a pretty scared bunch when he slipped in through the back door and snapped on the lights. He took one look at us with our hands filled with candy cookies, and rasins —and then he smiled. 'Well, boys,' he said pleasantly, 'I'm sorry I closed up so soon. If I'd known you wanted some sweets, I'd have stayed open later.'

"We could hardly believe our ears, and thought he was just kidding us along until he could see who we were, and then call the town marshal. He started talking again. 'Say, I have an idea. Let's make a party out of it, now that we're all here. A couple of you fellows grab that tub of ice cream and bring it out here in the back room. And you, Hal,'—looking at me—'bring that box of cookies you're sampling. We'll turn out the ights here in this front room and go back there so no one will bother us.'

"Unce Billy could have had us all arrested," Hal continued; "publicly shamed and marked as a bad lot. But he didn't. He knew that boys get into mischief usually because of thoughtlessness and misdirected energy.

" 'This has been a lot of fun, hasn't it, fellows?' Uncle Billy said when amost everything in sight had been eaten. 'Great,' we all agreed. Then he sprang a new one on us. 'Well,' he said, 'how would you like to form a bulb, and do it every week?'

"You can imagine how we fell for that! That was the beginning of the D. E. Club Uncle Billy chose the name, but for several months he wouldn't tell us what 'D. E.' stood for. After he saw that we were sticking together, he told us. 'D. E.,' he revealed, 'stands for Directed Energy. Every one of you boys has a certain amount of energy in your system. If it is directed in one way, it will lead you into mischief and trouble; but if used in the right may, it brings good fun, success, and happiness. And rightly directed energy is what I want you fellows to aim for.'

"Well, by that time we just about idolized Uncle Billy, so we were ready to agree to 'most anything he said. Before long he had us doing little service tasks around the town. At our meetings we always had games and refreshments, but also Uncle Billy always talked to us. He talked on clean living, honesty, good sportsmanship, belief in ourselves and in God. He pounded into us the principles of the Golden Rule until it was a part of us. But he didn't call it that. He spoke of fair play, giving the other fellow a fair break, and treating him as we'd want him to treat us. He talked to each of us separately too, and got us to decide what occupation we wanted to follow, and then started us studying and planning toward it. That was another of his 'direct-energy' ideas. We fellows—the men you see here tonight —got into the habit of going to him with our problems, and he always had plenty of time to talk them over with us."

Hal paused to smile affectionately at the glowing litte man, who had been seated at the head of the table. "I think he is the most wonderful man I know," Hal said almost dreamily. Then to Ray, "He is a part of the success of every man here. The D. E.'s are mighty proud of him."

Ray shifted in his chair, and nodded thoughtfully. "Yes, Hal," he agreed, "you couldn't help but be. Now I can understand why you all wanted to have this 'Thanksgiving' dinner with him, even if it does have to be three days ahead of time. It would be a thanksgiving dinner no matter when it was held."

———:———

WORTH

When you think of a man you seldom think
  Of the knowledge he has of books;
You seldom think of the clothes he wears,
  His habits, or ways, or looks.
You seldom think of the car he drives,
  Nor the bonds his gold has bought;
When you think of the man you mostly think
  Of some kindness he has wrought
You judge him not by his blocks of stocks
  Nor his power of name or pen;
You judge a man by the place he's made,
  In the hearts of his fellow men.
You judge him more by the fight he's made,
  By the way he has faced the strife;
And not the amount of the bank account
  He's managed to get in life.
You think of the friend he's been to man,
  The good that he has done;
And you judge the sort of a man he is
  By the friends whom he has won.

—Rev. Gustav Bessert.

MARINES RECRUITED IN NEW BERN IN 1777

(The State)

As an appropriate discovery just prior to the observance of the 168th anniversary of the founding of the Marine corps Wednesday, in the New Bern area of North Carolina which is now the home of the greatest advanced marine ground and aviation training posts anywhere in the world, it has been learned that there were marines in active service there 166 years ago, within two years of congressional authorization of the Marine corps on November 10, 1775.

A call for "Marines" was issued in a news item published in the North Carolina Gazette at New Bern on August 8, 1777. The article follows:

"New Bern, August 4, 1773. Wanted immediately for the celebrated and well-known Brig of War, Sturdy Beggar, under command of James Campbell, Esq., now fitting out at this place for a short Cruize against the Enemies of the thirteen United State, a few good seamen and Marines. The Sturdy Beggar is allowed to be the handsomest Vessel ever built in America, is completely furnished with all kinds of warlike Stories, Ammunition, &c., is remarkable for fast sailing, having never chased a Vessel but she soon came up with."

That this advertisement for Marines and seamen brought results is evident from a letter written by Col. Joseph Leech of New Bern on September 1, 1777, to Gov. Richard Caswell, as quoted in North Carolina State Records. Colonel Leech, reporting on the need for coastal defenses during the Revolutionary war, wrote: "If the Sturdy Beggar can be got, she is well manned already."

The early "Soldiers of the Sea" on the Sturdy Beggar were involved in various fights during the Revolution. The North Carolina Gazette reported here on September 19, 1777, that two English brigs had arrived within the bar and had captured several weeks, apparently intent on taking the sheep from the Carolina banks. The story goes on to say:

"The Sturdy Beggar privateer of 14 Carriage Guns and 100 Men, the State Brig Pennsylvania Farmer of 16 guns and 80 men, belonging to this Town, are preparing to sail with all Expedition in Quest of the English Pirates."

Marines also fought in the vicinity around New Bern for both the North and the South during the War Between the States. Gen. A. E. Burnside and his Federal troops captured Roanoke Island and parts of that Northern section of the Carolina coast, then sailed to Neuse River with a fleet of transports escorted by 14 gunboats and landed on the south side of Neuse River at the mouth of Slocumb Creek about 15 miles from New Bern, part of the present site of the Marine aviation station.

FAMOUS BOOKS WRITTEN IN JAIL

By R. C. W., in The Raiford Record

How often I have heard some inmate say when he got out he was going to write a book. Perish the thought! Why not write that book now and reap the rewards of such a glorious labor later? Some of the greatest books in the world were written in jail. The most famous of all prison books, John Bunyan's The Pilgrim's Progress, bears the distinction of having been translated into more languages than any other book except the Bible. Bunyan, as a young man, had experienced years of inward turmoil. After conversion he became a strong Nonconformist, and when he disregarded an order for the public reading of the Liturgy of the Church of England he was arrested, tried and sentenced to twelve years in Bedford jail.

This was only one of two imprisonments which Bunyan suffered, during which he composed the book that made his name immortal. The allegory begins with the very first line of the book. for he says, "As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a Den (jail) and I laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a dream."

One of the earliest collections of scientific literature also resulted from a prison sentence. Roger Bacon, a Franciscan monk of the Middle Ages, was sentenced in Paris in 1257 to serve ten years. The charge was dealing in black magic. The truth was that Bacon had been experimenting with alchemy and optics. At first Bacon was allowed no books of writing materials, but after a little time Pope Clement IV became interested in him and asked for his writings. Bacon therefore was allowed to compose his Great Work, a treatise including all the scientific knowledge of his time. Bacon, like Bunyan, suffered a second prison term, but this time he was allowed no kind of writing materials.

Another busy man who found time hanging heavily on his hands during a jail sentence was Sir Walter Raleigh who attempted nothing less than a History of the World.. He, too, served more than one term. The first was on the charge of seducing one of Elizabeth's maids of honor, which he denied. Later when again sentenced he tried to stab himself but was unsuccessful.

Another jail book which "for centuries comprised all the knowledge Europe possessed of the extreme East" is by Marco Polo. This man, having become a prisoner in the year 1298 when he engaged in a battle against Genoa, dictated to a certain Rustichello of Pisa (a literary hack who was also in prison) his celebrated Book of Marco Polo. In it he relates his experiences in the country over which Kublai Khan was then ruler. As a young man Marco had gone to the East and had gained such favor with the Khan that for three years he was given command over one of the provinces. This book was widely translated into many lan-

guages and widely read throughout Europe

Acording to tradition, the most famous of all the Spainish books, Don Quixote, was at least partly composed in prison. The author says that it is "just what might be begotten in a gaol," and on such evidence it is assumed that the book was written during one of Cervantes' several imprisonments. It seems likely that Cervantes also wrote a number of plays while incarcerated. Don Quixote was originally intended as a parody on knight-errantry and the age of chivalry. It turned out, however, far more than a mere parody; it became a great original story and has given pleasure to readers for more than three centuries. For humor of incident and smoothness of style there is hardly a book anywhere that surpasses it.

We remember, with a smile, a young poet who made fun of prison bars. In the decade of quarrels between the Puritans and Charles I whlch was to culminate in 1649 with his beheading at the hands of an infuriated mob, a young and handsome court favorite of Queen Henrietta was thrown into the Gatehouse prison at Westminster. His name was Richard Lovelace. He had been too friendly with the king to please the radical Parliament.

While in jail he addressed to one Althea the famous poem, comparing himself to a linnet singing in its cage and concluding with the well-known couplet:

Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage

Lovelace used his prison leisure to rewrite practically everything of his of any value during his two terms. Prison literature must also take in a considerable portion of the Bible. The apostle Paul was often in bonds and it is known that he wrote the epistles to the Ephesians, Philippians, and Colossians, to Philemon during one imprisonment. While in prison a second time he wrote the second epistle to Timothy and possibly the one to Titus.

O. Henry served his term in prison from 1898 to 1901. As prison pharmacist, he gathered in the penitentiary the material which he later used to such good effect in The Gentle Grafter and Alias Jimmy Valentine. However, his writing was not done in prison; nor was the fact that he had served time made public until after his death, when it came to light through research performed by his biographer.

It will be remembered that we owe our national song to a military prisoner, Francis Scott Key, who wrote it while on the frigate Surprise during the bombardment of Fort McHenry in 1814.

———:———

Ambition is the spur that makes man struggle with destiny. It is heaven's own incentive to make purpose great and achievement greater.—Donald G. Mitchell.

PAGING HITLER

By Margaret A. J. Irvin

The card lay on the sidewalk. It was pale blue and, at first glance, quite inoffensive. It might have been a credit card from some leadership training school or an invitation to a high school dance. But it was neither, as the woman who picked it up discovered. Instead, it carried in heavy black type, the words, "The Jews are the curse of America."

As the finder glanced down the quiet suburban street, she felt she must be mistaken. How would such a thing appear in such a neighborhood? Here where the simple prosperity of a great democracy spread out on every side, lay a thing of evil. She thrust it hastily into her coat pocket and as soon as she reached her home she burned it.

There is a certain human satisfaction in burning a published blasphemy. That particular piece of pasteboard would never be seen again. But what of the idea behind it? Burning books has never killed the ideas contained in them so long as those ideas exist in the hearts and minds of men.

Ideas can only be fought with ideas and convictions with conviction. And what are our Christian convictions on this subject? Are we lukewarm in our "toleration," or are we militantly convinced that God has made of one flesh all the nations upon earth? Do we regard all men as God's children and brothers of Jesus the Christ? Or do we pay an unconscious tribhte to Mr. Hitler?

At a time when large numbers of our friends and relatives are fighting for our right to rule our lives and our thoughts in our own way, those of us who do not bear arms have a battle to fight on the home front. We will stand for no Jew-baiting, no sneering at those of other races or nationalities. As Christians, we will lose no opportunity to declare and show by our conduct that we believe all men to be created of equal worth in the sight of God and therefore entitled to consideration.

The happiest people are not necessarily those who receive the largest salaries, or the most public acclaim. A feeling of wholesome and enviable well-being is to be found among millions of plain people who are giving to their daily tasks their best efforts, and are meeting their obligations to their families and neighbors squarely and honestly.—William Feather.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Walker and his group of boys have been re-planting pansies and preparing new flower beds in various sections of the campus.

—:—

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been ceiling the basement in Cottage No. 2, and making other minor repairs.

—:—

"Sing Your Troubles Away" was the attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night. It is an R-K-O production.

—:—

Eugene Bowers, of Cottage No. 1, had the misfortune to fall while playing the other day and fracture his left arm. He was given immediate treatment, and is now getting along nicely.

—:—

Delma C. Gray, a former member of the printing class, now in the United States Navy, called on us Friday of last week. He had just completed his "boot" training at the U. S. Naval Training Station, Bainbridge, Maryland, and had been spending a few days with his parents in Albemarle. "Red" stated that he liked Navy life very much, and that he thought the training received here had been of great help to him. He has taken up electric work and says he is getting along fine with it and likes it.

—:—

Elbert Brown, another of our former printing class boys, now in the United States Navy, recently wrote us from Washington, D. C. He had completed his basic training at Bainbridge, Maryland, and had been on leave, visiting relatives in Asheville. He writes: "Am sorry that I could not come back by the way of Concord and see you and the rest of the folks at the School. Am in Washington now, but will be back in Bainbridge tomorrow. Had a swell time at home, Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Kiser, Mr. Johnson and all the boys. Your old friend, Elbert Brown."

—:—

Donald McFee, a former member of our printing class, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. L. S. Kiser, at Cottage No. 4. "Mac" has been in the United States Army Air Corps for several months, and has been stationed at Sheppard Field, Texas, most of the time. He is a member of a gun crew on one of our large bombers, having taken special training at a gunnery school. At the expiration of his furlough he will report for duty at Mitchell Field, New York. "Mac" makes a nice appearance in his snappy uniform and judging from appearances, we would say that Army life has agreed with him. He seemed glad to renew old acquaintances here and his old friends were equally glad to see him and to learn that he has been getting along so well in Uncle Sam's service.

—:—

Burl Scott, formerly of Cottage No. 5, called at The Uplift office last Monday. This young man, now twenty-six years old, entered the School, August 16, 1932 and was allowed to leave, September 8, 1933. During his stay with us he was a member of the

Cottage No. 5 group and worked in the laundry.

Upon leaving the School, Burl went to work on a farm near Wilmington, remaining there one year; he then worked for the Ideal Laundry, Wilmington, for about six months; his next place of employment was with the Carl Powell Sausage Company, where he stayed three years; he then worked as meat saleman for the A. L. Lewis Company for about a year. Burl stated that for a little more than four years he had been employed by the American Baking Company, and at present spends the greater part of his time on the road as salesman, and was getting along very nicely. He also informed us that he had been married five years and had two children, both boys, aged four and ten years, respectively.

This was Burl's first visit to the School since leaving us and he seemed delighted to see old friends among the staff members. In order to keep in closer touch with activities here, he subscribed to The Uplift. We were glad to see this young man and to learn that he was doing so well.

—:—

Nicholas Rochester, a former member of the printing class, who has been in the United States Navy more than a year, wrote Mr. W. W. Johnson last week, as follows:

"Dear Mr. Johnson: Thought I would let you know that I am getting along fine and hope you are doing the same. How is everything at the School these days? There are a few former J. T. S. boys here at Norfolk, as follows: Joseph Christine and Richard Patton, of Cottage No. 2; Jack Crawford and John H. Whitaker, of Cottage No. 8; Roy Hampton, of No. 7; Wilson Bailiff, of Cottage No. 13. I see these fellows quite often. Here is another old boy's address: Robert Keith, Navy Advanced Base, % Fleet Post Office, Service No. 262-94-69, San Francisco, California. Keith is somewhere in the South Pacific. Please give his address to Mr. Godown. Am enclosing a list and pictures of Decorations and Service Ribbons of the U. S. Armed Forces. I thought you might like to show them to the boys. We are having some very cold weather here now. How is the weather down there? I suppose many of the officers who were at the School when I was are gone, but please give my regards to all who knew me. Must close now, because I'll have to get cleaned up for Captain's inspection. We have to be ready for those things. Best of luck from one of your old students, Nick Rochester."

—:—

Bill Morgan, our old linotype operator, who has been in the United States Navy a little more than a year, recently wrote us from Kodiak, Alaska. He is now rated as a Radio Man, and says he is getting along fine in the service. His letter reads in part, as follows: "Dear Mr. Godown: Received your letter and sure was glad to hear from you. I sent you some pictures that I bought up here and some taken with a camera, and hope you like them. Will be on the lookout for pictures wherever I go, and will see if I can't send you a lot of them. Glad to hear about Bill Young. He was a good boy, and will get along all right in the Army. Please remind me when my subscription to The Uplift expires, and I"ll send you the money to re-

new it, for I don't want to miss a single copy. Have you heard from Mr. Whiting and his band boys from Boston. I shall never forget them. That was the best band I have ever heard. The one at Great Lakes was good, but not that good. Glad the print shop boys liked the five bucks. I can remember how much I appreciated a dollar or two when I was there. Glad to hear that Seegers is getting along well. He had it in him—all he needed was somebody to bring it out. Thanks for the advice. I'll try to do as you say. I often think of you and the boys in the old shop. Hope to be able to see you some day, perhaps on a leave, when I have put in my time up here. Tell Mr. Boger that I am going write him soon. Write me when you get the pictures. If you don't receive them, I'll send some more. Regards to all. So long, Bill."

—:—

Rev. A. C. Swafford, pastor of Forest Hill Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. Following the singing of a couple of the boys' favorite hymns, Superintendent Hawfield introduced the speaker to the audience. He explained that he was a newcomer to Concord, and assured him that he would always find a most cordial welcome at this institution.

Rev. C. C. Herbert, who was Rev. Mr. Swafford's predecessor at Forest Hill, visited us at regular intervals during his stay in Concord, and became a great favorite with the boys, but we feel sure that Rev. Mr. Swafford, by his genuinely friendly manner, and his ability to get an interesting and helpful message across, bids fair to become equally popular among the lads at the School.

At the beginning of his remarks, the speaker expressed his delight in having the privilege of visiting the School, and especially commended the boys upon their fine singing. He said it was the best group singing he had heard in many years.

Rev. Mr. Swafford told the boys that he wanted them to think of the words of the Apostle Paul, when he wrote of "speaking the truth in love." We may not like a person, and if we go up to him and tell him our true feelings, he will be far from pleased, but if we really like him, and speak the truth to him in love, his face will immediately become all smiles. The speaker told his youthful listeners that if they wanted to grow up into the right sort of persons they must learn to speak the truth in love, and thus be enabled to grow up in Christ's likeness.

When we begin to realize the fullness of God's love, we begin to love God, said the speaker, and the finest goal a boy can have in life is to grok up and be like Jesus Christ. By so doing he will help those who are less fortunate than he, and not only will be loved by all with whom he comes in daily contact, but God will shower blessings upon him because of his love for Him.

———:———

Each day is a thread woven into the tapestry of life, and we have the power to choose the colors.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending December 5, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Ernest Bullard
Raymond Davis
Robert Finley
Fred James
Leonard McAdams
Charles Pearson
Weaver Ruff
James Stamper
Harry Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Charles Byrd
Raymond Byrd
George Cox
Marion Cox
Donald Carland
John Franks
Jack Gray
Jack Harmon
Rufus Massingill
Banks McKnight
Harold McKinney
William Poteat
Jack Ray
Leonard Robinson
David Swink
Luther Vaughn
Eugene Bowers

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Jack Bateman
James Blake
Edward Britt
Robert Coleman
William Fargis
John Holder
J. T. Jacobs
Dewey Lanning
Lawrence Littlejohn
Roy Monoley
William Pegram
Fonzer Pittman
Samuel Pritchett
Milton Talley
Ray Taylor
Lester Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

Leroy Childers
Frank Fargis
Bruce Harper
Roy Swink
Harry Lewis
Raiford Medlin
James Moore
Lewis Sawyer
Malcom Seymour
Richard Shehan
Edgar Shell
Newman Tate
Martin Walters
William C. Willis
Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 5

James Corn
William Dawn
Jerome Duncan
Earl Hoyle
Sidney Knighting
Truby Ricks
Samuel Price
Brady Tew
William Wilkerson
William Walls

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Charlton Cox
Earl Gilmore
Donald Griffie
Everett Gallion
Jack Hensley
Clyde Hoffman
Marvin Lipscomb
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean
Robert Peavy
James Sneed
Larry Wilkins

COTTAGE NO. 7

R. C. Combs
Donald Grimstead
John McLean
John Tolley
Thomas Ware

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Bennett

James Hicks
Delman Jarrell
Troy Morris
R. D. McCurdy
Edward Renfro
Eugene White
William Whisnant

COTTAGE NO. 9

Cecil Caldwell
Leonard Church
Seburn Garman
Thomas Ingram
J. C. Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Ernest Davis
Eugene Graham
Paul Painter
Alphonzo Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Fred Bostian
Robert Caudle
John Fargis
Jack Gentry
William Harding
Vernon Harding
Robert Hensley
Robert Holbert
Joseph McKinney
Robert Moose
Hayes Powell
Charles Pittman
John Pritchard
Carlton Pate
Theodore Young
Paul Stone
Ezzell Stansberry
Robert Travis
Robert Wilkins
Lawrence Walker
Thomas Ruff

COTTAGE NO. 15

Thomas Baumgarner
James Knight
Hilton Reed
Roger Reid
Leroy Willetts

INDIAN COTTAGE

James Chavis
R. C. Hoyle
Herbert Lochlear
Samuel Lochlear
Dillard Shelton

INFIRMARY

James Parker
Leon Rose

You may have terrible trials and discouragements, but everyone who has gone through the stormy years of youth and come out on the calmer and sunnier hill slopes beyond, agrees upon some encourageing things. The man who is troubled with forethought—for it is a troublesome thing—who enters upon nothing without seeing its black possibilities as well as its light ones, who is prepared for the worst as well as for the best, but who has courage to go on, rarely fails.

—J. Ramsey MacDonald.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

DEC 21 1943

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 18, 1943 No. 51

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES

Have you any old grudges you would like
to pay,
Any wrongs laid up from a bygone day?
Gather them now and lay them away
When Christmas comes.

Hard thoughts are heavy to carry, my friend,
And life is short from beginning to end;
Be kind to yourself, leave nothing to mend
When Christmas comes.

—William Lytle.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
KITTY HAWK DAY		8
FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF FLIGHT	By Gertrude S. Carraway	9
ARSENAL OF DEMOCRACY	(News-Letter)	12
RAMBLINGS IN CENTRAL AMERICA	By Jasper B. Sinclair	13
A SIMPLE RULE	By Gardner Hunting	15
THE FIRST CHRISTMAS	By Lloyd V. Allen	16
CHRISTMAS LUCK	By George M. Hill	19
THE STORY OF "SILENT NIGHT"	(Selected)	22
THE SECRET OF CHRISTMAS	By Verna Godkins	23
THE CROWDED INN	By Roy H. Stetler	25
A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE		26
INSTITUTION NOTES		27
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

AN ASPIRATION

Out of the upward reaching heart of man have grown dreams and visions and ideals. Often man has used his skill to make his dreams come true. But however close to them he has approached, his upward reaching heart has gone on dreaming of things higher still, which he cannot attain.

From the nature of man's spirit we know that perfection is a goal that runs swiftly before us, but always evades us. While we struggle to grow, we live in imperfection. Our aspirations, though never attained, gauge and measure the quality of the soul more than all of its mistakes and failures.

Hence, to look out upon the astonishing universe with eyes unblinking and face unblanched; to ignore no truth and fear no facts; to build high hopes upon a firm foundation; to forgive without demanding apology; to keep affection in spite of misunderstanding; to set our thought upon the things of value, and spend our strength in the fulfilling of noble purposes; to reverence the good intentions of others rather than censure their errors; to be alert to nature's pageantry, though we dwell amid the city's clamor; to get the most out of life by right living, and give the most we can back to the world; to be sincere, faithful to responsibility, cherishing honor above indulgence, and service above gain; to be guided in our conduct by the shining angel of Intelligence, and not by the gaunt spectre of Fear; to approach our last hour with the calm of a philosopher and the gentleness of a saint; to leave the world enriched by a treasury of kind deeds and a memory of love—this is an aspiration; this is an ideal.—Selected.

———:———

KITTY HAWK DAY

Governor Broughton's proclamation, designating Friday, December 17, 1943, as Kitty Hawk Day, will not only be of state-wide interest, but will be acclaimed both nationally and internationally, and the celebration at Kill Devil Hills on that date will be one of great importance.

It is pertinent to here state that the cumbersome, crudely-made airplane built by Orville and Wilbur Wright, which made a flight

of twelve seconds and covered a distance of 120 feet, now rests in England. We have read recently that this history-making device, which has snatched the domain of the elements from the eagle, will soon be brought back to this country and preserved as one of man's greatest achievements.

The Wright brothers were humble workmen, beginning their careers as bicycle mechanics, and the plane which took such a short flight over the North Carolina sand dunes was the realization of their fondest dreams. Upon completion of this memorable flight, they wired their father in Dayton, Ohio, "We have succeeded in flying our machine."

This celebration at Kill Devil Hills will be a great event. Governor Broughton has appointed prominent men and women on a committee to make all necessary plans. It is hoped the surviving brother, Orville Wright, may be able to come from his Ohio home to grace the occasion.

It was forty years ago that the Wrights succeeded in making their first flight in a heavier-than-air machine propelled by its own motor. That hour exploded the theory that man would never be able to fly, and at the same time began the fulfillment of the dreams of all who had dared to look for a great new day in travel and transportation.

Governor Broughton's proclamation, together with a splendid article written by Gertrude S. Carraway in honor of the fortieth anniversary of the birth of the airplane appear elsewhere in this issue.

* * * * * * * *

A PROPOSED LAW

It takes the women to observe conditions that need to be improved, and when once obsessed with the idea of changing the appearance of an ugly picture, they are not slow in making corrections.

Last week, a group of church women in the city of Concord, realizing that young girls, sixteen years of age and under, are roaming the streets at a very late hour, made an appeal to the city fathers to do something to protect these girls. The situation as described by these good ladies is not in keeping with the high ideals of woman-

hood. As a consequence these Christian women have made a plea to the board of aldermen to enact a curfew law. This is a fine gesture, and most timely, for the girls of today are the mothers of tomorrow. The following article, taken from The Concord Daily Tribune, tells the story in full:

> A group of six women, representing the Grier Bible Class of the First Presbyterian Church, appeared before the board of aldermen last night to urge that a curfew ordinance be enacted for the duration. Mrs. C. F. Ritchie was spokesman for the delegation. She said that young girls were on the streets at all hours of the night with soldiers and thought they should be in their homes at a reasonable hour.
>
> Miss Anne Jones, director of religious work at the above named church, who came here recently from Huntington, West Virginia, said that her city of about 90,000 people has a curfew law effective at 9:30 p. m. Young people under 16 years of age are expected to be off the streets at that hour unless accompanied by their parents, she said. The women in the delegation included Mrs. J. F. Reed, Mrs. J. A. Cannon, Mrs. Ritchie, Miss Anne Jones, Mrs. S. J. Ervin and Mrs. Jessie Kiser.

* * * * * * * *

CONSERVATION

Conservation is rapidly becoming the watchword of the American people of today. It is a well-known fact that we have always been considered a wasteful people. The luxuries enjoyed by us in the past have been greatly curtailed, but we have bowed gracefully to the inevitable, and have accepted present day conditions as the only means of winning the war. From articles like the following, clipped from an exchange, we see many ways of stopping the leaks. Much material which found its way to the trash-pile in former years, is now being saved and put to good use. Read:

> When we consider the calls made upon us to salvage paper and scrap metal, and pause at times to wonder whether it is worth while, it may be well to remember the reported record of one command alone in the British Army. During 1942 this command has turned in enough paper to make 10,000 anti-aircraft shell containers, 40,000,000 cartridge boxes, 1,250,000 mortar-shell carriers, and enough scrap metal for two destroyers, 100 cruiser tanks, 4,000 (500-pound) bombs, 200 (3.7-inch) anti-aircraft guns, 500 naval mines and the firing of 125 broadsides

from a battleship. Naturally there is plenty of scrap metal around camps, and spread over battle-fields, and doubtless a great deal is gathered by the soldiers there during their "leisure" time. However, it is likely that much more is lying around loose at home.

* * * * * * * *

A PROPHETIC VOICE

In these days when, in various parts of the world, there are leaders of great numbers of men who are encouraging atheism, and not the worship of God; selfishness and not altruism; intolerance and not toleration; hostility and not neighborliness; hate and not love; the world is in serious danger. A departure from the ideals and principles upon which the civilization which we have known has been built will cause it to crumble, as has happened in centuries long past. Unless those ideals which are the landmarks of civilization can be preserved to actuate the impulses of the leaders of thought and action and, through them, the majority of mankind, our children and children's children are destined to a repetition of the darkness of the Middle Ages, and of those ancient days of which we read in history when the great civilizations of the world fell.

—Melvin M. Johnson.

* * * * * * * *

BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

According to a custom of many years' standing, beginning with this issue of The Uplift, we shall carry the names of those contributing to the Boys' Christmas Fund, and the amount given. Let us not forget there are nearly four hundred lads enrolled in this institution at this time. There are many who have neither homes nor relatives to provide Christmas cheer for them.

The boys of Stonewall Jackson Training School have many friends throughout the state who have never failed at this happy season to remember them by making splendid donations, and we feel sure that our boys will not be forgotten this coming Yuletide. Our lads are normal youngsters who enjoy the good, toothsome "eats" that make a strong appeal to boyhood.

The value of this institution can only be estimated by the many

fine citizens, found in all walks of life, who once received training here. It is pertinent to emphasize here that hundreds of former students are today fighting for freedom by serving in every department of activity on all battlefronts. Letters are received here daily from old boys who are now in foreign lands.

While we point with pride to the records of old boys who are now valuable citizens, we must not forget to do as much for those who are now under our supervision. We feel sure that our friends will not forget to help make this a joyous Christmas for the boys now at the School.

Contributions to the Boys' Christmas Fund to date, are as follows:

"7-8-8," Concord,	$ 25.00
Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Odell, Concord	10.00
New Hanover County, J. R. Hollis, Supt. Public Welfare, Wilmington,	30.00
Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Cheer Fund,	218.73
Durham County Welfare Dept., W. E. Stanley, Supt.,	10.00
W. B. Ward & Co., Concord, fruits, candies and nuts.	
Mrs, Walter H. Davidson, Charlotte,	5.00
Outdoor Study Club, Charlotte,	5.00
L. D. Coltrane, Concord,	10.00
J. W. Propst, Jr., Concord, (for special games)	100.00
Forsyth County, A. W. Cline, Supt. Public Welfare, Winston-Salem	10.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro,	25.00
Caldwell County, Mrs. Inah K. Carpenter, Supt. Public Welfare, Lenoir,	10.00
Davidson County, E. Clyde Hunt, Supt. Public Welfare, Lexington,	15.00
Martin County, Miss Mary W. Taylor, Williamston,	10.00
A Friend,	5.00
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin,	10.00
Richmond County, O. G. Reynolds, Supt. Public Welfare, Rockingham,	10.00

The gifts we send at Christmas time
Are small within themselves;
Most anyone could pick the things
From off the merchants' shelves.
But when it's chosen by a friend
And seasoned with good will,
We find in it a treasure rare
That never fails to thrill.

—Alice Whitson.

KITTY HAWK DAY

A PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR

Forty years ago, amidst the sand dunes at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, two brothers, then obscure but since made famous, began experiments for the purpose of testing and confirming their conviction that machines heavier than air could be made to fly. In this seemingly fantastic endeavor, which was met with scepticism and even ridicule, they devoted many long hours and days of effort, experiment and frustration. Ultimately their efforts were crowned with success, and on December 17, 1903 the world was electrified at the announcement that for the first time in history a heavier-than-air machine had on that day been successfully flown at Kitty Hawk. Thus the airplane was born. Its creators were the immortal Wright brothers, Wilbur and Orville; and its place of birth was Kitty Hawk, North Carolina.

The fortieth anniversary of this epochal event, December 17, 1943, will come in the midst of the greatest war in history—a war in which the airplane will be the decisive implement of victory for democracy, decency and righteousness in the epochal struggle against aggression, brutality and slavery.

Before this global war and its tragic consquences had thrown a shadow over the face of the earth the airplane was already revolutionizing the transportation and communications of the world. This swift messenger of peace and friendliness as between nations, this harbinger of a new world of trade and good will, had already served to bring the world closer together. In the miracle of this winged swiftness the farthest nations of the earth had been brought closer together in understanding and in commercial relationship. After the carnage of war is over and when victory is crowned the airplane, immeasurably stimulated in its production and perfection, will prove the indispensable agency for rebuilding a disordered and mutilated world.

Under these circumstances, it is altogether fitting that the anniversary date of this world-changing event should be appropriately observed at the place of its occurrence.

Now, Therefore, I, J. Melville Broughton, Governor of the State of North Carolina, do hereby designate Friday, December 17, 1943, as Kitty Hawk Day, and do hereby call upon all citizens of North Carolina, and insofar as I may be privileged to do so all citizens of an America grateful for the achievement of the Wright brothers, to give suitable observance to this deeply significant event, and further do call upon all who are vitally connected with the airplane industry in America and upon representatives of the Army and Navy and governmental agencies to designate and delegate official representatives to attend a suitable observance of this event which will be held at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, on December 17, 1943, when and where appropriate tribute can be paid to the memory of Wilbur Wright, now deceased, and to Orville Wright, the

surviving member of this world famous partnership endeavor.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the State of North Carolina to be affixed at Releigh, the Capital, this the sixth day of October A. D. 1943.

J. Melville Broughton, Governor.

———:———

We live in the present, we dream in the future, but we learn eternal truth from the past.—Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

———:———

FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF FLIGHT

By Gertrude S. Carraway, in The State

The hour, date of the month and place will be the same Friday, December 17, when the 40th anniversary of the epochal air flight of Orville and Wilbur Wright will be commemorated at Kitty Hawk, but conditions and circumstances will be far different.

Instead of the shifting sands of the grassless Kill Devil Hills from which the Wright brothers took their momentous first successful air flight in a machine heavier than air, raised by its own power, with only five witnesses from the frankly skeptical vicinity, the spot today is firmly anchored and planted and surmounted by a mammoth memorial in national recognition of the outstanding accomplishments of the now-famous inventors.

Aviation constitutes a far different picture now from what it did four decades ago when the Wright brothers experimented with their clumsy crate along the Carolina coast. Their first trip was only 120 feet, at a ground speed of about ten miles an hour. Today Thunderbolts and Fortresses can cross continents and oceans faster than sound can travel.

The isolated area in which the brothers conducted their experiments for three years at the opening of the 20th century is now one of the great aviation centers of the country. Army, Navy, Coast Guard and Marine Corps planes are stationed throughout the region for training and operations.

Besides the numerous air stations as Langley Field on the Virginia side, the Carolina installations include the Civil Air Patrol bases at Manteo and Beaufort, the huge Blimp base at Weeksville, the largest Coast Guard air station in the East at Elizabeth City, the Consolidated aircraft plant near Elizabeth City, the Marine Corps air station at Edenton and the largest Marine air station in the world at Cherry Point, with its many outlying fields and auxiliary airports.

Importance of the 40th anniversary of the Wrights' first successful take-off is indicated by the fact that Gen. Henry Arnold, chief of the Army Air Forces, has accepted an invitation to

make the principal address at the commemorative exercises and has promised aerial demonstrations by Army planes.

It is hoped that Orville Wright, surviving brother, may be able to attend as chief honor guest if he can arrange to get back to Washington in time for a special dinner that night with President Roosevelt and other national leaders at the White House.

Gov. J. M. Broughton, Representative Herbert Bonner, chairman of a State committee named for the purpose by the Governor, and numerous other State and national personages of prominence are expected to attend the memorial program. Executive Secretary Bill Sharpe plans to have the proceedings broadcast over a national radio hookup. A seafood dinner will be served by local committees headed by Victor Meekins, sheriff of Dare County.

Tributes galore will be paid to the vision, courage and ability of the Wright brothers, who conducted four successful tests of their "box kite affair . . . covered with white sateen," on the clear, cold and windy morning of December 17, 1903, at Kitty Hawk.

A general invitation had been extended to the residents of the region to witness the trials, but like practically all Americans they were wary of flying machines. Only five persons attended: John T. Daniels, Adam D. Etheridge and W. S. Dough of the Kill Devil Life Saving Station; John Moore of Nag's Head; and W. C. Brinkley of Manteo.

After the birdlike skeleton plane had been towed to the site and fastened with a wire to the monorail track on a crude wooden platform, the Wrights started the engine, then tossed a coin to see which one would attempt the flight.

Orville drew the chance to try to raise the contraption into the air by its own power. Shaking hands with his brother, as if perhaps for a last time or maybe for good luck, he climbed aboard the strange ship at 10 o'clock, lay down in it flat on his stomach, and gave the sign to clip its wire leash.

In the face of a stiff gale blowing 27 miles an hour, the machine miraculously shot down the track. Suddenly it leaped into space. Then it moved rapidly against the wind. Man was really flying for the first time.

For 120 feet it traveled, without reduction of speed, finishing its first non-stop flight at a point at high as that from which it had started 12 seconds previously, a speed of almost ten miles per hour.

On the fourth flight that day the plane remained in the air 59 seconds and went 852 feet, a speed of almost fifteen miles an hour. This was true history in the making.

Only slight publicity was given the accomplishment. A news story telegraphed by Alpheus W. Drinkwater was too unbelievable. At that period a great American newspaper editor had told its correspondent to "stop sending fake stuff, for nobody believes these wildcat yarns about men flying in an airplane."

Later progress came slowly. The next year the Wrights flew for five minutes at a time. A year afterwards they went 24 miles on one flight. After checking their operations, obtaining but disposing of airplane patent rghts, they resumed their flying in 1908, again returning

to Kitty Hawk for new experiments. Following a successful demonstration at Fort Meyer, Va., before President William H. Taft and other high government and miltary authorities, the War Department ordered an airplane from them, the first plane to be purchased by any government in the world. The brothers then turned to the manufacturing end of aviation.

With phenomenal advances made since then in peacetime and wartime air travel and with official recognition finally paid to the outstanding achievements of the Wright pioneers, a movement has been inaugurated by Governor Broughton to try after the war to bring back to Kitty Hawk for permanent exhibit from its present place in the South Kensington Science Museum in England the original plane with which the famous inventors made such notable history.

———:———

PRAYER OF A SPORTSMAN

Dear Lord, in the battle that goes on through life
I ask but a field that is fair,
A chance that is equal with all in the strife,
A courage to strive and to dare;
And if I should win, let it be by the code,
With my faith and my honor held high;
And if I should lose, let me stand by the road
And cheer as the winners go by!

And, Lord, may my shouts be ungrudging and clear,
A tribute that comes from the heart,
And let me not cherish a snarl or a sneer or play any sniveling part;
Let me say, "There they ride on whom laurel's bestowed,
Since they played the game better than I."
Let me stand with a smile by the side of the road
And cheer as the winners go by!

So grant me to conquer, if conquer I can,
By proving my worth in the fray;
But teach me to lose like a Regular Man
And not like a craven, I pray.
Let me take off my hat to the warriors who strode
To victory, splendid and high,
Yet, teach me to stand by the side of the road
And cheer as the winners go by!

—Berton Braley

ARSENAL OF DEMOCRACY

(News Letter)

The TVA area and the territory around Birmingham are two centers of the South's growing industrial importance and of the heavy industry activities of Region IV in the war program.

The mighty hydro-electric projects in this area were the pioneer large-scale public developments of water power in the United States. Muscle Shoals, the first of the Government power projects in the Tennessee Valley, was built during the last war to manufacture ammonium nitrate for explosives.

Although much larger similar projects in the Pacific Northwest are being built, Region IV's TVA is still the greatest development in actual operation.

This great source of cheap electric power, essential in aluminum production and other electro-metallurgical lines, as well as in chemicals, fertilizers, and explosives, has attracted these types of industry. TVA has stepped up its output of electricity to take care of the new plants—from 1.6 percent of the national load in 1934 to almost 5 percent in 1942.

All of Region IV has forged ahead strikingly in generation of electric power, one of the bellwethers of war production. Federal Power Commission figures show that from 1934 through 1942 the annual power consumption in these seven states increased 225 percent, compared with an increase in the national total of 116 percent. The bulk of this power is being used for war purposes.

Birmingham has achieved great importance as an iron and steel producing center because it is in a strip of territory 150 miles deep, extending 200 miles east and 50 miles west of the city, rich in vast quantities of iron, coal, and limestone, conveniently situated for efficient utilization.

Because of its proximity to the Atlantic and Gulf coasts and its cheap power, this region ranks second nationally in the shell loading and explosives category with 16 percent of the national total of such contracts, and boasts many new shell loading plants.

Most of the big power and explosive manufacturers have plants in the region. One of the biggest names in chemicals is represented with the largest new plant, just completed at a cost of $120,000,000, making powder and chemicals. Many other large chemical companies operate plants in the area, utilizing such raw materials as sea water, phosphate rock, turpentine, and other local products. The TVA area turns out phosphorous for tracer bullets, incendiary bombs, and smoke screens, and fertilizers, calcium carbide for synthetic rubber, ammonium nitrate, and gun cotton.

Two leading aluminum manufacturers have plants in the region, and have made it one of the largest producers of that important war metal. The aluminum plant at Alcoa, Tennessee, largest industrial user of electric power, consumes 3.5 billiin k.w.h. a year. The other company has sev-

eral plants, none as big as Alcoa, but all of them large.

A well-known rubber organization operates a shell loading plant and one for production of calcium carbide. Another leading rubber company makes gun tubes.

———:———

I sought to hear the voice of God,
And climbed the topmost steeple.
But God declared: "Go down again,
I dwell among the people."

—Louis I. Newman.

———:———

RAMBLINGS IN CENTRAL AMERICA

By Jasper B. Sinclair

Coffee, bananas, and volcanoes just about sum up the popular knowledge of our people concerning the nations of Central America. But there is more to those neighbor republics of ours than meets the eye in coffee and banana trade marts, or the stormy petrels of the rugged Sierra Madre range.

Indian corn, one of our present-day staple crops, was first found growing as a wild grass on the high plateau between Guatemala and southern Mexico. Called teosinte, its cultivation by the Guatemalans dates back some twelve hundred years before the Christian era began.

The government of Panama had no desire to foster any warlike activities among Panamanian youngsters. It is several years now since it prohibited the importation of all toy soldiers and toy cannon.

Every citizen of Costa Rica is required by law to vote in the presidential elections held every four years and in the elections to the legislature. The President lives like an oridnary citizen. His house is open to any Costa Rican.

Somewhere in Guatemala today is a modern airfield that is tended by men whose ancestors once worshipped in the stone temples of the Mayas. It is a base for Uuited States planes assigned to the bomber patrol guarding the Pacific and Caribbean approaches to the Panama Canal.

Three million people live in Guatemala, more than in any other land in Central America—yet that is scarcely as many as live upon the shores of Lake Michigan in the city of Chicago.

Honduras is the greatest banana land in the world. It exports more than 12,000,000 stems of this tropical fruit every year. The banana industry has its own cities and ports; its own narrow-gauge railways; its own schoolhouses and hospitals; its own palm-thatched villages raised on stilts above the swamps. All this activity is confined to a strip of territory

about eighty miles wide along the hot Caribbean coast.

The cities of the Republic of Panama are among the oldest white settlements in the New World. Panama City was founded in 1519, one hundred and one years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. Swashbuckling Henry Morgan destroyed this city in 1671, and a new one was founded not far away.

El Salvador is the smallest country in size on the American continents, yet it is the world's fourth greatest producer of coffee. It is almost a "one-crop country," with coffee representing nearly ninety per cent of its total exports in peacetime years.

Besides coffee, however, it produces the famous "balsam of Peru," an essential healing antiseptic obtained from a species of balsam tree. This tree grows nowhere else in the world but a section of El Salvador called the "Balsam Coast."

The high market value of mahogany can be better understood when you realize that Central American mahogany trees stretch across thousands of miles of forest, with sometimes no more than one or two of these trees to a square mile of forest.

Natives long ago gave up the idea of searching the jungles on foot for mohogany. They learned to climb trees and scan the horizon for the mohogany trees, whose tops often rise a hundred feet above the tops of other trees. In more recent years planes have been used to fly low over the jungles and mark the locations of these valuable trees.

Panama is one of the smallest countries in the New World, but the fifty-mile-long Panama Canal, gateway between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, has become one of the most important and strategic waterways in the world of today.

How little Balboa dreamed of its present-day importance when he wrote, in the early sixteenth century, about the possibilities of building a canal across the lush jungle land of the Isthmus of Panama. It took almost four centuries to justify his prophesy and farsightedness.

———:———

The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,
May hope to achieve it before life is done;
But he who seeks all things wherever he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows
A harvest of barren regrets.

—Owen Meredith.

A SIMPLE RULE

By Gardner Hunting, in Weekly Unity

A man moved into a new neighborhood. Next door was an ugly dog, and every time the man passed the house, the dog would lunge at him viciously. But the man was a diplomat with dogs as well as with men. He did not attempt to drive off the doy by pretending to pick up a stick or a stone, nor kick at him. Instead, he appealed to the dog's intelligence. He whistled to the dog instead of scolding. He talked to him in a friendly voice instead of a harsh one. He went a bit out of his way to bring the dog a biscuit once a day. Before many days the dog ceased his belligerence, and every time he saw the man coming, he ran out to meet him with tail wagging as if it would drop off.

An old sage said, "Commit thy way unto Jehovah, and he will direct thy paths." The Man of Galilee said, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Modern psycology says, "What you give out comes back to you multiplied." The farmer says, "As I sow I reap." The merchant says, "Good will builds good will." The sales-promotion expert says, "Friendliness wins friends and influences people." All in substance say the same thing.

It is a principle. It goes through all the lines of life, and it is so simple that one would think all of us would use it under all circumstances all the time. That we do not is due simply to the fact that we do not comprehend it, or are not convinced that it is true.

Is there a neighbor's boy who plays the radio at its loudest volume night and day when he is at home, and when you want to work, or read, or visit, or rest? Does he run up and down the adjoining stairs with a step so heavy that he must be wearing sabots or stilts? Does he crowd out of the door ahead of you in mannerless boorishness? Does he yell, throw snowballs or mud, chase your cat, dirty up the steps with refuse, leave his bicycle on the walk for you to fall over, make faces at you when you correct him?

What do you do about it? Do you scold? Do you complain to his parents? Do you shout at him, try to speak to him so scathingly as to shame him, send for an officer? If you do, you are retaliating, or sowing what you are reaping.

Suppose you offer that boy friendship in terms he can understand. Take a genuine interest in the boat he is trying to make, or the kite he is trying to fly. Take enough interest to furnish the string, or bring home a pattern for a new kite. Ask him to ride over town in your car with you, or take him on a hike or to the ball game. If you have never tried the experiment, the results will surprise you.

It there a woman living near you, in your club, in your church, in your Red Cross class, who is haughty, supercilious, a snob? Instead of retaliating, suppose you take occasion, when you find opportunity, to praise her to other people for what good you see in her, include her in your social group, ask her to serve on

your committee with you, nominate her for the chairmanship.

Oh, yes, it works! True, when we are annoyed, incensed, outraged at folks, then is the time we feel least like applying the "golden rule," but that is the very time when rules are called for. When we do not want the friendship of the mean or hostile person, or think we don't. that's the time to see what this principle will do. Making friends and influencing people is the greatest art in the world, and the greatest person is the one who masters it best.

———:———

The sweetest bird builds near the ground,
The loveliest flower springs low;
And we must stoop for happiness
If we its worth would know.

—Swain.

———:———

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

By Lloyd V. Allen

King Herod was troubled. It was rumored in town that a new King was to be born to rule the Jews Amon, the stable boy, was cleaning out the royal stable. Just as King Herod entered the gate of the huge courtyard and passed the mule-drawn cart, a small lump of dry manure struck him on the shoulder.

"You clumsy oaf!" shrieked the King. "Do you know what you have done? You have thrown manure in the King's face!" He brought his long whip across the terrified slave's trembling shoulders.

"To the dungeon with the fool!" he ordered, and Amon was dragged away kicking and screaming. The King proceeded to the palace where he stood gazing thoughtfully out the window.

In the city of Bethlehem that day there was much babbling and excitement. Wise men from the east had entered the city asking many questions.

"Where is He that is born King of the Jews?"

"We do not know," answered the townspeople and they asked one another, "Are these men mad—or exceeding wise?"

"Upon what do you base your questions?" an aged resident finally asked the visitors.

"Having seen His star in the east we have come to find Him," one of them replied.

From his cold, damp place in the dungeon, Amon could hear the excitement and noice of the city. He knew that many strangers would appear in the city that day because Augustus Caesar, the Emperor of Rome, was devising a new tax to be collected from every inhabitant in the provinces of his domain. In his misery Amon prayed that the

promised King might be among the arrivals. He had heard the rumors in town and although it was a little difficult for him to understand, he felt somehow, as did most of his people, that God would send a Messiah to deliver them from the tyrants of Rome. His thoughts were interrupted by the hoarse cursing of the jailor and the scraping of the heavy iron lock in the door.

"You are a fortunate one, Amon," said the jailor. "The many new arrivals in town have crowded the inns to capacity and the King has many royal guests. Else he would not have been so lenient with thee. Go now, and take good care lest you offend the King again. Next time thou wilt surely be put to death."

"Thank you, sir, Oh thank you. I will most humbly perform my duties as quickly as I can," responded Amon, elated at his reprieve.

In the meanwhile King Herod sent for his chief priests and scribes. He demanded of them to know where Christ would be born. They answered and said, "In Bethlehem of Judea: for thus it is written by the prophets, 'And thou, Bethlehem in the land of Juda, are not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel!"

The King then inquired as to what time the star had appeared and sent them to Bethlehem, saying:

"Go and search diligently for the young child: and when ye have found Him, bring me word, that I may come and worship also."

Amon had finished removing the last hateful load of dung from the stables and was cleansing himself when a daring thought came into his mind. As far back as he could remember he had been kicked, abused, beaten. Now, he would run away from this miserable life, and become a shepherd. The more he thought of the plan the better he liked it. There was no one to consult. He had no parents. He was aware of the potential consequences of his action in the event his idea went wrong. He knew he would be put to death, but his heart was so heavy with unhappiness that he decided to risk it. The chances were strongly against him. It was unlikely that he would be allowed to pursue the occupation of a shepherd, for sheep herders were a select people. The occupation was handed down from father to son, from generation to generation. Though it was a long chance and a desperate one, Amon said a short prayer and set forth on his journey.

Many hours had passed since Amon had left town. The night was cold. Amon shivered and searched the countryside with watery eyes. The moon was bright, and the stars seemed to shine and sparkle down through the crisp air more brilliantly than he had ever seen before. The splendor of the beautiful night effected to buoy his faltering courage a little, but he began to wonder if perhaps he hadn't been foolhardy to venture into unknown country. He was beginning to get hungry. He was afraid to go back, but even more afraid to go on.

"Oh God!" he cried. "What shall I do?"

Unknown to Amon, there were, in the same country, shepherds, abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. The Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them;

and they were very much afraid. The Angel said unto them, "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you this day is born, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." Suddenly, there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly hosts praising God, and saying:

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth, peace, good will toward men."

When the shepherds were again left alone and the Angel departed, they said to one another: "Let us go even unto Bethdehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us." So they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger.

So it was as Amon was passing through the country, these shepherds were returning from Bethlehem. Their hearts were full of joy, and seeing him they had the love of Christ in their hearts and said unto him:

"Where do you venture, son, this blessed night?"

Amon hung his head and replied: "Oh, shepherds, I would be one of you. My lot has been hard. I have prayed to God Almighty that I might be a shepherd and tend sheep. Would you take me with you?" The shepherds looked at one another and remembered the words of the heavenly hosts: "Peace on aarth, good will toward all men." They smiled and nodded, and agreed to take Amon into their fold to be one of them.

"Yes, my son, you shall be one of us and tend the sheep. It is not customary, but tonight is born a Saviour, Christ Jesus. Our hearts are light and full of joy. You may come with us while we proclaim the glad tidings to the people, and all your life shall you remain with us and tend our sheep."

Amon was overcome with joy. He folded his hands over his heart and lifted his face to Heaven, and the shepherds saw the moonlight glisten in the tears that rolled from his happy eyes. His voice, a little broken by the emotion which surged in his breast, sang out with all the fervor of a soul suddenly lifted up from the depths of despair:

"Thank You, O God! Truly You have kept Your Word and sent our King and Saviour."

And through his tears Amon saw a host of Angels smiling down upon him, and he heard a Voice in the soft murmur of the wind—a Voice that said:

"Merry Christmas to you, Amon, and to all the world. Peace on earth, good will toward all men."

THE END Banks McKnight

———:———

Great roads the Romans built that men might meet,
And walls to keep strong men apart—secure.
Now centuries have gone, and in defeat
The walls are fallen, but the roads endure.

—Ethelyn M. Hartwich.

CHRISTMAS LUCK

By George M. Hill

Number 1200, fast freight East, (generally referred to as a "Hot Shot") had experienced a little unpleasantness down near Sharon Valley; several cars were resting helter skelter upon the wintry landscape, and the heavy traffic on the Central Division of the M. & B. was stalled all along the line.

It was late afternoon of the day before Christmas, cold and snowing some, and it looked as if many of the crews might spend the hallowed hours of Christmas Eve far from where the yule-logs burned.

Extra's 410 and 17 had backed off at Shelburne where there was a long siding on either side of the main. The cabooses being almost directly opposite each other, Jim Raymond the conductor of 17, and his rear brakeman had gone over for a little visit with the crew of 410. Jim and Roger Lewis the conductor, were close frends.

Roger was seated at his desk. He had completed his report work and was now gazing silently and thoughtfully out of the window into the whirling snow.

"Hope we are not in for a night of it," remarked Jim as he stretched himself comfortably on the locker cushions, "did you chance to hear how bad a pile they had?"

"No, I didn't, but I reckon its bad enough," replied Roger without turning from the window.

"Why so blamed glum, and we should all be joyous at this time, I know, and I try to be. But I got to thinking—I always do on the day and night before Christmas, for I've had strange luck and odd experiences several times at this season of the year. I always get to wondering what will happen next."

"Why recall unpleasant things?" inquired Jim. "Get them out of your mind!"

"I try to but its hard to banish them. As you came in I was thinking particularly of Mart Hilton; he passed out a year ago today."

"That's so," said Jim, "and I know you thought a lot of Mart, we all did in fact, he was a prince of a fellow, I was braking for him about a year. You and Mart were related in some way, were you not?"

"We never said much about our relationship, but Mart was my stepfather."

"That's right! I had sort of forgotten just how it was."

"My own father died the day before Christmas," continued Roger, "my brother who took to the sea instead of the railroad, was wrecked down in the Carribean the night before Christmas and quite badly hurt by floating wreckage. Two years ago today I was hustled to the hospital and my appendix removed."

"Great Scott!!" exclaimed Jim, "there does seem to be some sort of a jinx on your trail about this time of year. But cheer up! It won't always follow you, your luck's bound to change!"

"I hope so, but something might happen—there's a chance that"—

He did not finish, and the serious

expression on his face seemed to deepen into a worried one.

"If I remember rightly," said Jim, "you and Mart came in from the country; Mart farmed it out there for awhile, I believe."

"Yes, he had a farm near us; Mart and my dad were the best of friends, and they also belonged to the same lodge. He was mighty good to us always, but especially so the winter that dad was away most of the time. And I've never forgotten a stunt Mart pulled off on that Christmas Eve."

"Tell us about it," urged Jim, glad to get Roger talking.

The two brakemen, who also chanced to be of the Fraternity, were laughing and joking, but they became silent as Roger began speaking.

"I was a little tad then—about six years old. My brother Bob was two years older. Mart had left the railroad sometime before when his father died, and was running the old home farm. Not so long after that his mother passed away and then he batched it there with an old man who looked after the stock.

"Dad had a big timber contract that year—pretty well up in the North woods and was away a good part of the winter. He was intending to be at home for the holidays, but the big storm tied things up so he could not get through. It started snowing two days before Christmas and turned into a regular blizzard. Roads were blocked and totally impassable for teams. Mart wallowed through to our place the afternoon before Christmas to see if we were in need of anything.

"We were all right—had plenty of food on hand, but no Christmas stuff. Bob wanted several things in the toy line and I was wailing for a sled.

"Mart said it was too bad for us not to have any Christmas things; candy, toys, and holiday things in general, and right then he decided that he'd go to the city and get some things for the holiday.

"Mother and grandmother said all they could to prevent his starting on such a trip, but he only laughed and said he would make it all right. There was no stopping him when his mind was made up. He'd go through anything and generally got what he went after.

"It was seven miles to the city and there had not been a team through since the day before. He had horses, but the snow was too deep for a horse to make any progress —they would flounder and fall and delay matters, so Mart departed on foot.

"I can scarcely recall looking from the window as he started. He struck off across the fields on a short cut to the main road. I saw him go through a drift that was to his arm pits, then over a fence and start across the open field. He passed out of sight for a moment, then as the wind whirled an opening in the driving snow, I caught a glimpse of him hurrying away. Then the storm closed in behind him and he was hidden from view.

"Of course, young as I was, the whole thing seemed strange to me. In some way I realized that his undertaking was a dangerous one, and that mother and grandmother were greatly worried.

"He was an athlete as we well knew, and was then in his prime.

How he ever made that trip was a cause for wonderment, but he made it. Sometime in the night he arrived back in the country, swung around to his farm to see if all was well there, and was at our house at daylight.

"He had made the round trip of fourteen miles through the deep snow and raging blizzard; and it was the worst known in that region in years. He had filled a big burlap sack with Christmas things, lashed it to his back, and—he had my sled. How he ever got through that storm with all those things no one but the Almighty and himself ever knew. It was a tough experience and tried even his great strength. But he laughed and made light of it. That was Mart.

"We had a big Christmas and Mart stayed with us. Of course we missed dad, but made the best of the situation. It was the year following—the day before Christmas, that father left us; passed out suddenly. Mart took full charge of everything at the time, and continued to look after our welfare right along. He was a prince of a man in every way.

"About two years later Mart and mother decided to marry, and we went to his farm to live for a while. But the railroad bee had been buzzing around Mart for some time. He had a chance to sell his farm to good advantage, then we came to the city. Mark went back on the road and was soon running a train again.

"He was the best kind of a stepfather; he gave both of us boys a good education; hoping we'd take up business careers. I'm afraid we did not appreciate it as we should. Bob's done well on the sea, though, he's first mate on a fruit liner and in due time will have a captain's papers. Mart never wanted me to get into the railroad game—not in train service, anyway, but I caught the fever and here I am, with my usual Christmas luck, laid out miles from home on Christmas Eve."

It had grown dark while Roger was talking. He became silent again, keeping his eyes on the window of the telegraph office which was not far away.

"Orders for us, I think!" he called out, as he saw Jim Kane the operator, signal with his lantern.

Both conductors hurried to the office.

"Wreck cleared up, and 1200 gone!" announced Jim, "and you fellows can get out as soon as you want to."

Handing a mesage to Roger, he said with an immense grin, "This is for you Roger, with my most hearty congratulations!"

Roger gave an exclamation of surprise and a gasp of astonishment all mixed together, as he read it, then he handed it to Jim Raymond.

The message read:

"Roger Lewis, Conductor
Extra 410,
Mrs. Lewis to hospital this noon. Twin boys. Huskies. All doing finely. Some Christmas present. Congratulations.
Dr. Parker."

"Holy smoke! !" howled Jim. "Congratulations, old man!" He gripped Roger's hand. "I told you your luck would change! Let's go!"

"You get out first, Roger!" he shouted as he bolted for his train: "Merry Christmas to all—especialy the good wife and mother, and the husky twins!"

THE STORY OF "SILENT NIGHT"

(Selected)

Christmas was fast approaching in the little town of Arnsdorf, near Salzburg, Austria, about the year 1830. Father Josef Mohr, the parish priest of Arnsdorf, was seriously troubled. Mice had eaten at the bellows of the organ in his little church and he faced the prospect of midnight mass on Christmas Eve without the Christmas music beloved of his parishioners. He went to his organist and schoolmaster to discuss the dilemma, and they agreed that something special had to be done to atone for the muted organ.

Coming home from a visit to a dying woman on the night before Christmas Eve, the Father paused on a height overlooking the town and stood there musing. Snowy mountains loomed above him, pointing their peaks at the myriad stars in the clear, quiet sky. In the dark valley below he could see the outlines of the peaceful village, where a faint light glimmering here and there only accentuated the surrounding darkness. Suddenly the good priest murmured, "It must have been something like this—that holy night in Bethlehem"

He was powerfully affected. Hastening home, fearful lest his mood depart, he sat at his desk and wrote. Some of the lines fairly flowed from his pen, others came laboriously.

Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht,
Alles schlaeft, einsam wacht,
Nur das traute, hochheilige Paar,
Holder Knabe im lockigen Haar,
Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh,
Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh.

The other stanzas followed after hours of writing. Pleased with his song, Father Mohr retired. Next morning he re-read his manuscript, then took it to Franz Gruber. As Gruber read the lovely words his musician's soul caught their true spirit and the now famous melody began to well within him. Hours affterward, when he had finished composing the music, Gruber sang "Stille Nacht" to his wife. In the hush that followed she said, "We will die, Franz, you and I, but this song will live."

At Christmas Eve midnight mass the organ in the little church at Arnsdorf was silent. The congregation missed it sadly until, with Father Mohr singing and Franz Gruber playing the guitar, the immortal strains of "Silent Night" fell upon their ears. Then every man and woman in the little church sat enthralled by this first rendition of the hymn without which Christmas today is simply not complete.

———:———

Men's hearts ought not to be set against one another, but set with one another, and all against the evil thing only.

—Carlyle.

THE SECRET OF CHRISTMAS

By Verne Godkin, in Good Business

"Bah! It's a lot of bunk!" Gene Tolen tossed the letter across the table to Markel Ray, his secretary, and continued his explosive denunciation. "I tell you, Markel, it's nothing but a commercial stunt—to get people to buy a lot of foolish trash that nobody wants at any other time."

Markel picked up the letter. It was an appeal for a Christmas fund. "You've given to this fund for several years," Markel remarked.

"Sure I have; but I'm not going to any more. They all come with a plea to help promote the 'Christmas spirit.' Bah! Give them a few dollars and that's the last you hear of their 'Christmas spirit' until the next year, when they ask for more money. 'Christmas spirit!'" And Tolen sneered "Write and tell those people to count me out."

Markel went to his own room, and as he glanced out of his window he saw a group of men erecting a large fir tree in the middle of the street. He recalled the throngs of bright-eyed youngsters who every year gathered around the town's Christmas tree, and then excitedly rushed up to receive the gifts from the round-faced, laughing Santa Claus. Poorly clad, hungering children, receiving playthings, and food and clothing to warm their hearts and bodies. Surely, this was not foolish trash to these youngsters. It put something into their eager hearts that was good and lasting. But how could he make his crusty employer see it—a crafty middle-aged bachelor who had known nothing but hard licks.

Markel sat meditating as he watched the men trim the huge tree in colors. Finally he smiled, and then went about his work.

Two days later Tom Bradley, head of the Civic Club, called at the office to see Tolen on "personal business."

"Nothing doing, Tom," Markel overhead his superior say loudly. "You'll have to get someone else."

"Sorry, Gene," Bradley insisted, "but you'll have to do it. Every member has to take his turn at service tasks, you know. That's a part of the Club." And as Bradley took his leave, he gave Markel a broad wink.

Nothing transpired for some days. Then one morning, about a week before Christmas, Tolen called Markel into his office. "Get your hat and coat, Markel. I want you to take a little ride with me."

When they were in the car, Markel looked askance at Tolen. "Where are we going?"

"Out to see my family." And Tolen chuckled.

"Your what?"

"Oh, it isn't really mine. Just adopted for a few days. It's a new stunt that the Civic Club is trying out. They select ten or fifteen members and give each one the name of a needy family whom they are supposed to adopt for the Christmas season. You know—get acquainted with them, and find out what they need, and then when Christmas comes play Santa Claus to them."

"Hm, sounds interesting," Markel said naively.

"Yes, it is. At first I thought it was a crazy idea. But one of the rules of the Club is that no one can re-

fuse to do what is assigned, so I couldn't get out of it. Now it's beginning to be fun. You'll see in a few minutes."

They were threading their way over the slippery streets to a poorer quarter of the city, and finally came to a stop in front of a little one-story cottage. A path had been shoveled through the snow, and as they went up to the steps the door opened and a half-clad four-year-old rushed out and grabbed Tolen's arm. "'Lo, Uncle Gene!" the youngster cried joyfully.

Tolen's face wrinkled into a broad smile as he took the little fellow's hand and led him inside. Hardly had the door closed behind them when Tolen was surrounded by three other children who demanded his attention. A thin, pale-faced woman emerged from the kitchen and smiled a greeting, as she cautioned the children to behave themselves.

"Won't you sit down?" she implored. "The children have been watching for you for an hour." Two of the youngsters climbed onto Tolen's lap and started exploring his pockets, while the others hung onto his arms.

Markel held his breath, expecting Tolen to explode. But instead, he saw his employer smiling and playing with the children, seeming to enjoy the mauling. It developed that he had planted candy and nuts in his pockets for the youngsters to find, and he chuckled when they discovered them.

Markel looked on in growing amazement. His plan was working out far better than he had hoped. Tom Bradley certainly had put the idea across!

On the return to the office, Tolen's eyes twinkled. "The reason I wanted you along is to help pick out things for those kiddies. You are married and have a family, so you'll know what to get. I want a complete outfit for each of the children, and also for the mother, She's a widow with just a little State pension to live on, and she's deserving of help. Then, I want to get a tree and all the decorations for it, and plenty of toys and things for all of them. And I want a turkey and all the trimmings necessary for a swell Christmas dinner sent out there the day before Christmas, as well as a good supply of groceries."

For a spell they drove along in thoughtful silence. Then Tolen continued: "You know, Markel, this experience has given me a new slant on this Christmas cheer business. I'd begun to think it was a lot of bunk. As a matter of fact, that's all it was to me, too. Giving didn't mean any more to me than if I'd toss a hundred-dollar bill out of the window, not caring where it went or who got it."

"Reminds me of the old saying about 'the gift without the giver,'" Markel interjected.

"Exactly. I've discovered that the giver has to go along with the gift. That's the secret of Christmas. Now I know it isn't so much what you give as it is the spirit back of the gift. I expect you would call it the 'Spirit of Christmas,' wouldn't you?"

Markel nodded.

"Well, whatever it is," Tolen continued, "it's something big. I know that when I look into those kiddies' faces on Chrstmas morning when they see their tree, and open their pack-

ages, it's going to be the biggest Christmas I've ever known! Thanks to Tom Bradley and his clever idea!"

Markel merely smiled. He was content to let it be "Tom Bradley's idea."

THE CROWDED INN

By Roy H. Stetler

To glorify the old, old Bethlehem story in the present day of a Godless world is a worth-while endeavor. Roy H. Stetler, scholar and philosopher, does it admirably and cleverly in this characterization.

The city was crowded with strangers. I hurried to the little inn to find it jammed with folks trying to get lodging for the night. The answer came again and again from the innkeeper, "No room in the inn."

Being a friend of the innkeeper, I had no trouble in getting lodging for the night. Soon I observed a young man and his wife approach the desk and ask for a room.

"Sorry, sir, but there is no more room in the inn," said the keeper sternly.

"But I must have a place where my wife can rest," pleaded the young man. And he leaned over and whispered something to the innkeeper.

"The only thing I can suggest," replied the keeper curtly, "is the stable. There you will find plenty of straw, and perhaps you can keep warm." And with that he hastened to attend to his many wealthy and distinguished guests.

Soon I retired for the night, but was awakened by the most beautiful singing I had ever heard. It seemed to be coming from a near-by hillside. The melody was not familiar to me, and while I could not catch all the words, the message wafted over the air seemed to be, "On earth peace, good will to men."

Shepherds coming in the next morning from the hillside related a strange story. There had been an angel chorus, and an angel of the Lord appeared and spoke to them, sayng, "For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour. Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." The shepherds had hastened to Bethlehem to see this miracle.

There was a great stir around the inn when it was learned that during the night a child had been born to the young woman, who with her husband had gone to the stable for shelter.

I sad to myself, "Why didn't I give up my room? No room for the Saviour! Great God, what an opportunity I have missed!"

You say to me, "Your imagination is running riot." I wonder, though, how often there is no room for God in your life and mine in this day and age. Somehow, it seems, the cry of the innkeeper is still true —"There is no room in the inn!"

Education does not cost—it pays.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE

In the center of the public square at Valletta, on the Island of Malta, the statue of Queen Victoria still stands. This memorial to Great Britain's beloved queen remains unharmed as it stands amid the rubble, caused by more than two thousand enemy air raids on the island, to date the most bombed spot in the war area. On a recent visit to the island, President Roosevelt presented a scroll to the brave Maltese people, which will later be duplicated in bronze and placed near the statue of Queen Victoria. The thought, so beautifully expressed by our Chief Executive, appearing on the scroll, reads as follows:

A CITATION

In the name of the people of the United States of America I salute the Island of Malta and its people and its defenders who in the cause of freedom and justice and decency throughout the world have rendered valorous service far above and beyond the call of duty.

Under repeated fire from the skies, Malta stood alone and unafraid in the center of the sea, one tiny bright flame in the darkness, a beacon of hope in the clearer days which have come.

Malta's bright story of human fortitude and courage will be read by posterity with wonder and gratitude through all the ages.

What was done in this island maintains all the highest traditions of gallant men and women who from the beginning of time have lived and died to preserve civilization for all mankind.

(Signed) Franklin D. Roosevelt,

December 7, 1943. President.

INSTITUTION NOTES

We are very glad to report that there is not a single bed patient in our infirmary at this writing.

—:—

Several truck loads of lumber have been delivered to our carpenter shop. This will be used in making repairs to the various buildings on the campus.

—:—

The boys on the barn force have cut quite a number of ceder trees and placed them at the auditoruim and various cottages where they will be used for Christmas decorations.

—:—

Upon arising last Wednesday morning we noticed that the first snow of the season had fallen during the night. Although the ground was only partly covered, the youngsters hailed it with delight, and managed to enjoy making a few snowballs.

—:—

Two more of our boys having secured their parents' consent, enlisted in the United States Navy this week. They are Bruce Harper and Floyd Barnes, of Cottages Nos. 4 and 10, respectively. These lads will receive their basic training at Bainbridge Maryland.

—:—

A Christmas pageant, under the direction of Mrs. C. E. Thomas and our staff of school teachers, will be staged in the auditoruim next Sunday night. The boys are rehearsing daily, and from reports coming to this office as to progress having been made, this promises to be a most enjoyable occasion. The annual Christmas Eve program will be given next Friday night.

—:—

We received Christmas greetings a few days ago from James L. Query, a former member of the school's staff of workers, and John T. Capps, formerly a member of our printing class. Both have been in the United States Army more than a year, and both greetings came from "somewhere in England." Although many miles from home, these fellows, together with many others, remembered friends at the school. A complete list of those sending greetings will be published in a later issue of The Uplift.

—:—

We recently received a notice stating that a baby boy, tipping the scales at nine pounds and five ounces, had arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde A. Kivett, of Statesville. Clyde was a member of the printing class, and after leaving us worked on various newspapers for several years, before enlisting in the United States Army. He was a member of a coast artillery unit, and was stationed in the Panama Canal Zone for about two years. A little more than a year ago, upon being given an honorable medical discharge, he returned to North Carolina and shortly after Christmas, 1942, secured employment as a linotype operator with a Statesville newspaper, where he has been getting along very nicely.

—:—

The local gridiron was the scene of a very exciting game of football last Saturday afternoon. It was the play-

off for the championship of the School between the boys of the Receiving Cottage and those of Cottage No. 10, winners in their respective leagues during the psst season. These teams were pretty well matched, and after a hard-fought contest, when the smoke of battle had cleared away, the lads from No. 10 were victorious by the score of 7 to 0. The only score of the game was made by Clifford Lowman, one of No. 10's fast-stepping backs, when he snagged a pass on about the 23-yard line and lugged the old pigskin over into the promised land. His mates made the conversion by a line plunge.

The winners enjoy the record of having gone through the entire league schedule and holding their opponents scoreless.

—:—

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, was in charge of the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. Following the opening prayer and the singing of a hymn, he introduced the speaker of the afternoon, Dr. P. Frank Price, formerly a teacher in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, at Nanking, China. Dr. Price went to China in 1890 and remained there as a missionary and teacher until 1941.

The speaker, after complimenting the boys on their fine singing, said that he knew normal boys had great power of imagination, and that he wanted them to try to visualize a long journey. He asked them to go with him, in their minds, across this country, into California; then across the Pacific until they could get a view of Japan and the eastern section of China; and then keep traveling until they reached the western borders of China.

Here, said he, they would see one of the great wonders of the world—the Great Wall of China, beginning at the border of Japan and extending to the western border — a distance of 1,500 miles. It took thousands of men hundreds of years to build this ancient wonder.

Dr. Price then told the boys of what he considered the modern wonder in connection with the lives of the Chinese people. Nearly seven years ago, the Japanese attacked China without warning. Shanghai was a great and terrible sight. Its building were destroyed by bombs, and the terrified people fled. There were more than 150,000,000 of these refugees. Fathers and mothers could be seen frantically trying to hold their families. Of this number, fifty million made their way to western China, fifty million died from violence and starvation, and approximately fifty million tried to go back and rebuild their homes.

That Chinese migration, said the speaker, is as wonderful as the great wall. He said that one Chinese teacher, with his wife and eight children had to walk 1,500 miles. At the end of the journey, said the teacher, God never seemed so near to them as during those hardships.

The Japs drove the people from one city to another, until at last the Chinese capital was set up in Chungking. Here the people dug caves as protection from enemy bombers, and with grim determination are carrying on against heavy odds. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek (the name meaning stone wall) and his wonderful wife are rallying their people. The Japs

have spent millions of dollars trying to kill or capture him; they have tried to bribe him, but without avail. For six and one-half years he has stood for the things for which we are fighting today.

Dr. Price said that during his many years in the Far East he had seen two cargoes being hauled across the Pacific—shiploads of scrap-iron which the Japs used to kill the Chinese, and vessels crowded with missionaries, going far from their homes at a great sacrifice, to save the Chinese. That, said he, doesn't seem to make sense, but he had faith that in the end all will prove to have been for the best.

In conclusion, the speaker told the boys that the Chinese people are allies of whom we may be very proud, and that all Americans should do all in their power to help them overpower the barbaric forces that are seeking their destruction.

———:———

SAYINGS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Learn the laws and obey them.
I am nothing, but truth is everything.
Killing the dog does not cure the bite.
Give us a little more light, and a little less noise.
It is not best to swap horses while crossing a stream.
He sticks through thick and thin—I admire such a man.
Success does not so much depend on external help as on self-reliance.
It is better only sometimes to be right than at all times be wrong.
When you have an elephant on hand, and he wants to run away, —better let him run.
Gold is good in its place; but living, brave, and patriotic men are better than gold.
My experience and observation have been that those who promise the most do the least.
The face of an old friend is like a ray of sunshine through dark and gloomy clouds.
I must stand with anybody that stands right; stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.
I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending December 12, 1943

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Ernest Bullard
William Burnett
Raymond Davis
Robert Finley
Fred Jones
Leonard McAdams
Charles Pearson
Weaver Ruff
James Stamper
Harry Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Richard Billings
Clyde Brown
Donald Carland
Eugene Cline
Douglas Dorsett
John Franks
Jack Gray
Roy Jones
Harold McKinney
Jack Ray
Leonard Robinson
David Swink
Luther Vaughn
Banks McKnight
Charles Byrd
Eugene Bowers

COTTAGE NO. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Jack Bateman
Everett Bowden
Edward Britt
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Earl Green
Edward Haynes
John Holder
Dewey Lanning
Lawrence Littlejohn
Fonzer Pittman
Samuel Pritchett
Hubert Smith
Milton Talley
Lester Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

Leroy Childers
William Davis
Clyde Godfrey
Bruce Harper
William Hawks
Charles Lanford
Harry Lewis
Raiford Medlin
Roy Swink
Malcom Seymour
Richard Shehan
Edgar Shell
Clifford Shell
Newman Tate
Edward VanHoy
William C. Willis

COTTAGE NO. 5

James Corn
Luther Coe
William Dawn
Jerome Duncan
Sidney Knighting
Mack McGee
Truby Ricks
Brady Starnes
Brady Tew

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Charles Cox
J. C. Caton
Willis Caddell
Earl Gilmore
Donald Griffie
Everett Gallion
Marvin Lipscomb
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean
Robert Peavy
James Sneed
Joseph Turner
Clay Shue
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE NO. 7

Albert Allen
R. C. Combs
Charles Edwards
Wallace Foster

Robert Furr
Donald Grimstead
Robert Helms
Ned Metcalf
John McLean
John Tolley
Thomas Ware

COTTAGE NO. 8

Homer Bass
Cecil Bennett
James Hill
Homer Johnson
Troy Morris
R. D. McCurdy
Edward Renfro
Vernon Rinehardt
William Whisnant

COTTAGE NO. 9

Cecil Caldwell
Leonard Church
Sebarn Gorman
Fred Grimstead
James Lowman
Isaac Mahaffey
Milford Ward
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

Paul Alphin
Fred Carswell
Jack Clifton
Alfred Lamb
William Lane
Edward Loftin
Robert Moses
Gerald McCollum
E. C. Stamey
Eugene Stubbs
A. B. Woodard

COTTAGE NO. 11

Roland Brooks
William Guffey
James Hicks
Leon Rose
Ray Taylor
Robert Walters
Martin Walters
William Wilkerson
Jack Gentry

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Ervin Ewing
Woodrow Ewing
Eugene Graham
Richard Kye
Amos Myers
Paul Painter
James Southern
W. C. Whitehurst

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Olin Bland
Fred Bostian
Robert Caudle
Joseph Case
Charles Callahan
John Fargis
William Hardin
Vernon Hardin
Robert Holbert
James Linebarrier
Joseph McKinney
Robert Moose
James Norton
Hayes Powell
John Pritchard
Carlton Pate
Paul Stone
Ezzell Stansbury
Robert Travis
Robert Wilkins
Lawrence Walker
Theodore Young

COTTAGE NO. 15

James Knight
Roger Reid
Hugh Roberts

INDIAN COTTAGE

R. C. Hoyle
Marshall Hunt
Herbert Locklear
Dillard Shelton

INFIRMARY

Alvis Watkins

Dream manfully and noble, and thy dreams shall be prophets.—Bulwer.

369

NA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXI CONCORD, N. C. No. 52

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

29 1943

TRUE WORDS FROM A CHILD

"God bless us every one."

In these words of Tiny Tim dwell all the blessed sentiments of Christmas. Good will is there, gratitude to God, the pregnant sense of the brotherhood of man, that divine spark of unselfishness which glows during the Christmas season although it may be covered by ashes during all the rest of the year.

"Every one" allows for no exceptions. The rich, the poor, the kind, the cruel, the good and the bad are all included. All do not equally deserve the divine blessing, but all need it equally, and in their several ways may be touched and purified and lifted, for a time at least, to a realization of the spiritual meaning of life.

And if we are so unhappy as to fail to see any cause for thankfulness, let us remember that it was the little crippled boy who had no material blessings at all, but a great and courageous soul, who voiced the Christmas spirit when he said: "God bless us every one."

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
THE BIRTH OF A CHRISTMAS SONG	(The Educator)	8
THREE WISE KINGS	(Selected)	9
THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS IN SCOTTSVILLE	By G. Melrose Gearhart	11
STORY OF THE POINSETTIA	(Selected)	16
BACK TO THE HOMELAND FOR CHRISTMAS	By George M. Hill	18
HERE A STAR AND THERE A STAR	By May Emery Hall	23
INSTITUTION NOTES		29

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE GIFTS THAT ENDURE

The spirit of giving is the spirit of Christmas time. Our hearts are moved to give generously, and sometimes, in our very eagerness to help, we place too much emphasis upon the things which money can buy. But at Christmas time, more than any other perhaps, is there need of the gifts which money cannot purchase nor time destroy.

In every community there are lonely folks, discouraged folks, folks shut away from the world's interests, folks who are tempted and tried in various ways, some who are almost ready to give up the fight. It is just these persons who most need Christmas cheer. They may not need well-filled baskets, nor expensive gifts; some of them may even be burdened with an over-supply of this world's goods, but they do need the things which only the Christmas spirit can interpret to them. They need the gifts that endure. What are these gifts? The gift of sympathetic interest, of a friendly call, of a word of encouragement, a cheery neighborliness, an expression of confidence, renewed faith, a reassurance that Christ lives, that God's in His heaven and all's right with the world. Everyone may give lavishly of such gifts, out of the true wealth and Christian good will and Christmas joy, and be only the richer for the giving. Everyone should be alert to recognize where such gifts are needed, and be ready to spread this kind of Christmas cheer.—Henrietta Heron.

———:———

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

The Uplift has in its heart to wish everybody, everywhere, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. It is necessary to put our sentiments on record for the second event before we have embraced the first. This is due to the fact that The Uplift, not in keeping with any fixed purpose or a slave to habit, will not appear on January 1, 1944. We are skipping an issue. None of our many fine friends who read this little magazine every week, will begrudge the little fellows who run the linotype, the job presses, and do all manner of

duties in a printing office, a week's let-up in order to observe the great Christmas event just like other children, and the officers who daily make themselves useful in this shop, will also welcome a little time off.

The members of the staff of this publication, whether they deserve it or not, hope to use this let-up period in an orderly way, chiefly enjoying seeing the happiness that radiates from childish hearts.

The Uplift will again appear on January 8, 1944 in the new year, which we hope may prove the very best of all for every one.

* * * * * * * *

CHRISTMAS IS NOT A MYTH

Our readers will find this issue manifesting a deep interest in the great anniversary which enjoys a world-wide observance of a kind, increasing with the passing years. In this number will be found many entertaining and instructive articles bearing on some phase of Christmas. The story of Christmas, though two thousand years old, has lost nothing of its interest and joy to the world.

No myth could survive all these years. The angelic host announcing the birth of the Christ-Child, saying, "Peace on earth, good will toward men," touch the world with the power and force of a reality. It lives; and in all the countries where it is accepted in the largest measure, there you will find the finest citizenship, the highest type of life, and the greatest achievements.

* * * * * * * *

THE VALUE OF MISSIONS

Since the treacherous act of the Japs at Pearl Harbor it is not unusual to hear the remark that the Christian churches have wasted both time and money in trying to Christianize the people of benighted lands. With many, such remarks take lodgment, and dampen the enthusiasm for missions. The following, taken from The Lutheran, shows the value of this Christian work.

> This is the story of a little Japanese Christian woman who stumbled into the CDVO salvage headquarters in New York City recently. She was carrying a large bronze Buddha which weighed nearly as much as she did. It was a two-foot-high antique

nearly 900 years old. Said she to those in charge: "This was a gift to us. We are Japanese Christians; we want no graven images." The little Japanese woman made only one condition: "This must not be saved by some curio collector. It must be smashed and melted and sent back to Japan as bullets."

* * * * * * * *

FROM CHAPLAIN TO PASTOR

What will our service men look for when they return? When they come back home, they will expect their home pastor to carry on in the same matter as did their chaplains in the Army and Navy. They will seek in their home pastor those qualitites and ideals which their chaplains possessed and exemplified. They will expect the same kindly and sympathetic interest and helpful counsel. May they not be disappointed! May the home pastors carry on where the chaplains left off! The chaplain has set a standard of service and sympathy which the home pastor must live up to if our service men are to be kept true to the Church upon their return home. They must be given the same free access to the home pastor which they enjoyed in the Army and Navy. Upon their return home they will seek the advice and counsel of their pastors in making proper and necessary adjustments to conditions as they find them. They will seek their assistance in the solution of their many vexing and pressing problems. The local pastors should encourage them to come to them in the privacy of the study or sacristy. In their public announcements on Sunday they should encourage and invite the service men to come to them and assure them of their interest and solicitude in their behalf. The service men must be made to feel that the home pastor is most anxious to take the place of the chaplain.—The Lutheran.

Homeopathic treatment (meeting like with like) for frost-bite is the recent discovery of a doctor in the British Emergency Medical Service. It was a heroic and dangerous experiment, but fortunately a successful one. To find a practical cure for airmen, who are so frequently severely frost-bitten in the stratosphere, this physician deliberately froze his own fingers solid by dipping them in liquid

air, and then thawed them out very slowly at a low temperature. He found that his fingers were in no way damaged. He then proceeded to devise an apparatus for defrosting frost-bitten limbs while keeping the rest of the patient's body warm. The apparatus is really a refrigerator with air-tight apertures for arms and legs.—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

According to a custom of many years' standing, beginning with this issue of The Uplift, we shall carry the names of those contributing to the Boys' Christmas Fund, and the amount given. Let us not forget there are nearly four hundred lads enrolled in this institution at this time. There are many who have neither homes nor relatives to provide Christmas cheer for them.

The boys of Stonewall Jackson Training School have many friends throughout the state who have never failed at this happy season to remember them by making splendid donations, and we feel sure that our boys will not be forgotten this coming Yuletide. Our lads are normal youngsters who enjoy the good, toothsome "eats" that make a strong appeal to boyhood.

The value of this institution can only be estimated by the many fine citizens, found in all walks of life, who once received training here. It is pertinent to emphasize here that hundreds of former students are today fighting for freedom by serving in every department of activity on all battlefronts. Letters are received here daily from old boys who are now in foreign lands.

While we point with pride to the records of old boys who are now valuable citizens, we must not forget to do as much for those who are now under our supervision. We feel sure that our friends will not forget to help make this a joyous Christmas for the boys now at the School.

Contributions to the Boys' Christmas Fund to date, are as follows:

"7-8-8," Concord,	$ 25.00
Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Odell, Concord	10.00
New Hanover County, J. R. Hollis, Supt. Public Welfare, Wilmington,	30.00
Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Cheer Fund,	218.73

Durham County Welfare Dept., W. E. Stanley, Supt.,	10.00
W. B. Ward & Co., Concord, fruits, candies and nuts.	
Mrs, Walter H. Davidson, Charlotte,	5.00
Outdoor Study Club, Charlotte,	5.00
L. D. Coltrane, Concord,	10.00
J. W. Propst, Jr., Concord, (for special games)	100.00
Forsyth County, A. W. Cline, Supt. Public Welfare, Winston-Salem	10.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro,	25.00
Caldwell County, Mrs. Inah K. Carpenter, Supt. Public Welfare, Lenoir,	10.00
Davidson County, E. Clyde Hunt, Supt. Public Welfare, Lexington,	15.00
Martin County, Miss Mary W. Taylor, Williamston,	10.00
A Friend,	5.00
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin,	10.00
Richmond County, O. G. Reynolds, Supt. Public Welfare, Rockingham,	10.00
Bernard Cone, Greensboro,	10.00
G. G. Klemme, High Point,	5.00
L. C. Harmon, Concord,	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Hawfield, Concord,	5.00
Miss Sarah E. Boger, Concord,	5.00
AC James Boger, U. S. Army Air Corps,	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Boger, Concord,	10.00
Citizens of Charlotte and Mecklenburg County, by Judge F. M. Redd,	100.00
E. B. Grady, Concord,	10.00
John W. Wallace, Statesville	5.00
City Juvenile Commission, Greensboro,	3.50
F. M. Youngblood & Co., Concord, 2 boxes oranges	
Cabarrus County, E. Farrell White, Supt. Phblic Welfare. Concord,	22.00
Judge and Mrs. William M. York, Greensboro,	5.00

The gifts we send at Christmas time
Are small within themselves;
Most anyone could pick the things
From off the merchants' shelves.
But when it's chosen by a friend
And seasoned with good will,
We find in it a treasure rare
That never fails to thrill.

—Alice Whitson.

THE STORY OF THE BIRTH OF A CHRISTMAS SONG

(The Educator)

In the fourteenth century Europe was devastated by the most terrible pandemic in all history. The plague, commonly called the "Black Death," originated in Asia, circled the shores of the Mediterannean and swept the entire continent, including England and Scotland. Vast numbers of people were mowed down by its ravages. Whole towns were wiped out. It is estimated that 25,000,000 persons, one fourth of the population of Europe, perished of the disease. Conditions were appalling. Friends forsook friends, neighbors fled from neighbors in awful dread of their breath or touch. In their terror men became like wild beasts, refusing even the cup of cold water through fear of contamination. Almost all social intercourse was discontinued. Countless homes and hamlets sustained a strange weird seige of solitude. Never in the history of the world has there been a plague as severe as that of the "Black Death." Nothing could be done for them.

In 1553 the plague was at its height. On Christmas eve of that year, one man in Goldberg (Silesia), believing himself to be the only man left alive in the town, unbarred his door at midnight and ventured out into the air. Remembering that it was Christmas, and recalling the sacred joys and Yuletide festivities of former years, he mustered sufficient courage to lift his voice in song:

"To us this day is born a child,
God with us!
His mother is a virgin mild,
God with us!
God with us. Against us who
dare be?"

The singer immediately discovered that, after all, he was not alone. Through a barred door came another voice in response to his own, and the next moment the door was flung wide and another townsman joined him in the street. Together they went singing their way through the town, giving it its first audible sounds save wails and cries of despair since the "Black Death" first descended upon it.

Then an amazing thing happened. The song awakened strange echoes. From their living tombs, men, women and children came forth to the number of 25—all that were left in Goldberg. Together they marched through the death-stricken streets, singing as they went, and the black night, in spite of death and despair, rang with the old Christmas song, "God with us! Against us who dare be?"

It is recorded, strange as it may seem, that none of the little band died of the pestilence. Perhaps the plague had spent itself. There is another explanation, however, and it is the more probable. The song dispelled their night of fear, awakened new faith and hope, girded them with new courage, and thus enabled them the better to resist the infection. In the consciousness that God was with them as they were with one another, they returned to their homes, buried their dead, and

the town began to awake with new life. The incident was remembered, and for centuries the townspeople of Goldberg continued to hold a public service on Christmas eve at midnight, and at 2 o'clock march through the streets singing the same old hymn, "God with us! Against us who dare be?"

The sublime assurance breathed in that Christmas song is needed now to enable us to face with unfaltering faith the burdens of today and the uncertainties of tomorrow. When the day is heavy and the night is long, may the sense of divine presence awaken the song, and may the echoes of the song come back to us in new hope and courage.

THREE WISE KINGS

(Selected)

It was morning time. An eastern traveler, mounted on a white camel, was making his way alone across the desert. Before him the vast reaches of the sands stretched on and on toward the horizon. The noiseless tread of the camel swung steadily forward. The traveler sat motionless, lost in thought. The hours passed unheeded.

Suddenly he was aroused by the approach from the north of camel, similar in whiteness to his own. Even as he watched its coming, a third came in view, journeying from the south. The three met at a tiny oasis, where a palm tree gave them welcome shade.

The travelers dismounted and stood gazing at each other in wonderment. At last one of them spoke. "Though we have never met before, I perceive each one knows the mission of the other. In our searchings of the heavens we have seen a new star, and through the goodness of God that star has brought us together on our way to find the new king of the Jews."

The others bowed in silence. Then they said as of one accord, "Great is our God, and greatly to be praised."

The first speaker continued. "I am from Egypt; my name is Balthasar."

Then another spoke. "I am from India; my name is Melchior."

"And I am Casper," said the third, "from Greece."

"It is even as the Hebrew read from his sacred book," Balthasar said, as if to himself, "unto him shall the nations seek."

When the swift night of the desert was falling, the three travelers made ready to continue their journey over the trackless desert. Out of the darkness there came a light, at first faint and trembling, but growing in brightness until it shone in splendor before them. "It is the star !" they

cried with one voice. "God is with us!"

In his palace in Jerusalem, King Herod was spending a troubled night. Many vague rumors had come of a child who, according to the prophets, was to become king. He heard the rumors with a dread that made him pace up and down his balcony, unable to sleep for the fear that obsessed him.

Suddenly there was a commotion in the street below. Torches were moving rapidly from place to place. Then he saw a procession coming toward the palace, and he heard the guard at the gate questioning those who sought admittance. He listened! "Where is he that is born king of the Jews? For we saw his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

It was as he had feared. There was another claimant for the throne! Summoning his courage, he called to an attendant and ordered that there be brought before him the strangers who dared so ruthlessly to disturb him in the night. But when the three travelers entered, he saw that they were no common men, but noblemen of holy lives and great wisdom. And so he received them courteously, and asked them what they sought.

Balthasar answered for the others. "We are seeking the newly born king of the Jews, for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

Herod pondered heavily. But when he spoke again it was with utmost graciousness. "There are in Jerusalem," he said cunningly, "certain men who have searched diligently into all the literature. They know all the prophesies. If there is a new king, they will know where he may be found. I will send for them, and have them put at your disposal all of their skill."

The strangers bowed, and King Herod took his leave. Presentlly the door opened again, and a group of men clothed in the robes of the scribes entered. "We have been asked to bring you our report," one of them said. "There can be no doubt, the promised king will be born in Bethlehem of Judea, for thus it is written, 'And thou, Bethlehem, land of Judah, art in no wise least among the princes of Judah; for out of thee shall come forth a governor who shall be shepherd of my people Israel.' "

The travelers were burning with eagerness to be on their way, but King Herod had ordered that they be detained. When they appeared before him again, he said, as though unaware of the facts, "The scribes, have they reported to you?"

When they told him the interpretation of the prophets the scribes had brought, he said, "Go and search out exactly concerning the young child, and when you have found him, bring me word that I may come and worship him also."

The three men were shown out of the palace, and when they had departed from the city, they searched the sky. And lo! the star which they saw in the east went before them, and they urged the camels forward.

Dawn was breaking when they entered the little town of Bethlehem. Guided by the star, they came to the place where the young child was. And as they passed through the doorway, the star disappeared in the brightness of the morning light.

Within the place, they beheld the

new king they had come so far to find! Around him were no kingly furnishings. There were no gaudily decked servants to wait upon him, and no armed guards to protect him. But the three kings had no doubts. They fell upon their knees, praising God. Then they brought rich treasures in jeweled caskets, and laid before the child their gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

That night the three kings rested before returning to Jerusalem to tell King Herod of their good news. But Balthasar was troubled in his sleep. So early in the morning he arose and saw that his companions were troubled also. He aroused them quickly. "Come," he exclaimed, "let us reason together, for we are much troubled! I saw in a dream a fleecy cloud, betokening a refreshing rain in the desert. But when it approached, there was thunderous roar, and the cloud twisted the dome of the temple in twain!"

"I too had a dream," said Melchior. "I saw a weakly lamb grazing in the field, but quickly it turned into a ravenous monster which engulfed in its great mouth the heads of many little sheep."

"And I also," exclaimed Casper, "had a vicious dream! There was a quiet little brook in a pleasant ravine, but quickly it began to swell until it was a raging torrent that swept before it everything that could not get away!"

The men were greatly disturbed. "I say unto you," declared Balthasar, "the little cloud, and th weakly lamb, and the quiet brook are King Herod, seeking to destroy the newly born King of the Jews. Let us make haste and not return to Jerusalem."

And the three kings departed into their own country another way.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS IN SCOTTSVILLE

By G. Melrose Gearhart

"It's no use," Grover Manning practically assured his friend. "This is the biggest miners' strike in the history of the state. You know it affects our small town almost as much as the mining towns, although we are twenty miles away. The farmers can't sell their produce, consequently they won't buy."

"But it's Christmas," Stephen protested. "There hasn't been a year since I was a kid myself that we haven't had a community tree for the youngsters. There are some families like the Harknesses, and Hodds, and Taylors who wouldn't know a Christmas if it wasn't for the town treat."

"Well," Grover concluded. "The

business men of town have decided that the usual tree would be an extravagance we can't afford this year. You know, soup houses have already been opened in several of the mining towns. This strike is affecting the whole state, all this eastern section in fact. Factories are closing down all around us because they can't get anthracite coal. Money's tight. I think it would be utter foolishness to try to have the Christmas treat for all the town kids. I never did much approve of it anyhow. Let the Harknesses and the Todds and Taylors earn their own Christmas."

Stephen stood inside his front shop window and watched Grover out of sight down the street. There were no other customers in his little grocery store at the time, so he was given opportunity to think over Grover's last remark. He knew it was not only Grover's idea, but the oldest merchants and others had hinted for a year or two now that it was useless nonesense to keep on indefinitly with the community Christmas treat. If some families could not afford Christmas let them go without, was the growing feeling which at last was being expressed openly.

The town custom, Stephen knew, was older than himslef. It had been started by his grandfather, in the first days of the settlement when Scottsville was struggling for existence as a little lumbering camp. The purpose then had been good-will and peace and brotherhood. So Stephens' grandfather had told him as the old man had often rehearsed to his grandson the scenes of that first Christmas tree.

Later, Stephen remembered. the custom had been in danger of dying out; then business men of the fast-growing village had revived it as an advertisement of putting their own good-will before the minds of the people of the surrounding country. Ever since then they had financed the project. Every year it had grown more costly. Now there must be a multitude of twinkling electric lights; and showers of glistening trimmings; where the first tree had been decorated with strings of popcorn, and lanterns swung in among its branches. Now there must be paid singers from the city presenting an outdoor Christmas pageant, and a hired orchestra. This necessitated heating the floor of the platform with electricity.

At the first Christmas tree children's voices and men's deeper husky tones arose together; and Christmas carols, old and loved, touched the air waves that star-light uight.

Stephen's mind came back to the present situation. Where was the trouble? To be sure Scottsville's merchants could as easily pay hired singers today as those other men could buy pop-corn for the first tree. Scottsville boasted its wealth. There was not a town of its size in the state with as beautiful homes and as high-priced automobiles. It was the trading center for a vast area of farming district, a railroading center, and a milling country. But men were complaining that the Christmas tree was costing too much. What had come over the townspeople? Had selfishness rooted out broherhood?

If the community tree were dispensed with this year, Stephen knew with foresight, it would forever be a

thing of the past. The good-will his grandfather had instigated would be dead. His thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of a group of children let out from school. Children liked Stephen. They liked to buy their candy from him, for unlike some of the storekeepers he did not frown when brothered with a penny, and he nearly always would slip in an extra piece of candy, "for good luck," he would tell them.

The group of girls today included curly-headed Margaret from the mansion on the heights above town. There was also Dollly Todd with the patches on her little faded coat. She had no pennies to buy candy, but Margaret nearly always divided, and the young man behind the counter would wink at her when he put the extra piece in the bag. So she was happy. But this time they forgot to ask for candy.

"Mr. Scott, do you think there won't be any Christmas this year?" There were traces of recent tears on Margaret's pretty face.

"And no Santa Clause?" another echoed solemnly.

They gathered about Stephen big-eyed, hopeless.

"Who's been tellling you that?" Stephen demanded a little harshly. He was wondering how anyone could so heartlessly disappoint a child.

"Everybody says it," they answered him breathlessly.

"But if you would say there would be a Christmas tree and a Santa Claus," Margaret affirmed, hope for a moment lighning her face, "then we'd be sure there would be just like we always have."

Stephen was as serious as they.

"There will be a Christmas tree this year," he told them quietly. "But perhaps you will all have to help with it."

Dancing sprites flitted among green vegetables and boxes of canned goods. jubilant voices chatted and laughed. The dark clouds of doubt had passed. Their big friend's words were as true as Santa Claus himself. Then they remembered their candy, and were still clapping small hands as they hurried out the door.

What had he done? Stephen asked himself in alarm as he watched them pass. Why had he been so impulsive? He couldn't do it alone. What if he couldn't get any help from the others?

Out on the street Margaret's arm was around the smaller Dolly, and Dolly's grubby hand was reaching greedily into Margaret's candy bag. Brotherhood was not quite dead, Stephen assured himself; it still lived among little children. Determination gripped him. If only he could keep the spirit of his grandfather's good-will alive for the children.

The next day Stephen was accosted on the street by an older man. It was Margart's father. The man who lived in the beautlful house on the heights and was president of Scottville's bank, the third largest bank in the county.

"What's this I hear about your telling the children that there will be a Christmas tree this year?" There was a pucker on his brow, and Stephen felt in his voice an undertone of affected superiority. "I had my child about convinced that she would have a better Christmas this year without the community tree. I told her I would buy her anything she

wanted. Then last night we had another time with her when I told her that there was no Santa Clause, and that you were mistaken about the tree. I'd rather you wouldn't raise her hopes so falsely. She's at home from school today because of a nervous disturbance."

Anger surged through Stephen. He was not to blame if this man wanted to destroy his child's beautiful fancy.

"I don't think I raised her hopes falsely," he answered evenly, keeping his anger in check. "We are going to have a Christmas tree this year."

"I don't think you'll find a man in town who will agree with you," the banker asserted. "Who'll finance it? Last year the whole thing cost nearly a thousand dollars."

"Can't we have it with less cost this year?" Stephen reasoned.

"It will be a failure if you do," the older man warned. "Scottsville has always been given the best entertainments. The people would be insulted with anything less." There was a note of sarcasm in his voice as he turned away.

As he found occasion Stephen offered his project of a less expensive tree to the men of town. But he met with constant rebuff.

"Sentimental nonsense," he was told. "This is a good opportunity to kill a worn-out custom, without any person being offended or hurting our trade in the least. And it's so worn out that we are no longer benefited by spending the money we do every year."

But Stephen would not give up. He remembered he had promised the children. If in the three weeks before Christmas the people of Scottsville noticed that children made repeated trips to Stephen Scott's little green grocery they thought nothing further about it. Everybody was too busy with much shopping and planning; besides they were allowing their children more spending money, and giving less heed as to how it was used.

However, the children did not come to buy candy these days, although they brought their pennies with them, and their nickles and dimes and quarters. If Stephen was busily waiting on a customer when they came in, they merely slipped behind the counter and there in a box with the lid nailed down and a slot in the top they would drop in their money. Sometimes they would stop to shake the box, and they knew by its jingle that the contents was growing.

One day Margaret and littlle Dolly came in together. There had been tears in Dolly's eyes, but her eyes were shining now. Margaret went close to Stephen.

"Mr. Scott, Dolly cried because she didn't have any pennies to drop in the box. So I gave her some of mine."

The nine-year-old Harkness boy brought fifty cents in small change.

"I earned every cent of it," he confided to Stephen happily. "It's all I've got . But I'm going to try to earn some more."

The parents of Scottsvillle were too taken up with their own affairs to know that a modern Pied Piper was taking possession or their children's hearts. Small Christmas trees were disappearing from shop warerooms to appear again with gay

trimmings in some dwelling house. Mysterious packages were being carried home at night by men and women and hidden in trunks and closets and locked drawers. The people of Scottsville were determined to make their children forget the big Christmas tree which every year had been in the square.

Christmas Eve brought a scene repeated in many different homes of the small town. Children assured their elders that there was to be a Christmas tree as usual. Parents laughed, commanded, entreated, but to no avail; the children cried to be allowed to go and see. Until one by one they were bundled into warm coats and caps and mittens and sent forth. That was not all. The parents began to be curious when the children did not immediately return. They wrapped their own coats about them and issued forth into the streets. Some remembered now that the young groceryman had doggedly said there would be a Christmas tree, and they smiled tolerantly. It would be a good joke on him they told themselves. When the crowd jeered at his attempt it would show the young upstart that wiser heads ruled Scottsville.

The grown-up inhabitants of Scottsville met at the square, the usual place for the tree; but there was no tree, the streets were sadly deserted by children. Some few strolled out in sight of Stephen's store, but the building was in darkness and they returned. Neighbors meeting each other on the street nodded and hurried on, appearing to be about some definite errand, but they had no purpose in view.

Then suddenly everyone stopped to listen. Singing! Children's voices! The music floated faintly through the whole town.

"From the park!" someone said, and the crowd followed in that direction.

"Joy to the world!" the sweet young voices rose louder and louder on the night air.

The older population did not stop now until they stood outlined in a semi-circle facing the singing children. Yes, there was a Christmas tree, they told each other in surprise. But how unlike any Christmas tree they had ever seen in Scottsville. It was only a small tree, a small bushy pine tree, standing at the entrance of the park. It had not even been cut down! But it was trimmed. Trimmed with pop-corn strings and lighted with children's toy lanterns. And the snow on it was not artifical. Real snow was beginning to fall, flake after flake, dropping lazily into the light of the small lanterns.

Scottsville began to feel something—they scarce knew what, but it was like the snow, real.

Then the face of the man who was leading the children in carol after carol was turned toward them. He was standing on a box beside the Christmas tree, the snow piling gently on the shoulders of his overcoat and hiding in the creases of his hat.

"The governor!" went through the crowd like an electric shock.

The children were paying no attention to their audience in front of them. It was doubtful if they scarcely knew they were there. They sang joyously, each small face aglow with happiness. And strangely their joy

was not in anticipation of Christmas presents they were about to receive, it was because of the thing they were doing. Always before they had listened to each Christmas entertainment, and half wondered what it was all about; tonight they understood the singing. What did it matter if Santa Clause himself could not be there? Mr. Scott had told them that the dear old gentleman was busy elsewhere that he had sent them the governor instead; not, however to bring gifts to them, because they were to do the giving this year.

Then once their leaders asked the children to sing the Joy song. Others began joining in, weakly at first, then louder, louder the chorus arose. Men's voices sang the bass with gentle melody.

When the last note died away on the snowy air the crowd waited expectantly for the governor of their state to address them. His words were few and simple, as when one speaks from the heart.

"I have been attending Scottsville's Christmas tree for five years. But this is the first time I have known the children really to have the tree to themselves. And I must tell you that I've had more Christmas Eve enjoyment tonight than I've had since I used to hang up my stocking by the old fireplace.

"However something else touches my heart more than these children's singing," he went on. "It is your children's gifts tonight. Tomorrow about two hundred children, half starving children, in one of your neighboring mining towns are going to eat real Christmas dinners because your children denied themselves the thoughtless joy money might have brought them, and together have over one hundred dollars. Peace and good will are not dead when little children can do that."

Somewhere in the crowd Grover Manning grasped his friend's hand in a tight clasp.

"Steve," he said, "you've been right. Scottsville will have a Christmas tree as long as we live. And after this it's going to be for the children."

Stephen did not answer. His heart was too full. His grandfather's good will had been brought back to stay.

STORY OF THE POINSETTIA

(Selected)

To most Americans the brilliant vermilion bracts of the Poinsettia plant are so familiar a part of the Christmas picture that the plant is as closely associated with Christmas as are holly and mistletoe. Yet compared with the holly and the mistletoe, the Poinsettia is a distinct newcomer to the Christmas scene. Moreover, the Poinsettia is an American contribution to Yuletide decoration.

It was in the old gardens of "Casa Bianca," the Charleston, South Carolina, home of Dr. Joel Roberts Poinsett, that the exotic beauty of the plant first flourished under American skies. Dr. Poinsett had just returned from Mexico in 1829 after spending four years there as ambassador of the United States. He had often marveled at the beautiful plant that grew wild in Mexico, mantling the hillsides with a gorgeous covering that ranged from flame to scarlet. An enthusiastic gardener, Dr. Poinsett determined to bring some of this wild Mexican beauty back to his beloved Carolina home. The transplantation was successful in the mild Charleston climate and soon the neighbors of Dr. Poinsett were marveling and asking for shoots. Since the glorious vermilion coloring reached the height of its beauty at Chrstmas it seemed natural to combine the new plant with smilax and other greens native to the South and use it for holiday decoration.

Forgotten now is that old South Carolina garden where the Poinsettia first grew in our country. Forgotten, too, is the capable, beauty-loving statesman and botanist who transplanted the flower that was to be named for him. Yet Dr. Poinsett was an important political figure during the early 1800's. As secretary of war under President Van Buren he signed the treaties which gave the United States possession of the Indian lands west of the Mississippi. His term as ambassador to Mexico was a trying one because of the many political upheavals and revolutionary movements afoot at that time, and it is to be wondered how Poinsett found the time and the leisure to admire the wild flower that he was to bring to the United States and which was to enrich our Christmas picture.

Like many plants which become precious and high priced when raised under artificial conditions, the Poinsettia is profuse with its glories in its native climate. Not only does it grow wild in Mexico and Central America, but it now flourishes in many gardens in our southern states, and in Bermuda, sometimes attaining a height of six feet.

It will be only right this Yuletide as we admire the Poinsettia centerpiece on the Christmas table, to give a mental vote of thanks to the early American statesman whose love of the beautiful gave us another and a highly fitting symbol of Christmas.

BACK TO THE HOMELAND FOR CHRISTMAS

By George M. Hill

Conductor Jim Holbrook, of X-1243, was seated at his desk in the caboose as the train stood in the Terminal yards ready to pull out on its northbound run as soon as Sixty-two passed. Jim had finished his reports and for the moment was plunged into deep thought. It was the afternoon before Christmas and as he had a train of all through stuff, he hoped to spend Christmas Eve at home. Someone entered the caboose, but thinking it was his rear brakeman, "Slim" Hughes, he did not look around.

"How's chances for transportation up the line?" asked a voice behind him, and Jim recognized the voice although he had not heard it in years.

"Sam Kendor! By all that's holy!" he exclaimed, as he whirled and jumped from his chair and grasped the hand of the party who had entered. "You long-eared scalawag! I was just this minute thinking of you! Where have you been all these years?"

"Various places, Jim," replied Sam, with a smile. "Been about all over this little old U. S. A. since I saw you last—just up from the Southwest now."

"Make yourself at home, Sam," said Jim. "we'll pull out right behind Sixty-two, and if we have good luck we'll be in the old Greenfield Valley by dinner time, and I reckon that's where you're headed for."

"That's the place," admitted Sam, as he tossed his grip on the locker seat and removed his overcoat. He stretched his six feet, four-inch angular frame on the cushions to rest for a few moments, for just then Sixty-two passed and Jim hustled out with his registering slip.

Sam was quite a character in certain ways, his unusual height had caused him to be dubbed "Tall Sam," and by that he had become known on many lines from coast to coast, and from the Dominion line to the Rio Grandde. He was noted as a humorous yarn spinner, was genial and pleasant at all times, but on this occasion he seemed to be in a more serious state of mind.

When the train cleared the yards and was rolling along over the snow-covered landscape. Slim Hughes climbed to his seat in the cupola, and Jim and Sam settled down for a pleasant talk for they were oldtime friends, both natives of the Greenfield Valley, and members of Lebanon Lodge at the Center.

"Sure is good to see you again," said Jim. "Whatever caused you to depart so suddenly; do you know, it was ten years ago tonight that you left the Valley?"

"Ten years is right," replied Sam, "and I reckon I'm foolish to be here now! I really can't explain it, Jim, but I had a hankering to see the old Greenfield Valley again at Christmas time. Reckon I won't stop long, though, just look the place over, greet such old friends as remember me, then I'll drift again."

"You'll stop a while with your brother, of course, said Jim. "He'll be

highly pleased to see you again, and will have a great Christmas."

"Don't expect to see Frank unless I meet him by accident," said Sam, "don't believe he's spent much time worrying about me."

There was a bitterness in his tone that was much unlike the genial, whimsical Sam, and Jim noted it.

"You and Frank did not have any trouble, did you?" he asked.

"No," replied Sam, "I did not stop to have trouble with him, but he had a lot to do with my hasty departure."

"Strange," remarked Jim, "I've talked with Frank many times about you, and he always appeared to think as much of you as ever, and claimed to be at a loss to know why you disappeared so suddenly. He spoke of it the last time I was in lodge with him."

"Well," said Sam, "I'll admit that he did not know anything about my going, yet it was something he did that sent me away."

Jim sensed that there was something about Sam's going away that he had never heard of—probably a family affair, so he said no more about it.

"If you are not going to Frank's," he said, "come up to Hampton tomorrow and have dinner with us, or go through with me tonight. I'd be delighted, so would the wife, Nell Blake, you remember her, we were chumming around together when you went away; married soon after."

"Thanks, Jim," replied Sam. "Perhaps I'll be up tomorrow. I'm going to stop at the hotel at the Center tonight. Is old Bill Robbins still running it?"

"He's still there, Sam," replied Jim, "and you'll find a number of old friends hanging around there. Hope you'll change your mind and decide to stay here, plenty doing on the road now, you can hit a job any day."

"Kind of you to feel that way, Jim," he said, "but I'm only making a short tarry. In twenty-four hours, or less, I expect to be on the wing."

He was silent for a few minutes, then he said: "I'll tell you what happened, Jim. I've never told any one, but you are a friend and brother of the old days and there is nothing against your knowing."

"You may recall that I was paying some attention to Marian Devere. We were hitting it off all right—I thought, and ten years ago tonight I was going to take her to a Christmas Eve entertainment, and I had decided to propose to her that night.

"It was quite early in the evening when I went to the house. No one seemed to hear when I knocked, so I went into the hall. You remember the arrangement of the rooms, how one could look from the hall through the small room to the big sitting room." brook, and after I had talked with

"Remember it well," said Jim, "I was there quite often."

"The hall was dark and no one heard me come in or knew I was there. I was about to go on in when Marian and my brother Frank stepped into view in the large room. They were talking but I could not catch just what they said, but suddenly Frank took Marian in his arms and asked her to marry him. She consented, and—well, they pulled a regular movie love stunt, and I quietly opened the door and went out.

"It hit me hard, Jim, but I had not spoken, and Frank had beaten me to it. That would have been all right, but he was engaged to Marian's sister, Molly. That made it seem blam-

ed low down. I wanted no trouble with Frank, so I left that night. No one saw me, I tramped across country to Swift River on the Tunnel Line, and caught a train for the West. Now that you know about it, Jim, don't you think I'm a blamed fool to be here tonight?

"No, I don't!" exclaimed Jim, who had seemed considerably agitated during Sam's recital, and several times seemed about to interrupt by telling something. He was silent for a minute, then muttered: "But Good Lord! what a mixup!"

"Sam!" he suddenly exclaimed, "you go to your brother's—go tonight! Don't fail to do so. It makes no difference what you saw or heard. From your viewpoint it did seem contemptible, but there was something that you did not understand. Anyway, you certainly are broad-minded enough to look at things right. Your brother has wanted to see you all these years and has worried a great deal about your disappearance.

"This will be Christmas Eve, when wanderers are supposed to return and kindred seeks its own. You say something impelled you—some power you could not resist, caused you to make a quick journey from the Southwestern desert country. I believe those feelings are always for the best. Go to your brother's without fail! There are two youngsters there to call you 'Uncle'—go and see them!"

Reluctantly, Sam agreed to see his brother. He really could not understand why Jim was so anxious to have him do so, but Jim had always been a good friend, a man of good Probably no one else could have prevailed upon him to go there.

They talked of the old times, the days when they worked together in train service, of old-time members of the lodge, until the train was nearing the Center, which was some south of Hampton, Jim's terminal.

"We don't stop at the Center, Sam," said Jim, "but we will slow down enough for you to drop off. Frank has done well in his business and has a new house outside the town on the Valley road; last house on the right—you can't miss it."

It was dark when Sam left the train at the Center.

"Hope to see you again before you drift," said Jim, as he shook hands with him. "Merry Christmas!" he called to him as he swung down from the caboose step.

"Same to you, Jim," he responded, "may see you again. If I don't —so long!"

Sam watched the marker lamps of the caboose as the train sped on up the line, and was sorry for a moment that he had not gone on with Jim. Then he turned and started along the street of the small town.

It was a typical Christmas Eve, cold and clear with a good covering of snow. The rising moon cast its silvery light over the valley and to the west he could see the outline of the Brookshire Hills. He saw no change there, he knew that he would note many in the town.

He felt almost sorry that he had promised Jim Holbrook that he would go to his brother's house. As he recalled those experiences of ten years ago he realized that it was going to be hard for him to meet his brother, Frank, and he was tempted to go to the hotel for the night and leave early in the morning. Why had he come, anyway? he kept asking himself.

But Sam was not a man who failed to keep an agreement. He had promised Jim that he would see his brother, so he'd do it, however he might feel about it.

He passed through the old town without meeting a single person whom he knew, and struck out along the Valley road. He had no trouble in locating his brother's house. At the gate he hesitated for a moment. He was sure he was making a fool of himself but he decided to see the matter through, so he went on to the porch and rang the bell. Frank came to the door.

"Great Scott! Sam!" he almost shouted as he fairly dragged him inside, and evidently did not notice Sam's reluctance to shake hands. Frank's wife came hustling in to greet him, but it was Molly, instead of Marian, who pulled his face down for a sisterly kiss, and he was duly presented to Sam and Marian, aged eight and six, respectively.

Sam was dumbfounded—what did it all mean? Why was Molly, instead of Marian, Frank's wife? It was too much for Sam and he could in no way act natural. Both Frank and Molly noted how queerly he acted.

When Molly went to attend to some household duty, leaving the brothers together, Frank spoke.

"Sam," he asked, "what has happened to vou Why did you go away without a word to anyone, and now that you have come back, I can see that something is wrong with you. What is it?"

"I hardly know myself—now," he replied. "There's a lot I cannot savvv. I hardly know why I came back, and I did not intend to come here, but I came up with Jim Holhim he made me promise to come here. I'm not sorry now that I came, Frank, but I'm more mystified than ever."

"About what?" asked Frank.

"Well, Frank," replied Sam, "I thought you married Marian Devere, and I find it was her sister, Molly."

"Why, of course it was Molly! We were engaged long before you went away. You knew it, didn't vou?"

"I did," he replied, "that's what made it seem so low down."

"What do you mean, Sam," he asked, "what seemed so low down?"

"The way I thought you treated Molly," Sam replied. "Ten years ago tonight, Frank, I saw Marian in your arms—heard you propose to her, and heard her accept! Of course, I was in love with Marian, hoped she felt the same toward me. I had not asked her to marry me, so it was all right if vou got ahead of me, but I knew you were engaged to Molly. That made it look bad to me."

Frank seemed to be knocked almost speechless for a moment, then he recovered. "Good Lord!" he exclaimed, "you saw and heard us, no one knew you were there! Where were you?"

"In the hall, Frank," he replied. "I was coming in and saw it from the hall. I left the Center that night."

"And for ten years you have felt bitter toward me," said Frank. "Well, no one can blame you, things had a bad appearance as vou saw them, but it was all a great mistake!"

"You tell him," he said to Molly, who had returned to the room in time to learn what the brothers were talking about.

"It was a terribly unfortunate mistake, Sam," she said, "but it looked quite real to you. We were waiting for you to come for Marian; Jim Holbrook and Nell Blake were there, also several others. We had planned a little playet for the entertainment, and Marian and Frank, being the best talent among us, were cast for the leads. They were doing a last moment rehearsal while waiting for you, then we were all going to the entertainment together. We had no idea why you did not come and could in no way account for your disappearance. We had planned it quietly, we intended it as a surprise, and so you knew nothing about it. And so for ten years you have suffered in silence and entertained bitter thoughts."

"It's all right now!" exclaimed Sam. "I'm sure glad I had that hunch that caused me to come back to the home land for Christmas. Sorry I misjudged you, Frank," he said.

"It's all right, Sam. It was only natural," and the brothers clasped hands in a crushing grip.

"Where is Marian?" asked Sam, a little later. "I suppose she married long ago."

"No, Sam," replied Molly, "she is still Marian Devere. And she has not forgotten you, Sam, of that I am certain. Your going away as you did, hurt her, I know. She tries never to show it, but on Christmas Eve, especially, she is always a trifle sad. She will be here tonight for she will spend Christmas with us. Now she is out at the old Watson farm—you remember the place, about five miles up the Valley road. Frank is going out for her after dinner."

"I think," said Frank, "that it might be a good idea to let Sam run out there with the car. It will be a jolly surprise for her."

Sam departed for the farm immediately after dinner. He drove fast on the way there, but evidently took more time on the return trip. It probably took him some time to explain matters to Marian, or the beauty of the moonlight valley may have caused them to linger. However, when they arrived there was no noticeable sadness about Marian, and Sam was his old humorous whimsical self.

"It's all right, folks," he said. "Congratulations are in order; I settled a matter tonight that I intended to settle ten years ago tonight. But we do not plan to be any the less happy on account of the delay. The years don't count when matters are explained, brothers reconciled, and there's Peace on Earth — Good Will Toward Men."

intended to settle ten years ago tonight. But we do not plan to be any the less happy on account of the delay. The years don't count when matters are explained, brothers reconciled, and there"s Peace Men."

———:———

Wisdom is knowing what to do next; skill is knowing how to do it; virtue is doing it well.—David Starr Jordan.

HERE A STAR, AND THERE A STAR

By May Emery Hall

It's going to be the most Christmasy Christmas ever!"

Emily Hull emphasized the joyous prediction by seizing her mother about the waist and giving her a smothering hug.

"Not if you cut off my breath completely," gasped Mrs. Hull reprovingly.

Emily knew, however, that the prospect of a Christmas such as they had not had in years made her mother's heart as glad as her own. Not that their present condition was anything luxurious. Far from it. Most persons, in fact, would have considered the Hull family had very little to be grateful for. But blessings are comparative. That much, if nothing more, Emily had learned during the long months her father had been ill, with either part-time work or none at all. By contrast with the trials of that unforgettable period, the modest job he now held and their small but quaint home seemed veritable riches.

"The house is perfect," declared Emily. "Don't you say so, Mumsey, even if it is only a tiny lodge? Doesn't it look for the world as if it belonged to Tennyson's moated-grange era?"

Mrs. Hull smiled indulgently. "Not knowing as much about the English atmosphere as my romantic daughter," she observed, "I really cannot say."

"Oh, but it is Tennyson all over," insisted Emily, "hugging the ground as it does and furnished with these adorable diamond-paned casement windows. Only, unlike Mariana of the moated grange, I am not aweary, aweary, and I certainly do not wish I were dead."

"The fact that we get the house rent free," suggested Mrs. Hull dryly, "is perhaps as important an item as the English atmosphere."

"Well, perhaps, Mumsey," admitted Emily.

"Or the fact that the Wynncrest grounds are extensive enough to keep your father in work the year round."

"Perhaps, again," came the answer. "I wish, though, dad didn't have to take the time to drive me to Bellport and back every day. But three miles is pretty much of a stretch to walk.

"Your father wouldn't think of your doing it," answered Mrs. Hull. "He's only too glad to keep you in high school to mind the trip."

"It's a wonder the Dragon lets him use the car," reflected Emily. "She's such an old grouch—"

"Grouch?" gently interrupted her mother. "I don't think, my dear, I'd call Miss Wynn that."

"But she is a grouch!" insisted Emily. "The way she lords it over her relatives and the townspeople is enough to make one furious. They haven't nicknamed her the Dragon for nothing."

"Still you can never tell," continued Mrs. Hull, "what may be back of that rather brusk manner of hers. She may be lonely, for instance—"

"Well, whose fault is it," demanded Emily, "if she is? I know, from what Vivian Wynn has told me, that her folks can't touch Cousin Tillie,

as they call her, with a ten-foot pole."

I wouldn't believe too much I hear, my dear," remarked her mother. "Seeing Miss Matilda is our employer and a just and fair one at that—"

She broke off, glancing out of the window.

"Ah, here's your father, Emily Hurry and get into your things so as not to keep him waiting."

But it was not David Hull who curved around the driveway at the wheel of the dark green sedan. It was a feminine hand that brought the car to a jerky stop. The Dragon alighted!

In a minute's time she was imperatively rattling the front-door knocker. In another minute, having entered, she proceeded to set off what Emily aferward referred to as the Christmas bombshell.

The trio who listened to her (for Mr. Hull joined the small group) waited expectant and not a little fearful. Visits from the spacious mansion at the end of the long tree-lined drive were few and far between. Matilda Wynn's opening remark was certainly not encouraging.

"I'm not one to beat around the bush," she began, straightening her angular form. "When anything disagreeable has to be said, the sooner the better."

Emily's heart quickened its beat. Something disagreeable? Whatever could it be? Surely her father, conscientious almost to a fault, couldn't have been slighting his work!

Miss Wynn faced Mr. Hull. "The long and short of it is," she went on, "I will have to ask you to vacate the cottage by the end of the year. That will give you a little over four weeks to find another place."

Emily, stealing a glance at her father, saw his face working painfully. "If I have been remiss in any way—" he began apologetically.

Miss Wynn stopped him with a gesture. "It isn't that. I am making no complaints. Your work has been wholly satisfactory. But—"

"Perhaps — perhaps — " stumbled Mr. Hull, "something might come up to make you reconsider your decision, Miss Wynn."

"The decision of a Wynn," returned his landlady majestically, "Is never reversed. Least of all, in this case, seeing my formal application for entrance into the Bellport Home for the Aged has been approved. This entails the disposal of Wynncrest, of course, which will be on the market

The astounding news caused a queer little choking sound in Emily's throat. Hearing it, Miss Wynn turned two blazing eyes upon her, truly dragon-like in their intensity.

"Well," she demanded, "what's the matter? What is there about the Home for the Aged that should make you throw a fit?"

"Oh—it—it isn't that—" confessed Emily miserably.

"Well, whatever it is," Miss Wynn cut her short, "the Home is the only refuge left when one is flouted by one's family. It may not be ideal in every particular, but at least the inmates are treated with the respect which relatives see fit to withhold."

The mystifying words made no sense to Emily. Flouted by one's family. . . .respect which relatives see fit to withhold . . . .

"I will see you tomorrow," the visitor addressed Mr. Hull," about rounding up your work on the estate. Now take the girl to school. I prefer to walk back

That was all.

A dead silence filled the room after Miss Wynn's departure. At first Emily was too stunned even to think. When she did, she felt an almost uncontrollable impulse to indulge in hysterics. This was to be the most Christmasy Christmas ever! It looker like it!

"Ready, dear?" asked her father.

"I don't believe, Dad," faltered Emily, "I want to go to school today." she came near adding "or ever."

"Oh, yes, dear," urged her mother. It won't help matters any if you stay at home."

She finally allowed herself to be persuaded. All the way to Bellport she and her father determinedly talked about every other subject except the uppermost in their minds. Only as they took leave of each other was any reference made of it.

"You're going to be my brave girl," whispered Mr. Hull as he kissed his daughter goodby.

Emily smiled wanly. Bravery, at that moemnt, appeared the most impossible thing in the world.

The morning dragged interminably. Though Emily kept to her usual high standard in the classroom, only one-half of her seemed to be reciting—an indifferent, automatic half. It was a release when the noon lunch gong sounded.

Vivian Wynn happened to sit next to her at the long table in the recreation room.

"Well, Emily," she greeted her neigh-bor, "suppose you'll be moving to Bellport pretty soon. If you do, hope we'll be seeing you oftener."

Emily gave a self-conscious start. "Then you know? she asked.

Vivian laughed mischievously. "The family," she replied with an imitation of Matilda Wynn's stiff manner and speech, "was duly notified yesterday by their punctilious and devoted relative. It came in the shape of a letter so correctly formal that you would have thought dad was at least a thirty-third, instead of a first, cousin."

"But has your Cousin Tillie lost her money?" inquired Emily, mystified

"Not she," answered Vivian.

"Then I don't see why—"

"No more do we!"

Emily frowned perplexedly. "But there must be some reason—" she speculated, remembering Miss Wynn's pointed allusions to family neglect.

"Only a plain peeve, her classmate crisply and slangily enlightened her.

"But about what?" pursued Emily.

"That's what I wish you would tell me," retorted Vivian. "Nothing really has happened. The Drag—Cousin Tillie —simply imagines it has. All we know is that we didn't get our usual Thanksgiving invitation to dine at Wynncrest this year and that since that time she has grown increasingly frigid."

"You haven't—haven't unintentionally," hinted Emily, knowing she was treading on delicate ground, "done anything to hurt your cousin by chance?" "Why, no!" emphatically declared Vivian. "We always watch so carefully all that we say and do for fear of that very thing."

The situation was a mystery and liable to remain so. As Emily waited around two o'clock at Clayton's corner bookshop for her father to pick her up, she went over and over in her mind every possible clue that could have led to Miss Wynn's unaccountable decision. That there was something back of the "peeve" she felt positive.

Of another thing she was certain. With her father thrown out of work again, she ought not to remain in school. Instead she should be hunting for something to do. The thought of breaking off in the middle of the term caused a tight little feeling in the region of her heart. for she was a natural student. But, anyway, she told herself fiercely, she could keep the hurt inside couldn't she? There was no need of letting the others at home know how much she cared, was there?

Biting her lip to keep back the tears, she turned to look in the bookshop window. She loved books. Whenever anything went wrong, they always seemed like so many friendly hands stretched out to help her. They made her forget, opened up a new world to her. But today, even though there was a new display, she gave it scant attention. It was on something quite different she riveted her eye.

A small piece of paper had been pasted on the window so as to be read outside. It had evidently just been placed there, for Emily caught a glimpse of Mr. Clayton's long legs letting himself from the window level into the shop.

The advertisement (for such it proved to be) read:

"Wanted: Part time assistant. Position open only to one who knows and loves books."

Emily held her breath. One who knows and loves books! For the second requirement she would certainly qualify. As for the first, that of knowing books, it would be for Mr. Clayton to decide whether or not her knowledge was sufficient.

With beating heart she pushed open the door, giving a start as a bell announced her entrance. Mr. Clayton, gray-haired, kindly bespctacled, came to meet her. A typical book-worm, he was not slow in discovering the love of books in others.

"You are hired, young lady," he announced with a whimsical smile after puttting the applicant through a brief questionnaire. "I hardly see the need of looking further."

"What—what are the hours?" faltered Emily. "You'd want me mornings, wouldn't you?"

The proprietor glanced at her armful of books. "High school?" he queried.

"Yes,' answered Emily. "That is," she corrected, "I was in high school," adding with tremulous attempt at a smile, "But now that I've got a job—'

"Suppose we make the job fit your schedule," interrupted Mr. Clayton. "Why not? If you could come directly from school each day and stay till five, it would be all right for me. How about you?"

Why—why—" laughed back Emily shakily, "it couldn't be better."

"Ten dollars a week," dryly observed her new employer, "isn't exactly riches, but it's all I'm able to pay."

To Emily at that moment the ten

dollars did seem actual riches. Would it not keep things going until her father could find somthing to do? Provided, of course, her parents made no objection to her working and continuing in school too. As a matter of fact, they did object, fearing for her health, but finally agreed to let her give the new plan a trial until Christmas. After that—They came to a sudden stop. Emily guessed why. Christmas and the future—it didn't look as if there would be either!

From the first minute she took up her new duties in the bookshop, Emily felt at home. Mr. Clayton had hired her not only to wait on customers, but also to help classify odd lots of second-hand books that were constantly coming in and to arrange them on their proper shelves. It was more like an interesting game than than the old-fasioned game of "Authors" Old friends kept coming up, unkown ones that she had to get acquainted with. Had it not been for her father's worry, she would have been perfectly contented. But he showed plainly he was worrying especially since Matilda Wynn had entered the Bellport Home for the Aged.

One day, in looking over a private library that had just arrived, Emily ran across a blue-bound volume of poems. From opposite the titlepage a wistful girllsh face looked at her, the sort of face that told Emily at once it belonged to a dreamer. Curiously enough, the girl was another Emily! Her last name was Dickinson. Fingering the leaves of the book, Emily dipped here and there, by turns delighted and mystified. What was there about those poems....

In a flash she understood. Like herself, the Emily of the poems had known what disappointment was. That was it. Her face showed it. The lovely lines she wrote confessed it .But she had not let herself grow bitter. Did this sound like it?

"Here a star, and there a star,
Some lose their way.
Here a mist, and there a mist,
Afterwards—day!"

Stars for guidance! That is what this namessake of hers must have meant, even though she hinted it was easy to go astray in spite of them. Emily then did what some persons might have thought a very foolish thing. She whispered softly to the other Emily, "I'm going to trust the stars, too—the Christmas stars—no matter what happens. Hasn't one already led me into Mr. Clayton's bookshop? Thank you Emily Dickinson."

Just then she noticed that one leaf near the back of the book was loose. She must paste it in, for otherwise the volume was in excellent condition. At that moment it fell out, fluttering to the floor. Emily picked it up but did nothing towards replacing it. Instead, she stood perfectly still, staring at it in rigid amazement. The lines that held her were not printed but penned in old-fashioned angular handwriting. The signature at the bottom (she knew what it was going to be before she reached it) was that of Matilda Wynn. Emily hurriedly looked for the same signature at the front of the book—and found it. She discovered it, too, duplicated many times, in the other volumes of the lot Mr. Clayton had handed over to her.It could mean but one

thing. Without realizing it, she hed begun to classify the library of Wynncrest!

But that detached sheet . . .

Instantly she knew what she had to do about it. It was nearly five o'clock, but even the ten minutes she had to wait seemed an eternity. As she waited, a persistent phrase kept singing itself over and over in her brain:

"Here a star, and there a star,
Here a star and there a star,
Here a star and there a star . . ."

At last she was out in the street, breathless, half-running in the direction of the Bellport Home for the Aged. Securely tucked away in her school bag was the rescued sheet of paper.

Arriving at the institution, she asked to see Miss Wynn. That majestic lady, with an ill-concealed air of surprise, greeted her in the manner of a sovereign granting an audience to a humble subject.

"Oh, Miss Wynn"—Emily plunged at once into the matter in hand—"you sent some books to Mr. Clayton's bookshop, didn't you?"

"Well," was the rather ungracious rejoinder, "and if I did?"

"Oh, but you sent something else with them I'm sure you didn't mean to."

"Impossible!"

"Please, oh, please, look at this!" pleaded Emily, fumbling in her bag for the precious sheet of paper.

Miss Wynn frowningly glanced at it. Then she gazed more intently, finally gave a snort of disgust.

"Well," she ejaculated, "there's no fool like an old fool, is there?"

Emily made no answer.

"Is there, I say?" insisted Miss Wynn.

"Oh, but Miss Wynn, faltered Emily, "you're no fool."

"Don't tell me!" sharply contradicted her companion. "Who but a fool would write a Thanksgiving invitation to her cousin's family, use it as a book-mark, forget she hadn't mailed it and then blame her guests for not coming to the dinner they weren't invited to?"

All at once Emily knew that Miss Wynn was not the dragon she had been represented. She growled, dragon-like, yes, and emitted sparks of fire, but underneath her bristly interior was a wistful, lonely heart. Her unlovely shell was simply a protectiving covering. Realizing this, Emily grew boldly courageous.

"Thanksgiving is over and done with, of course, Miss Wynn," she remarked, "but—but there's Christmas coming."

"You're right!" vigorously agreed her companion. "And it's going to be spent where I ought to spend it, at Wynncrest, with the only relatives I have. I'm going back there—to stay. Lest I make a blundering idiot of myself again, will you write the invitation to my cousins here and now?"

Emily, seating herself at a nearby desk happily complied.

"Now don't forget to mail it!" ordered Miss Wynn with a grim smile. "If your father," she added, "hasn't found a new job yet, do you think he could be induced to continue in the employ of a Dragon?"

"Oh, Miss Wynn!"

Emily found it hard to say more.

Did she think her father could be induced!

It was a Christmas long to be remembered— "the most Christmasy Christmas ever," as Emily had earlier predicted. She and Mr. and Mrs. Hull were guests, as well as Vivian's family, at the big house which had been re-opened and made festive with evergreens, scarlet berries and flaming poinsettias. There were hospitable open fires and gifts for everybody, more suggestive of a good fairy than a dragon. Emily, opening an envelope addressed to her in familiar angular handwriting, found a sizable check with an explanatory note saying it was to pay her expenses for a year at a library school after her high school graduation. "You were right, Emily Dickinson," she breathed softly. "Only, instead of there being here a star and there a star, the Christmas sky is full of them."

———:———

INSTITUTION NOTES

A Christmas pageant, "O, Holy Night," was staged in the auditorium last Sunday night, and was a most pleasing performance. It will be written up more fully in our next issue, at which time we shall attempt to grive our readers a resume of all the holiday activities at the School.

—:—

Mr. Barber recently received a letter from Giles E. Greene, formerly of Cottage No. 7. This young man has been in the United States Army more than three years, and was one of several former School boys who were stationed in Honolulu the day the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor. At that time he had been in The Hawaiians more than a year, which means he has seen more than three years of foreign service.

Giles was wounded in action on New Georgia Island, August 16, 1943, and was evacuated to Auckland, New Zealand, and finally returned to this country. According to his letter, he expects to be home by Christmas, and is planning to visit the Schiol very soon after returning to North Carolina. The letter was written at sea, but was post marked this month after reaching California. n

—:—

We learned from a news item the other day that another of our former students had died in service. This item, carrying a Sparta, N. C. date line, stated that Corporal Walter W. Blevins died in New Caledonia. The announcement gave the date of death as November 22, 1943, occurring while in foreivn service. He had been in a hospital in New Caledoia for some time, but the cause of death was not revealed in the message sent out by the War Department. He enlisted in the Army in March, 1942, and had been overseas for eleven months.

Walter entered the School, August 1, 1936, and remained here until July 6, 1937, when he was conditionally released to return to his home in Alleghany County. While here he was a member of the Cottage No. 11 group, and was employed on the farm and in the library. He was placed in the sixth grade upon admission to the

School and was in the seventh at the time of leaving.

To learn of our boys having made the supreme sacrifice in this war brings a feeling of sadness, and both the boys and staff members here tender deepest sympathy to this lad's sorrowing relatives and friends in their hour of bereavement.

—:—

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read John 1: 19-28, and as the text for his message to the boys he selected Luke 2:13-14—"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner began by telling the boys that we were then in what was known as the Advent season, which, he explained, was a custom in some churches to have special services in preparation for the coming of Christ. During this time we should prepare our hearts for the proper celebration of the anniversary of the birthday of our Savior.

Even though war clouds hang low today, he continued, we should still have the song of the angels on our lips: "Glory to God in the Highest." Whatever conditions exist, the great tragedies of war are things that are going to pass away, but the song of the angels is something that will live forever.

The speaker then stated that when Christ was born, peace reigned over the earth—"No war nor battle sound was heard the world around"—and if men would follow his teachings, peace would continue to prevail among the nations of the world. Each year we know within our hearts that Christ is born anew in our lives.

Are we going to give glory to war lords who have drenched the world in blood and tears? asked the speaker. Man's desire for power has brought sorrow to the world, but the glory of God is always present to comfort us during hardships. God's great glory brings freedom to the people of the world. In order to obtain power, men would rush over dead bodies of those who have fallen in battle, but it is the glory of God that comes in all humility to bind up the wounds of suffering humanity—to bring joy to those who suffer.

There is indeed "good tidings of great joy" to the people of the world today, continued Rev. Mr. Baumgarner If it were not for the joyous Christmas message, life would not mean much to us. We would not have much confidence in humanity, and there would not be much to live for.

The speaker then stated that the power of Christ will survive all that has been done to prevail against it. The powers of Satan will be completely destroyed in the end, even though they seem to prosper for a time.

Peace on earth is a thing for which we are praying today, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, even though we are at war. In some minds there might be some doubt as to the advisability of singing the Christmas songs today. We will sing them, whatever may happen, because we know that Christ is our Savior, and we will journey again to the lowly manger to see the Christ-Child. Even amid sadness and despair, we should let the Christmas bells ring out today, as was so well

Microfilmed
SOLINET/ASERL PROJECT

expressed by the beloved Longfellow in these lines:

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong, and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
"God is not dead, nor doth He sleep!
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!"

The speaker then told his listeners this should be a busy Christmas for us. While there may not be the usual exchange of gifts, a great deal more thought will be given to those in need; to those away from home; and more attention will be paid to those institutions of love and mercy which are caring for God's people. Of all the nations of the world, we are a greatly favored nation. We have more to do with. We have suffered less—have sacrificed less. Many of our people do not realize that we are a nation at war. As this great struggle is brought nearer to our door, we may realize more fully that we are at war.

Hundreds of thousands of children, said the speaker, will be deprived of Christmas joy this year because of the greed of ruthless leaders who are seeking to destroy the freedom we love so well. In many homes there are sorrowing hearts. Parents are mourning the loss of sons who have made the supreme sacrifice. Yet in the face of all this, we must realize they gave their all in the interest of Christ's kingdom, and should be more loyal to him who gave himself that others might live. The men in foreign service, though far from home, would feel better if they knew that those back home were praying for them.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner stated that even though war is a trial—a burden on men's souls—we should all, at this season of the year. journey again to the manger, and, as we celebrate Christmas Day, realize more fully that we are celebrating the anniversary of the birthday of Jesus. Let us do it thoughtfully and reverently, ever praying that peace may soon reign over all the world, as it did on that eventful night at Bethlehem.